



Munsell's Historical Series,

No. 23.



To my dear friend, John
Hicks, from
Wm. L. Stone,
the recipient of the above.





VISITS
TO THE
SARATOGA BATTLE - GROUNDS

1780-1880.

With an Introduction and Notes.

By WILLIAM L. STONE,

AUTHOR OF "THE LIFE AND TIMES OF SIR WILLIAM JOHNSON, BART.," "REVOLUTIONARY LETTERS," PAUSCH'S JOURNAL," "BURGOYNE'S CAMPAIGN AND ST. LEGER'S EXPEDITION," "MEMOIRS OF MRS. AND GEN. RIEDESEL," "HISTORY OF NEW YORK CITY," "LIFE AND WRITINGS OF COL. WM. L. STONE," "REMINISCENCES OF SARATOGA AND BALLSTON," "THE STONE GENEALOGY," "THE STARIN GENEALOGY," ETC., ETC.

"There is a charm in footing slow,
"Across a silent plain,
"Where patriot battle has been fought.
"Where glory had the gain."— KEATS.



ALBANY, N. Y.

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Willis S. Paine

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To the
Hon. John Hay,
of Washington, D. C.,
and the
Hon. Willis S. Paine,
of New York City,

This work is affectionately dedicated by their brother in

O. A. X.,
The Author.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PHOTOGRAPH WHICH FORMS THE FRONTISPIECE OF THIS VOLUME.

The frontispiece represents the ground on which the battles of September 19th and October 7th were fought, as seen from the door-yard of the house now (1895) owned and occupied by Mr. James Walker, one mile and a-half from the Hudson river looking East. On the left, is "Breymann's Hill," on which was the redoubt at the extreme right wing of the British army, before the last battle. The little white speck seen on it is the tablet erected by Gen. J. Watts de Peyster on the spot where Arnold was wounded in his desperate but successful attack on that position. The line of trees toward the right is the spot where Burgoyne formed his line on the brow of the elevated plain previous to the battle of the 19th of September. Beyond the gap and between the line of woods, the narrow line of mist is the Hudson river; while the table-mountain seen in the distance, is "Willard's Mountain," so-called, from an American scout of that name, who was detailed to watch from its summit the movements of the British army — displaying signals at night by different colored lights.* About fifteen rods south from where the observer is supposed to stand and in what was then, and is now, a meadow, is the place where Gen. Fraser was mortally wounded by the sharp-shooter Murphy. It is on the west side of the Quaker Springs road running north and south, while some sixty rods south-east, is the knoll on which occurred the hottest of the fight of October 7th, between the British Grenadiers and the American troops under Dearborn, Morgan, Learned, Poor and Cilly, so graphically described by Gen. Wilkinson in his "Memoirs."

* See, on this point, as well as for much valuable information about Schuyler and Gates, Gen. Ed. F. Bullard's admirable Centennial Address at Schuylerville, N. Y., in 1876. This address, since published in pamphlet form, should be in the hands of every student of this particular episode of our Revolutionary history.

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P R E F A C E .

“When I said I would die a bachelor,” says Benedick, “I did not think I should live till I were married.” So, when I said in the Preface to my “Burgoyne Ballads” that it would probably be my last book on this subject, I did not think I should live to complete another; afterwards, however, it occurred to me that, by way of a *final* supplement to my “Burgoyne series,” it might be well to bring together, in a collected form, the different visits which have been made to the Saratoga Battle Grounds, during the last hundred years, by distinguished personages at home and abroad—culled from books which now are either extremely rare, or, at least, are not easily accessible to the general reader. How successful I have been in this effort the perusers of this volume must decide.

If, moreover, it should be asked, “Why does the author devote so much time to Burgoyne’s Campaign and the various incidents which group themselves

around this portion of the Revolutionary history?," the reply is, that the Battles of Saratoga, leading up to the surrender of Burgoyne, were *the* turning point in the success or the failure of the American Revolution—without which, the French alliance, even with the exertions of Franklin, would never have been accomplished—an event that alone rendered the Surrender at Yorktown, and the consequent independence of the Colonies possible. In short, the present proud position of the United States among Nations hinged entirely upon this episode of our country's annals. Nor am I alone in this estimate. Gen. J. Watts de Peyster—than whom, together with Gen. Horatio Rogers,—there is no better authority on this campaign, says: "Gates, termed in sarcasm the 'Man mid-wife,' and accidentally present at the proper moment—although he had not superintended the progress of the terrible and protracted labor, did absolutely play the part of an *accoucheur*, and ushered into being a *new Nation*, a *NEW WORLD*." Creasy, the eminent historian, also classes "Saratoga" as the "Thirteenth of the fifteen decisive battles of the world from Marathon to Waterloo."

My thanks are due, in the preparation of this work, to Mr. John J. Dagleish of Brankston Grange,

Scotland—whose grandfather served under Burgoyne—; Mr. Frederick Barnard of New York city; Hon. Samuel C. Eastman of Concord, N. H.; Hon. Daniel B. Pond of Woonsocket, R. I.; Benjamin F. Stevens of Boston, Mass.; Hon. Charles S. Lester and Hon. Winsor B. French of Saratoga Springs, N. Y.; Mr. William S. Mersereau of Elizabeth, N. J., and Rev. Dr. Emery and Mrs. Dr. Smith Ely of Newburgh, N. Y. Nor must I forget to acknowledge my indebtedness to Mrs. Ellen Hardin Walworth of Saratoga Springs, N. Y., for the use of the fine photograph of the “Saratoga Battle Ground,” which forms the frontispiece of this volume;* and, also, to Mr. Frank S. Hull of Newburgh, N. Y., for the picture of a Brunswick, “Jack-boot,” which will be found in the “Introduction.”

WILLIAM L. STONE.

MT. VERNON, N. Y., *January 1st.*, 1895.

* For a detailed description of this frontispiece, see the page immediately preceding the Table of Contents.



INTRODUCTION.

The disastrous result of the campaign of General Burgoyne is to be ascribed more to his own blunders and incompetency than to any special military skill on the part of his conqueror. In December, 1776, Burgoyne concerted with the British ministry a plan for the campaign of 1777. A large force was to proceed toward Albany from Canada, by way of the lakes, while another large body advanced up the Hudson, in order to cut off communication between the northern and southern colonies, in the expectation that each section, being left to itself, would be subdued with little difficulty. At the same time Col. St. Leger was to make a diversion on the Mohawk river. In pursuance of this plan, in the early summer of 1777 he sailed down Lake Champlain, forced the evacuation of Crown Point and Ticonderoga, defeated the Americans badly at Hubbardton, and took possession of Skenesborough (Whitehall).*

* The royal army was divided into three brigades, under Major-General Phillips, of the Royal Artillery,

Up to this time all had gone well. From that point, however, his fortunes began to wane. His true course would have been to return to Ticonderoga, and thence up Lake George to the fort of that name, whence there was a direct road to Fort Edward; instead of which he determined to push on to Fort Ann and Fort Edward, over roads that were blocked up by the enemy—a course which gave Schuyler ample time to gather the yeomanry together and effectually oppose his progress. Nor was this all. On his arrival at Fort Ann, instead of advancing at once on Fort Edward, and thence to Albany before Schuyler had time to concentrate his forces in his front, he sent a detachment of Brunswickers, under Colonel Baum, to Bennington, to surprise and capture some stores which he had heard were at that place. General Riedesel, who commanded the German allies, was totally opposed to this diversion. but being overruled, he proposed that Baum should march in the rear of the enemy, by way of Castleton, toward the Connecticut river. Had this plan been adopted, the probability is that

and Brigadier-Generals Fraser and Hamilton. The German troops, consisting of one regiment of Hessian Rifles, a corps of dismounted dragoons, and a mixed force of Brunswickers, of which 100 were artillerists, were distributed among the three brigades, with one corps of reserve under Colonel Breyman, and were commanded by Major-General Riedesel.





BOOT OF ONE OF RIEDESEL'S DRAGOONS.
At Washington's Headquarters,
Newburgh, N. Y.

the Americans would not have had time to prevent Baum from falling unawares upon their rear. Burgoyne, however, against the advice of Riedesel and Phillips, insisted obstinately on his plan, which was that Baum should cross the Battenkil opposite Saratoga, move down the Connecticut river in a direct line to Bennington, destroy the magazine at that place, and mount the Brunswick dragoons, who were destined to form part of the expedition. In this latter order a fatal blunder was committed, by employing troops the most awkward and heavy in an enterprise where every thing depended on the greatest celerity of movement, while the *rangers*, who were lightly equipped, were left behind.

Let us look for a moment at a fully equipped Brunswick dragoon as he appeared at this time. He wore high and heavy jack-boots, with large, long spurs, stout and stiff leather breeches, gauntlets reaching high up upon his arms, and a hat with a huge tuft of ornamental feathers.* On his side he

* The weight of the Brunswick Jack-Boot — a representation of which is here given — is $5\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. or 11 lbs. for the pair — when, moreover, it is observed that a considerable portion of the top has rotted away, the boot, when new, must have weighed fully 6 lbs. or 12 lbs. for the pair!! And this only for the boots — to say nothing of the dragoon's other equipments. The man, who wore this boot, was captured at Saratoga. He travelled on foot with other prisoners on his way to Easton, Pa., as far as Middlehope (North Newburgh), where he exchanged his boots for a lighter pair.

trailed a tremendous broadsword, a short but clumsy carbine was slung over his shoulder, and down his back, like a Chinese mandarin's, dangled a long queue. Such were the troops sent out by the British general on a service requiring the lightest of light skirmishers. The latter, however, did not err from ignorance. From the beginning of the campaign the English officers had ridiculed these unwieldy troopers, who strolled about the camp with their heavy sabres dragging on the ground, saying (which was a fact) that the hat and sword of one of them were as heavy as the whole of an English private's equipment. But, as if this was not sufficient, these *light* dragoons were still further cumbered by being obliged to carry flour and drive a herd of cattle before them for their maintenance on the way.

The result may be easily foreseen. By a rapid movement of the Americans under Stark, Baum was cut off from his English allies, who fled and left him to fight alone, with his awkwardly equipped squad, an enemy far superior in numbers. After maintaining his ground for more than two hours, his ammunition gave out, and being wounded in the abdomen by a bullet, he was forced to surrender, having lost in killed 360 men out of 400. Yet, even with all these disadvantages, it is doubtful upon whose banners victory would have perched, had not Burgoyne, though having ample time, failed to support Baum by keeping Breyman's division too far behind.

With the failure of this expedition against Bennington, the first lightning flashed from Burgoyne's hitherto serene sky. The soldiers as well as their officers had set out on this campaign with cheerful hearts, for, the campaign successfully brought to a close, all must end in the triumph of the royal arms. "Britons never go back," Burgoyne exultantly had said, as the flotilla passed down Lake Champlain. Now, however, the Indians deserted by scores, and an almost general consternation and languor took the place of the former confidence and buoyancy.*

On the 13th of September the royal army crossed the Hudson by a bridge of boats, with the design of forming a junction with Sir Henry Clinton at Albany. It encamped on the heights and plains of Saratoga, near the mouth of Fish Creek (the present site of Schuylerville), within a few miles of the northern division of the Continentals under Gates; Burgoyne selecting General Schuyler's house as his headquarters.

After the evacuation of Fort Edward, Schuyler had fallen down the river, first to Stillwater, and then to Van Schaick's Island, at the mouth of the Mohawk.†

* For a most romantic incident, said to have been the cause of this desertion of Burgoyne's Indian allies, see "The Lost Child," in "Tales of the Garden of Kosciusko," by Samuel L. Knapp, New York, 1834.

† The entrenchments which Schuyler threw up on this island, in anticipation of Burgoyne's advance,

On the 19th of August, however, he was superseded by Gates, who, on the 8th of September, advanced with 6000 men to Bemus Heights, three miles north of Stillwater. These heights were at once fortified, under the direction of Kosciusko, by a line of intrenchments running from west to east, half a mile in length, and terminating on the east end on the west side of the intervalle. The right wing occupied a hill nearest the river, and was protected in front by a wide marshy ravine, and behind by an abatis. The left wing, commanded by Arnold (who, after the defeat of St. Leger at Fort Stanwix, had joined Gates), extended on to a height three-quarters of a mile further north, its left flank being also protected on the hillside by fallen trees. Gates's head-quarters were in the centre, a little south of what was then and is now known as the "Neilson Farm."

On the 15th, Burgoyne gave the order to advance in search of the enemy, *supposed* to be somewhere in the forest ; for, strange as it appears, that general had no knowledge of the position of the Americans, nor had he taken any pains to inform himself upon this vital point. The army, in gala dress, with its left wing resting on the Hudson, set off on its march, with drums beating, colors flying, and their arms glistening in the sunshine of that lovely autumn day. "It was a superb spectacle," says an eye-witness, "re-

are yet (1895) plainly to be seen, even by the traveller on the Troy & Saratoga R. R.

minding one of a grand parade in the midst of peace." That night they pitched their camp at "Dovogat's House" (Coveville). On the following morning the enemy's drums were heard calling the men to arms; but, although in such close proximity, the invading army knew not whence the sounds came, nor in what strength he was posted. Indeed, it does not seem that up to this time Burgoyne had sent off patrols or scouting parties to discover the situation of the enemy. Now, however, he mounted his horse to attend to it himself, taking with him a strong body-guard, consisting of the four regiments of Specht and Hesse-Hanau, with six heavy pieces of ordnance, and 200 workmen to construct bridges and roads. This was the party with which he proposed "to scout, and, if occasion served" — these were his words — "to attack the rebels on the spot." This remarkable scouting party moved with such celerity as to accomplish two and a half miles the first day, when, in the evening, the entire army, which had followed on, encamped at "Sword's House," within five miles of the American lines.

The night of the 18th passed quietly, the patrols that had finally been sent out having returned without discovering any trace of the enemy. Indeed, it is a noteworthy fact that throughout the entire campaign Burgoyne was never able to obtain accurate knowledge either of the position of the Americans or of their movements, whereas all his own plans were publicly known long before they were officially given

out in orders. "I observe," writes Baroness Riedesel, at this time, "that the wives of the officers are beforehand informed of all the military plans. Thus the Americans anticipate all our movements, and expect us wherever we arrive; and this, of course, injures our affairs."

On the morning of the 19th a further advance was ordered—an advance which prudence dictated should be made with the greatest caution. The army was now in the immediate vicinity of an alert and thoroughly aroused enemy, of whose strength it knew as little as of the country. Notwithstanding this, the army not only was divided into three columns, marching half a mile apart, but at eleven o'clock a cannon, fired as a signal for the start, informed the Americans of the position and forward movement of the British.

The left column, which followed the river road, consisted of four German regiments and the Forty-seventh British, the latter covering the bateaux. These troops, together with all the heavy artillery and baggage, were under the command of General Riedesel. The right column, made up of the English grenadiers and light infantry, the Twenty-fourth Brunswick Grenadiers, and the light battalion, with eight 6-pounders, under Lieutenant-Colonel Breyman, were led by General Fraser, and followed the present road from Quaker Springs to Stillwater on the Heights. The centre column, also on the Heights, and midway between the left and right wings, consisted of the Ninth, Twentieth, Twenty-first, and

Sixty-second regiments, with six 6-pounders, and was led by Burgoyne in person. The front and flanks of the center and right columns were protected by Canadians, Provincials, and Indians. The march was exceedingly tedious, as frequently new bridges had to be built and trees cut down and removed.

About one o'clock in the afternoon, Colonel Morgan, who, with his sharpshooters, had been detached to watch the movements of the British and harass them, owing to the dense woods, unexpectedly fell in with the centre column and sharply attacked it. Whereupon Fraser, on the right, wheeled his troops, and coming up, forced Morgan to give way. A regiment being ordered to the assistance of the latter, whose riflemen had been sadly scattered by the vigor of the attack, the battle was renewed with spirit. By four o'clock the action had become general, Arnold, with nine Continental regiments and Morgan's corps, having completely engaged the whole force of Burgoyne and Fraser. The contest, accidentally begun in the first instance, now assumed the most obstinate and determined character, the soldiers being often engaged hand to hand. The ground, being mostly covered with woods, embarrassed the British in the use of their field artillery, while it gave a corresponding advantage to Morgan's sharpshooters. The artillery fell into the hands of the Americans at every alternate discharge, but the latter could neither turn it upon the enemy nor bring it off. The woods prevented the last, and the want of a match the

first, as the linstock was invariably carried away, and the rapidity of the transitions did not allow the Americans time to provide one.

Meanwhile General Riedesel, who had kept abreast of the other two columns, hearing the firing, on his own responsibility, and guided only by the sound of the cannon, hastened, at five o'clock, with two regiments through the woods to the relief of his commander-in-chief. When he arrived on the scene, the Americans were posted on a corner of the woods, having on their right flank a deep, muddy ravine, the bank of which had been rendered inaccessible by stones and underbrush. In front of this corner of the forest, and entirely surrounded by dense woods, was a vacant space, on which the English were drawn up in line. The struggle was for the possession of this clearing, known then, as it is to this day, as "Freeman's Farm." It had already been in possession of both parties, and now served as a support for the left flank of the English right wing, the right flank being covered by the corps of Fraser and Breyman. The Continentals had for the sixth time hurled fresh troops against the three British regiments, the Twentieth, Twenty-first and Sixty-second. The guns on this wing were already silenced, there being no more ammunition, and the artillery-men having been either killed or wounded. These three regiments had lost half their men, and now formed a small band surrounded by heaps of the dead and dying. The timely arrival of the German general alone saved the

army of Burgoyne from total rout. Charging on the double-quick with fixed bayonets, he repelled the American; and Fraser and Breyman were preparing to follow up the advantage, when they were recalled by Burgoyne and reluctantly forced to retreat. General Schuyler, referring to this in his diary, says: "Had it not been for this order of the British general, the Americans would have been, if not defeated, at least held in such check as to have made it a drawn battle, and an opportunity afforded the British to collect much provision, of which he [*sic*] stood sorely in need." The British officers also shared the same opinion. Fraser and Riedesel severely criticised the order, telling its author in plain terms that "he did not know how to avail himself of his advantages." Nor was this feeling confined to the officers. The privates gave vent to their dissatisfaction against their general in loud expressions of scorn as he rode down the line. This reaction was the more striking because they had placed the utmost confidence in his capacity at the beginning of the expedition. They were, also, still more confirmed in their dislike by the general belief that he was addicted to drinking.

Night put an end to the conflict. The Americans withdrew within their lines, and the British and German forces bivouacked on the battle-field, the Brunswickers composing in part the right wing. Both parties claimed the victory; yet as the intention of the Americans was not to advance, but to maintain their position, and that of the English not to main-

tain theirs, but to gain ground, it is easy to see which had the advantage of the day. The loss of the former was between 300 and 400, including Colonels Adams and Coburn, and of the latter from 600 to 1000, Captain Jones, of the artillery, an officer of great merit, being among the killed.

General Burgoyne resolved after the engagement to advance no further for the present, but to await the arrival at Albany of Sir Henry Clinton, who had promised to attempt the ascent of the Hudson for his relief. Accordingly, on the following day (the 20th), he made the site of the late battle his extreme right, and extended his intrenchments across the high ground to the river. For the defense of the right wing, a redoubt (known as the "Great Redoubt") was thrown up in the late battle-field, near the corner of the woods that had been occupied by the Americans during the action, on the eastern edge of the ravine. The defense of this position was intrusted to the corps of Fraser. The reserve corps of Breyman was posted on an eminence on the western side of the ravine, for the protection of the right flank of Fraser's division. The right wing of the English brigade (Hamilton's) was placed in close proximity to the left wing of Fraser, thus extending the line on the left to the river-bank (Wilbur's Basin), where were placed the hospitals and supply trains. The entire front was protected by a deep muddy ditch running 900 paces in front of the outposts of the left wing. This ditch ran in a curve around the right wing of the English

brigade, thereby separating Fraser's corps from the main body. General Burgoyne made his headquarters between the English and German troops, on the heights at the left wing. This was the new camp at "Freeman's Farm."

During the period of inaction which now intervened, a part of the army, says the private journal of one of the German officers, was so near its antagonist that "we could hear his morning and evening guns, his drums, and other noises in his camp very distinctly; but we knew not, in the least, where he stood, nor how he was posted, much less how strong he was." "Undoubtedly," naïvely adds the journal, "a rare case in such a situation."

Meanwhile the work of fortifying the camp was continued. A *place d'armes* was laid out in front of the regiments, and fortified with heavy batteries. During the night of the 21st, considerable shouting was heard in the American camp. This, accompanied by the firing of cannon, led the British to believe that some holiday was being celebrated. Again, in the night of the 23d, more noise was heard in the same direction. "This time, however," says the journal of another officer, "it may have proceeded from working parties, as the most common noise was the rattling of chains." On the 28th, a captured cornet, who had been allowed by Gates to return to the British camp for five days, gave an explanation of the shouting heard on the night of the 21st. This was that General Lincoln had attempted to surprise

Ticonderoga, and, though unsuccessful, had captured four companies of the Fifty-third, together with a ship and one bateau. Thus Burgoyne was indebted to an enemy in his front for information respecting his own posts in his rear.

But the action of the 19th had essentially diminished his strength, and his situation began to grow critical. His dispatches were intercepted, and his communications with Canada cut off by the seizure of the posts at the head of Lake George. The pickets were more and more molested; the army was weakened by the sick and wounded, and the enemy swarmed on its rear and flanks, threatening the strongest positions. In fact, the army was as good as cut off from its outposts, while, in consequence of its close proximity to the American camp, the soldiers had but little rest. The nights, also, were rendered hideous by the howls of large packs of wolves that were attracted by the partially buried bodies of those slain in the action of the 19th. On the 1st of October a few English soldiers who were digging potatoes in a field a short distance in the *rear* of headquarters, and within the camp, were surprised by the enemy, who suddenly issued from the woods and carried off the men in the very faces of their comrades.

There were now only sufficient rations for sixteen days, and foraging parties, necessarily composed of a large number of men, were sent out daily. At length Burgoyne was obliged to cut down the ordinary rations to a pound of bread and a pound of meat;

and as he had heard nothing from Clinton, he became seriously alarmed. Accordingly, on the evening of the 5th of October, he called a council of war. Riedesel and Fraser advised an immediate falling back to their old position behind the Battenkil, Phillips declined giving an opinion, and Burgoyne reserved his decision until he had made a reconnoissance in force "to gather forage and ascertain definitely the position of the enemy, and whether it would be advisable to attack him." Should the latter be the case, he would, on the day following the reconnoissance, advance on the Americans with his entire army; but if not, he would march back to the Battenkil.

At ten o'clock on the morning of October 7, liquor and rations having been previously issued to the army, Burgoyne, with 1500 men, eight cannon, and two howitzers, started on his reconnoissance accompanied by Generals Riedesel, Phillips, and Fraser. The Canadians and Indians were sent ahead to make a diversion in the rear of the Continentals, but they were speedily discovered, and after a brisk skirmish of half an hour, driven back. The British advanced in three columns toward the left wing of the American position, entered a wheat field about 200 rods southwest of the site of the action of the 19th, deployed into line, and began cutting up wheat for forage. The grenadiers, under Major Ackland, and the artillery, under Major Williams, were stationed upon a gentle eminence. The light infantry, skirted by a low ridge of land, and under the Earl of Balcarras, was placed on the ex-

treme right. The centre was composed of British and German troops under Phillips and Riedesel. In advance of the right wing General Fraser had command of a detachment of 500 picked men. The movement having been seasonably discovered, the centre advanced guard of the Americans beat to arms. Colonel Wilkinson, Gate's adjutant-general, being at head-quarters at the moment, was dispatched to ascertain the cause of the alarm. He proceeded to within sixty rods of the enemy, and, returning, informed General Gates that they were foraging, attempting also to reconnoitre the American left, and likewise, in his opinion, offering battle. "What is the nature of the ground, and what your opinion?" asked Gates. "Their front is open," Wilkinson replied, "and their flanks rest on woods, under cover of which they may be attacked; their right is skirted by a height. I would indulge them." "Well, then," rejoined Gates, "order on Morgan to begin the game." At his own suggestion, however, Morgan was allowed to gain the ridge on the enemy's right by a circuitous course, while Poor's and Learned's brigades should attack his left.

The movement was admirably executed. At half past two o'clock in the afternoon, the New York and New Hampshire troops marched steadily up the slope of the knoll on which the British grenadiers and the artillery under Ackland and Williams were stationed. Poor had given them orders not to fire until after the first discharge of the enemy, and for

a moment there was an awful stillness, each party seeming to bid defiance to the other. At length the artillerymen and grenadiers began the action by a shower of grape and musket-balls, which had no other effect than to break the branches of the trees over the heads of the Americans, who, having thus received the signal, rushed forward, firing, and opening to the right and left. Then again forming on the flanks of the grenadiers, they mowed them down at every shot, until the top of the hill was gained. Here a bloody and hand-to-hand struggle ensued, which lasted about thirty minutes, when, Ackland, being badly hurt, the grenadiers gave way, leaving the ground thickly strewn with their dead and wounded. In this dreadful conflict one field-piece that had been taken and re-taken five times, finally fell into the hands of the Americans.

Soon after Poor began the attack on the grenadiers, a flanking party of British was discerned advancing through the woods upon which Colonel Cilley was ordered to intercept them. As he approached near to a brush fence the enemy rose from behind and fired, but so hurriedly that only a few balls took effect. The officer in command then ordered his men to "fix bayonets, and charge the damned rebels." Colonel Cilley, who heard this order, replied, "It takes two to play that game. Charge, and we'll try it!" His regiment charged at the word, and firing a volley in the faces of the British, caused them to flee, leaving many of their number dead upon the field.

As soon as the action began on the British left, Morgan, true to his purpose, poured down like a torrent from the ridge that skirted the flanking party of Fraser, and attacked them so vigorously as to force them back to their lines; then, by a rapid movement to the left, he fell upon the flank of the British right with such impetuosity that it wavered and seemed on the point of giving way. At this critical moment, Major Dearborn arrived on the field with two regiments of New England troops, and delivered so galling a fire upon the British that they broke and fled in wild confusion. They were, however, quickly rallied by Balcarras behind a fence in rear of their first position, and led again into action. The Continentals next threw their entire force upon the centre, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Specht with 300 men. Specht, whose left flank had been exposed by the retreating of the grenadiers, ordered the two regiments of Rhetz and Hesse-Hanan to form a curve, and, supported by the artillery, thus covered his flank, which was in imminent danger. He maintained himself long and bravely in this precarious situation, and would have stood his ground still longer had he not been separated from Balcarras in consequence of the latter, through a misunderstanding of Burgoyne's orders, taking up another position with his light infantry. Thus Specht's right flank was as much exposed as his left. The brunt of the action now fell on the Germans, who alone had to sustain the impetuous onset of the Americans.

Brigadier-General Fraser, who, up to this time, had been stationed on the right, noticed the critical situation of the centre, and hurried to its succor with the Twenty-fourth Regiment. Conspicuously mounted on an iron-gray horse, he was all activity and vigilance, riding from one part of the division to another, and animating the troops by his example. Perceiving that the fate of the day rested upon that officer, Morgan, who with his riflemen, was immediately opposed to Fraser's corps, took a few of his sharpshooters aside, among whom was the celebrated marksman "Tim" Murphy — men on whose precision of aim he could rely — and said to them, "That gallant officer yonder is General Fraser. I admire and respect him, but it is necessary for our good that he should die. Take your station in that cluster of bushes and do your duty." Within a few moments a rifle-ball cut the crupper of Fraser's horse, and another passed through his horse's mane. Calling his attention to this, Fraser's aid said, "It is evident that you are marked out for particular aim; would it not be prudent for you to retire from this place?" Fraser replied, "My duty forbids me to fly from danger." The next moment he fell mortally wounded by a ball from the rifle of Murphy, and was carried off the field by two grenadiers.

Upon the fall of Fraser, dismay seized the British, while a corresponding elation took possession of the Americans, who, being reinforced at this juncture by General Tenbroeck with 3000 New York militia,

pressed forward with still greater vehemence. Up to this time Burgoyne had been in the thickest of the fight, and now, finding himself in danger of being surrounded, he abandoned his artillery, and ordered a retreat to the "Great Redoubt." This retreat took place exactly fifty-two minutes after the first shot was fired, the enemy leaving all the cannon on the field, except the two howitzers, with a loss of more than 400 men, and among them the flower of his officers, viz., Fraser, Ackland, Williams, Sir Francis Clarke, and many others.

The retreating British troops had scarcely entered their lines, when Arnold, notwithstanding he had been refused a command by Gates, placed himself at the head of the Continentals, and, under a terrific fire of grape and musket-balls, assaulted their works from right to left. Mounted on a dark brown horse, he moved incessantly at a full gallop over the field, giving orders in every direction; sometimes in direct opposition to those of the commander, at others leading a platoon in person, and exposing himself to the hottest fire of the enemy. "He behaved," says Samuel Woodruff, a sergeant in the battle, in a letter to the late Colonel Stone, "more like a madman than a cool and discreet officer;" But if it were "madness," judging from its effect there was "method in it." With a part of Patterson's and Glover's brigades, he attacked, with the ferocity of a tiger, the "Great Redoubt," and encountering the light infantry of Balcarras, drove it at the point of the bayonet from a

strong abatis into the redoubt itself. Then spurring boldly on, exposed to the cross-fire of the two armies, he darted to the extreme right of the British camp.

This right-flank defense of the enemy was occupied by the Brunswick troops under Breyman, and consisted of a breastwork of rails piled horizontally between perpendicular pickets, and extended 200 yards across an open field to some high ground on the right, where it was covered by a battery of two guns. The interval from the left of this defense to the "Great Redoubt" was intrusted to the care of the Canadian Provincials. In front of the rail breastwork the ground declined in a gentle slope of 120 yards, when it sunk abruptly. The Americans had formed a line under this declivity, and, covered breast-high, were warmly engaged with the Germans, when, about sunset, Learned came up with his brigade in open column, with Colonel Jackson's regiment, then in command of Lieutenant-Governor Brooks, in front. On his approach he inquired where he could "*put in* with most advantage." A slack fire was just then observed in that part of the enemy's line between the Germans and light infantry, where were stationed the Canadian Provincials, and Learned was accordingly requested to incline to the right, and attack that point.

This slack fire was owing to the fact that the larger part of the Canadian companies belonging to the skirmishing expedition of the morning were absent from their places, part of them being in the "Great

Redoubt," and the others not having returned to their position. Had they been in their places, it would have been impossible, Riedesel thinks, for the left flank of Breyman to have been surrounded. Be this as it may, on the approach of Learned the Canadians fled, leaving the German flank uncovered, and at the same moment Arnold, arriving from his attack on the "Great Redoubt," took the lead of Learned's brigade, and passing through the opening left by the Canadians, attacked the Brunswickers on their left flank and rear with such success that the chivalric Breyman was killed, and they themselves force to retreat, leaving the key of the British position in the hands of the Americans. Lieutenant-Colonel Specht, in the "Great Redoubt," hearing of this disaster, hastily rallied four officers and fifty men, and started in the growing dusk to retake the intrenchment. Unacquainted with the road, he met a pretended royalist in the woods, who promised to lead him to Breyman's corps; but his guide treacherously delivered him into the hands of the Americans, by whom he and the four officers were captured.

The advantage thus gained was retained by the Americans, and darkness put an end to an action equally brilliant and important to the Continental arms. Great numbers of the enemy were killed, and 200 prisoners taken. Burgoyne himself narrowly escaped, one ball having passed through his hat, and another having torn his waistcoat. The American loss was inconsiderable.

In their final retreat the Brunswickers turned and delivered a parting volley, which killed Arnold's horse and wounded the general in the same leg that had been injured by a musket ball at the storming of Quebec two years previously. It was at this moment, while he was striving to extricate himself from his saddle, that Major Armstrong rode up and delivered to him an order from Gates, to return to camp, fearing he "might do some rash thing." "He indeed," says Mr. Lossing, "did a rash thing in the eyes of military discipline; he led troops to victory without an order from his commander." "It is a curious fact," says Sparks, "that an officer who really had not command in the army was the leader of one of the most spirited and important battles of the Revolution. His madness, or rashness, or whatever it may be called, resulted most fortunately for himself. The wound he received at the moment of rushing into the very arms of danger and death added fresh lustre to his military glory, and was a new claim to public favor and applause." In the heat of the action he struck an officer on the head with his sword and wounded him — an indignity which might justly have been retaliated on the spot, and in the most fatal manner. The officer did, indeed, raise his gun to shoot him, but he forbore, and the next day, when he demanded redress, Arnold declared his entire ignorance of the act, and expressed his regret. Wilkinson ascribed his rashness to intoxication, but Major Armstrong, who, with Samuel Woodruff, assisted in removing him from the field,

was satisfied that this was not the case. Others ascribed it to opium. This, however, is conjecture, unsustained by proofs of any kind, and consequently improbable. His vagaries may, perhaps, be sufficiently explained by the extraordinary circumstances of wounded pride, anger, and desperation in which he was placed. But his actions were certainly rash when compared with "the stately method of the commander-in-chief, who directed by orders from his camp what his presence should have sanctioned in the field."

Indeed, the conduct of Gates does not compare favorably either with that of his own generals or of his opponent. While Arnold and Burgoyne were in the hottest of the fight, boldly facing danger, and almost meeting face to face, Gates, according to the statement of his adjutant-general, was discussing the merits of the Revolution with Sir Francis Clarke, Burgoyne's aid-de-camp — who, wounded and a prisoner, was lying upon the commander's bed — seemingly more intent upon winning the verbal than the actual battle. A few days afterward Sir Francis died.

Gates has been suspected of a lack of personal courage. He certainly looked forward to a possible retreat, and while he can not be censured for guarding against every emergency, he was not animated by the spirit which led Cortez to burn his ships behind him. At the beginning of the battle, Quartermaster-General Lewis was directed to take eight men with him to the field, to convey to Gates information from time to time concerning the progress of the action.

At the same time the baggage trains were loaded up, ready to move at a moment's warning. The first information that arrived represented the British troops to exceed the Americans, and the trains were ordered to move on; but by the time they were under motion, more favorable news was received, and the order was countermanded. Thus they continued alternately to move on and halt, until the joyful news, "The British have retreated!" rang through the camp, and reaching the attentive ears of the teamsters, they all, with one accord, swung their hats and gave three long and loud cheers. The glad tidings spread so swiftly that, by the time the victorious troops had returned to their quarters, the American camp was thronged with inhabitants from the surrounding country, and presented a scene of the greatest exultation.

From the foregoing account it will be seen that the term, "Battle of Bemus Heights," used to designate the action of October 7, is erroneous and calculated to mislead. The maps show that the second engagement began on ground 200 rods southwest of the site of the first (known as the "Battle of Freeman's Farm"), and ended on the same ground on which that action was fought. The only interest, in fact, that attaches to Bemus Heights — fully one mile and a quarter south of the battle-ground — is that they were the headquarters of Gates during and a short time previous to the battle. This action is called variously the "Battle of Bemus Heights" and

“Saratoga.” Properly, the two engagements should be designated as the “First and Second Battles of Saratoga.”

On the morning of the 8th, before daybreak, Burgoyne left his position, now utterly untenable, and defiled to the meadows by the river, 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 forces 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 now 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 reconnoissance. She says:

“About four o'clock in the afternoon, instead of the guests who were to have dined with us, they brought in to 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 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 morning, at eight o'clock, he died.

“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 fulfil 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 misfortune 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 and over the party. The American general, Gates, afterward 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 duskiess 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 canvass, 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 400 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 Battenkil, 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 Sutherland, who had been sent forward to reconnoitre, crossed Fish Creek, and, guided by General Fellows's fires, found his camp so entirely unguarded that he marched round 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 Dovo-

gat," 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 was 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 as 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 sym-

* These "lines" are preserved in the archives of the New York Historical Society.

pathy 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 solitudes of every being possessing the form and feelings of a man."

On the evening of the 9th the main portion of the drenched and weary army forded Fish Creek, waist deep, and bivouacked 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. 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 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 Battenkil, 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 200 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, 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 reconnoitring 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 brig-

* The precise spot of this retreat is where the bridge across Fish Creek leads to Victory Mills, about where the cars stop at Victory Station.

ades, 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 200 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 Gate'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 sharpshooters 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 3000 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 2000 men, and between that post and Fort George, in the vicinity of Glenn'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-enforce 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 intrenchments 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 sharpshooters 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 re-enforced 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 ap-

proved, and an order was issued that the retreat should be begun 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 manœuvre of the Americans made it impossible. During the night the latter, crossing the river on rafts near the Battenkil, 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 Indians and Canadian allies, 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 had been received 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 at once be 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 repudiate the informal agreement with Gates. The latter, however, was in no mood for temporizing, and being informed of the 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 exception 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, 4647 muskets, 400 sets of harness and a large supply of ammunition. The prisoners numbered 5804, and the entire American force at the time of the surrender, including regulars (Continental) 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 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 bivouacked 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 An-

bury, one of the captured officers, and bitterly prejudiced against his conquerers, "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 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 Philips, 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." *

* In Randall's *Life of Jefferson*, we have a picture of the Riedesels in their temporary Virginia home. As this is not given in my translation of Madame

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

(Baroness) Riedesel's Letters, I here quote it in full — showing, as it does, the personal appearance of that lady — to which, she would not, of course, advert in her "Letters :"

"General Riedesel rented and lived at Colle, the seat of Philip Mazzai, a short distance from the eastern base of Monticello. Himself and the Baroness were frequent visitors of Mr. Jefferson — the latter especially, who in every domestic strait (not an extraordinary thing with an ill-regulated commissariat and four thousand extra mouths) applied to him with the freedom of an old neighbor. Her Amazonian stature and practice of riding like a man, greatly astonished the Virginian natives; but tradition represents her as a cordial, warm-hearted, highly intelligent, and, withal, handsome woman, whose moderate *penchant* for gossip, and not unfrequent blunders in talking and pronouncing English, only contributed to the amusingness of her lively conversation. Were we a *racounteur*, we could give some specimens of these blunders, with which in after years Mr. Madison was 'wont to set the table in a roar.'"

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 the whole army out of sight, that not 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 seaboard. 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.



VISIT OF THE MARQUIS DE CHASTELLUX,* TO
THE BATTLE AND SURRENDER GROUNDS,
IN DECEMBER, 1780.

Chastellux, while at Albany, accepts the invitation of General Schuyler, to visit, under his escort, the Saratoga Battle Grounds, and thus writes :

* * At dinner, all of the company who were to be of the Saratoga party, collected at my lodgings, and we went afterwards to General Schuyler's to settle matters for our journey ; and, in consequence, set out the next day at sunrise in five different sledges. General Schuyler took me in his own. We passed the Mohawk river on the ice, a mile above the Cataract [Cohoes falls]. We went a little astray in the woods we had to pass to reach the high-road. We came into it between *Half-Moon* and *Stillwater*. A mile

* Francois Jean, Marquis de Chastellux, French Author, b. Paris, 1734, d. there October 28, 1788. He entered the army when fifteen years of age, and distinguished himself as Colonel of a regiment in the "Seven Years War." "He accompanied Rochambeau to America in 1780, as a Major General, and gained the affection of Washington, by his amiability of character; and on his return to France, he was made a Field Marshal. After the capture of Cornwallis,

thence I saw on the left an opening in the wood, and a pretty extensive plain, below which runs a creek, and observed to General Schuyler that there must be a good position there. He told me I was not deceived, and that it had been reconnoitered for that purpose in case of need. The creek is called *Anthony's Rill*, the word '*rill*' amongst the Dutch having the same signification as *creek* with the Americans.* Three miles further on we traversed a hamlet called *Stillwater Landing-Place*, for it is here

he obtained leave of absence which he used in traveling extensively in the United States. His observations and adventures during this time, were the basis of his "*Voyage dans l'Amerique Septentrionale dans les années, 1780-2,*" (2 vols. Paris, 1786. English translation by George Grieve, London, 1787.) A portion of this work was set up by compositors on the vessel which carried him back to France with Rochambeau. The work contains notices of the natural history of the country, interesting details of the localities, and events of the war (of which the above letter is an example) and observations on the chief actors in it. Chastellux married a Miss Plunket, a lady of Irish descent, the year before his death. He was made a member of the French Academy in 1775. Perhaps, it was as well that Chastellux died in 1788, before the "Reign of Terror" had obtained full control, since, he would doubtless have been guillotined together with his compatriot, the *Compte d'Estaing*.

* Chastellux probably failed to catch the pronunciation, as the word is *kill*, not *rill*.

that boats coming down from Saratoga are obliged to stop to avoid the rapids. Hence there is a portage of eight or ten miles to the place where the river is navigable. I imagine the name of *Stillwater* is derived from its tranquility here previous to the commencement of the rapids.* General Schuyler showed me some redoubts he had constructed to defend the park where his boats and provisions were collected, after the evacuation of Fort Anne and Fort

* A mill-stone now doing duty in Jno. B. Newland's grist-mill has a history. It is a well-known historical fact that at the time of Burgoyne's campaign in this section the wheat crop was harvested and was standing in shocks in the fields. As the British advanced, Captain Palmer, grandfather of John Patrick, Esq., and father of Ashbel Palmer, conceived the idea that the mill-stone should not be guilty of the treasonable act of furnishing aid and comfort to the enemy. But it would not do to break it, as it was the only stone in all this section at the time; and, besides, it came from foreign parts and cost a deal of money. So a raft was constructed, and during the still hours of the night the captain, with a band of men, placed the stone on board the frail craft and worked their way out over the rapids until two-thirds of the Hudson was crossed, when they deposited their load in a hole in the swift-running water, at a depth of about ten feet. When the last vestige of the once grand army had disappeared, the stone was fished up from its watery bed, and at this late day experienced millers pronounce it the champion stone in this vicinity.—*Schuylerville Standard*, May 9, 1884.

Edward. We stopped there to refresh our horses. The general had given the rendezvous to a militia officer, called Swang, who lives in this neighborhood, and served in the army of General Gates. He put me into his hands and continued his route to Saratoga, to prepare our reception. I presently got into a sledge with my guide, and, at the end of three miles, we saw two houses on the bank of the river. It was here that General Gates had his right, and his bridge of boats, defended by a redoubt on each bank. We alighted to examine this interesting position, which disappointed all the hopes of Burgoyne and prepared his ruin. I shall attempt to give some idea of it, which, though incomplete indeed, may throw some light on the relations of General Burgoyne and even serve to rectify his errors.

The eminences called *Bream's Heights* [Bemus's Heights], whence this famous camp is named, are only a part of those high grounds which extend along the right bank of the Hudson, from the river Mohawk to that of Saratoga. At the spot chosen by General Gates for his position, they form, on the side of the river, two different slopes, or terraces. In mounting the first slope, are three redoubts placed in parallel directions. In front of the last, on the north side, is a little hollow, beyond which the ground rises again, on which are three more redoubts, placed nearly in the same direction as the former. In front of them is a deep ravine which runs from the west, in which is a small creek. This ravine takes its rise

in the woods, and all the ground on the right of it is extremely thick set with wood. If you will now return upon your steps, place yourself upon the first redoubts you spoke of, and mount to the second slope proceeding to the westward, you will find, on the most elevated platform, a large entrenchment which was parallel with the river, and then turns towards the north-west, where it terminates in some pretty deep summits, which were likewise fortified by small redoubts. To the left of these heights, and at a place where the declivity becomes more gentle, begins another entrenchment which turns towards the west, and makes two or three angles, always carried over the tops of the heights to the south-west. Towards the north-west, you come out of the lines to descend another platform, which presents a position the more favorable, as it commands the surrounding woods, and resists every thing which might turn the left flank of the army. It is here that Arnold was encamped with the advanced guard.

If you descend again from this height, proceeding toward the north, you are presently in the midst of woods near *Freeman's Farm* and on the ground where the actions of the 19th of September, and the 7th of October happened.* I avoid the word *field of*

* "Freeman's Farm," was owned at the time of the Battle, by Isaac Leggett, and subsequently by his son Ebenezer. The late Mrs. Mary Maxwell, of Quaker Springs (mother of the late Anthony Maxwell, of Old Saratoga), was a young woman at the

battle, for these two engagements were in the woods, and on ground so intersected and covered, that it is impossible either to *conceive or discover the smallest resemblance between it and the place given to the public, by General Burgoyne.** But what appears to me very

time of the battle. She lived with her father (Isaac Leggett) on the battle-ground, but left and went to Albany just before the action of the 19th of September took place. She saw Gates and Burgoyne ride into that city side by side. Before leaving her home, she, with her mother and sisters, had been summoned into the presence of Gates and Arnold to learn if her father, who was a Quaker and sympathized with the King, had not sold provisions to the enemy. Regarding this she knew nothing and so declared. Arnold, however, was disposed to doubt her word, when, perceiving this, she replied: "If thee knows better than I, why did thee ask me?" On which Gates (always, notwithstanding his faults, a perfect gentleman in all which that much abused term implies) said: "Don't be too hard on the young woman." When they left the farm, \$300 in gold was placed under one of the stones of the cellar-floor. It was undisturbed when they returned a few months afterward. Mrs. Maxwell lived to a great age, and was to the last, distinguished for her remarkable conversational powers. Indeed, it is remarkable how many of the Revolutionary era lived to remarkable ages. See on this point the late Dr. Draper's "Battle of King's Mountain."

* This is not accurate. A person familiar with the ground, and with Burgoyne's maps before him, would have no difficulty whatever. If this is so in 1895, how much more in 1780.

clear is, that this general who was encamped about four miles from the camp of *Bream's Heights*, wishing to approach and reconnoiter the avenues to it, marched through the woods in four columns,* and that having several ravines to pass, he made General Fraser, with the advanced guard, turn them at their origin; that two other columns traversed the ravines and the woods, as well as they could, without either communicating or materially waiting for each other; that the left column, composed of artillery, followed the course of the river, where the grounds were level, and built bridges over the ravines and rivulets, which are deeper on that side, as they all terminate in the river; that the engagement first began with the *riflemen* and American militia, who were supported as necessity required, without any prior disposition; that the advanced guard and the right column were the first engaged, and that the combat lasted until the columns on the left arrived, that is to say, till sunset; that the Americans then retired to their camp, where they had taken care to convey their wounded; that the English advanced guard and the right column greatly suffered, both one and the other having been very long engaged in the woods without any support.†

* This is correct. See my map in Burgoyne's Campaign."

† The curious reader will find a detailed account of this action in my "Burgoyne's Campaign."

General Burgoyne purchased dearly the frivolous honor of sleeping on the field of battle: he now encamped at Freeman's Farm, so near the American camp that it was impossible for him to manœuvre, so that he found himself in the situation of a chess-player who suffers himself to be state-mated.* In this position he remained until the 7th of October, when, seeing his provisions expended, hearing nothing of Clinton, and being too near the enemy to retreat without danger, he tried a second attack and again made an attempt for his advanced guard to turn the left. The enemy, with whom the woods were filled, penetrated his design, themselves turned the left flank of the corps with theirs, put them to rout and pursued them so far as to find themselves, without knowing it, opposite the camp of the Germans. This camp was situated *en potence*, and a little in the rear of the line.† Arnold and Lincoln, animated with success, attacked and carried the entrenchments; both of them had bought the victory at the price of their blood; each of them had a leg broke with a musquet shot.‡ I saw the spot where Arnold, uniting the

* This simile is not quite correct, as Burgoyne received here his first *check*—ending in a checkmate subsequently.

† Now known as "Burgoyne's Hill"—one of the sites marked by a tablet by General J. Watts de Peyster. See frontispiece.

‡ A mistake, which Heath, in his Memoirs, also falls into. Lincoln was wounded the next day (the 8th)

hardiness of a jockey with that of a soldier, leaped his horse over the entrenchment of the enemy. It was like all those of this country, a sort of parapet, formed by the trunks of trees piled one upon another. This action was very brisk, to which the fir trees [pines] which are torn by musquet and cannon-shot, will long be as testimony; for the term of their existence seems as remote, as is the period of their origin.

I continued reconnoitering here till night; sometimes walking in the snow, where I sunk to the knees, and sometimes travelling still less successfully in a sledge, my conductor having taken care to overset me, very gently indeed, in a great heap of snow. After surveying Burgoyne's lines, I at length got down to the high road, passing through a field where he had established his hospital. We then travelled more easily, and I got to Saratoga at seven in the evening; and after a severe and thirty miles journey, we found good rooms, well warmed, an excellent supper, and had a gay and agreeable conversation; for General Schuyler, like many European husbands, is still more amiable when he is absent from his wife. He gave us instructions for our next day's expedition.

The 31st we got on horseback at eight o'clock, and

while reconnoitering the enemys' position. See my *Burgoyne's campaign*. It is true, however, that Lincoln was wounded in the leg — but the limb was not broken.

Mr. Schuyler conducted us himself to the camp occupied by the English when General Burgoyne capitulated. We could not have had a better guide, but he was absolutely necessary for us in every respect, for besides that this event happened before his eyes, and that he was better able than anybody to give us an account of it, no person but the proprietor of the ground himself was able to conduct us safely through the woods; the fences and entrenchments being covered a foot deep with snow.

In throwing your eyes upon the chart you will see that Saratoga is situated upon the bank of a small river [more properly creek], which comes from a lake of that name and falls into the Hudson. On the right bank of the *Fish-Kill*, the name of that little river, stood formerly a handsome country-house, belonging to General Schuyler: a large farm depending on it, two or three saw-mills, a meeting-house and three or four middling houses, composed all the habitations of this celebrated place, the name of which will be handed down to the latest posterity. After the affair of the 7th of October, General Burgoyne began his retreat. He marched in the night between the 8th and 9th, but did not pass the creek till the 13th, so much difficulty he had in dragging his artillery, which he *persisted in preserving*, altho' the greatest part of his horses were killed or dead with hunger. He took four days, therefore, to retire ✓ eight miles, which *gave the Americans time* to follow him on the right bank of the Hudson, and to get be-

fore him on the left bank, when they occupied in force all the passages. General Burgoyne had scarcely reached the other side of the creek before he set fire to General Schuyler's house, *rather from malice* than for the safety of his army,* since this

* In justice to Burgoyne, however, it may be well on this point, to quote from his speech in the House of Commons, in answer to a call upon him by Mr. Wilkes, for explanation respecting the burning of the country during the progress of the army under his command :

“ I am ignorant,” said Burgoyne, “ of any such circumstance. I do not recollect more than one accident by fire. I positively assert there was no fire by order, or countenance of myself, or any other officer, except at Saratoga. That district is the property of Major-General Schuyler, of the American troops; there were large barracks built by him, which took fire the day after the army arrived on the ground in their retreat; and I believe, I need not state any other proof of that matter being merely accident, than that the barracks were then made use of as my hospital, and full of sick and wounded soldiers. General Schuyler had likewise a very good dwelling-house, great saw-mills, etc., to the value, perhaps, of ten thousand pounds. A few days before the negotiation with General Gates, the enemy had formed a plan to attack me; a large column of troops was approaching to pass the small river [Fish Creek; not the Hudson into which it empties, is here meant] preparatory to a general action, and was *entirely covered from the fire of my artillery by these buildings*. Sir, I avow that I gave the order to set

house, situated in a bottom, *could afford no advantage to the Americans*, and he left the farms [*Sic, barn?*]

them on fire; and in a very short time the whole property, I have described, was consumed. But, to show that the person most deeply concerned in that calamity, did not put the construction upon it which it has pleased the honorable gentleman to do, I must inform the House, that one of the first persons I saw, after the Convention was signed, was *General Schuyler*. I expressed to him my regret at the event which had happened, and the reasons which occasioned it. He desired me to think no more of it; said *that the occasion justified it*, according to the principles and rules of war, and *he should have done the same, upon the same occasion*, or words to that effect. [*] He did more—he sent an Aide-de-Camp to conduct me to Albany, in order, as he expressed it, to procure me better quarters than a stranger might be able to find. This gentleman conducted me to a very elegant house, and to my great surprise, presented me to Mrs. Schuyler and her family; and in this general's house I remained during my whole stay at Albany, with *a table of more than twenty*

[*] This was all the more praiseworthy on Schuyler's part—since he lost the whole of his property at Saratoga by this fire—the Continental Congress (so far as I can ascertain) never having reimbursed him one penny. Shameful, but true. In fact, every thing goes to show that Schuyler was a true *gentleman*—this very fact, however, in the estimation of the Continental Congress (composed of many patriots, but, also, of many envious *boor's*) was sufficient to bring Schuyler into disrepute.

standing, which is at present the only asylum for its owner.*

It is here that Mr. Schuyler lodged us in some temporary apartments he fitted up, until happier times

courses for me and my friends, and every other possible demonstration of hospitality; a situation, painful as it is true in point of sensibility at the time, but which I now contemplate with some satisfaction, as carrying undeniable testimony how little I deserved the charges of the honorable gentleman."

* This shows, most conclusively, that the tradition—still current—of General Schuyler's house having been rebuilt, by Gates' soldiers in *ten* days after its destruction by fire is entirely false. Schuyler, himself, also, in a letter to Congress, dated "Saratoga, Nov. 4, 1777" (See N. Y. His. Col. for 1879, pg. 191) writes: "On the 2d inst. two British officers, on their return to Canada, took shelter in a violent storm of rain, in my little hut, the only remains of all my buildings in this quarter. One was attached to Gen. Carleton, the other to Gen. Burgoyne, etc." Of course, if Schuyler's house had been rebuilt, he would not have entertained the officers in a "hut!" So much for *tradition*, which, unless, corroborated by facts, written down at the time, is a very poor guide to follow. At the same time, one of the most prominent places of historical interest—so far as pertains to the Revolutionary war—is Schuyler-ville, and especially the "Schuyler Mansion." As above hinted, the latter is situated about four hundred feet from the one burned by Burgoyne, the first foundation being on a line with the western bank of the Champlain canal, the remainder of the subtruc-

allow him to build another house. The creek runs between two steep ascents, the summits of which

ture being removed by the canal excavation. The great road to the ford passed eastward of it. The fording place was in that part of the Fish kill or creek opposite the ruins of the burned buildings of Raymond's steam saw mill, and a short distance east of the aqueduct. The property had been inherited by General Schuyler from his uncle, John Philip Schuyler, who had been shot on the morning of the 29th of November, 1745, while heroically defending his house from an attack of French and Indians. Shortly after the declaration of peace between England and France in 1763, Major Philip Schuyler (subsequently General), visited his landed possessions at Saratoga, in which he not only often entertained Benjamin Franklin and other distinguished Americans, but also hospitably received as his guests many of the titled nobility of England and France. Although the General had a large and comfortable residence in Albany, his country house on the banks of the Fish kill was more attractive to him and his family, and here nine months during the year he was generally to be found. The antiquarian finds in this roomy mansion, the main building having a frontage of sixty feet and a depth of thirty-five feet, one of the most attractive collections of books, furniture, wares, relics and curiosities to be found north of Albany. The veritable skull of Thomas Lovelass is to be seen, who was one of a party of five Tories and spies captured in the neighborhood, and who having been tried and condemned by a court-martial at the barracks at Saratoga, at this place, of which military court General Stark was president, was hung on a gallows during a

are about the same height ; it then descends by several rapids which turn the mills;* then the ground is more open, and continues so to the North River [the Hudson]; that is to say, for half a mile. As to General Burgoyne's position, it is difficult to describe it, because the ground is so very irregular, and the General, finding himself surrounded, was obliged to

terrific rain storm, and afterwards perpendicularly buried in the gravel bank opposite the Strover mansion. When the bank was dug into for the purpose of procuring gravel the body was disinterred and the skull was taken into keeping by the late Colonel Strover, who was wont to show it to curiosity-seekers. Also, a number of Indian tomahawks made of stone; a great variety of stone arrow heads; a large eight-inch shell; an iron weed axe; iron wedges; a petrified honeycomb found in the Fish kill; a string of brass beads dug from an Indian squaw's grave at the time of the French and Indian war; a number of silver shoe and knee buckles; a bolt from a burned door of the old General Schuyler House; an iron pulley from the old mill; an old and peculiarly constructed door lock and key; burglar proof, attached to the front door of the present mansion. Indeed, the spacious and comfortable rooms of the Schuyler mansion, with its large closets, its bright, large figured wall paper, the grand furniture, windows, doors, pictures, etc., make it a very desirable home as well as a pleasant place of resort. Colonel Strover, the late owner of this mansion, and who died October 5, 1886, was born March 12, 1791, near Bryant's Bridge in the town of "Old Saratoga."

* The same as it is to-day (1895).

divide his troops into three camps, forming three different fronts ; one facing the creek, another Hudson's River, and the third the mountains to the westward. General Burgoyne's plan gives a tolerably just idea of this position, which was not ill taken, and is only defective on the side of the Germans, where the ground forms a rising, the declivity of which was against them. All that is necessary to observe is, that the woods continually rise toward the west ; so that the General might very well occupy some advantageous eminences, but never the summits. Accordingly, General Gates, who arrived at Saratoga almost as soon as the English, passed two thousand men over the creek, with orders to begin to fire on the 14th, and considerably incommoded the English. General Schuyler criticises this position ; he pretends that this corps was so advanced as to be in danger, without being strong enough to oppose the retreat of the enemy. But when we consider that these two thousand men were posted in very thick woods ; that they were protected by abatis ; had a secure retreat in the immense forest in their rear, and that they had only to harrass a flying enemy, whose courage was broken, every military man will think with me, that this was rather the criticism of a severe rival, than of a well informed and methodical tactician. Be this as it may, it is very certain that Burgoyne had no other alternative than to let his troops be slaughtered, or capitulate. His army had only five days provision, and it was impossible for him to

retain his position. It was proposed to him to restore an old bridge of boats, which had been constructed in the very front of his camp; but a corps of two thousand men were already posted on the heights on the opposite side of the river, where they had raised a battery of two pieces of cannon. Had he undertaken to remount by the right bank, to attain the fords which are near Fort Edward, he had ravines to pass and bridges to repair; besides that, these defiles were already occupied by the militia, and the vanguard alone must have been engaged with them, whilst he had a whole army on his rear and on his flanks. He had scarce time to deliberate—the cannon shot began to pour into the camp, one of which fell in the house where the council of war was holding and obliged them to quit it to take refuge in the woods.*

Let us now compare the situation of General Burgoyne, collecting his trophies and publishing his insolent manifesto at Ticonderoga,† with that in

* Not "the house." It was a *tent*; and the circumstances were these: that during a dinner of Burgoyne and his staff a cannon-ball from Gates's batteries took off from the table a leg of mutton which Burgoyne was just beginning to carve. The little breastworks which were thrown around the tent are still (1895) to be seen. This ground is now (1895) owned by Mr. Charles W. Mayhew, of Schuylerville, N. Y.

† A mistake. This "insolent manifesto" was issued from Burgoyne's camp on the River Racquet, on Lake Champlain, before he had reached Ticonderoga.

which he now stood, when, vanquished and surrounded, as he was, by a troop of peasants, not a place was left him even to discuss the terms of supplication. I confess that when I was conducted to the spot where the English laid down their arms, and to that where they filed off before Gates's army, I could not but partake of the triumph of the Americans, and at the same time admire their magnanimity; for the soldiers and officers beheld their presumptuous and sanguinary enemies pass without offering the smallest insult, without suffering an insulting smile or jesture to escape them. This majestic silence conveyed a very striking refutation of the vain declarations of the English general, and seemed to attest all the rights of our allies to the victory.*

* Chastellux does not state one incident of this occasion. The piling of the arms was, it is true, done amid profound silence and without any attempt to further humiliate the British. The instant, however, that the march southward began, the American bands struck up "*Yankee Doodle.*" This was unforseen, and it made a deep impression on the officers and soldiers of both armies. This song had been set to music by a facetious English surgeon at Lake George during the French war, in playful ridicule of some raw companies of Provincials who had come to the frontiers to assist Loudon in his campaign against the French. The Provincials were gay, if not disciplined, and the surgeon made music out of their primitive notes of mirth. From the moment it was played at the surrender of Burgoyne it has been one

Chance alone gave rise to an allusion with which General Burgoyne was very sensibly affected. It is the custom in England, and in America, on approaching any person for the first time, to say, *I am very happy to see you.* General Gates chanced to make use of this expression in accosting General Burgoyne: "*I believe you are,*" replied the general, "*the future of the day is entirely yours.*" General Gates pretended to give no attention to this answer, and conducted Burgoyne to his headquarters, where he gave him a good dinner, as well as to the principal part of the English officers. Everybody ate and drank heartily, and seemed mutually to forget their misfortune, or their successes.*

of our national airs. For a fuller account of the origin of "Yankee Doodle," see my "Burgoyne Ballads," pp. 20 and 60.

* Speaking of the surrender, General de Peyster, who, with General Rogers, is the most authoritative writer on the Burgoyne Campaign, says:

"History and tradition agree, moreover, in their accounts of the contrast of the details presented, personally, by the British and American, the royal and rebels or patriots, commanders at the ceremony of the surrender. Burgoyne, like Lee at Appomattox Court House, was gotten up with the most fastidious attention, for the occasion; whereas, Gates, like Grant, displayed a negligent simplicity. Burgoyne resembled an officer of the ancient Greek Phalanx in its glory. He towered and shone in crimson and gold, beplumed, embroidered, and bedecked with feathers, lace, ribbons, orders and decorations. Gates does not ap-

Before dinner, and at the moment when the Americans were striving who should entertain the English officers, somebody came to ask where Ma-

pear to have worn any uniform, unless a simple blue frock coat was then considered "undress."

The contrast, however, between the conquered and the factitious conqueror (both Englishmen) was not as great as between both, but especially the latter, and the real factor of this triumph (an American.) The hero who made such a success possible, the real hero, the great man, Schuyler, appeared at the surrender as a simple citizen, deprived of his command—in dark brown clothes, not in uniform—to see the arrogant little man Gates, who supplanted him, enjoy the honors of the triumph and harvest the reward.

"But on this simple spectator in plain civil habiliments, the eyes of the defeated generals were fixed rather than upon the one in semi-military costume, to whom they had to deliver up their side arms. If Burgoyne could not tender his sword to Schuyler in his modest citizen suit, and if he could not surrender his arms to him as he had to do to his nominal conqueror, he nevertheless could still offer him his acknowledgments, as to his moral vanquisher—victor chiefest of all in magnanimity.

"Reflecting upon all this the following question presents itself: If Burgoyne and his officers could have preserved their uniforms in such 'apple-pie order' and perfection of display, how is it possible to believe in the accounts of the utter destitution of his army; or did the higher officers sacrifice everything and everybody to secure their own comforts and their paraphernalia for their arrogant display? A great deal which enlists sympathy becomes doubt-

dame Riedesel, the wife of the Brunswick general, was to be conducted. Mr. Schuyler, who had followed the army as a volunteer, since he had quitted

ful in the light of close scrutiny. Great discomfort among the high officials, privation among their subordinates, and misery throughout the rank and file, were experienced, but the whole seems invested with an atmosphere of exaggeration for the very purpose of serving as an excuse for the 'Surrender.' All this must impress itself on a critic, who is at once careful in examination, clear in comparisons of facts, and stern in judgment.

"Almost all the different accounts agree in regard to the courtesies which attended the meeting of the generals opposed, but the following set-off is found in a French book :

"Burgoyne, who wished to pass for a wit, had often spoken of Gates as a man without talents, and designated him, in common conversation, as the 'mid-wife.' Although Gates was aware of the sarcasms, he behaved with great generosity. His only retaliation was a witticism which must have cut Burgoyne to the quick, because wits seldom relish a defeat with their own weapons. 'You must now acknowledge,' he said to Burgoyne after the surrender, 'that I am a successful 'mid-wife,' for I have safely delivered you of six thousand men.'

"Gates, thus termed in sarcasm the 'man-mid-wife,' and accidentally present at the proper moment—although he had not superintended the progress of the terrible and protracted labor—did absolutely play the part of an *accoucheur*, and ushered into being a *new nation*—a NEW WORLD. Creasy, as often stated, regards the issue of the battles styled 'Saratoga,' and

the command, ordered her to be shown to his tent, where he went soon after, and found her trembling and speechless, expecting to find in every American a savage, like those who had followed the English army. She had with her two charming little girls,* about six or seven years old. General Schuyler caressed them greatly; the sight of this touched Madame de Riedesel and removed her apprehension in an instant: "*You are tender and sensible,*" said

the resulting 'Surrender' as the 'Thirteenth of the 'Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World from Marathon to Waterloo.'

"The surrender of Burgoyne is also one of the many historical associations which have signalized the 7th of October. Apart from the tradition which gives it the honor of William the Conqueror's landing in England, it has that of the great events so strangely interwoven with the career of the Burgoyne family. It witnessed General Burgoyne's acceptance of the command that brought him to America, and also his final overthrow at Saratoga in 1777, resulting in the surrender of himself and his whole army. On the same memorable day his famous son, Sir John Burgoyne, completed the landing of the siege-guns and material used ten days later in the first bombardment of Sebastopol; and the 'family anniversary' subsequently acquired a sadder renown by the death of Sir John himself. The victory, also, of King's Mountain occurred on this memorable date — the 7th of October."

* For the after career of these two little girls, see my "Life of Madame Riedesel."

she, "*you must be generous, and I am happy to have fallen into your hands.*"

In consequence of the capitulation, the English army was conducted to Boston. During their march the troops encamped, but lodgings were to be procured for the Generals, and there being some difficulty in procuring near Albany a proper quarter for General Burgoyne and his suite, Mr. Schuyler offered him his handsome house. He was himself detained by business at Saratoga, where he remained to visit the ruins of his other house, which General Burgoyne had just destroyed ;* but he wrote to his wife to prepare every thing for giving him the best reception, and his intentions were perfectly fulfilled. Burgoyne was extremely well received by Mrs. Schuyler, and her little family ;† he was lodged in the best apartment in the house. An excellent supper was served him in the evening, the honors of which were done with so much grace, that he was affected even to tears, and could not help saying with a deep sigh, "*Indeed, this is doing too much for the man who has ravaged their lands, and burnt their asylum.*" The next morning, however, he was again reminded of his disgrace by an adventure which would have ap-

* See note *ante* about the building of Schuyler's new house.

† Mrs. Schuyler—judging by our present ladies—could not have had much *bric-a-brac* destroyed in the burning of her house, else she would not have given Burgoyne so kind a reception !

peared gay to any but him. It was, however, innocently that he was thus afflicted. His bed was prepared in a large room, but as he had a numerous suite, or *family*, several mattresses were spread upon the floor for some officers to sleep near him. Mr. Schuyler's second son, a little spoilt child of about seven years old, very forward and arch, as all the American children are, but very amiable, was running all the morning about the house, according to custom, and opening the door of the saloon, he burst out a laughing on seeing all the English collected, and shut it after him, crying, "*Ye are all my prisoners.*" This stroke of nature was cruel and rendered them more melancholy than the preceding evening.*

* "The boy who said he took Burgoyne prisoner was John Bradstreet Schuyler, eldest son of Gen. Philip Schuyler. He was 14 years of age in 1777. He married Elizabeth Van Rensselaer, daughter of the patroon, on the 18th September, 1787, and died in his father's house in Albany, at the age of 32. Although so young he was one of the trustees of Williamstown college, Massachusetts. His disease was a fever contracted while on a business trip for his father up the Mohawk valley. The only child of this John Bradstreet Schuyler, born 1762, died 1795, was Philip Schuyler, of Schuylerville, Saratoga Co., N. Y., born in 1788. He married Grace Hunter in 1811, and died at his country seat at Pelham, Westchester Co., in 1865. John Schuyler, of New York city, civil engineer, historian, etc., was only son of Philip, and with him ends the eldest male line of Major-General Philip Schuyler, the real check-mater,

I hope I shall be pardoned these little anecdotes, which only appeared interesting to myself, perhaps solely from their proceeding from the source,* and being acquired upon the spot. Besides, a plain Journal merits some indulgence, and when one does not write history, it is allowable to write little stories. Henceforth, I have only to take leave of General Schuyler, detained by business at Saratoga, and to tread back my steps as fast as possible to Newport.

In repassing near *Bream's Heights* and Stillwater, I had again an opportunity to examine the right flank of General Burgoyne's camp, of which it seems to me that his plan gives a pretty accurate idea. I was assured that I might return to Albany by the eastern road, but on arriving at *Half-Moon* I learnt that the ice was broke in several places, so that, after reposing some time in a handsome inn, kept by Madame People (a Dutchman's widow), I took the road by the Mohawk river, which I passed without accident, and arrived at Albany about six in the evening.

overthrower of Burgoyne, or who "burgoyne'd Burgoyne." *Letter of Gen. J. Watts de Peyster to the editor.*

* *I. E.*, Gen. Schuyler.



VISIT TO THE BATTLE GROUNDS IN 1791 BY
MRS. DWIGHT, MOTHER OF THE LATE
DR. THEODORE DWIGHT.

“ My mother, who possessed a most accurate memory, furnished me with the following account of a visit she made to the Saratoga Battle Ground and the Springs in 1791. I give it nearly in the words in which I received it.— *The late Theodore Dwight to the editor.*

“ The party originally consisted of five, three gentlemen and two ladies, who travelled with the gigs (then called chairs) and a saddle-horse. Their first plan was to proceed only to ‘Lebanon Pool,’ now known as Lebanon Springs and after a short visit there to return; some of their friends, who had spent a little time there in preceding years, having made a pleasing report of the place. The grandmother of one of them, it was recollected, had returned from ‘the Pool’ one pleasant day before the Revolution, and dismounted from her side saddle, in a dark colored jersey and petticoat, with the dignity proverbial of those old times, yet told of her cooking for dinner the pease picked by the gentlemen at that ancient watering place.

“From Hartford the party proceeded westward; and some idea may be formed of the fashions from the dress of one of the ladies, who wore a black beaver with a sugar-loaf crown, eight or nine inches high, called a steeple crown, wound round with black and red cord and tassels, being less showy than the gold cord sometimes worn. Habits having gone out of fashion, the dress was of ‘London smoke’ broad-cloth buttoned down in front and at the side with twenty-four gilt buttons, about the size of a half dollar. Long waists and stays were in fashion, and the shoes were extremely sharp-toed and high-heeled, ornamented with large paste buckles on the instep. At a tavern where we spent the first night, the ladies were obliged to surround themselves with a barrier of bean-leaves to keep off the bugs which infested the place; but this afforded only temporary benefit, as the vermin soon crept to the ceiling and fell upon them from above. The Green Woods, through which the road lay for many miles, were very rough, and in many places could not be traveled in carriages without danger. We scarcely met anybody on this part of the way; except an old man with a long white beard, who looked like a palmer on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land; and his wife — who rode a horse on a saddle with a projecting pommel, then called a panel, and a single iron chain for a bridle — was as ugly as one of Shakspeare’s old crones.

“The few habitations to be seen were so uninviting, that we usually took our meals in the open air, in

some pleasant spot under the trees, and often by the side of a brook, the recollection of which is pleasant even to this day. After three days we reached Hudson, where we were introduced to a very pleasant circle by a friend who resided in the place, and after sufficient repose we proceeded. A gentleman, who had come to attend a ball, here joined the party, sending a messenger home for clothes; and although he did not receive them, and had only his dancing dress, persisted in proceeding with us. He mounted his horse, therefore, in a suit of white broadcloth, with powdered hair, small-clothes, and white silk stockings. While at Hudson, it had been determined that we would go directly to Saratoga, where several of the inhabitants of Hudson then were; the efficacy of the water in restoring health being much celebrated, as well as the curious round and hollow rock from which it flowed. Hudson was a flourishing village, although it had been settled but about seven years, by people from Nantucket and Rhode Island.

“ In the afternoon the prospect of a storm made us hasten our gait, and we stopped for the night at an old Dutch house, which, notwithstanding the uncouth aspect of a fireplace without jams, was a welcome retreat from the weather. The thunder, lightning and rain soon came on, and prevailed for some hours, but left a clear sky in the morning, when our party proceeded and reached Albany at breakfast-time. Some of our party were greatly alarmed at the sight of an old woman at a door in one of the streets,

with her face shockingly disfigured by the small-pox, in a state of activity, for one of the ladies had never had that disease, and was near enough to be exposed to the contagion. By the presence of mind of her companions, however, she was prevented from observing the painful object, and from such apprehension as they felt for her, until the time for the appearance of the disease had passed. The old Dutch church, with its pointed roof and great window of painted glass, stood at that time, at the foot of State street.

“At Troy, where we took tea, there were only about a dozen houses; the place having been settled only three years by people from Killingworth, Saybrook, and other towns in Connecticut. Lansingburgh was an older and more considerable town; containing apparently more than a hundred houses, and inhabited principally by emigrants from the same state. The tavern was a very good one; but the inhabitants were so hospitable to the party, who were known through mutual friends, that the time was spent almost entirely at private houses. After a delay of two nights and a day, we proceeded on our journey. Crossing the Hudson to Waterford by a ferry, we went back as far as the Mohawk to see the Cohoes Falls, of which we had a fine view from the northern bank, riding along the brow of the precipice in going and returning.

“On the road to the Mohawk we met a party of some of the most respectable citizens of Albany in

a common country wagon, without a cover, with straw under feet, and with wooden chairs for seats ; their family coach being too heavy for short excursions. Two gentlemen on horseback, in their company, finding that we were going to Saratoga, offered to accompany us to the scene of the Battle of Behmus Heights, and thither we proceeded after visiting Cohoes.

We dined at the house which was General Burgoyne's headquarters in 1777;* and one of the

* A mistake which Lossing and Neilson both fall into. Burgoyne's headquarters were on high ground — the farm (1894) of Mr. Wilbur. The "Brunswick Journal" is very explicit in stating that "Burgoyne camped between the English and German troops on the heights at the left wing." This statement, moreover, receives additional confirmation by the following incident, viz.: On one of my visits to the battle-ground, I pointed out to Mr. Wilbur (on whose land we were then standing) the place designated by the "Brunswick Journal" and Burgoyne's map — which I then held in my hand — as Burgoyne's headquarters. "That," exclaimed Mr. Wilbur, "explains what I have often wondered at." He then stated that when he first plowed up that particular spot he was accustomed to find great quantities of old gin and wine bottles ; and that until my explanation he had often been puzzled to know "how on earth those bottles came there!" See map in my "*Burgoyne's Campaign.*"

The house mentioned by Mrs. Dwight, and which was formerly known as the "Taylor House," and

females who attended us was there during the battle. She informed us of many particulars, and showed us a spot upon the floor which was stained with the blood of General Fraser, who, she added, when brought in mortally wounded from the field, was laid upon the very table at which we were seated. During the funeral, she also stated, the American troops, who had got into the rear of the British on the opposite side of the river,* and had been firing on the house, on discovering the cause of the procession up the steep hill, where Fraser had requested to be interred, not only ceased firing, but played a dead march in compliment to his memory.

On leaving the battle-ground for Saratoga Lake* our party was reduced to four by the loss of the four

since as the "Smith House," stood in tolerable preservation until 1864. The site is now (1894) marked by a few of the foundation stones and a small poplar tree. At the time of the battles it stood under the knoll where Fraser was buried, but was afterward moved down to the bank of the Hudson, on the right hand of the river road, going south. Also, in this connection, see, in advance, Professor Silliman's visit to the battle-ground for his reflections on the death of Fraser, while tarrying all night at this house.

* While Burgoyne, with his army, was at Saratoga, the Indians were in the habit of supplying his table with delicious trout, caught in Saratoga Lake. Indeed, a few of these fish continued to be caught in that beautiful sheet of water as late as 1843. See Col. W. L. Stone's letter to the *Commercial Adver-*

gentlemen, two of whom, however, intended to overtake us, if possible, before night. The country we had to pass over, after leaving the Hudson, was very uninteresting and uninhabited. The road lay through a forest, and was formed of logs. [This was undoubtedly the road cut through from the present village of Schuylerville, by General Schuyler, in 1783.] We traveled till late in the afternoon before we reached a house, to which we had been directed for our lodging. It stood in a solitary place, in an opening of the dark forest, and had so comfortless an appearance that without approaching to take a near view or alighting, we determined to proceed further. [Probably the site of the present "old Potter Tavern," now "Birch's," a mile from Stafford's Bridge.]

It was a wretched log hut, with only one door, which had never been on hinges, was to be lifted by every person coming in or going out, and had no fastening except a few nails. We halted at the right of it, and one of the gentlemen rode up to take a nearer view. Standing up in his saddle, he peeped into a square hole which served as a window, but had no glass nor shutter, and found the floor the bare earth, with scarcely any furniture to be seen. Nothing remained for us but to proceed and make our way to

tiser. The last trout was caught through the ice in the winter of 1860, by the late Daniel Shepherd, of Saratoga Springs.

the Springs as fast as possible ; for we knew of no human habitation nearer, and when or how we might hope to reach there we could not tell. We were for a time extremely dispirited, until the gentleman who had joined us at Hudson came forward (still in his ball dress) and endeavored to encourage us, saying that if we would trust to his guidance he doubted not that he should be able to conduct us safely and speedily to a more comfortable habitation.

This raised our hopes, and we followed him cheerfully, though the day was now at its close, and the forest seemed thicker and darker than before. When the last light at length had disappeared, and we found ourselves in deeper gloom, our guide confessed that he had encouraged us to keep us from despair, and as to any knowledge of the road, he had never been there before in his life. He, however, dismounted, tied his horse behind our chair, and taking the bridle of our own, began to lead him on, groping his way as well as he was able, stepping into one mud-hole after another without regard to his silk stockings, sometimes up to his beauish knee-buckles. It seemed as if we were going for a long time down a steep hill into some bottomless pit ; and every few minutes one wheel would pass over a log or a stump so high as almost to upset us. At length we insisted on stopping, and spent a quarter of an hour in anxiety and doubt, being unable to determine what we had better do. We heard the voices of animals in the woods, which some of us feared might attack us. At length

one of the gentlemen declared that a sound which we had heard for some time at a distance could not be the howl of a wolf, for which we had taken it, but must be the barking of a wolf-dog, and indicated that the habitation of its master was not very far off, proposing to go in search of it. The gentlemen were unwilling to leave us alone ; but we insisted that they might need each other's assistance, and made them go together. But it was a long time before we heard from them again. How long they were gone I do not know, for we soon became impatient and alarmed ; but at length we discovered a light among the trees, which, shining upon the trunks and boughs, made a beautiful vista, like an endless Gothic arch, and showed a thousand tall columns on both sides. We discovered them returning, accompanied by two men, who led us off the road, and stuck up lighted pine knots to guide our friends.

“ Under their guidance we found our way to a log-house, containing but one room, and destitute of every thing except hospitable inhabitants ; so that, although we were admitted, we found we should be obliged to make such arrangements as we could for sleeping. There was no lamp nor candle, light being supplied by pine knots stuck in the crevices of the walls. The conversation of the family proved that wild beasts were very numerous and bold in the surrounding forest, and that they sometimes, when hungry, approached the house ; and there was a large aperture left at the bottom of the door to admit the

dogs when in danger from wolves.* The floor extended on one side but to within the distance of several feet of the wall, a space being left to kindle the fire upon the bare ground, and when we wanted tea made, the mistress of the house could produce only a single kettle, in which water was boiled for washing and every other purpose. She had heard of teakettles, but had never seen one, and was impressed with an idea of the usefulness of such a utensil. When we had spread the table, out of our own stores, and divided tea-cups and saucers, a porringer, &c., among us, we seated ourselves, partly on the bedstead and partly on a kind of arm-chair, which was formed by an old round table when raised perpendicularly, and thus partook of a meal.

“ We were, however, suddenly alarmed by cries or screams at a little distance in the forest, which some of us supposed to be those of wolves or bears. Our host, after listening a while, declared his belief that they were the cries of some travelers who had lost their way, and proceeded with the gentlemen to search for them. They found our two expected friends, who had followed the path lighted by the torches, but unfortunately wandered from it a little,

* The vicinity of Saratoga Lake seems in early Revolutionary times to have been a great place for wolves. The late Amos Stafford—one of the survivors of the Wyoming Massacre—who settled on the banks of Fish Creek, paid for his farm by the bounties he received from the wolves he killed.

and soon found before them a wall too high to reach from their stirrups. They attempted to retreat, but found it also behind them, and though they rode round and round, feeling for a place of exit, could find none, and then began to call for assistance, hoping that some dwelling might be within the reach of their voices. Being happily relieved and restored to us, the adventures of the evening served as a subject of pleasantry. They had unconsciously entered a pound or pen for bears, by a very narrow entrance, which, in the darkness they could not find again, and thus their embarrassment was fully explained.* We slept that night on our luggage and saddles, but our hospitable hosts refused all reward in the morning.

“On reaching the springs at Saratoga, we found but three habitations, and those poor log-houses, on the high bank of the meadow, where is now the western side of the street, near the Round Rock.* This was the only spring then visited. The houses were almost full of strangers, among whom were several ladies and gentlemen from Albany, and we found it almost impossible to obtain accommodations, even for two nights. We found the Round Rock at that time entire, the large tree which some years since fell

* The impenetrable wood, here so graphically described, was what is even, at the present day, known among the farmers of the vicinity as “Bear Swamp.” This letter shows how correctly it is named—it having been in early times a favorite resort for bears.—S.

*Since known as the “High-Rock.”

and cracked a fissure in it being then standing near, and the water, which occasionally overflowed, and increased the rock by its deposits, keeping the general level three or four inches below the top. The neighborhood of the spring, like all the country we had seen for many miles, was a perfect forest, and there were no habitations to be seen in all the vicinity, except the three log-houses, which afforded us little more than a shelter. We arrived on Saturday, and left there on Monday morning for Ballston, which we reached after a short ride. But there the accommodations for visitors were still less inviting. The springs, of which there were several, were entirely unprotected, on the borders of a woody swamp, and near the brook, in which we saw bubbles rising in several places, which indicated other springs. There were two or three miserable habitations, but none in which a shelter could be obtained. There was a small hovel, into which some of the water was conducted for bathing, but as there was nothing like comfort to be found, we proceeded homeward after spending a short time at the place."



VISIT OF THE DUC DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD-
LIANCOURT,* TO THE SURRENDER
GROUNDS IN 1795.

In 1795, the then Duc de La Rochefoucauld-Liancourt visited the famous battle-fields of Saratoga, and in his published account of his travels in the new world upon his return gives a graphic account of the scenes of Burgoyne's surrender.

"I have seen," says the Duc, "John Schuyler, the eldest son of the general. For a few minutes I had already conversed with him at Schenectady, and was now with him at Saratoga. The journey to this place was extremely painful, on account of the scorching heat; but Saratoga is a township of too great importance to be passed by unobserved. If you love the English, are fond of conversing with them, and live with them on terms of familiarity and friendship, it is no bad thing if occasionally you can say to them, '*I have seen Saratoga.*'"

* Rochefoucauld-Liancourt Duke de la, French publicist, b. in la Roche Gayon, 14 Jan., 1747; d. in Paris, Mch. 28, 1827. As early as 1745 he carried on agricultural improvements on his family estate, and in 1780, founded there, at his own expense, a school of mechanical arts for soldiers' sons, which has since

“ Yes, I have seen this truly *memorable* place, which may be considered as the spot where the independence of America was sealed; for the events which induced Great Britain to acknowledge that independence were obviously consequences of the capture of General Burgoyne, and would, in all probability, never have happened without it. The dwelling-house of John Schuyler stands exactly on the spot where this important occurrence took place.* Fish creek, which flows close to the house, formed the line of

became the school of “ Arts et Métiers ” of France. He was a favorite of Louis XVI, and during the reign of terror endeavored to save the King. Flying to England, he remained there till 1794, when he came to the United States. After traveling through the principal States, he bought a farm in Pennsylvania, and spent some time in experiments. At the restoration of Louis XVIII he was created a peer, and afterwards devoted himself to the prosecution of useful arts and to benevolent institutions. He established in Paris the first savings bank, and was also instrumental in introducing vaccination in France. He always advocated American principles and institutions, and acquired, through his benevolent and philanthropic actions, great popularity. His works include, among others, a “ Voyage dans les Etats-Unis,” 8 vols., New York, 1795-7—from which the above letter is taken.

* This is, of course, an error. He confounded it with the fact that near the house the preliminary conferences were exchanged. See *Wilkinson* and my *Burgoyne's Campaign*.

defence of the camp of the English general, which was formed on an eminence a quarter of a mile from the dwelling. The English camp was also entirely surrounded with a mound of earth to strengthen its defence. In the rear of the camp the German troops were posted by divisions on a commanding height, communicating with the eminence on which General Burgoyne was encamped. The right wing of the German corps had a communication with the left wing of the English, and the left extended towards the river. General Gates was encamped on the other side of the creek at the distance of an eighth of a mile from General Burgoyne, his right wing stretched toward the plain ; but he endeavored to shelter his troops as much as possible from the enemy's fire until he resolved to form the attack. General Neilson, at the head of the American militia, occupied the heights on the other side of the river, and engaged the attention of the left wing of the English while other American troops observed the movements of the right wing. In this position General Burgoyne surrendered his army. His provisions were nearly consumed, but he was amply supplied with artillery and ammunition. The spot remains exactly as it then was, excepting the sole circumstance that the bushes, which were cut down in front of the two armies, are since grown up again. Not the least alteration has taken place since that time. The entrenchments still exist ; nay, the footpath is still seen on which the adjutant of General Gates proceeded to

the English general with the ultimatum of the American commander; the spot on which the council of war was held by the English officers remains unaltered. You see the way by which the English column, after it had been joined by the Germans, filed off by the left to lay down their arms within an ancient fort, which was constructed in the war under the reign of Queen Anne; you see the place where the unfortunate army was necessitated to ford the creek in order to reach the road to Albany, and to march along the front of the American army; you see the spot where General Burgoyne surrendered up his sword to General Gates,* when the man, who two months before had threatened all the rebels, their parents, their wives and their children with pillage, sacking, firing and scalping, if they did not join the English banner, was compelled to bend British pride under the yoke of these rebels, and when he underwent the two-fold humiliation as a ministerial agent of the English government to submit to the dictates of revolted subjects and a commanding general of disciplined regular troops, and to surrender up his army to a multitude of half-armed

* For many years, until destroyed by fire, April 15, 1879, an old elm tree in the present village of Schuylerville, near a blacksmith's shop, was supposed to mark the spot where Burgoyne surrendered. This was a mistake; it was under this tree that the articles of capitulation were signed, and as such it is a memorable spot.

and half-clothed peasants. To sustain so severe a misfortune and not to die with despair exceeds not, it seems, therefore, the strength of man. This memorable spot lies in a corner of the court-yard of John Schuyler;* he was then a youth twelve years old, and placed on an eminence, at the foot of which stood General Gates and near which the American army was drawn up, to see their disarmed enemies pass by. His estate includes all the tract of ground on which both armies were encamped and he knows as it were their every step. How happy must an American feel in the possession of such property if his bosom be anywise susceptible of warm feelings! It is a matter of astonishment that neither Congress nor the Legislature of New York should have erected a monument on this spot reciting in plain terms this glorious event and thus calling it to the recollection of all men who should pass this way to keep alive the sentiments of intrepidity and courage and the sense of glory which for the benefit of America should be handed down among Americans from generation to generation."†

* The Lake Champlain canal now runs through the site of the surrender.

† The Saratoga Monument, at Schuylerville, N. Y., has since been erected—mainly through the patriotic efforts in Congress of Hon. John H. Starin — now, 1895, president of the SARATOGA MONUMENT Association. The corner-stone of the monument laid in 1877—was donated by Booth Bros., New York, who were also the builders of the monument.



Ed. & E. White

Yours

Geo. A. Harris



VISIT OF REV. TIMOTHY DWIGHT, D. D., TO
THE BATTLE AND SURRENDER GROUNDS
IN SEPTEMBER, 1779.*

Rev. Timothy Dwight — for many years the distinguished president of Yale College — was in the habit of spending his college vacations in traveling through the New England States and New York. These travels were published in four volumes in 1821 ; and the work is regarded as one of permanent value and interest in regard to the natural history and social condition of the country. On one of these trips he visited the Saratoga Battle-Ground. The narrative of his visit contains nothing new regarding the battle with the exception that in speaking of the battle of the 7th of October, he states that as Arnold entered the works, Breyman, with a few of his men, saw a body of troops dressed like Americans in action. Upon his demanding with a

* Timothy Dwight, educator, born in Northampton, Mass., May 14, 1752 ; died in New Haven, Conn., 11th of January, 1817. On the death of Dr. Stiles, in 1795, he was called to the presidency of Yale College — an office which he held until his death ; and in his long and successful administration of the affairs of that college, his claims

stern voice whether they were of such a corps, a "thundering German voice" answered. "*Naw,*" while at the same time, a fire was poured in upon him by which he was wounded in the leg. I therefore, omit the account of his visit, giving merely the writer's reflections on the battlefield. He says :

"I could here almost forget that Arnold became a traitor to his country, and satisfy myself with recollecting that to his invincible gallantry, and that of the brave officers and soldiers whom he led, my country was, under God, indebted in a prime degree, for her independence and all its consequent blessings. Dr. Johnson himself could hardly forbid an American to love his country. I should think that an American, peculiarly an inhabitant of New England or New

to distinction largely rest. In politics he was a Federalist of the Hamilton school, and he earnestly deprecated French ideas of education. His published works fill thirteen large octavo volumes; and his unpublished MS. would fill as many more. The late president, Theodore W. Dwight, of Columbia College, once remarked in conversation that he had a personal interest in the Saratoga Battle-Ground, "for," said he, "my grandfather, Timothy Dwight, was there as a chaplain under General Gates, and a few days before the battle he preached from the text, "*I will remove far from thee the Northern Army.*" He subsequently became president of Yale College.

This letter, as will be seen, is filled with classical comparisons and allusions as might naturally be expected from the writer's profession.

York, little to be envied whose patriotism did not gain force upon the heights of Stillwater or the plains of Saratoga. These scenes I have examined — the former with solemnity and awe, the latter with ardor and admiration, and both with enthusiasm and rapture. Here I have remembered, and here it was impossible not to remember that on this very spot a controversy was decided upon which hung the liberty and happiness of a nation destined one day to fill a continent, and of its descendants, who will probably hereafter outnumber the inhabitants of Europe.

“General Gates, to cut off the retreat of his enemy, had detached a strong body up the river in rear of the British, another to the heights opposite Saratoga, and a third still further up the river to prevent him from crossing. Our army reached the field which we surveyed with so much exultation, lying immediately north of Saratoga creek [Fish creek] and bordering the Hudson. It is a large and beautiful interval, and is rendered not a little more beautiful to the eye by the remembrance that it was the scene of the most interesting transaction during the American war. On this ground the northern army laid down their arms and surrendered themselves prisoners of war. The cloud which had long hung with so lowering an aspect over this part of the horizon dissolved, and the evening became serene and delightful.

Future travelers will resort to this spot with the same emotions which we experienced, and recall with

enthusiasm the glorious events of which it is the perpetual memorial. It is impossible that they should not kindle with patriotism. It is to be hoped, also, that many of them will glow with piety. Even a generous-minded Englishman must, I think, unite in his views and feelings with my own countrymen. How immensely more important to succeeding generations were these transactions than those of the plain of Marathon, that immediately affected the States of Greece only; few in the number of their inhabitants, and comprising but a speck of territory. Here was decided the destiny of a nation, inhabiting a million of square miles, independently of Louisiana, and already amounting to more than seven millions of people. Besides the vastness of these objects, every man of candor will admit, that the religion, the laws, the government, and the manners of those people, are as superior to those of the Greeks, as their numbers and the extent of their territory who would be willing that such a body of people, so circumstanced, should be conquered, and, what is the regular consequence, enslaved? Who, especially, could be willing that such an event should take place immediately before an era, at which the lights of human liberty and happiness have so suddenly, and in such numbers, been extinguished?

The majority of the British nation earnestly wished, that the Americans might not be conquered, while they wished, also, that their country might not be separated from the national domain. The ablest

men in the councils of the Kingdom resisted the war and the measures which led to it, with unmeasurable arguments, and with irresistible eloquence. The great Chatham solemnly warned the Parliament of the danger which was involved in reducing three millions of their fellow subjects under the dominion of the Crown, and placing them at its absolute disposal. The consequences of such an event cannot be divined, but it demands no great degree of forecast to perceive that they might have been dreadful.



PROFESSOR SILLIMAN'S VISIT TO THE BATTLE GROUNDS IN 1819.

[The following account of the visit of Professor Silliman to the battle ground — although he was not a participant in the battle — has value, from the fact that his relation is derived mainly from his guide, Major Buel, who was in the conflict. In the course of his narrative — to avoid repetition — wherever he has quoted from Wilkinson or Mrs. Riedesel, passages which are familiar to the readers of my previous works, I have placed stars.] This extract is taken from the edition of 1824.—S.

HOUSE IN WHICH GENERAL FRASER DIED.

Ten o'clock at night.

We are now on memorable ground. Here much precious blood was shed, and now, in the silence and solitude of a very dark and rainy night — the family asleep, and nothing heard but the rain and the Hudson gently murmuring along, I am writing in the very house, and my table stands on the very spot in the room where General Fraser breathed his last, on the 8th of October, 1777.

He was mortally wounded in the last of the two desperate battles fought on the neighboring heights,

and in the midst of the conflict was brought to this house by the soldiers. Before me lies one of the bullets shot on that occasion; they are often found in plowing the battle field.

Blood is asserted, by the people of the house, to have been visible here on the floor till a very recent period.

General Fraser was high in command in the British army, and was almost idolized by them; they had the utmost confidence in his skill and valor, and that the Americans entertained a similar opinion of him is sufficiently evidenced by the following anecdote, related to me at Ballston Springs, in 1797, by the Hon. Richard Brent,* then a member of Congress from Virginia, who derived the fact from General Morgan's own mouth:

In the battle of October, the seventh, the last pitched battle that was fought between the two armies, General Fraser, mounted on an iron gray horse, was very conspicuous. He was all activity, courage and vigilance, riding from one part of his division to another, and animating the troops by his example. Wherever he was present everything prospered, and when confusion appeared in any part

* Brent, Richard, U. S. Senator; b. in Virginia; d. in Washington, D. C., Dec. 30, 1814. He was Representative in Congress from Dec. 7, 1795, till March 3, 1799, and again from Dec. 7, 1801, till March, 1803. He was elected Senator from Virginia and served from 22d May, 1809, till his death.

of the line, order and energy were restored by his arrival.

Colonel Morgan, with his Virginia riflemen, was immediately opposed to Fraser's division of the army.

It had been concerted, before the commencement of the battle, that while the New Hampshire and the New York troops attacked the British left, Colonel Morgan, with his regiment of Virginia riflemen, should make a circuit so as to come upon the British right, and attack them there. In this attempt, he was favored by a woody hill, to the foot of which the British right extended. When the attack commenced on the British left, "true to his purpose, Morgan at this critical moment, poured down like a torrent from the hill, and attacked the right of the enemy in front and flank." The right wing soon made a movement to support the left, which was assailed with increased violence, and while executing this movement, General Fraser received his mortal wound.

In the midst of this sanguinary battle, Colonel Morgan took a few of his best riflemen aside; men in whose fidelity, and fatal precision of aim, he could repose the most perfect confidence, and said to them: "That gallant officer is General Fraser; I admire and respect him, *but it is necessary that he should die*—take your stations in that wood and do your duty." Within a few moments General Fraser fell, mortally wounded.

How far, such personal designation is justifiable, has often been questioned, but those who vindicate war at all, contend, that to shoot a distinguished officer, and thus to accelerate the conclusion of a bloody battle, operates to save lives, and that it is, *morally*, no worse, to kill an illustrious, than an obscure individual; a Fraser, than a common soldier; a Nelson, than a common sailor. But, there is something very revolting to humane feelings, in a mode of warfare, which converts its ordinary chances into a specie of military execution. Such instances, were, however, frequent, during the campaign of General Burgoyne; and his Aid-de-Camp, Sir Francis Clark, and many other British officers, were victims of American marksmanship.

Retiring at a late hour to my bed, it will be easily perceived, that the tender and heroic ideas, associated with this memorable house, would strongly possess my mind. The night was mantled in black clouds, and impenetrable darkness; the rain, increasing, descended in torrents upon the roof of this humble mansion; the water, urged from the heights, poured with loud and incessant rumbling, through a neighboring aqueduct; and the Hudson, as if conscious that blood had once stained its waters and its banks, rolled along with sullen murmurs; the distinguished persons, who forty-two years since, occupied this tenement—the agonized females—the terrified, imploring children—and the gallant chiefs, in all the grandeur of heroic suffering and death, were vividly

present to my mind — all the realities of the night, and the sublime and tender images of the past, conspired to give my faculties too much activity for sleep, and I will not deny that the dawning light was grateful to my eyes!

The rain having ceased, I was on horseback at early dawn with a veteran guide to conduct me to the battleground. Although he was seventy-five years old, he did not detain me a moment: in consequence of an appointment the evening before, he was waiting my arrival at his house, a mile below our inn, and, declining any aid, he mounted a tall horse from the ground. His name was Ezra Buel,* a native of Lebanon, in Connecticut, which place he left in his youth, and was settled here at the time of General Burgoyne's invasion. He acted through the whole time as a guide to the American army, and was one of three who were constantly employed in that service. His duty led him to be always foremost, and

* Called *colloquially*, in the neighborhood, *Major Buel*, a rank which he never had in the army, but which was *facetiously* assigned him while in the service, by his brother guides. He is much respected as a worthy man.— Edition of 1820.

Major Buel, I believe, still lives. I saw him at Ballston Springs, in July, 1823, still active and useful, although almost fourscore; he was then acting as crier of a state court at that time in session at Ballston.— March, 1824. Edition of 1824.

The reader, for a further glimpse of Buel, is referred to Wirt's visit.—S.

in the post of danger, and he was, therefore, admirably qualified for my purpose.

The two great battles which decided the fate of Burgoyne's army were fought, the first on the 19th of September, and the last, on the 7th of October, on Bemis' heights, and very nearly on the same ground, which is about two miles west of the river.

The river is in this region bordered for many miles by a continued meadow of no great breadth: upon this meadow there was then, as there is now, a good road close to the river, and parallel to it. Upon this road marched the heavy artillery and baggage, constituting the left wing of the British army, while the élite, forming the right wing, and composed of light troops, was kept constantly in advance on the heights which bound the meadows.

The American army was south and west of the British, its right wing on the river and its left resting on the heights. We passed over a part of their camp a little below Stillwater.*

* In May, 1821, I again visited these battlegrounds, and availed myself of that opportunity, in company with my faithful old guide, Major Buel, to explore the camp of General Gates. It is situated about three miles below Smith's tavern (the house where General Fraser died), and is easily approached by a cross road, which turns up the heights from the great river road. It is not more than half a mile from the river to the camp. I found it an interesting place, and would recommend it to travelers to visit this spot, as they will thus obtain a perfectly clear idea of

A great part of the battleground was occupied by lofty forest trees, principally pine, with here and there a few cleared fields, of which the most conspicuous in these sanguinary scenes was called Freeman's farm, and is so called in General Burgoyne's plans. Such is

the relative position of the hostile armies, and of the route pursued by the Americans when they marched out to battle. The outlines of the camp are still distinctly visible, being marked by the lines of defence which were thrown up on the occasion, and which, although depressed by time, will long be conspicuous, if they are not leveled by the plow. My guide pointed out the ground occupied by the different corps of the army. Colonel Morgan, with the Virginia riflemen, was in advance, on the right, that is, nearest the river; *the advance* was the post always coveted by this incomparable corps, and surely none could claim it with more propriety. There was much danger that the enemy would attempt to storm the camp of the Americans, and had they been successful in either of the great battles (Sept. 19 and Oct. 7). they would, without doubt, have attacked the camp,

The most interesting object that I saw in this camp was the house which was General Gates's headquarters. I am afraid that the traveler may not long find this memorable house, for it was much dilapidated—a part of the roof had fallen in, and the winds whistled through the naked timbers. One room was, however, tenantable, and was occupied by a cooper and his family. From the style of the panel-work and finishing of this room, the house appears to have been in its day one of the better sort—the panels were large and handsome and the door

nearly the present situation of these heights, only there is more cleared land; the *gigantic* trees have been principally felled, but a considerable number remain as witnesses to posterity; they still show the wounds made in their trunks and branches by the missiles of contending armies; their roots still penetrate the soil that was made fruitful by the blood of the brave, and their sombre foliage still murmurs with the breeze, which once sighed as it bore the departing spirit along.

My veteran guide, warmed by my curiosity, and recalling the feelings of his prime, led me, with amazing rapidity, and promptitude, over fences and ditches — through water and mire — through ravines

was still ornamented with brass handles. Here Sir Francis Clark, aid-de-camp to General Burgoyne, being mortally wounded and taken prisoner, languished and died. General Wilkinson has recorded some interesting passages of his last moments, particularly his animated discussions with General Gates on the merits of the contest. The recollection of the fate of this brave but unfortunate officer will always be associated with this building while a single timber of it remains.—*Edition of 1824.*

The house here referred to is the present (1895) "old Neilson Farm House." It has been repaired, and is in an excellent state of preservation, chiefly through the efforts of the Hon. D. S. Potter, of Glens Falls, N. Y. Mr. Potter, a trustee of the Saratoga Monument Association, and a very patriotic man, deserves great credit for his exertions to keep intact the different sites of the Battle Grounds.—S.

and defiles—through thick forests, and open fields—and up and down very steep hills ; in short, through many places, where, alone, I would not have ventured ; but, it would have been shameful for me not to follow where a man of seventy-five would lead, and to hesitate to explore *in peace*, the ground, which the defenders of their country, and their foes, once trod in steps of blood.*

On our way to Freeman's farm,† we traced the line of the British encampment, still marked by a breast work of logs, now rotten, but retaining their forms ; they were at the time covered with earth and the bar-

* My guide conducted me from the American camp along the summit of the heights, by the same route, which was pursued by our gallant countrymen, when they advanced to meet their formidable foe, and I had the satisfaction of treading the same ground which they trod, in the silence and solemnity of impending conflict.

In pursuing this route, the traveler, if accompanied by an intelligent guide, will have a very interesting opportunity of marking the exact places where the advanced guards and front lines of the contending armies met. In this manner we advanced quite to Freeman's farm, the great scene of slaughter, and thence descended again to the center of the British encampment on the plains.

† There is a barn now standing near Freeman's farm, one of the beams of which contains a six-pound ball. It was imbedded in the tree out of which the timber was cut ; and the builder considerably left the ball in as a memento.—S.

rier between contending armies, is now a fence, to mark the peaceful divisions of agriculture. This breast work, I suppose to be a part of the line of encampment, occupied by General Burgoyne, after the battle of the 19th of September, and which was stormed on the evening of the 7th of October.

The old man showed me the exact spot, where an accidental skirmish, between advanced parties of the two armies, soon brought on the general and bloody battle of September 19.

This was on Freeman's farm, a field which was then cleared, although surrounded by forest. The British picket here occupied a small house,* when a part of Colonel Morgan's corps fell in with, and immediately drove them from it, leaving the house almost "encircled with their dead."† The pursuing

* Major Forbes, of the British army, states, that the American picket occupied the house; both facts might have been true at different periods of the affair.

† The role which Morgan played in the defeat of Burgoyne, and also the ungrateful treatment he experienced at the hands of the *quasi* conquerer, Gates, is shown by the following extract from *Lee's Memoirs*:

"When it is considered that the glory of this was largely shared in by a number of gallant leaders and their commands, most of whom found frequent opportunities during the struggle to distinguish themselves, honorable testimony from General Burgoyne, in reference to Colonel Morgan and his corps, is sig-

party immediately, and very unexpectedly, fell in with the British line, and were in part captured, and the rest dispersed.

nificant of the superiority which he assigned them. On his introduction to Morgan, after the capitulation, he took him warmly by the hand, with the observation, 'Sir, you command the finest regiment in the world.'

"But, notwithstanding the important services which Morgan rendered in the campaign — services which won him the praises of the army and made his name familiar with friends and foes throughout the country — they were not deemed worthy of more than a cursory notice in General Gates's dispatches. His name was not even mentioned in the official account of the surrender, to the accomplishment of which he had contributed so largely. This was the more extraordinary from the fact that General Gates had not only asked Washington for him, but had, from his first arrival at the camp to the surrender, evinced a high degree of confidence in his military character and a friendly regard for him personally. Before a week had elapsed after the closing scenes of the campaign, however, this conduct had undergone a total change. Gates not only denied Morgan justice in his communications to Congress, but in their official and personal intercourse treated him with marked reserve.

"The clue to this otherwise inexplicable circumstance is probably furnished in the following anecdote, related by Morgan himself: Immediately after the surrender, Morgan visited Gates on business, when he was taken aside by the general and confidentially told that the main army was extremely

This incident occurred at half-past twelve o'clock, there was an intermission till one, when the action was sharply renewed ; but it did not become general;

dissatisfied with the conduct of the war by the commander-in-chief, and that several of the best officers threatened to resign unless a change took place. Morgan perfectly understood the views of Gates in this conference, although he was then a stranger to the correspondence which he had held with Conway and others, and sternly replied, 'I have one favor to ask of you, sir, which is, never to mention that detestible subject to me again ; for under no other man than Washington, as commander-in-chief, would I ever serve.'

"From this time until the spring of 1781 all intimacy between Gates and Morgan ceased. A day or two after the foregoing interchange of views, General Gates gave a dinner to the principal officers of the British army. A large number of American officers were invited, but Morgan was not among the number. So signal a mark of Gates's unfriendliness to Morgan could not pass unobserved, either by himself or by his brother officers. The cause was buried in the bosom of the parties themselves, and conjecture, though widespread, was at a loss to account for it. Before the entertainment was over, however, the petty indignity recoiled with severity upon its author. Morgan had occasion, during the evening, to seek an interview with General Gates on business connected with his command. He was ushered into the dining-room, and having arranged the matters in hand, was permitted by Gates to withdraw without even the empty ceremony of an introduction to the

till three, from which time it raged with unabated fury, till night.

General Burgoyne states that there was scarcely ever an interval of a minute in the smoke, when some British officer was not shot by the American riflemen,

British officers present. A number of the latter, struck by the commanding figure and noble mien of the colonel, and noticing that he was a field officer, inquired his name as soon as he had retired. On learning that it was Colonel Morgan, they instantly rose to a man from the table, overtook him in the road, and severally taking him by the hand, made themselves known to him, frankly declaring, at the same time, that they had felt him severely on the field.

“British officers had good reason to know him. He frequently told his men, whom he familiarly called his boys, to shoot at those who wore epaulettes, rather than the poor fellows who fought for sixpence a day, and the sequel proved that he was obeyed to the letter. At the first glance many would condemn a practice of this kind, as adding unnecessarily to the sanguinary features of war. But this constitutes one of the principal arguments in its defence. Every additional horror which war acquires lessens in a corresponding degree the likelihood of a resort to it, and thus tends to perpetuate the blessings of peace. The primary object of battles being the defeat of an opponent, few means the necessary to its accomplishment are considered illegitimate. Among these is certainly not included that whereby an adversary is struck in the most vital part, else why employ marksmen, whose business it is to exercise

posted in the trees, in the rear and on the flank of their own line. A shot which was meant for General Burgoyne, severely wounded Captain Green, an aid-

their skill against particular objects? Even veteran soldiers have thus been thrown into confusion, and become little more efficient than an undisciplined mob.

The following from the *Saratoga Journal*, August 3, 1885, entitled "An Interesting Historical Relic," is here in point: "Mr. Jesse B. Neville, of Columbus, Ohio, who has been enjoying the summer at Dr. Strong's, is the owner of a highly interesting memorial of the Revolution, which he has kindly consented to let our visitors and citizens see. It is the gold medal, containing \$500 worth of that precious metal, presented by Congress to General Daniel Morgan, the heroic commander of Morgan's famous Riflemen, who did such splendid work in the battles which compelled Burgoyne's surrender. The occasion of this splendid gift was the great victory won by Morgan over Colonel Tarleton, the scourge of the Carolinas, in the important battle of Cowpens, January 17, 1781. There were no artificers competent to do such work in America at that time, so the order was sent to France, and the scenes depicted were designed by Dupré, a noted artist of that friendly nation. On the front of the medal is a scene showing General Morgan, who was the most noted Indian fighter of his day, in the act of being crowned with a laurel wreath by one of the original sons of the forest. The inscription reads: "Danieli Morgan, Duci Exercitus. Comitia Americana." On the reverse is a very finely executed relief, showing Morgan leading a charge against the fleeing British,

de-camp of General Phillips : the mistake was owing to the captain's having a richly laced furniture to his saddle, which caused the marksman to mistake him for the general.

Such was the ardor of the Americans, that, as General Wilkeson states, the wounded men, after having their wounds dressed, in many instances, returned again into the battle.

The battle of the seventh of October was fought on the same ground, but was not so stationary ; it commenced farther to the right, and extended, in its various periods, over more surface, eventually occupying not only Freeman's farm, but it was urged by the Americans, to the very camp of the enemy, which, towards night, was most impetuously stormed, and in part carried.*

with flags flying, and wreaths of battle smoke sailing away in the distance. The work is exquisitely done and its artistic value is very great. On this side the inscription reads: "Victoria Libertatis Vindex." Fugatis captis aut cæsis ad Cowpens Hosbitus. XVII Jan. MDCCLXXXI. The medal will be left on exhibition at E. R. Waterbury's jewelry store, near the Arcade entrance, for several days."

* It was the intention of the Americans to renew the battle on the following day, viz., the 8th, and *why* it was not renewed has ever been a mystery — some writers attributing it to the lack of ammunition. This explanation I give in my "Burgoyne's Campaign." Since that work was published, however, I have come into possession of a *MS.* map of the ac-

The interval between the 19th of September and the 7th of October, was one of great anxiety to both armies; "not a night passed," says General Burgoyne, "without firing, and sometimes concerted attacks upon our pickets; no foraging party could be made without great detachments to cover it; it was the plan of the enemy to harass the army by constant alarms, and their superiority of numbers enabled them to attempt it, without fatigue to themselves. By being habituated to fire, our soldiers became indifferent to it, and were capable of eating or sleeping when it was very near them; but I do not believe either officer or soldier ever slept during that interval, without his clothes, or that any general officer, or commander of a regiment, passed a single night without being upon his legs occasionally, at different hours, and constantly, an hour before daylight."

The battle of the 7th was brought on by a movement of General Burgoyne, who caused 1,500 men, with ten pieces of artillery, to march toward the left of the American army for the purpose of discovering

tion of the 7th, made by Col. Rufus Putnam (a cousin of Gen. Israel), which explains the seeming mystery. On this map there are put down some deep ravines between Burgoyne's Hospital and Wilbur's Basin, and the American forces, with this remark on the map in Putnam's hand-writing: "British redoubts having in front a deep hollow ground full of trees and logs which prevented an attack on the British army that (the 8th) day."

whether it was possible to force a passage ; or in case a retreat of the royal army should become indispensable, to dislodge the Americans from their intrenchments, and also to cover a foraging excursion, which had now become pressingly necessary.* It was about the middle of the afternoon that the British were observed advancing, and the Americans, with small arms, lost no time in attacking the British grenadiers and artillery, although under a tremendous fire from the latter ; the battle soon extended along the whole line : Colonel Morgan, at the same moment, attacked with his riflemen, on the right wing ; Colonel Acland, the commander of the grenadiers, fell wounded ; the grenadiers were defeated and most of the artillery taken, after great slaughter.†

* Also an error. "The foraging party," says Gen. Riedesel, "was made the day previous to the battle of the 7th." The gathering of forage while the army were forming for battle was merely an incident. Hence the confusion which has arisen on this subject.

† In this connection it is not inappropriate to quote the following from the *N. Y. Tribune*, Dec. 15, 1885 : "The Earl of Carnarvon, late colonial secretary of Great Britain, recently sent to William L. Stone a tiny gold slipper that was worn by his great-grandmother, Lady Harriet Acland, while she was with Burgoyne's army during the American Revolution. The note accompanying the gift, referring to Mr. Stone's memoir of Lady Acland, said: It is a matter of no uncommon pleasure to me to see my family

At the end of a most sanguinary contest, of less than one hour, the discomfiture and retreat of the British became general, and they had scarcely regained their camp before the lines were stormed with the greatest fury, and part of Lord Balcarras's camp was for a short time in our possession.

I was on the ground where the grenadiers, and where the artillery were stationed. "Here, upon this hill" (said my hoary guide), "on the very spot where we now stand, the dead men lay, thicker than you ever saw sheaves on a fruitful harvest field." "Were they British or Americans?" "Both," he replied, "but principally British." I suppose that it is of this ground that General Wilkinson remarks, "it presented a scene of complicated horror and ex-

history thus preserved on the other side of the Atlantic. It renews a feeling that very often comes across me, that the identity and sympathies of race remain wholly untouched by a hundred years of separation — perhaps, are all the stronger for the nominal differences. Last year, when I was in America, I only felt that I was in another and distant part of England." Since this was written Lord Carnarvon has died. Still, it is a pleasure to record his feelings toward us in America.

Col. Acland, when wounded, was taken to Joseph Bird's tent, where his wife nursed him. MS. letter to the editor from B. R. L. Westover, of Castleton, Vt., Feb. 10, 1886. Mr. Westover is a descendant of Bird. For a long sketch of Col. and Lady Acland see my "Burgoyne Ballads." S.

ultation. In the square space of twelve or fifteen yards lay eighteen grenadiers in the agony of death ; and three officers, propped up against stumps of trees, two of them mortally wounded, bleeding, and almost speechless."

My guide, proceeding with his narrative, said : " There stood a British field-piece, which had been twice taken and retaken, and finally remained in our possession : I was on the ground, and said to an American colonel, who came up at the moment, ' Colonel, we have taken this piece, and now we want you to *swear it true to America* ;' so the colonel swore it true, and we turned around and fired upon the British with their own cannon and with their own ammunition, still remaining unconsumed in their own boxes."

I was solicitous to see the exact spot where General Fraser received his mortal wound. My old guide knew it perfectly well, and pointed it out to me. It is in a meadow, just on the right of the road, after passing a blacksmith's shop and going south a few rods. The blacksmith's shop is on a road which runs parallel to the Hudson — it stands elevated, and overlooks Freeman's farm.*

* The great-grandfather of Mr. T. L. Stone, of Varysburgh, N. Y., viz. : Mr. Russell Stone, was near the spot at the time that Fraser fell. He was a private under Col. Thaddeus Cook. He was wounded in the hand, but his wound was not so serious as to disqualify him from service.

I saw various places where the dead were interred ; a rivulet or creek passes through the battleground and still washes out from its banks the bones of the slain. This rivulet is often mentioned in the accounts of these battles, and the deep ravine through which it passes ; on our return we followed this ravine and rivulet through the greater part of their course, till they united with the Hudson.

Farm-houses are dispersed here and there over the field of battle, and the people often find, even now, gun-barrels and bayonets, cannon-balls, grape shot, bullets and human bones. Of the three last I took from one of these people some painful specimens ; some of the bullets were battered and misshaped, evincing that they had come into collision with opposing obstacles.

Entire skeletons are occasionally found ; a man told me that in ploughing during the late summer, he turned one up, and it was not covered more than three inches with earth ; it lay on its side, and the arms in the form of a bow ; it was, probably, some solitary victim that never was buried. Such are the memorials still existing of these great military events ; great, not so much on account of the numbers of the actors, as from the momentous interests at stake, and from the magnanimous efforts to which they gave origin.

I would not envy that man his state of feeling who could visit such fields of battle without emotion, or who (being an American) could fail to indulge

admiration and affection for the soldiers and martyrs of liberty, and respect for the valor of their enemies.

Having taken my guide home to breakfast, we made use of his knowledge of the country to identify with certainty the place of General Fraser's interment.*

* A full account of Gen. Fraser will be found in any of my previous works. One anecdote, however, of him, which I had not come across at the time, is here given to illustrate his true nobility of character. It is taken from Jonathan Eastman's *Life of Stark* (Concord, 1831), now a very rare work: "Two of the American officers taken at Hubbardstown, relate the following anecdote of him. He saw that they were in distress, as their Continental paper would not pass with the English, and offered to loan them as much as they wished for their present circumstances. They took three guineas each. He remarked to them: 'Gentlemen, take what you wish — give me your due bills, and when we reach Albany I trust to your honor to take them up, for we shall doubtless over-run the country, and I shall probably have an opportunity of seeing you again. Gen. Fraser fell in the battle of the 7th of October; the notes were consequently never redeemed, but the signers of them could not refrain from shedding tears at the fate of this gallant and generous enemy.' Now, these *tears* thus shed were all well enough in their way, but Gen. Fraser's family, in England, were well known, and no difficulty would have been experienced in discovering his heirs and forwarding the sum lent by him to them. *Perhaps* they did so, of which, however, I have my doubts; but it would have been much more satisfactory had Eastman been able to

General Burgoyne mentions two redoubts that were thrown up on the hills behind his hospital; they are both still very distinct, and in one of these which is called the great redoubt by the officers of General Burgoyne's army, General Fraser was buried. It is true it has been disputed, which is the redoubt in question, but our guide stated to us, that within his knowledge a British sergeant, three or four years after the surrender of Burgoyne's army, came and pointed out the grave. We went to the spot; it is within the redoubt, on the top of the hill nearest to the house where the general died, and corresponds with the plate in *Anbury's Travels*, taken from an original drawing made by Sir Francis Clarke, aid-de-camp to General Burgoyne, and with the statement of the general in his defense, as well as with the account of Madam Reidesel.

The place of the interment was formerly designated by a little fence surrounding the grave. I was here in 1797, twenty-two years ago; the grave was then distinctly visible.*

On the present occasion I did not visit the British fortified camp.† When I was here in 1797 I examined

state that the money thus so generously loaned *had been returned!* Tears are certainly a cheap method of paying one's debts!

* Now (1895), two tall pines stand like giant sentinels on top of this hill, watching over the dead.

† In May, 1821, I again visited this fortified camp, and found it as perfect as it was when I saw it nearly

it particularly. It was then in perfect preservation (I speak of the encampment of the *British* troops upon the hill near the Fish kil), the parapet was high and covered with grass and shrubs, and the platforms of earth to support the fieldpieces were still in good condition. No devastation of any consequence had been committed, except by the credulous, who had made numerous excavations in the breastworks and various parts of the encampment for the purpose of discovering the money which the officers were supposed to have buried and abandoned. It is scarcely necessary to add that they never found any money, for private property was made sacred by the convention, and even the public military chest was not disturbed; the British retained every shilling that it contained. Under such circumstances to have buried their money would have been almost as great a folly

twenty-three years before, and almost every particular stated in the text was strictly applicable to it. It is about a mile from the river, and was certainly chosen with great good judgment, and had the American army attempted to take it by storm, it would evidently have cost them very dear. [Why the Americans did not attempt it, see note *ante*.] While at Ballston Springs during the late summer, some gentlemen of our party made an excursion to this place, and I learned from them, with extreme regret that the plow was passing over the fortified camp of General Burgoyne and that its fine parapet would soon be levelled so that scarcely a trace of it would remain. See note in advance about Fraser's remains.

as the subsequent search for it. This infatuation has not, however, gone by, even to this hour, and still, every year new pits are excavated by the insatiable money diggers.*

We arrived at this interesting spot (the field of the surrender), in a very fine morning; the sun shone with great splendor upon the flowing Hudson and upon the beautiful heights and the luxuriant meadows, now smiling in rich verdure and exhibiting images of tranquility and loveliness very opposite to the horrors of war which were once witnessed here.

* "This appears to be a very common popular delusion; in many places on the Hudson, and about the lakes where the armies had lain or moved, we found money pits dug, and in one place they told us that a man bought of a poor widow the right of digging in her ground for the hidden treasure." Notwithstanding Professor Silliman's remark — true in the main — a laborer some thirty years since, in digging in Leggett's barn-yard, the site of the great redoubt on which was Freeman's farm, found enough gold with which to buy a farm on the shore of Saratoga Lake. This incident reminds one of the father of Mr. William Alexander English (Buck English, as he was called), whose father, a day laborer, being at work on the lands of Shoonhill, County of Tipperary, Ireland, found a large earthen vase filled with gold, supposed to have been hidden there upon the arrival of Cromwell at the siege of Clonmell. With this money old Mr. English purchased lands and houses. See previous note about Congdon's gold.

The Fish kil, swollen by abundant rains (as it was on the morning of October 10, 1777, when General Burgoyne passed it with his artillery), now poured a turbid torrent along its narrow channel, and roaring down the declivity of the hills, hastened to mingle its waters with those of the Hudson.

We passed the ruins of General Schuyler's house, which are still conspicuous, and hastened to the field where the British troops grounded their arms. Although, in 1797, I paced it over in juvenile enthusiasm,* I felt scarcely less interested on the present occasion, and again walked over the whole tract. It is a beautiful meadow, situated at the intersection of the Fish kil, with the Hudson, and north of the former. There is nothing now to distinguish the spot, except the ruins of old Fort Hardy, built during the French wars, and the deeply interesting historical associations which will cause this place to be memorable to the latest generation. Thousands and thousands yet unborn will visit Saratoga with feelings of the deepest interest, and it will not be forgotten till Thermopylæ and Marathon and Bannockburn and Waterloo shall cease to be remembered. There it will be said were the last entrenchments of a proud invading army; on that spot stood their formidable park of artillery—and here, on this now peaceful

* In company with the Hon. John Elliott, now a senator from Georgia, and John Wynn, Esq., from the same State. Note to 1st edition.

meadow they piled their arms! their arms no longer terrible, but now converted into a glorious trophy of victory!

I have adverted but little to the sufferings of the American army, because but little, comparatively, is known of what they individually endured. Excepting the inevitable casualties of battle, they must have suffered much less than their enemies, for they soon ceased to be the flying and became the attacking and triumphant party. Colonels Colburn, Adams, Francis and many other brave officers and men gave up their lives as the price of their country's liberty, and very many carried away with them the scars produced by honorable wounds. The bravery of the American army was fully acknowledged by their adversaries.

"At all times," said Lord Balcarras, "when I was opposed to the rebels they fought with great courage and obstinacy. We were taught by experience that neither their attacks nor resistance was to be despised." Speaking of the retreat of the Americans from Ticonderoga, and of their behaviour at the battle of Hubbardton, Lord Balcarras adds: "Circumstanced as the enemy were, as an army very hard pressed in their retreat, they certainly behaved with great gallantry;" of the attack on the lines on the evening of the 7th of October, he says: "The lines were attacked, and with as much fury as the fire of small arms can admit."

Lord Balcarras had said that he never knew the Americans to defend their entrenchments, but added:

“The reason why they did not defend their entrenchments was that they always marched out of them and attacked us.” Captain Money, in answer to the question whether on the 19th of September the Americans disputed the field with obstinacy, answered: “They did, and the fire was much hotter than I ever knew it anywhere, except at the affair at Fort Anne;” and speaking of the battle of October 7th, and of the moment when the Americans, with nothing but small arms, were marching up to the British artillery, he adds: “I was very much astonished to hear the shot from the enemy fly so thick after our cannonade had lasted a quarter of an hour.” General Burgoyne gives it as his opinion that as rangers, “perhaps there are few better in the world than the corps of Virginia riflemen which acted under Colonel Morgan.” He says, speaking of the battle of September 19th, that “few actions have been characterized by more obstinacy in attack or defense. The British bayonet was repeatedly tried ineffectually.”

Remarking upon the battle of the 7th of October, he observes: “If there be any persons who continue to doubt that the Americans possess the *quality* and *faculty* of fighting, call it by whatever term they please, they are of a prejudice that it would be very absurd longer to contend with;” he says that in this action the British troops “retreated hard pressed, but in good order,” and that “the troops had scarcely entered the camp when it was stormed with great

fury, the enemy rushing to the lines under a severe fire of grape shot and small arms."

In a private letter addressed to Lord George Germain, after the surrender, he says: "I should now hold myself unjustifiable, if I did not confide to your lordship my opinion upon a near inspection of the rebel troops. The standing corps that I have seen are disciplined. I do not hazard the term, but apply it to the great fundamental points of military institution, sobriety, subordination, regularity and courage."

It is very gratifying to every real American to find that for so great a prize his countrymen (their enemies themselves being judges) contended so nobly, and that their conduct for bravery, skill and humanity will stand the scrutiny of all future ages.

From the enemy it becomes us not to withhold the commendation that is justly due; all that skill and valor could effect they accomplished, and they were overwhelmed at last by complicated distress, and by very superior numbers, amounting at the time of the surrender, probably, to three for one, although the disparity was much less in the two great battles.

The vaunting proclamation of General Burgoyne at the commencement of the campaign, some of his boasting letters, written during the progress of it, and his devastation of private property reflect no honor on his memory. But, in general, he appears to have been a humane and honorable man, a scholar and a gentleman, a brave soldier and an able com-

mander. Some of his sentiments have a higher moral tone than is common with men of his profession and have probably procured for him more respect than all his battles.* Speaking of the battle of the 7th, he says: "In the course of the action a shot had passed through my hat and another had torn my waistcoat. I should be sorry to be thought at any time insensible to the protecting hand of Providence; but I ever more particularly considered (and I hope not superstitiously), a soldier's hairbreadth escapes as incentives to duty, *a marked renewal of the trust of being*, for the purposes of a public station; and under that reflection to lose our fortitude by giving way to our affections; to be divested by any possible self-emotion from meeting a present exigency with our best faculties, were at once dishonor and impiety."

Thus have I adverted, I hope not with too much particularity, to some of the leading circumstances of the greatest military event which has ever occurred in America, but compared with the whole extent and diversity of that campaign the above notices, however extended, are few and brief. I confess I have reviewed them with a very deep interest, and have

* This estimate of Burgoyne seems to be — after the mist of prejudice has been lifted — a just one. Indeed, seen from after standpoints, Burgoyne does not deserve the opprobrium cast at the time upon him. *Time* rectifies all things — even the reputations of the confederate generals of the late civil war.

been willing to hear some of the distinguished actors speak in their own language. Should the notice of these great events tend, in any instance, to quench the odious fires of party, and to rekindle those of genuine patriotism — should it revive in any one a veneration for the virtues of those men who faced death in every form, regardless of their own lives, and bent only on securing to posterity the precious blessings which we now enjoy, and above all, should we thus be led to cherish a higher sense of gratitude to heaven for our unexampled privileges, and to use them more temperately and wisely, the time occupied in this sketch will not have been spent in vain. History presents no struggle for liberty which has in it more of the moral sublime than that of the American Revolution. It has been of late years too much forgotten in the sharp contentions of party, and he who endeavors to withdraw the public mind from those debasing conflicts and to fix it on the grandeur of that great epoch — which, magnificent in itself, begins now *to wear the solemn livery of antiquity as it is viewed through the deepening twilight of half a century* certainly performs a meritorious service and can scarcely need a justification. The generation that sustained the conflict is now almost passed away; a few hoary heads remain, seamed with honorable scars — a few *experienced* guides can still attend us to the fields of carnage and point out the places where they and their companions fought and bled and where sleep the bones of the slain. But these men will

soon be gone ; tradition and history will, however, continue to recite their deeds, and the latest generations will be taught to venerate the defenders of our liberties—to visit the battle-grounds which were moistened with their blood, and to thank the mighty God of battles that the arduous conflict terminated in the entire establishment of the liberties of this country.



VISIT TO THE BATTLE GROUND IN 1820 BY
DR. THEODORE DWIGHT.

A drive over from Ballston Spa brought us to the Saratoga battle grounds. I hate the details of slaughter ever since I have overcome the savage and heathen impressions I received with my "liberal education." I learned to admire them from the notes of admiration with which the classics abound for those notorious butchers who, in former times did so much

* Dr. Theodore Dwight, who came to his death October 16, 1866, through injuries received from the New Jersey Railroad Co., was a nephew of President Dwight of Yale college, and a son of the distinguished Hartford editor, who was the immediate predecessor of the late Col. William L. Stone in the editorship of the old Hartford *Mirror*. Dr. Dwight, at the time of his death, was the secretary of the American Ethnological Society — a society of which he and the late Albert Gallatin were the founders. He was also the author of a number of entertaining works of travel, among which are his *Tours in Italy*, the *Northern Traveller*, and *Summer Tours*. He was likewise for a long time editor of *Dwight's American Magazine*. He was also the one who, in 1820, brought Saratoga Springs into extensive notice by the first real guide-book of the United States that had ever been published.

business under different firms — Alexander, Hannibal & Co., Cæsar & Brothers. I therefore did not regret that the battles on this ground amounted only to a matter of a thousand or so killed on both sides — a mere skirmish, in the opinion of an European. Gen. Wilkinson tells facts which show that there was excitement enough here to raise in some individuals the most barbarous and blood-thirsty spirit.

“Major Buel, our guide, appeared sometimes at fault, but never being disposed to acknowledge it, generally found a reply to every question. Two of the party differed about the spot on which Gen. Fraser fell and inquired of him, ‘Where was Gen. Fraser wounded?’ ‘Let me see,’ said he. ‘I believe in the bowels, pretty much.’”*

* It was said at the time by Burgoyne’s surgeons that had not General Fraser’s stomach been distended by a hearty breakfast he had eaten just before going into action he would doubtless have recovered from his wound. This seems to be corroborated by an item taken from the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* of October, 1893. The article, which is headed, “Empty Stomachs Safer in Battle,” is as follows: “Surgeon-General Sternberg, of the army, and Dr. A. C. Bernays, of St. Louis, had flocked together and were discussing gun-shot wounds in the lower part of the body. Dr. Bernays greatly interested Surgeon-General Sternberg by a proposition he laid down that when a man is shot in the abdomen shortly after eating a hearty meal the danger is much greater. ‘A case of that kind should be operated upon in every instance,’ said Dr. Bernays. ‘If the bowels are empty or nearly

We visited, also, the headquarters of Gen. Burgoyne.* The house (Smith's) stands by the roadside, but the place where it then was is a spot at the foot of the hill [where Fraser is buried], and about 200 yards from the river. The cellar is still to be seen [now, 1894] in a field near an apple tree, a little north of the road that crosses the canal.

Willard's mountain is an eminence a few miles off, on the opposite side of the river. During the last battle the Americans had a few cannon on the rising ground above the eastern shore, a quarter of a mile above Smith's, and thence proceeded the shot of which the Baroness Riedesel speaks. Several ladies of distinction were its inmates at the time when the British troops were here, being the wives of some of the principal officers. The house was converted into an hospital during the second battle, and Gen. Fraser died on the 8th of October in what is now the bar-room. His grave is on the hill back of the house.

I heard the late General Van Cortland,† a colonel in the New York line and a participator in this bat-

so, the same wound may be treated without operation.'

'Applying that theory to soldiers?' remarked the surgeon-general tentatively.

'I would say they ought to do their fighting before breakfast,' put in the specialist."

* An error, as mentioned in a preceding note to "Mrs. Dwight's visit to the Saratoga battle ground."

† Died at Sandy Hill, N. Y., in 1822.

tle, say that he was not brought into action until late in the afternoon of the 19th of September, when he was ordered by Arnold to take part beyond the left of our line, and engage in action or not as he might judge proper. He engaged a regiment of Hessians [Brunswickers], of whose short guns our soldiers did not think much, and drove them back. One of his officers was wounded by his side, and he placed him upon his horse. While pursuing, he met a regiment of British light infantry on his flank and partly in his rear, advancing and firing, but without seeing them in the darkness. He halted in a foot-path nearly parallel to them, about a foot lower than the surface of the ground, ordering his men not to fire till they should see the enemy's flash, and then aim a little below it. Directly the flash was seen all along their line, the fire was immediately returned and this checked them. He then went around to his officers and ordered them to withdraw quietly, and returned to camp. After an engagement of an hour and a half he had lost one man to every five and a half in his regiment. Col. Cilley * lost but one out of seven in five or six hours.

While in the vicinity of Bemis's Heights I was reminded of several anecdotes I had heard at different

* Col. Cilley is well known by the readers of Gen. "Wilkinson's Memoirs," as having been found by him at the battle of the 7th October, astride of a brass twelve-pounder and exulting in its capture. The following anecdotes of Col. Cilley are, however,

periods and from different persons, relating to the battles here and at the Wallomsac, the last of which is usually called the battle of Bennington. What must have been the state of the country when the panic caused by the desertion of Ticonderoga was

not so generally known — both of which testify to his courage and patriotism.

As a prelude to the engagement of the 7th, a British flanking party was directed to turn the American wing, where Cilley was posted, and who was ordered to counteract the movement. As the parties approached each other, and a few scattering trees only intervened, the British colonel was heard to give the order, "Fix bayonets and charge the damned rebels." Col. Cilley, who was near enough to hear, responded loudly enough for the enemy to understand, "That is a game two can play at — Charge! by God, and we will try it!" The Americans charged at the word, and rushing upon the enemy, discharged a volley in their faces, who broke and fled without tarrying to cross bayonets with the "damned rebels," leaving a number of their comrades on the field. Eastman, also, in his *Life of Stark*, states that at the battle of Monmouth, when Gen. Lee was on his retreat, Cilley's regiment checked the pursuit of the enemy and drove them back in turn. Washington, who at that moment arrived, delighted at the gallant stand made by the New Hampshire regiment, inquired, "What troops are these?" "True-blooded Yankees, sir," was the colonel's emphatic reply. In the retreat from Ticonderoga, a son of Col. Cilley was left behind and fell into the hands of the British, who, ascertaining that he was the son of a distin-

such that although a long delay took place before Gen. Burgoyne began to march from Whitehall, he met no opposition until he reached this spot. Exertions were made by the patriotic who were yet undiscouraged, to raise the people in arms; but how was it to be expected that the militia could stop the course of an army, before which regular troops had fled out of the principal fortress of the country? The history of the time has been written several times and related a thousand. I will, therefore, leave my readers to books and only repeat two or three tales I have heard from private sources. Word of mouth has often a charm, because it conveys feeling, and that everybody can understand.

“My father,” said a gentleman I once conversed with, “lived in Berkshire county, Mass., when the news came that the Hessians [Brunswickers] were going to seize the stores on the Wallomsac creek, and all the force of the country was wanted. He

guished officer in the American army, brought him to Burgoyne. That general, after treating him kindly, set him at liberty and furnished him with a horse and saddle-bag full of his “proclamations.” These he carried to his father, who, taking one of them, indignantly tore it in pieces, and throwing them to the winds, exclaimed, “So shall their army be scattered.”

One of Col. Cilley's grandsons, Jonathan, M. C., from New Hampshire, 1837, met his death in a duel with Wm. Graves, a fellow-congressman from Kentucky. The affair excited unusual attention at the time.

was a hardy farmer and well known thereabouts, so that he had been chosen captain of a company of old men, exempt from service by age, which had been raised for any case of extremity. This company, which was called the 'Silver Grays,' in allusion to their hoary hair, set off for the scene of action immediately and was on the ground on the morning of the battle in time to have a part assigned in the attack made upon the entrenched line of the enemy. On account of the respectability of the company they were left to choose their place, and agreed to attack the Tory fort, as a redoubt on an eminence was called, which had been intrusted to the Americans accompanying the Hessian troops. The captain informed his men that it was his intention to approach their object through a ravine which he observed led in that direction, to enjoy all the shelter it might afford. 'Captain,' said a large and powerful man in the prime of life, stepping forward pale and trembling, 'I am not going to fight; I came to lead back the horses.' 'Go, then,' said the captain with indignation; 'we shall do better without a coward in our number. Deacon ——,' said he to a little, old man, shrivelled with age, 'you are too feeble to bear the fatigues of the day. It is my pleasure that you stand sentry over the baggage.'

'With your leave, captain,' said the old man, stepping forward and making the soldier's sign of respect to a superior with as much the air of a youth as he could, 'with your leave I will have a pull at 'em first.'

The company expressed their admiration at his spirit, and under the feelings it produced, succeeding as it did the display of arrant cowardice in a younger man, they marched on a quick step toward the enemy. When they reached the end of the ravine, the captain intended to form an attack, supposing they must yet be at some distance from the redoubt. Instead of this, on looking up he found himself almost at the base of it and the Tories taking aim at him from above. In an instant he lay upon the ground, a bullet having passed through his foot, and a friend near him ran to raise him, supposing him killed. He sprang upon his feet, however, and just then seeing a red-coat hurrying across a field at a distance, a thought came into his head to encourage his men and he cried out, 'Come on! they run, they run!' The old man climbed up, jumped into the fort and in a moment the 'Silver Grays' had complete possession of it without the loss of one of their number."

From the battle ground I went to Ballston Springs. * * *



VISIT OF HON. WILLIAM WIRT IN AUGUST,
1821.*

“*Washington, Aug. 29, 1821.*”

MY DEARLY BELOVED BROTHER :

* * * On returning from Lake George we fell upon Burgoyne's track at Sandy Hill, a beautiful little village on a high and commanding site on the North river. Thence going down the river on the eastern bank, two miles and a half, we came to old Fort Edward. At this place there is a little village, and while our horses were watering I procured a Revolutionary bullet or two which had been got out of the wall of the fort. We arrived at the village of Saratoga [this was “old Saratoga,” now Schuylerville, and not the famous watering-place] to dinner — the field on which Burgoyne laid down his arms, being immediately before us, about half a mile, and now a beautiful piece of meadow land at the junction of Fish-creek with the North river, which you can see on the map. I have some *relics* also from this field

* This letter, written to Mr. Wirt's brother-in-law, Pope, is, perhaps, one of the most charming and racy letters of the whole of this series, but whoever has read Wirt's “Life of Patrick Henry” would not expect anything otherwise from his pen.

for you. You remember that Burgoyne was on his retreat, endeavoring to get back to Fort Edward, and thence into Canada, where, finding his retreat cut off, he surrendered on this plain,—so, in following his track *down* we came to the field of surrender before we came to the battle grounds, where he had for the first time become convinced of the erroneous estimate he had made of the American character.

Having walked over the Field of Surrender and pulled some boughs from a tree near the spot at which Burgoyne's *Marqu e* was pitched, we moved down the river in the evening, and about an hour by sun came to the house in which the celebrated General Fraser breathed his last [here follows in the letter the often quoted and well-known account of Fraser's death by Madame Riedesel, to whom the writer acknowledges his indebtedness].

Well, sir, as I was saying, we arrived at this same house at about an hour by the sun, and as good fortune would have it, before we alighted another traveler rode up, having just returned from reviewing the battle-fields accompanied by old Ezra Buel, who had been a guide to the American army in both the battles of the 19th September and the 7th of October, and was with our troops until the surrender. He is now seventy-seven years of age, and his usual gait of riding is twelve miles *per* hour on a very hard riding horse. You will see honorable mention made of him by Silliman. Not at all fatigued with the excursion from which he had just returned, he wheeled about

again and accompanied us with the utmost alacrity. *There*, you should have been with me, my dear Pope, to walk over the fields which had been the theatre of such desperate strife—where the great cause of liberty, too, was staked on the issue.

“And so,” thought I, “this is the field on which the famous battles of Stillwater were fought four and forty years ago. Here did these grounds swarm with armed men!”

“Here Morgan was posted,” said the old man, interrupting my meditations. “Here was Arnold, *then* a patriot and an excellent soldier,” etc. And so the old gentleman arranged the field and conjured up before my eyes the whole host. Then he painted the battles with great spirit—showed by what accidents they had commenced on both occasions, and how they became general—depicted the struggle in particular parts of the field, and enabled me to imagine at times that I saw and heard all the tumult, agitation, shouting, thunder and fury of a long and well-contested field. Good heavens, what a warming illusion! *Morgan's eye of fire and bugle voice!* Arnold's maniac and irresistible impetuosity*—the rattling

* In this connection the following extract from the “Diary of Captain Wakefield,” entitled “Unpublished Recollections of 1777,” is in point:

“I shall never forget the opening scene of the first day's conflict. The riflemen and light infantry were ordered forward to clear the woods of the Indians. Arnold rode up, and with his sword pointing to the

of musketry, the sharp cracking of the rifles, the deafening roar of the artillery, the animating shout of the soldiery, the war-whoop of the Indians, the encouraging and applauding cries of the officers, the charge, the retreat, the rapid and regular evolution at one point, the disorderly movement at another, the

enemy emerging from the woods into an opening partially cleared, covered with stumps and fallen timber, addressing Morgan, he said, 'Colonel Morgan, you and I have seen too many red-skins to be deceived by that garb of paint and feathers; they are asses in lions' skins — Canadians and Tories; let your riflemen cure them of their borrowed plumes.'

"And so they did, for in less than fifteen minutes the 'Wagon Boy,' with his Virginia riflemen, sent the painted devils with a howl back to the British lines. Morgan was in his glory, catching the inspiration of Arnold, as he thrilled his men; when he hurled them against the enemy he astonished the English and Germans with the deadly fire of his rifles. Nothing could exceed the bravery of Arnold on this day; he seemed the very genius of war, infuriated by the conflict and maddened by Gates' refusal to send reinforcements, which he repeatedly called for, and knowing he was meeting the brunt of the battle, he seemed inspired with the fury of a demon. Riding in front of the line, his eyes flashing, pointing with his sword to the advancing foe, with a voice that rung clear as a trumpet and electrified the line he called upon the men to follow him to the charge, and then dashing forward, closely followed by his troops, he hurled them like a tornado on the British line and swept it away. There seemed to shoot out from him

headlong confusion, the groans of the dying, the cry for quarter, ghastly and bleeding wounds, the severed limbs, men and horses mingled on the plain in one wide scene of indiscriminate blood and carnage! Oh, what an uproar then! How still and quiet now!! Where are they all! "What is that your plow is turning up?" "Only a skeleton." "What, yet to this day?" "Even yet our plows are constantly striking against cannon balls or dead men's bones, or turning up grape-shot or bullets." "Then, I *guess* the people were not idle on that day?" "You may depend, friend, they were busy."* "I believe it, but

a magnetic flame that electrified his men and made heroes of all within his influence.

"Arnold was not only the hero of the field, but he had won the admiration of the whole army. There was not a man, officer or private who participated in the battle, or who witnessed the conflict who did not believe that if Gates had sent reinforcements, as Arnold again and again begged him to do, he would have utterly routed the whole British army. So general was this belief, and so damaging to Gates, that as an excuse to save himself from reproaches coming from every side he gave out as the reason that the store of powder and ball in the camp was exhausted, and that the supplies of ammunition from Albany had not arrived. No one could dispute this, yet no one believed it."

* Had old "Ezra" lived at the present time, his reply doubtless would have been in the slang of *our* day: "You may bet, boss, they were busy." I call attention to this particularly to show *how greatly* our

I have a friend in Virginia who would be glad to have some of the bullets that were fired in those great battles — battles that gave the first decided turn to the American Revolution." "To be sure, there is a ball which has been rolling about the yard for some time; you shall have it, and the bullets, too; and you, John, go up into the loft and bring down that skull." "Thank you," said I. "Excuse me from the skull — it will not be convenient to carry it — but the ball and the bullets I will gladly take," and so I did.

We went to several other houses which have all been built since, for it was then entirely wood, except "Freeman's farm," which you will see mentioned in the books, and at all these houses bullets and bones were offered — even the little children handling and offering the human bones with as total an absence from all emotion as if they were chickens' bones or dry sticks.* Having examined the battle grounds of

colloquial language has deteriorated within the last fifty years. Notice, also, the respectful attitude all through, of the guide — so different from the guides of the present day on the battlefields of the late Civil War.

* Even at the present day (1895) the tourist experiences the same incidents. In 1877 Judge Chs. S. Lester, C. C. Lester, Willard Lester, the late Joseph G. Cook and myself, while on a visit to the battle grounds, were badgered by little children offering such relics for sale. Nor were these, like those relics of the battle of Waterloo, *bogus* — they were *genuine* relics. In fact, Judge Lester and our companions on this visit, picked up some bones and cannon balls and also a gilt button of the 21st Highlanders — the lat-

both days and walked, listened to my guide, and sighed till my heart was full and heavy, I returned to

ter on the site of the famous defense of the mound attacked by Dearborn, Poor and Cilley. That this was done at this late day is not, however, surprising, as we knew that near the spot where Fraser was wounded, some forty soldiers, after being stripped of their clothing by the women of the camp, were buried in one trench, a mere layer of earth being cast upon them. See, also, Neilson's account in *appendix*. In this connection we quote the following:

“*Revolutionary Relics*.— We were last week shown about 200 canister shot and bullets, a broken bayonet and a silver shoe buckle which were plowed up during the present season on the Saratoga battle ground at Bemis' Heights. Many of the bullets were much battered and some of them split, occasioned doubtless by their having come in contact with a harder substance after their discharge; the bayonet bore evident marks of having been violently broken off, probably during the conflict, and the buckle unquestionably belonged to an officer, it being the fashion of that day, and weighing about five-eighths of an ounce. Several of the bullets, the bayonet and buckle have been left at the reading-rooms for inspection. The annual resort to this consecrated spot having much increased of late years, we are told that preparations are now going forward for the erection of a good public house for the convenience of visitants. Such an establishment has been much needed, and we have no doubt will obtain a handsome support.”
—*From an old Saratoga county paper of Aug. 5, 1834.*

“*An Interesting Relic*.— Mr. Henry A. Near, of Bemis' Heights, while sowing wheat a few days ago

my quarters * and slept very little, to my honor, without dreaming, for I was too much fatigued to sleep fancifully.

on his farm near the old battle ground, picked up a large lead bullet which, besides bearing the marks of more than one hundred years of time, is scarred with thirteen clearly-cut stars, doubtless made by some hero of the Revolutionary war, and suggested by the flag which, bearing the stars and stripes, was first unfurled there. It is an interesting relic.—*Saratoga Sun, September 25, 1879.*

In 1823 Ebenezer Leggett, a son of Isaac, came from Westchester county to the old Freeman farm, and on his first plowing he not only turned up a number of skeletons, rifle and cannon balls, but also the well-preserved skeleton of an officer, a part of his red uniform being entire, the color even being unchanged. When, in 1846, he repaired an old barn on the premises, occupying the site of Balcarras' redoubt, he found some money in gold and silver to the amount of \$90, apparently carried in belts. The neighbors, however, insisted that the sum thus found was much larger. In this connection see note *ante* about Congdon's gold, found on nearly the same place by a laborer in the employ of Leggett.

* The house thus indicated was undoubtedly the "old Walker homestead" built by Walker, who was in the battles, and which is situated some few rods north of the basswood tree under which Fraser was shot. It is still (1895) standing and owned by Joseph Rogers, and has been since the beginning of the present century the place where all visitors stop over night on their visits to the battle grounds. In this house is still to be seen the old register book where

The next morning I took another ride with old Ezra to see the American encampment, and above

one can yet recognize the signatures of John Quincy Adams, Calhoun, Clay, Webster, Silliman, Dwight, Wirt, and others nearly equally distinguished, showing that amidst all the turmoil incident to political life they had still a corner left in their hearts for their country's dead.

In this connection, the following letter from Daniel Webster, penned immediately after his visit to the battle grounds, is of interest; nor can the observant reader fail to notice in it the same spirit which actuated Dr. Johnson in the account of "His visit to the Hebrides." "Far from me and my friends be such frigid philosophy, etc."

WEBSTER'S LETTER.

"BOSTON, Oct. 11, '28.

"MY DEAR FRIEND. — I thank you for your letter of Sept. 20, detailing the incidents of your tour. It has enabled me to go pretty accurately over your track, and I have followed you, by the means of it, repeatedly from Boston, 'round by the west and home to Bangor. I well understand how you should feel excited by visiting such places as Kingsbridge, White Plains, Bemis Heights. I never knew a man yet, nor a woman either, with a sound head and a good heart, that was not more or less under the power which those local associations exercise. It is true that *place* in these things is originally accidental; battles *might have been* fought elsewhere, as well as at Saratoga or Bennington; nevertheless here they *were fought*, and nature does not allow us to pass over the scene of such events with indifference, unless we have a

all, Gates' headquarters. The house is still standing. It is a small, red, hip-roofed, one-storied old house that has quite a revolutionary look.* "And here," the

good share of bluntness and stupidity, or unless the scenes themselves have become familiar by frequent visits to them. For my part I love them all, and all such as they. An old drum hangs up in the Senate chamber of Massachusetts, taken from the Hessians at Bennington, and I do not think I ever went into the room without turning to look at it. And that reminds me to say that I have a pair of silver sleeve buttons, the material of which my father picked up on and brought away from that same field of Bennington. If I thought either of my boys would not value them fifty years hence, if he should live so long, I believe I would begin to flog him now.

* * * * *

"But I must stop or I shall write a sermon. Adieu. I have not written so tediously long a letter in a twelvemonth.

"Give every good wish of my heart to your wife, and, as we Yorkers say, 'the same to yourself.'

"Yours very truly,

"DANL. WEBSTER."

* This house, known before the battles as well as up to the present time, as the "old Neilson house," is still (1895) standing in a very fair state of preservation. As stated in the text, it was the headquarters of Gates during both battles, a tablet—as mentioned in the appendix—standing in the yard now, tells its history. The builder of the house, Neilson, was an old Colonial Revolutionary guide. *See his son's anecdotes in the appendix to this volume.*

old man said, "the general remained during both of the battles," which were fought at least a mile from this house, and certainly out of sight. "This," the old guide said, "he was told was right, as it was the general's business to be at one place always to receive information and give ideas." Yet the old fellow's look had a glimpse of passing cunning, as much as to say, "A bad excuse is better than none."* I could not help thinking, myself, that it was not exactly in the style of Napoleon.

But what do you think of these armies resting here in the opposite encampments — their sentinels within hail of each other for seven days without striking a blow, and at last the first action (the 19th Sept.) being brought on by accident! Gates had a good motive for the delay — for his army was continually gathering strength; but that Burgoyne, in the spirit of proud and contemptuous invasion — with such an army and so appointed — should have sat down so quietly and so foolishly, while his enemies were hourly increasing in strength, satisfies me that he was no Bonaparte. But the Bonaparte style of daring was not the order of that day. But enough of judging men *a posteriore*. At that time and in their place we might have done the same or worse.

* The old guide's ideas of the personal poltroonery of Gates are fully corroborated by his contemporaries. Gates was really an arrant coward. See my "*Burgoyne's Campaign*" and "*Ballads*," where this subject is treated in full.

Poor Gates! this was his first and last field of glory! What a triumphant opening of his military career in America! What a reverse was he doomed to experience in one short year! And for poor Burgoyne, it was his "last and dying speech as a soldier." So that both to victor and to vanquished, it was the prelude only to misfortune. Such is the passing glory of this world!

Now, as to Burgoyne! Pray, my dear brother, did you ever read the sentimental comedy of "The Heiress," or "The Maid of the Oaks," or did you ever hear the tender and elegant songs of "Anna's Urn," or "For Tenderness Found?" These were written by Burgoyne; and although our printers, our Revolutionary officers in their letters, and our song inditers of that day, used to charge him with bombast, I do think that he was one of the most classical and elegant writers which the English nation has produced.* If Burgoyne had been born to the wealth of Byron he would have pitched the poetic bar be-

* The writer's estimate of Burgoyne's literary merit is entirely correct. "The Heiress" was welcomed on its first appearance by crowded audiences with the applause it so well merited. Indeed, the sale of *ten* editions in one year bore ample testimony to its merits as a chaste, a spirited and polished composition. For an account, also, under which the song "Anna's Urn" was written, as well as for a full life of Burgoyne, see my "*Ballads of Burgoyne's Campaign.*"

yond him by many a league. War was not his proper element. While upon the fields of his battles and final surrender, and remembering the beautiful and pathetic effusions of genius to which I have alluded, I could not help pitying such a man, whose mistake of his own character had put him at the head of a band of merciless, tomahawking, scalping savages, and "damned Hessians, Hanoverians, Auspachers, Waldenchers and Wolfenbüttles." From these fields my mind followed these British prisoners to their barracks near Charlottesville [Va.], and then came the recollections of your and Bullock's anecdotes of that place, the temporary theatre and the acting of plays by the British officers.*

This is a pretty long letter, and it is time to stop.

* * *

The "relics will be addressed to the care of John Gamble. They have no value, except from the associated sentiments you will give them; and, perhaps, the associated image of

Your friend,

WILLIAM WIRT."

* For an account of these plays, etc., see my "Revolutionary Letters," Joel Munsell & Sons, Albany, N. Y., 1893.



VISIT OF P. STANSBURY * TO THE BATTLE AND SURRENDER GROUNDS IN SEPT., 1821.

Continuing on from Waterford with the high grounds at a distance on my left and the Hudson rolling on my right, I came in the evening to the scattered village of Stillwater, the well-known scene of the most important events of the Revolutionary war. Burgoyne's retreat from this place was probably the preservation of the States of New England. He had been sent with a powerful army, stores, artillery, and the various engines of war necessary for a momentous expedition from St. Johns, in Lower Canada, under a design of cutting off every communication of the Southern with the Eastern States, which were considered as the soul of the Revolution in America. The British general, Sir Henry Clinton, was to meet him at Albany from New York and join in reducing the strongest posts in these quarters.

* Stansbury, a native of New York city, was a person who obtained some celebrity at the time by making a pedestrian tour of over 2,000 miles through New York, New England and the Canadas. His account of his travels is marked by considerable acuteness of observation.

He advanced and swept all before him. Crown Point,* Ticonderoga, Mount Defiance,† Mount

* Crown Point at this time was not an important fortress, so far, at least, as regards its strength. *Rivington's Gazette* for May 6, 1773, has this item: "Accidental fire from a chimney in a building at Crown Point set fire to other buildings and the magazine in April. The magazine blew up by the explosion of 100 pounds of powder, resulting in all the fortifications and other buildings being destroyed."

† This "Mt. Defiance," or as it was also called, "Sugar Loaf Hill," was really the *key* to the situation, whichever army might occupy it. As early as July, 1758, Capt. Stark had brought the fact of its commanding attitude to the notice of Lord Howe (see *Memoir of Caleb Stark*, pg. 24). Howe, on that occasion, had been taken by Stark to its summit—some 800 feet in height—overlooking and commanding the works of Ticonderoga. Howe even perceived at that time the advantage which a few pieces of artillery placed there in battery would afford a besieging army on the garrison. But Gen. Abercrombie, supposing his force of sufficient strength, brought no artillery with his army. Again, in 1776, Col. John Trumbull, when adjutant for the northern department, had called the attention of the American general to this same thing. When he made this suggestion he was laughed at by his mess; but he soon proved the accuracy of his own vision by throwing a cannon shot to the summit, and subsequently clambered up to the top, dragging a cannon after him, accompanied by Cols. Stevens, Wayne and Arnold. Indeed, it was a criminal neglect on the part of the Americans that the oversight was not at

Independence,* Fort George, Fort Edward — all were compelled to yield to his progress, and victory hovered over his exulting army until he approached Saratoga, within a few miles of Stillwater.

The river winds in its course, and after meandering through the flatlands of the valley here bends and runs within sixty yards of the foot of some high hills or embankments which are now called Bemis's Heights. With a sensation of awe I slowly paced the road to the spot where our forefathers fought and conquered. The names of the victorious heroes crowded upon my recollection like the glittering stars in the sky, which then enabled me to survey the ambiguous outline of the landscape. There is an Inn†

once corrected by the construction of a work upon that point, which would have commanded the whole post. It was a neglect, however, which was soon to cost them dear, for owing to this neglect, St. Clair was obliged to evacuate Ticonderoga. There is still (1894) to be seen on top of Mt. Defiance a large flat rock with the holes in it by which Burgoyne's cannon were made fast.

* Mt. Independence was a smaller hill east of Mt. Defiance on the Vermont side, and separated from it by the outlet of Lake George. This hill was fortified by Gen. Stark in 1776, by order of Gen. Gates, then commanding at Ticonderoga. In clearing the hill to prepare for erecting the works the troops killed an immense number of rattlesnakes.

† The "Bemis Tavern." For an account of the landlord, Bemis, see *appendix*.

under the heights where, with the remembrance of the deeds which transpired on these grounds, I contented myself to repose.

BATTLE OF BEMIS'S HEIGHTS.

The next morning the son of the innkeeper, who was himself one of our old Revolutionary warriors and had stood somewhat perspicuous upon this memorable occasion, volunteered his services as my guide to the fields of battle.

The young man had acquired a perfect knowledge of every part of the ground and every circumstance of the engagements, not only from the descriptions of his father and other venerable soldiers, but also from an attentive perusal of the histories of the war.

We ascended the hill. Few vestiges are to be seen; the plough has strove with insidious zeal to destroy even these few remaining evidences of Revolutionary heroism. Each succeeding year the agriculturist turns afresh the sod of the weather-beaten breastworks, and as he sweats and toils, to the great anguish of the antiquarian, to level alike mounds and ditches, he exhibits the peaceful efforts of that liberty and wide independence which these have procured, over whose graves he tramples.

When Gen. Burgoyne advanced to this place, after crossing the Hudson at Saratoga by a bridge of boats, he found, instead of a flying and dispirited army, a large and resolute army to stop his farther progress. Gen. Burgoyne had boasted before the British House

of Commons that with 4,000 men, the colonies could be reduced into subjection. More than twice that number were now enlisted under his banners—resolute and brave veteran soldiers, who were already beginning to suffer all the distress and fatigue attendant upon an embarrassed army. Harrassed by the American scouts, shortened in the usual allowance of provisions and enclosed in a narrow valley with an impassable river on one side, hills and thick forests on the other, the American army under Gen. Gates facing them in front, and a road so broken in their rear as to allow little hopes of an easy returning march; this mighty host, which came thundering from the north with a most formidable train of heavy brass artillery, stores and equipments, now shrunk from an army of untutored militia.

Above the heights are level plains, which at that time were partly cleared and called "Freeman's Farm."* Here the conflicting armies met. They

* In connection with "Freeman's Farm" the following anecdote is not without interest. A Mr. Michael Condon, who died in the early part of 1891, was once a day laborer on the farm now known as "Freeman's Farm." He had been set to work digging or otherwise on the farm; and when at noon the owner of the farm came along he found a hole dug in the ground in which there were yet one or two gold pieces scattered around. *These*, as the owner of the farm, he claimed and took. A year afterward Mr. Condon *bought and paid* for a very expensive farm, which is known to this day as the

fought from three in the afternoon (Sept. 19, 1777) until day closed upon the bloody scene and obliged the combatants to separate.

Though the British claimed the victory, no advantages resulted to them from this engagement. Both armies began to throw up entrenchments and fortify their camps in the strongest possible manner.*

“Battle Farm,” and while no one could say positively that it was bought with these gold pieces, yet no one doubted the fact. See note *ante*.

* Burgoyne's camp, however, was in a continual state of alarm from this time until the final battle of the 7th of October. One incident among many of a similar character may be mentioned. During all of this time his (Burgoyne's) officers and soldiers were constantly dressed and ready for action. One night twenty young farmers, residing near his camp, resolved to capture his advance picket guard. Armed with fowling-pieces they marched silently through the woods until they were within a few yards of the picket. They then rushed from the bushes, the captain blowing an old horse trumpet, and the men yelling. There was no time for the sentinels to hail. “Ground your arms or you are all dead men,” cried the patriot captain. Thinking that a large force had fallen upon them, the picket obeyed. As a result of this daring the young farmers, with all the parade of regulars, marched before them to the American camp over thirty British soldiers. Innumerable instances are given by contemporary writers of the intensity and bitterness of the feelings of the Whigs against the Tories at this time, one of which may be here mentioned in connection with the battle of Benning-

The field of battle extends one mile back from the road by the river. The entrenchments of the two camps can to this day be traced, almost razed in some places, and in others overgrown with bushes and tall forest trees. The line of Burgoyne's camp, which lay north of the Americans, is visible and daily washing away and exposing rotten logs, which, in part, composed the breastworks. Upon a range of knolls square redoubts are very perceptible, from which the Americans commanded the passage of the road and river; another wide redoubt is turned into a buck-wheat field, with its venerable moats and parapets forming the enclosure. About a half a mile west from these redoubts stand the farm-house and barns — which, after the battle of the 19th, were occupied as hospitals. The farm-house is large, painted red, untenanted and ready to fall. It was the headquarters of Gen. Gates, who, when the engagement was over, generally removed into a tent and gave up his rooms to the wounded soldiers.

ton. In reading this the reader will doubtless recall the fray of the two brothers Butler in the Wyoming massacre (see my father's History of Wyoming). The anecdote to which we here particularly call attention is as follows: An old gentleman in speaking, at the age of 90, about these occurrences, says: "On my way back I got the belt of a Hessian whose sword I had taken in the pursuit. One Tory with his left eye shot out was led by me, mounted on a horse, who had also lost his left eye. It seems cruel now — it did not then."

My conductor, seating himself upon an elevated rail-fence, where I also mounted, and, taking contentedly an apple from the bough of a luxuriant tree which had fixed its roots upon the rounded top of one of the ancient ramparts, pointed to different points of the plain. "There," said he "is an old barn still standing, which stood within the British line of encampment, and there is the spot where Col. Cilley straddled a twelve-pounder, which had been taken twice from the enemy. Here stood the tents of the American army; the soldiers were idly sitting or reposing in them, when an officer was seen riding over the plain; the generals met him and immediately all were in arms, forming into companies or marching in order of battle. Yonder a troop of wounded dragoons were coming from the engagement toward the hospital; death sat upon their countenances, blood ran from their bodies, and as the mournful train slowly advanced some one of them, at every short distance, fell from his horse and expired on the ground."

The period between the 19th of September and the second engagement on the 7th of October was full of painful anxiety on the part of the British. Not a day passed without the death of some soldier or officer, shot by the American scouts and marksmen.*

* "Burgoyne's army was as good as cut off from its outposts, while in consequence of its proximity to the American camp, the soldiers had but little rest. The nights also were rendered hideous by the howls of large packs of wolves, that were attracted by the

And at this moment the Indians, when their assistance was most needed, deserted from the cause under which they had enlisted. Their defection was occasioned by the disappointment of their hopes of plunder and by the notice which Gen. Burgoyne was in honor obliged to take of the cruel massacre of Miss McCrea.*

On the 7th of October the royal army was observed advancing, prepared for action. Their design was to force a passage through the American lines; or, if they failed, to dislodge them from their entrenchments, and retreat by way of Lake George. The American troops were in readiness to repulse the attack, and the engagement soon became general. A tremendous fire ensued. The thunder of the British cannon was dreadful. After a contest of the most sanguinary kind, which lasted a great part of the afternoon, the victory was at last decided in favor of the American army, and the enemy, leaving many of their officers highest in command wounded or

partially-buried bodies of those slain in the action of the 19th. On the 1st of October a few English soldiers, who were digging potatoes in a field a short distance in the rear of headquarters, *within the camp*, were surprised by the enemy, who suddenly rushed from the woods and carried off the men in the very faces of their comrades." — *Stone's Burgoyne's Campaign.*

* For a true account of the murder of Miss McCrea see my *Burgoyne Ballads.*

slain, upon the field and several pieces of their brass artillery, fled precipitately into their lines. The Americans pursued and commenced a ferocious assault upon their camp, which was in part carried when night once more closed upon the bloody scene.

This defeat was signal. Gen. Burgoyne, in the darkness of the night, after leaving fires kindled and some tents standing, led back his weak, dispirited army on the road they had before travelled as far as Saratoga, where he remained until the articles of surrender were signed on the 17th of October, 1777. The British, who not long before had advanced in such overwhelming numbers and with such a formidable array of strength and equipments, were now conducted mournful captives between two files of victorious troops into the very city of Albany, in which they had thought with the greater [*sic*] certainty of spending a happy winter.*

A trench and rampart overgrown with bushes and crowned with a rail fence runs from the foot of Bemis's Heights across the meadow to the bank of the Hudson river. It formed a part of the American line of entrenchments. Where it is terminated at the edge of the river a sentinel was walking late in the night after the battle of the 7th, when a boat appeared moving down the stream, which he hailed. The boat put ashore under a flag of truce and a

* In corroboration of this, see *ante* an anecdote about Fraser.

beautiful lady, with her attendants, ascended the bank. This was Lady Harriet Acland. Her husband was wounded and a prisoner in the American camp. With a heroism seldom to be met with she had thus ventured, on a cold stormy night, in the midst of her enemies, without knowing whose hands she might fall into in order to quiet her dreadful apprehensions respecting the fate of her husband and to attend upon him until he should be recovered of his wounds. Major Dearborn,* who commanded the guards, conducted her into a cabin of his own, where an apartment was cleared, a fire kindled and supper prepared. She remained until the morning and was then escorted with the honors due to her rank and condition into the American camp.†

* For a correct sketch of Dearborn, see "Appleton's Biographical Encyclopædia;" also Gen. James Grant Wilson's letter in "The Dearborns," Chicago, Fergus Printing Co., 1884; Coffin's "Life of Dearborn." In 1794 Louis Philippe (afterward king of France) and Talleyrand visited Gen. Dearborn at Pittston, Me., and remained several days. Fort Dearborn (now Chicago, Ill.), was named after him. The original MSS. "Journal of Gen. Dearborn," never printed, is in the Boston library. Through the kindness of the librarian I have obtained a copy of it.

† A full life of Lady Acland will be found in my "Burgoyne Ballads." Indeed, the entire subject of the Burgoyne campaign is so vast, that in order not to *duplicate* my statements I only give references to where such and such topics are treated.

The house which the British army made their hospital is about three miles from the town where I had stopped, and is colloquially termed in the neighborhood *the house where Fraser died*. It is now called Smith's tavern.* There is a wide meadow between it and the high grounds under which it formerly stood. It has since been removed half a mile to the bank of the river. Its form is antique, the rooms are large and not in the least ruinous. The Baroness de Riedesel, with her three infant children, who had accompanied her husband, Major-General Riedesel, commander of the German troops from Canada, through all the horrors of war, here occupied a room, whilst the adjoining apartments were filled with the wounded and the dying. In the afternoon of the second battle she expected the generals to dine with her at four o'clock, when, instead of the guests, Gen. Fraser was brought in carried on a litter mortally wounded. The table was instantly removed. By some, indeed, it is related that the dishes and every article on the table were swept upon the floor and Gen. Fraser was laid upon it instead of a bed. This brave and gallant soldier died the next day, and, according to his request, his corpse was borne without parade to the top of the hill behind the house, where a redoubt had been built and is still visible. The

* Also called at the time of the battle "the Taylor house." For a picture of it see my "Letters of Madame Riedesel."

procession, accompanied by Gen. Burgoyne and the principal officers, slowly ascended the hill in sight of both armies and under a continual fire from the Americans. The funeral service was performed in the usual manner, but the solemnity of interment was rendered strikingly awful by the cannon balls which now and then covered the mournful train with clouds of dust.* His remains are removed to England.† The hill is known by its standing directly back of the house and having the trees and bushes cleared away from its sides.

The road leading to the village of Saratoga [now Schuylerville, N. Y.] is uneven and recedes from the river, which at intervals may be seen rolling its diminished current among the trees and meadows, near the Fishkill, a creek [having its source in Saratoga lake] falling into the Hudson. The ruins of an old church, celebrated in the bloody scenes of the Revolution, were lying at the roadside, having been very lately pulled down on account of its decayed condition. The unfinished bed of the Northern canal,

* As soon, however, as the Americans discovered that it was a burial and not a new military manœuvre, to take possession of a strategic point, the firing was immediately discontinued, and yet English historians, with true British venom, continue to repeat this yarn. For a sketch of Gen. Fraser see my "Burgoyne Ballads."

† An error. For the origin of this report of the removal of Fraser's remains see my "Burgoyne's Campaign," Appendix.

which is to connect Lake Champlain with the Hudson, runs sometimes on one side and sometimes on the other side of the road. On the left the high bank of the creek extends, upon which Gen. Gates, with the main body of the American army, was posted after pursuing to this place the retreating enemy. A descendant of Gen. Schuyler, who first commanded against Burgoyne, has a seat situated upon a point formed by the junction of the two streams and adjacent a large establishment of mills.*

Saratoga consists of a few scattered houses. The situation, however, is pleasant, with the Hudson below, divided by two romantic islands, the Battenkill †

* For a more particular account of these mills see Chastellux's letter.

† The Battenkill, one of the tributaries of the Hudson river, flows rapidly from the Green mountains of Vermont, and after a picturesque fall enters that river some half a mile above the village of Schuylerville, N. Y. The name "Battenkill" is a remarkable example of a name entirely lost by contraction. Its origin was as follows: A Dutchman named Bartholomew Van Hogeboom was the first settler at the mouth of this creek and it was named Bartholomew's Kill. He was usually called "Bart" or "Bat," and the creek was called "Bat's Kill." It now appears on our maps and in gazetteers *Battenkill*, giving scarcely a hint of its origin. For the benefit of fishermen, of which guild I am one, I here append a clipping from a Washington county paper. The *Cambridge Post*, of Aug. 13, 1887, says: "Fishermen had only fair luck the first of May. At an

pouring its waters from the east and the high mountains of Vermont rising in sight, all which is enhanced by the recollection of the glory which the American arms there acquired. The royal army occupied the heights, where they were completely surrounded by the American battalions and compelled (Oct. 17) to surrender prisoners of war.

The American soldiers lined the opposite bank of the river and poured continual volleys into the British encampment. A large farm-house stands upon a hill not far from the village, against which they kept up a terrible cannonade under the mistaken idea that in it all the generals were assembled. But it contained only wounded soldiers and the officers' wives, who had taken shelter from their destructive fire. The

early hour the brooks were lined. The Battenkill was so high that it was impossible to do anything in it, and resort was had to the smaller brooks. The fish were coy and did not bite well, and the total number taken was much smaller than last year. This was partly compensated for, however, by the size of some that were taken. H. M. Wells was 'high hook.' He captured a beauty at the old Wilcox bridge, south of this village, 20½ inches long, and weighing two pounds and thirteen ounces. James S. Smart caught a pound and one-half trout in Battenkill, and John Rice one of the same weight in the furnace brook. George L. Williams captured a pound fish, and Irving Willard displayed a fine mess, caught, it is said, in a fly manner with a silver hackle. The snow water is running yet, and it will be some days before the fishing will be prime."

Baroness Riedesel, with her infant children, being in the house, was obliged to seek refuge in the cellar, where she remained during a whole night, her children sleeping on the cold earth with their heads on her lap.

This house was shown to me ; it is called "Bushee's House," and remains still in a very good condition. The hill upon which it stands accords exactly with that engraved on the map in Smith's "History of the American War." The present tenants received me politely and pointed out the several rooms, rendered famous for the remarkable occurrences which transpired between these walls.* In one room an unfor-

* Now (1895) called the "Marshall House." The historical character of this house, situated about a quarter of a mile north of the village of Schuylerville, makes it an object of peculiar interest to all visitors, in connection with the ground occupied by the British forces previous to the surrender of General Burgoyne. After the English army had retreated from Freeman's farm and had crossed the Fishkill, it was during the whole period of the British encampment until the day of surrender the refuge of that most remarkable and intelligent German woman, Madame Frederika Riedesel, the wife of Major-General Riedesel. The severe and trying ordeal through which she patiently and heroically passed in this house, as related by her in so graphic a manner in her letters during the environment of the royal army by the Continental forces, is of such an impressive nature as to make the place and the incidents pertaining to it one of the most notable

tunate soldier was lying on the table, for the purpose of having his leg amputated, when a cannon ball

in history. At the time of the Revolutionary war this property was owned by a family of Lansings, who, on the approach of the Indians attached to Burgoyne's army, fled and left it unprotected. It seems, however, from the narrative of Madame Riedesel, that there was a woman — whether a domestic or a member of the owner's family is not quite clear — who rendered her various important services while she and her children were sheltered in the cellar, and whom, when they left the house, they gave a generous recompense. As described in a deed from Peter Lansing to Samuel Bushe, dated April 30, 1803, the land on which the house is situated was known as "lot number one of the 10th allotment in the general division of Kayaderosseras patent," bounded on the south by the north line of the Saratoga patent, containing about forty acres. In a conveyance of the same by Samuel Bushe to Abraham Marshall, his father-in-law, dated December 7, 1817, the property is described as lying west of the road leading from Bacon Hill, in the town of Northumberland, to Joseph Welsh, in the town of Saratoga. It states that Samuel Bushe reserved one-half of the dwelling-house," viz.: the north-half thereof, from the center of the hall, and the one-half of the kitchen attached to said dwelling-house, and the free use thereof until another kitchen be built upon the said premises. From the family register in an old King James Bible, printed in Edinburgh by Mark and Charles Kerr, MDCCLXXXIX, in the possession (1894) of the widow of William B. Marshall, it is learned that Abraham Marshall was born on the

passed through the house and carried away his other leg. His attendants had absconded to the cellar and

15th of February, 1730, and had a son by his wife Susannah, named Samuel, who was born April 9, 1771. The latter was the father of Wm. B. Marshall, born February, 1823, and who married Jane M. Griswold, of Milton, Saratoga county, N. Y., May 1, 1844, the present (1894) owner of the house—who is one of the most patriotic ladies of the day, and who takes *great* pride in her possession.

Although the old house was remodeled about a decade ago, the greater part of it still remains as it was originally built. The flooring of yellow pine plank, fifteen inches wide, and held in place by wrought iron nails, is still to be seen, upon which the blood stains of the wounded soldier who was struck by a cannon ball are visible. On the 10th of October, a cannon ball shot from Col. Fellow's field-piece on the hill a little north of the Battenkill on the left bank of the river, struck the north-east corner of the house, and entering the hall, tore away a part of the baseboard, and passing across the room, perforated the partition made of two-inch plank, set edge to edge, which separated the north room from the center hall. The partition planks are still to be seen in the cellar.

The original front door in two parts, upper and lower, the old lock and key, window frames, several windows, the ballustrade of the stairway to the upper chambers, and wrought iron door catch are still preserved and shown to visitors. Among the relics and heirlooms in the family is a gold coin with the date 1776, and the inscription, Georgius III, *Dei Gratia*, cannon balls, grape, a piece of an eight-inch shell,

other places of security, and when they returned they found the miserable man in a corner where he had crept scarcely exhibiting any signs of life.* As

several old and peculiar shaped axes dug up in the yard, and, likely, belonging to the British army, and other mementoes are to be seen. The most interesting part of the house is the old cellar so accurately described by Madame Riedesel. Here is to be seen the very apartment which she and her children occupied during the cannonading of the house, and also the former entrance to the cellar to which she refers, the heavy ten-inch square beams and the strong stone foundation. The house has a very commanding view of the river and surrounding country. It is about 250 feet west of the road to Fort Miller, and a short distance from the Hudson river, toward which it fronts.

Dr. N. C. Harris, of Schuylerville, with praiseworthy zeal, erected, June 7, 1879, in the front yard of the house facing and in plain sight of the road, an iron post with thirteen-inch base, twelve feet high, with a plate inscribed upon it: "House occupied by Madame Riedesel and the wounded officers of Gen. Burgoyne's army, October 10th, 1777."

* For a detailed account of this sad episode, the reader is referred to my translation of Mrs. Gen. Riedesel's letters.

This incident recalls a similar one which occurred in the naval battle during our late civil war, between the *Kearsage* and the *Alabama*, 19th of June, 1864. During that action, as Asst. Surgeon Llewellyn, of the *Alabama*, was waiting upon the wounded in the ward-room, his table and a patient lying upon it were swept away from him by an eleven-inch shell which

no person dared to fetch water from the river, it soon became extremely scarce, until a soldier's wife boldly ventured to the shore, at whom the Americans, out of respect [and out of chivalric courtesy for which they are so distinguished] did not fire. For this disinterestedness she was afterward handsomely rewarded. Strange stories are told about spots of blood which no washings could ever erase from the floor, but which, it appears, are at last hidden from sight by several coverings of paint.

At Saratoga, few marks of the encampments are discernable. My host, toward evening, conducted me to a large field, divided by a narrow piece of woods, over which a few risings of earth and scarcely perceptible excavations, gave evidence of the parapets and moats which had been there and which the cultivators of the ground were endeavoring to reduce all to the same level, whilst an insignificant French redoubt (Fort Hardy), situated on a fertile meadow near the river, has been suffered to remain near a century untouched by the plow and defended by thick bushes from the attacks of nature.*

opened in the side of the ship an aperture that fast filled the vessel with water. See *Century Magazine* for April, 1886.

* For a reference to Ft. Hardy see note in advance.



GENERAL HOYT'S VISIT TO THE BATTLE GROUND IN 1825.*

The following is from a tour of the late Gen. Hoyt, of Deerfield, Massachusetts, made to the battle ground forty-eight years after the surrender of Burgoyne :

From Troy we proceeded up the Hudson in an extra stage, through Waterford, Mechanicville and Stillwater village to Ketchum's tavern at Bemis' Heights, the position taken up by Gen. Gates' army September 12, 1777, where we found good accommodations. At this place there are now several houses, and among others the handsome residence of Dr.

* Gen. Epaphras Hoyt, historian, was born in Deerfield, Mass., December 31, 1765; died there February 8, 1850. He held many civil and military offices, was major-general of the Massachusetts militia and devoted his life to perfecting the volunteer militia system of the country. He had a commission sent him by the secretary of war of the United States by Gen. Knox, dated June 5, 1794, but circumstances prevented his acceptance of it. Soon after his death, the late Luther B. Lincoln, an intimate friend of Gen. Hoyt, and principal of the Deerfield academy (of which Gen. Hoyt was a trustee), delivered an address upon his life and

Willard, of Albany, standing near the site of Bemis' house, which gave the name to Gates' camp.

Resolving to give the battle grounds a thorough reconnoissance, in the morning we set out on foot and traversed the fields in various directions. My companion, one of the heroes of the battle of the 7th

character before the lyceum of that village, which was published March 10, 1851. His published works are: "Discipline for the Cavalry" (1798); "Practical Illustrations for Military Officers, with Plates and Military Dictionary" (1811); "Cavalry Discipline and Rules and Regulations for Drill and Saber Exercise, etc., Illustrated with Plates" (1813); and "Antiquarian Researches, or Indian Wars" (1824). At his death he left completed, with maps, a work for publication entitled, "Burgoyne's Campaigns," and had partly finished a history of the French and Indian wars.

The following is an extract from Prof. Lincoln's address: "The spirit of generous philanthropy, which was a distinguished trait in Gen. Hoyt's character, was accompanied by a delicate sense of honor, not that foolish passion which sometimes creeps into the weak mind under an assumed name and makes such havoc of the inflamed soul, as ridiculous as it is void of principle, but that sense of true honor which demands from the world acknowledgment of its inalienable rights, the defense due to its birthright as a child of God, and a corresponding readiness to pay the same full, generous overflowing measure of respect into the bosom of every object in the form of humanity. This trait, I think, must have been eminently marked by all of you who knew him. For

of October, appeared alive to the many associations connected with that important event. We first traced the lines of Gates' camp, which in some places still furrow the ground, particularly on the extreme left, where the curtains and bastions are distinctly to be seen. The old *red house*, not far from the centre of the camp, now fast going to decay, where Gates had his headquarters, was not passed without notice.

myself I can as well conceive of the truth of a mathematical absurdity as of the soul of Gen. Hoyt conceiving of a base action.

“ During a journey which I took with Gen. Hoyt some years ago, after visiting Lake George, with its Fort William Henry and its 1,000 graves, Williams' Rock and Bloody Pond, Fort Edward, with the melancholy resting-place of the innocent Jane McCrea, and other scenes thick set with the memories of dark and foul deed for which thou, O, spirit of injustice, thou awful genius of unholy war, thou art responsible; with the departure of the morning hours we were leaving behind us the immediate vicinities of those bloody deeds, and the soul seemed to breathe in again the sweet influences of unpolluted nature. Around us universal tranquility reigned; when suddenly we came within sight of an humble tenement in the town of Saratoga. ‘There,’ said the general, ‘is a dwelling memorable for events of darker days. In the times of the Revolution it was a house of one story only; a second within a few years has been added, but the lower part remains unaltered, and the arrangements of the rooms, the floors, etc., remain the same as in days of yore.’”

This my companion well recollected, and he pointed to the spot where he had been planted as a sentinel. A small distance east of the house, at the time of the battles, stood a barn in which many of the wounded were deposited; but the foundation only remains to mark the spot. The fields adjacent, once the scene of bustle and military preparation, now present a calm and solitary aspect; and here the bones of many a patriot who died of wounds received in the two actions of the 19th of September and 7th of October, rest in obscurity. My companion pointed out the spot where twenty-eight of these heroes were interred in one grave; and near this spot the veteran Col. Breyman and Sir Francis Clark, Burgoyne's aid-de-camp, mortally wounded and taken prisoners in the second action, mixed their remains with their brave conquerors.

After noticing the ground occupied by the different regiments and brigades, and listening to the many anecdotes of my companion, we continued our route across Nelson's farm on an eminence, in advance of Gates' camp, the frequent post of Morgan's riflemen, and passing a ravine and an open field beyond, we reached a wood where his regiment was drawn up, on the right of Gates' line, where they hove up a slight work of logs in the battle of the 7th of October. From this point, crossing other fields westerly, and a bridge over a rill, we rose to higher ground, Burgoyne's *point of appui* in the same battle, and a little further north formed *en potence*, and crowning a height

stood Major Acland's British grenadiers, the most sanguinary point of the contest.

The British line extended from this point westerly about a third of a mile, crossing two open fields and an intervening copse of wood, to some high grounds within view; the right occupied by Brigadier-General Fraser's elite, consisting of the Twenty-Fourth Regiment and Lord Balcarras' light infantry; the centre and left of the British and German troops of the *line*, under Generals Phillips and Riedesel. Eight pieces of cannon, two of which were twelve pounders, were posted along the line, besides two howitzers in front of Fraser's elite. On the south, in front of the line, the ground falls off to a rill, then covered with brush, from which the American columns debouched, as they advanced to the attack, under a heavy fire from the British artillery.

The battle at this place commenced on the British left, by General Poor's brigade, and soon after on the right by Colonel Morgan's and Major Dearborn's corps, and the whole line was soon engaged.* Mor-

* The effective usefulness of the famous body of experienced riflemen under Morgan, in checking the aggressive and savage bands of Indians which Gen. Burgoyne had connected with his army, was soon apparent to Gen. Gates to whom Washington had sent it in August. The corps, as soon as it reached the northern army, not only worsted the Indians in the various encounters in which they became confronted, but it also created such a panic among the redmen that they at once lost all interest in fighting

gan and Dearborn having turned and broken the right flank of Balcarras' infantry, and Acland's grenadiers on the left, being hard pressed by Poor,

and scouting for Burgoyne, and hastily departed to their homes. Gates then employed the corps as sharp-shooters and skirmishers, in which line of duty it did splended service. After Washington's army had been compelled, after the battle of Brandywine, to retire before the larger force of Sir William Howe, the commanding general's situation was such as to induce him to ask for it's return to him. His letter to Major-General Gates, embodying the request, is as follows:

“CAMP NEAR POTTS GROVE, Sept. 24, 1777.

“SIR — This army has not been able to oppose General Howe with the success that was wished, and needs a reinforcement. I therefore request, if you have been so fortunate as to oblige General Burgoyne to retreat to Ticonderoga, and if you have not, and circumstances will admit, that you will order Colonel Morgan to join me again with his corps. I sent him up when I thought you materially wanted him, and if his services can be dispensed with now, you will direct him to return immediately. You will perceive I do not mention this in way of command, but leave you to determine upon it according to your situation; if they come they should proceed by way of water from Albany as low down as Peekskill; in such case you will give Colonel Morgan the necessary orders to join me with dispatch.

“I am Sir, your most obedient servant,

“GO. WASHINGTON.

“MAJOR-GENERAL GATES.”

Burgoyne despatched orders for Fraser's *elite* to retire from the right, and form a second line to support the left. In executing this order, Fraser having arrived in the rear of the left, followed by Morgan, received a mortal wound and was carried off the field.

Mr. Walker, who resides a little distance in the rear of the ground occupied by the British line, pointed out to us the site of two huts which stood near the centre of the left, and here my companion recollected to have seen the ground covered with dead the morning after the action. Near this spot Major Williams, of the artillery, and Captain Money, D. Q. M. General, and several other officers, were captured by Americans, and eight pieces of cannon were taken.

The ground occupied by the left of the British line may be known by a solitary poplar tree standing on the side of the road marked with the initials of some person's name, near which the ground falls off to the east.

After viewing this sanguinary spot, and analyzing the movements of the different corps, we passed along the road northerly to the point where General Fraser received his wound. Walker's blacksmith shop is about twenty rods north of the place, and not far from the same, Sir Francis Clark, Burgoyne's aid-de-camp, also received his wound as he was conveying orders from Burgoyne to Phillips and Riedesel.

Proceeding northerly, forty or fifty rods, we arrived at the house of the younger Walker, situated on an eminence, which, with several others, extending northerly, were occupied by Fraser's elite during most of the battle of the 19th of September.

Here General Larnerd's brigade and Marshall's regiment were engaged toward the close of the battle of that day, and near Walker's barn, situated a little east of the house, stood the British grenadiers opposed to Marshall's regiment, as darkness commenced. Near the barn Walker had just discovered and disinterred the skeleton of a man killed in the action by a ball which perforated the back of the skull, and a circular piece, cut out by the ball, was found, exactly fitting the perforation. The bones indicated a man of a large size, from which, and knowing the ground to have been the position of the British grenadiers in the first action, we concluded he must have been one of that corps. Further to the right, and westward of Walker's house, we noticed the spot where the late Governor Brooks, of Massachusetts, then lieutenant-colonel of Jackson's regiment, sustained his nocturnal attack from Breyman's German grenadiers. (See Gordon, vol. 2, letter 8th.)

Continuing our route northerly along Fraser's heights, we turned to the right, across lower ground, and rose a gentle hill covered with trees of recent growth, the fortified position of Colonel Breyton in the action of the 7th of October. This fortification was a temporary work of logs and rails, and has dis-

appeared. Every inch of this ground presents interesting associations, and with eager steps we traversed the hill to find some relic or trace of the gallantry of the men who fought on this spot, but all marks are obliterated. With deep sensations we now surveyed the open field, over which Lieutenant-Colonel Brooks led on Jackson's regiment, under a heavy fire, in his gallant charge on these works in the battle of the 7th of October, and penetrated them a few moments before General Arnold galloped in through a sally port and received his wound. Other regiments then advancing, the post was carried at every point, and about two hundred of the enemy made prisoners, while the remainder made their escape into the woods in the rear, leaving two pieces of cannon in the hands of the Americans.

Passing over the hill we descended to a beautiful opening on the east side, the camp of Breyman's German brigade, back of which is a ravine and rill where Breyman was found by the victors mortally wounded, taken up and sent to Gates' camp, where he died. This post formed the right flank of the British fortified camp, and its capture exposed other points to an attack in the rear. Sensible of its importance, Burgoyne, on first hearing that it was carried, gave orders for its recovery, but though they were positive, they were not obeyed, and Larned's brigade held the post unmolested through the night.

General Wilkinson states, in his memoirs, that Arnold, during the attack on Breyman's post, turned

its right, at the head of a few riflemen, and threw himself into the rear, where his leg was broken and his horse killed under him. The general was not an eye witness to the event, and, probably, through misinformation has given it erroneously. That Arnold was wounded *within* the works, after passing the sally port, has been repeatedly asserted by Governor Brooks, as well as others who *saw* the whole.

Quitting this interesting spot we passed on southerly over the ground where stood the two block houses so gallantly stormed by detachments from Brooks' regiment, in the same action, and the commanders, Lieutenants Wiley and Goodrich, and many of their men, killed; and turning easterly through a copse of wood, reached a road in the rear of Freeman's field. Along this road, still flanked by woods, Burgoyne formed the 9th, 21st, 62d and 20th regiments (this was the order from right to left), and Captain Jones' brigade of grenadiers, previous to the sanguinary contest on the 19th of September, while Major Forbes, with the British van, pressed into the field, was attacked by Morgan near Freeman's hut, and driven back to the British line in the woods, and Morgan, in turn, broken and forced back in the woods south of the field.

Continuing southerly in the road, and crossing a small ravine, we entered Freeman's bloody field, and a few rods south, the house of Mr. Leggett, who now resides on the farm embracing the field of battle. At the time of the battle the field was an oblong of from

seventy to eighty rods in length, east and west, by about thirty in breadth, inclosed by a worm fence, and surrounded by woods. Near the centre is an elevation extending from Leggett's house nearly at right angles across the field, upon which a hut and small barn were situated, and near the latter the elevation terminated at a narrow ravine extending parallel to the field. South of this ravine are other elevations sloping off gently to level ground south, the whole then covered with woods in which the Americans were drawn up in the first part of the battle of the 19th of September.

No part of the ground we had traversed presents more interesting associations than this field. Here British valor and veteran skill were successfully opposed by native bravery and patriotic ardor, and here it was that the proud Briton was compelled to acknowledge the fallacy of his boasted declaration, "that the Americans would fight only under cover of woods and intrenchments, and that they were incapable of sustaining a fair and equal conflict in the open field."

While at Leggett's we were presented with balls and several fractured implements of muskets found on the field, among which was part of a brass guard numbered XX, supposed to belong to that regiment.

We were now upon the ground occupied by the 62d British regiment, commanded by Colonel Anstruther during most of the battle of the 19th, flanked on the right by the 21st, and on the left by the 20th

regiments, the whole under Brigadier-General Hamilton, the 9th of the same brigade being drawn off and posted in the rear of the field as a *corps de reserve*, and here this brigade, with the artillery under Captain Jones, bore the brunt of the battle for about four hours, hand-to-hand, with the Americans, and human life was profusely expended.

A few rods southerly of Leggett's barn we noticed the ground where Morgan and Dearborn attacked the British when under Major Forbes; and here the regiments of Cilley* and Scammel, of Poor's brigade,

* Col. Cilley, who served throughout the war with reputation, was a man of temperance, economy, great industry, decision of character and sound judgment. The following anecdote, among many others (see "Life of Caleb Stark"), is related of him: During the armistice prior to the peace of 1783, several American officers visited New York. Rivington, the king's printer, kept a book store which was a lounging place for British officers. At this time an American officer entered the store, purchased several books which he directed to be sent to his lodgings, and, calling for a pen, wrote his name and address. "What," said a British colonel, half reclining on a sofa, "an *American* write his name!" "If I cannot," was the prompt answer of Col. Cilley, "I can make my mark," and, suiting the action to the word, drew his sword and applied the flat of it to the British officer's face. The latter departed saying that he "would hear from him." The intrepid Colonel, however, heard no more from him. This anecdote is but one, of many, showing the contempti-

a battalion under Major Hull, Morgan's and Dearborn's corps, renewed the battle on Hamilton's brigade, which was vigorously maintained on both sides, each alternatively giving and gaining the ground; and here, about three o'clock in the afternoon, the remainder of Poor's brigade, with some other regiments, came up on the left and pressed into action, and the fire was continued with alternate advantage on both sides until smoke and nightfall rendered objects undiscernible, when the action terminated precisely on the ground where it commenced.

Among the officers who fell at this place, on the part of the Americans, were Lieutenant-Colonel Colburn, of Cilley's, and Lieutenant-Colonel Adams, of Hale's New Hampshire regiments. The 62d British regiment was literally cut to pieces; after the action it did not exceed sixty men and five or six officers fit for duty. Colonel Anstruther, and his major, Harmage, were wounded. During the contest the field presented a scene of horror appalling even to veteran troops; the British officers were constantly falling under the fatal fire, or carried off the field

ble feeling of the English, not only at that time, but at the present (1894); and yet our "British cousins" think it strange that the people of the United States have more sympathy with autocratic Russia than with their hypocritical monarchy! and with Gladstone at their head — a man who, had he had his way, would have, during our late Civil war, been glad to have seen our republic dismembered!

wounded; the ranks thinned and the artillery men nearly annihilated. Out of forty-eight men stationed at the guns under Captain Jones, who fell, thirty-six were killed or badly wounded, and among the officers only one lieutenant escaped, and he with a shot through his hat.

Passing the small ravine south of Leggett's barn we rose an elevation, the post with another on a knoll a little further west, strongly fortified, and the woods cleared off by Burgoyne after the battle of the 19th. These elevations were occupied by Lord Balcarras' light infantry after their retreat from the first position, south of the elder Walker's, in the battle of the 7th of October, and here, towards the close of the day, Arnold, with Poor's and Patterson's brigades, made his desperate attack, and was repulsed, and he, with his horse, entangled in the surrounding abattis, from which, with the utmost difficulty, he extracted himself while under a heavy fire of grape and canister from the British batteries. "A more determined perseverance," says the British commander, "than the Americans showed in this attack upon the lines, though they were finally repulsed by the corps under Lord Balcarras, I believe is not in any officer's experience." Had the assailants been less embarrassed with the abattis, probably they would have covered the works, though manned with Burgoyne's best troops.

From this elevation we had a fair view of the greatest part of the battle grounds and the line of

Burgoyne's camp, taken up subsequently to the battle of the 19th, and in which the principal part of the army continued until that of the 7th of October. North and east of Leggett's house was the camp of Fraser's *elite*, flanked on the left by Hamilton's brigade, and further on the left, extending to the river hills, that of the German troops under Riedesel, excepting Breyman's command, which was to the right of Fraser, formed *en potence* to the main line; the whole covered by temporary works which are now nearly obliterated. In the meadow in the rear of the left of Riedesel's German corps was the British hospital camp, protected by several batteries, and three redoubts, on the projecting points of as many hills, overlooking the meadow.

The grounds adjacent, at the time of the battles, were covered with woods, but now present, in some parts, fields under cultivation. North of Freeman's field the woods are still standing, exhibiting the exact features of 1777, and the road through them, where Burgoyne first formed the four regiments of Hamilton's brigade, is still distinctly seen.

In passing over these sanguinary fields my companion appeared to be highly excited by the many recollections which rushed upon his mind, and the circumstance of our visit happening on the 48th anniversary of the battle of the 7th of October presented the various scenes in a most striking point of view. Nor did my my own feelings remain "indifferent and unmoved."

To walk with callous indifference over ground once the scene of blood and carnage, of occasional fear and triumph, and these heightened by the recollection that many of our acquaintance shared in them, may comport with minds steeled to sensibility; but those of a different stamp, in which are included a majority of the reflecting part of mankind, will be differently affected. Nor are lessons drawn from such scenes destitute of utility. They fix the mind on the characters of the heroes who perished in the cause of our country, stimulate to noble exploits, and fill the mind with just reflections on the value of our dear bought liberties. With a portion of these feelings we returned to Ketchum's tavern, passing again over part of Gates' camp.

On our route to our quarters we fell in with a Quaker gentleman who resides in the vicinity, with whom we had some conversation on the scenes that had been exhibited in these fields, and, notwithstanding his aversion to military exploits, he appeared to be interested on hearing that my companion was one of the men who had fought for his country. And in traversing over the battle grounds, we were welcomed to the hospitable mansions of several of these people, who evinced an interest in our researches, and gave us their aid in pointing out the most remarkable places on the battle fields. An elderly lady remarked, that she resided on a farm in the vicinity of Saratoga lake at the time of the battle, and heard the terrible roar of the dreadful cannon, and that

British reconnoitering parties frequently visited her house, from whom she received very civil treatment, and gave them, in return, such refreshments as her mansion furnished.

Before we left Ketchum's we reconnoitered the banks of the Hudson, and my companion pointed out the spot where Gates threw over a bridge to connect with the left bank, and the ground where he recollected to have seen a tribe of American Indians encamped.

The freight boats constantly passing along the canal, within a few yards of our traverse, afforded us a passage about two and one-half miles, up to Smith's tavern, the cottage in which the unfortunate General Fraser died of his wounds the morning after the battle of the 7th of October, where we arrived at dark after making half a dozen very submissive bows to the bridges stretching across the canal, an embarrassment we had not anticipated, and which requires some caution to avoid a broken head. On this route we passed the left flank of the British camp, on the west of the eminence, and the ravine from which the British sharpshooters wounded General Lincoln the day succeeding the last battle on the heights.

Smith's house, which stood at the foot of the hill at the period of the battles, and has been drawn forward to the road on the bank of the river, is situated in a handsome meadow bordering on the Hudson, the same embraced by Burgoyne's hospital camp, and taken up by his whole army in the night succeeding

the second battle. In the morning we traversed over ground, noticing the places most remarkable for interesting events, and, among others, the elevated hill on which General Fraser was buried under the fire of American artillery posted in a meadow below, so eloquently described by Burgoyne in his account of his expedition. A few yards below the *great ravine*, so called by the British officers, we noticed the point where Burgoyne's bridge of boats was thrown across the Hudson, at the head of which, on the left bank, are the remains of his *tete de pont*. The bed of the great ravine, through which a road formerly led from the hospital camp to that on the height, is now flowed by the water of the canal. South of the ravine are the heights on which Balcarras' light infantry was posted during the 8th of October, and here several skirmishes took place between the British and American sharpshooters, in one of which General Lincoln was wounded, as has been noted. Of the three redoubts on the hills adjoining the meadow, little or no remains are to be seen, excepting that in the center, where Fraser was buried, which is still distinct. The remains of another work may be traced in the meadow a short distance south of Smith's, near which was posted the park of artillery. In the bar room of Smith's tavern General Fraser breathed his last, and there, says Madame Riedesel, who quartered at the same place, "I often heard him exclaim with a sigh, 'Oh, fatal ambition! Poor General Burgoyne! Oh, my poor wife!'"

Several late tourists, through a very natural mistake, have called Smith's house, *Sword's house*; the latter, it appears by Burgoyne's plans, was situated about a mile above at his camp, taken up on the 17th of September; the house is now demolished.*

In the early part of the day we left the hospital camp, and in a stage proceeded up the river six miles to Schuylerville, at *Fish Creek*, in Saratoga, the scene of Burgoyne's last struggles, passing on

* The site of "Sword's house" is on the south side of a spring brook about fifty yards west of the Hudson river, a few rods north of the south line of the town of Old Saratoga, and is, as Gen. Hoyt says, about a mile north of where the "Smith house" formerly stood. It may be readily found from its being about thirty rods north of a highway leading from the Hudson river road westerly, which highway is the first one north of Wilbur's basin. This highway was nearly the same at the time of Burgoyne's visit, in 1777, as now. All traces of the house are now (1894) obliterated save a few bricks and a slight depression in the soil where was the cellar. A son of the owner of this house, Thos. Sword, who was born at Fort George, on Lake George, Jan. 5, 1764, was for fifty years a publisher and bookseller in the city of New York, and for twenty years vestryman in Trinity church in that city. He died in New York, June 27, 1843. A white marble tablet in Trinity church, New York, in the alcove of Astor memorial, south side, marks his last resting place. The tablet was erected to his memory by Trinity church corporation.

the route the British camp at Sword's house, and the elevated ground on which the British army halted on its retreat on the morning of the 9th of October, at what was then called *Davocote*, or *Van Vechtin's Creek*. This spot is rendered memorable from the interesting relation Burgoyne has given of Lady Harriet Acland, who here embarked in a boat, and descended to Gates' camp, attended by Mr. Brudenel, chaplain of the artillery. A short distance south of the site of the old church at Schuylerville we noticed the place where the right of Gates' camp rested on the 10th of October.

The retreat of the British army from the hospital camp to Fish Creek was attended with many embarrassments. It commenced about nine o'clock in the evening, and, as it was apprehended that the Americans would pass upon the rear, a strong body of the best troops under General Phillips was ordered to cover the march; General Riedesel commanded the van. From the nature of the country, and the darkness of the night, the movement was difficult as well as critical; the artillery and such baggage as could not be embarked in boats were to be dragged along a narrow road composed of argillaceous soil, over which the stoutest horses could, with difficulty, draw an ordinary load, and with the emaciated and jaded animals of the army an empty carriage was a burden almost beyond their power. Besides, the army was liable to an attack at every step, from the woods on the left; nor were the boats less exposed in stem-

ming the river from the attacks of the militia posted along the left bank, who were secure during the darkness from annoyance from the artillery. To add to these difficulties a heavy rain commenced which converted the road into perfect quagmire, and rendered the march of the baggage next to impossible, and their total loss was apprehended. General Phillips was ordered to bend his whole attention to the covering of the army by taking a position that would enable it to form in order of battle without regarding the column of baggage, and to rely exclusively on the bayonet. Under such embarrassments the loss of several provision boats and baggage wagons is not surprising.

After a short respite at the stage-house in Schuylerville we prepared for a reconnoissance of Burgoyne's camp, which extended along the heights from Lemson's, now Bushett's house, the same occupied by Madame Riedesel (see her narrative), nearly opposite the mouth of the Battenkill, to an eminence about three-fourths of a mile south-west of our tavern, and here was Burgoyne's headquarters, the strongest point of his position. On an elevation in the meadow north-east of the village the park of artillery was posted under the cover of some temporary works. Excepting two or three open fields, the position of the army was principally covered with woods, but the meadow was open, cultivated ground. At the mouth of Fish creek, on the north side, are the ruins of Fort Hardy, built in the French war, by

many erroneously supposed to be the work of Burgoyne, and through the meadow now passes the northern canal, presenting an extensive triangular basin on the north of Fish creek, and over this is an aqueduct. South of the creek is Schuyler's house, standing nearly on the site of General Schuyler's, burnt by Burgoyne. The old church which stood on the height south-west of this house, in 1777, is demolished, and a handsome new one is now pleasantly situated in a recess of a grove on the height west of the village.

Arriving at the works on the elevation, at the extreme right of Burgoyne's camp, the lines, encompassing several acres, were easily traced, presenting saliant and reentrant angles, and here were posted the 9th, 21st, and 24th regiments, the British grenadiers, Balcarras' light infantry, Captain Fraser's rangers, and the American volunteers. The left of the camp, on a ridge, north of the village, nearly parallel to the river, was occupied by Riedesel's Germans; and the central ground, by the 20th, 47th, and 62d British regiments, the German grenadiers, and Barnes' corps, partially covered by entrenchments. Farther west, in the margin of the woods, were the Yagers and Canadians. Their out-posts extended along the north side of Fish Creek, from its mouth to the right of the camp. The position here described is that held at the time of the convention, The right of Gates' camp was about a mile south of Fish Creek, and the line extended into the woods

over elevated ground, opposite to Burgoyne's right, and the advanced posts were near the creek opposite those of the British.

In passing over the right of the British camp my companion found himself on interesting ground, and with hasty steps we proceeded to the spot where his regiment, commanded by Colonel Woodbridge, of Massachusetts, was drawn up in the woods, within a few yards of the British entrenchment, prepared for an assault on the morning of the 11th October, 1777. To comprehend this movement it is necessary to recur to details. On the night of the 10th Gates was led to believe that Burgoyne, leaving his fires burning under the care of a few pickets, had left his camp and retreated up the Hudson, on which he gave orders for a forward movement to seize the abandoned camp. At daybreak the next morning, being very foggy, Patterson's and Larned's brigades, with Morgan's corps and Woodbridge's regiment, were put in motion towards the British right; and Nixon's and Glover's brigades, at the same time, moved up the meadow and the former crossed Fish creek, and surprised a British picket in old Fort Hardy. The fog at this time dispersing the British army was found in their position, ready for an attack, and the park of artillery immediately opened fire upon the American column, threw it into some disorder, and compelled it to recross the creek; the two brigades then returned to camp. Finding that Gates had ordered the movement under a misapprehension of the position of

the British army, Adjutant-General Wilkinson, who had attended the movement of Nixon and Glover,*

* In this connection, and to show how vivid the early Colonial and Revolutionary days are brought before the mind, making them seem as of yesterday, the following clipping from the New York *Sun* of February 20, 1894, is of supreme interest:

“Biographical glimpses of two of the Revolutionary heroes are given in a pension bill recently reported to the House by Mr. Beauchamp Clark, of Missouri. The beneficiary of the bill is Mrs. Hannah Lyons, ninety-one years of age. She is the daughter of John Russell, a private in Glover’s famous marine regiment, which rendered such conspicuous services during the revolutionary war, notably at Princeton, Saratoga, and in Valley Forge, and in transporting the army of Washington across the ice-bound Delaware on the night before the battle of Trenton. This battle has recently been commemorated by the erection of a monument at Trenton, N. J., and the statue of a private soldier on guard at the door of the monument is that of her father, John Russell, of Marblehead. Mrs. Lyons is also a niece of the naval Revolutionary hero, James Mugford, whose successful capture of the British transport *Hope*, laden with munitions of war in May, 1776, in full view of the British fleet anchored in Nantucket Roads, supplied Washington and his army with arms and ammunition at a critical time in the affairs of the colonies. Such is the patriotic record of the family from which this aged lady descended in whose behalf this bill is favorably reported.”

To the same purport: Rev. Marinus Willett, a son of Col. Marinus Willett, the hero of Fort Stanwix

immediately put spurs to his horse, pushed up the creek, and crossing over at a mill about three-

and an Indian fighter of the *Old French War*, 1744-50—is yet, 1894, living on Jersey City Heights, N. J. My son, Mr. Arthur D. Stone, who called on him in January of this year, 1894, found him still remarkably hale and hearty, and in full enjoyment of his physical and mental powers. He it was who, as a labor of filial piety, edited and published his father's *Narrative*. Rev. Mr. Willett has long been favorably known as the author of *The Life of Summerfield*, *The Life of the Messiah*, and other works of a religious nature. Indeed, to see and converse, in the year of our Lord 1894, with the son of an Indian fighter of the old French war and a distinguished soldier of the Revolution is not only a very great privilege, but, as above remarked, makes the old Colonial days seem as of yesterday. In this connection one cannot but recall another similar instance of a lady who died in 1893. She was the wife of the late Ransom Cook, of Saratoga Springs (*nee* Ayers), whose father, Robert Ayers, was the person who conveyed to Jane McCrea the message of her lover, David Jones, requesting her to submit herself to an Indian escort, who would convey her into Burgoyne's camp, where they were to be immediately married. Mrs. Mary Cook Millard, wife of the late Ira Millard, died at her home in Beach street, Ballston, N. Y., on June 4, 1894. Mrs. Millard was born in Vermont in 1800, and was in her ninety-fourth year. She was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Cook, of Saratoga. In her early childhood she went to the town of Malta and later came to this village. Her entire life had been spent within two miles of this place

quarters of a mile above Schuyler's,* found Morgan's, Patterson's, and Larned's brigades, with Woodbridge's regiment on the right, advancing through the woods and approximating the British lines. In front, for about twenty yards, the trees had been felled and sharpened to a strong abattis, and Woodbridge's regiment had laid down their packs and approached within ten yards of the opening; the British, lying close under the intrenchment, ready to open their fire as soon as their assailants were uncovered by the woods. At this moment Wilkinson rode up and directed the colonel to fall back, on which the regiment came about and retired about thirty yards to a depression in the ground, where the men were covered from the direct fire of the enemy. With a temerity truly characteristic of young troops, individuals then advanced, and posting themselves behind trees, opened a scattering fire upon the enemy, who were now indistinctly seen through the fog, and received theirs in return. My companion pointed me to a large pine, not exceeding thirty yards from the British works, behind which he,

In 1818 she was united in marriage to Ira Millard, who died in 1891. She is survived by two sons, Eleazar Millard, of Malta, and Nelson Millard, of East Orange, N. Y., and one sister, Mrs. Henry Loomis.

* The present dam on Fish Creek at Victory Mills, Saratoga County, N. Y., marks the *precise* spot here referred to.

with several others, covered themselves while eagerly popping at the enemy's heads, seen over the parapet; while here he barely escaped a shot aimed at an uncovered part of his body, and having expended several cartridges the party fell back to the regiment, and soon after the whole retired to Fish Creek, opposite to the mills, where they were ordered to throw up defensive lines. In the meantime, Patterson's and Larnerd's brigades, with Morgan's corps on the left, approached the British lines, and were on the point of opening their fire when Wilkinson rode up and informed Larnerd, who commanded in the absence of Patterson, of the result of the movement in the meadow, and advised an immediate retreat, on which the line came about and retired; but before they were masked by the woods the enemy opened a fire of artillery and musketry, and several were killed. The two brigades continued their retreat to an open field, where they hove up lines and remained until Burgoyne surrendered; Morgan at the same time took a position in the woods in the rear of the British right.

As a striking illustration of the indifference with which soldiers regard danger, and soon become callous to the tender feelings common to a life of domestic tranquility, I cannot omit to notice a fact given by my companion. The men composing the regiment had been in service but a few months, but in general they had been habituated to hardships and were strangers to the delicacies of affluent life. When the regiment had retired the short distance of

sixty yards from the British intrenchments, to lower ground, where the men were covered from the fire of the enemy, they sat down at their ease and entered into familiar conversation ; in one instance he noticed a soldier leisurely combing the head of his messmate, while the bullets of the enemy were whistling over their heads and cutting the limbs of the trees.

Passing from the British right to the mill on Fish creek my companion noticed the spot where one of their advanced sentinels shot a woman who had left the British camp to procure water from a brook winding through a little ravine, on the bank of which the sentinel was posted. She had been challenged but refused to comply with the strict orders of the sentinel, on which he fired and gave her a fatal shot.*

Reaching the creek, we passed it on floating timber, resting against the mill dam, and my companion remembered that his regiment passed the mill pond in the same manner and at the same place as they advanced to attack the British lines as had been related ; and continuing our route along a road on the right bank of the creek we came to the salient point of a hill near Schuyler's house, where a picket, of which he was one, was attacked by a party of the British in the night of the 10th of October, but after

* This incident should not be confounded with the woman of whom Madame Riedesel speaks, as this spot was some mile and a half south of Mrs. Riedesel's heroine, who, by the way, instead of being killed, lived and was rewarded.

a little random firing and a few discharges of a field-piece which advanced to the spot, the enemy fell back.

Proceeding thence to the meadow near Fort Hardy and looking over the ground where Burgoyne piled his arms on the 17th of October, we returned to our quarters, where we were shown several cannon balls taken from the ground in excavating the canal.

Bushett's house,* near the left of the German camp, in which Madame Riedesel had her quarters while the British army lay at this place, has been repaired by its present owner, and he informed me that the marks of the cannon balls mentioned in the narrative of that lady were to be seen when first occupied by him. The American battery from which the house was cannonaded was planted on the opposite bank of the Hudson above the mouth of the Battenkill. It is justly due to the officer who directed the fire, the Hon. Maj.-Gen. Ebenezer Mattoon, and since adjutant-general of the militia of Massachusetts, then a lieutenant in the artillery, to state that the unfortunate condition of the people in the house was unknown, and that it was supposed to be the quarters of some of the enemy's general officers.

The country embracing the operation of the armies under Generals Gates and Burgoyne is daily becoming more interesting to travelers, and many resort there for the gratification of a laudable curiosity. As time elapses it will be sought with more avidity, and

* Now known as the "Marshall house."

future generations may in vain seek for the scenes of these important events, unless they are marked by some durable memorial. As a taste for monuments is now increasing in our country it is to be hoped that the events connected with the capture of the British army, *the pivot on which our revolutionary struggle turned*, will not be neglected.

The elevation on the Freeman farm presents a favorable site for a monument, on which should be engraved the names of the principal patriots who fell in the two actions with an appropriate inscription. Another to mark the ground of surrender at Schuyler-ville would be highly gratifying to future generations.*

* Were Gen. Hoyt now living he would be highly gratified to see how his ideas in this matter have been carried out in the magnificent monument at Schuyler-ville commemorating Burgoyne's surrender. See note *ante* regarding the Saratoga monument under the Duc de Liancourt's visit.



SAMUEL WOODRUFF'S VISIT TO THE BATTLE
GROUND IN 1827.

[The following account of a visit to the field of Saratoga, on the fiftieth anniversary of that battle, viz.: October 17th, 1827, was written immediately afterward for the use of the late Col. William L. Stone, for his *Life of Brant*. The writer, the late venerable Samuel Woodruff, Esq., of Windsor, (Conn.), was a participator in that battle:]

WINDSOR, Conn., *October 31, 1827.*

MY DEAR SIR—You may remember when I had the pleasure to dine with you at New York on the 14th inst., I had set out on a tour to Saratoga to gratify a desire I felt, and which had long been increasing, to view the battle grounds at that place, and the spot on which the royal army under the command of General Burgoyne surrendered to General Gates on the 17th of October, 1777.

I thought it would add something to the interest of that view to me, to be there on the 17th, exactly half a century after that memorable event took place. You will excuse me for entering a little into the feelings of Uncle Toby respecting Dendermond in the

compressed and hastily written journal I kept of my tour, especially as you will take into consideration that I had the honor to serve as a volunteer under General Gates, part of that campaign, and was in the battle of the 7th of October.

I take the liberty to enclose you an extract of that part of my journal which embraces the principal object of my tour.

Oct. 17th. After a short stop in Troy, took another stage for Saratoga; at Lansingburgh, a neat and handsome village, about three miles from Troy, crossed the Hudson on a covered bridge of excellent workmanship, over to Waterford (Old Half Moon point), another rich and flourishing village. Arrived at Fish creek in Saratoga at half-past two P. M. through a beautiful, well cultivated interval of alluvial land on the west side of the Hudson — everything from Albany to this place wears the appearance of wealth and comfort. Put up at Mr. Barker's tavern. After dinner viewed the ruins of the British fortifications and headquarters of Gen. Burgoyne. He kept his quarters for several days at a house now standing and in good repair, about a mile north of Fish creek, on the west side of the road, owned by Mr. Busher,* an intelligent farmer about seventy-five years of age.† While Burgoyne held his headquar-

* Bushee.

† Now known as the "Marshall House"— See previous note.

ters at this house,* Baron Riedesel, of the royal army, obtained leave of the commander-in-chief to place his lady, the baroness, and their three small children under the same protection; these were also accompanied by Lady Acland and some other ladies, wives of British officers. At that time some of the American troops were stationed on the east bank of the Hudson, opposite the house, in fair view of it, and within cannon shot distance. Observing considerable moving of persons about the house, the Americans supposed it the *rendezvous* of the British officers, and commenced a brisk cannonade upon it. Several shot struck and shattered the house. The baroness, with her children, fled into the cellar for safety, and placed herself and them at the north-east corner, where they were well protected by the cellar wall. A British surgeon by the name of Jones, having his leg broken by a cannon ball, was at this time brought in and laid on the floor of the room which the baroness and the other ladies had just left. A cannon ball entered the house near the north-east corner of the room, a few inches above the floor, and, passing through, broke and mangled the other leg of the poor surgeon. Soon after this he expired. Mr. Busher very civilly conducted me into the room, cellar and other parts of the house, pointing out the places where the balls entered, etc. From hence I proceeded to and viewed

* A mistake — as *Burgoyne's* headquarters were at the Schuyler mansion.

with very great interest the spot where Gen. Burgoyne, attended by his staff, presented his sword to Gen. Gates; also the ground on which the arms, etc., of the royal army were stacked and piled. This memorable place is situated on the flat, north side of Fish creek, about forty rods west of its entrance into the Hudson, and through which the Champlain canal now passes.

Contiguous to this spot is the north-west angle of old Fort Hardy, a military work thrown up and occupied by the French, under Gen. Dieskau, in the year 1755.* The lines of intrenchment embrace, as I should judge, about fifteen acres of ground. The outer works on the north side of Fish creek and east on the west bank of the Hudson. Human bones, fragments of fire-arms, swords, balls, tools, implements, broken crockery, etc., etc., are frequently picked up on this ground.†

* A mistake — Fort Hardy having been erected by the province of New York and named after Gov. Hardy, then the colonial governor. Neither did Dieskau ever get as far south as this. See my "Life of Sir William Johnson."

† And not only here, but from this point south to Stillwater, relics of the battles are often picked up. Indeed, so late as 1877, the *Saratogian* for February 15, 1877, says: "Tradition says that 100 years ago the coming summer a batteaux load of cannon balls and bomb shells was unloaded upon the west shore of the Hudson river at Stillwater, just above the

In excavating the earth for the Champlain canal, which passes a few rods west of this fort, such numbers of human skeletons were found as render it highly probable this was the cemetery of the French garrison.

About twenty or thirty rods west of the aqueduct for the canal over Fish creek stood Gen. Schuyler's mills, which were burned by order of Gen. Burgoyne.

Gen. Schuyler's dwelling-house, also, and his other buildings, standing on a beautiful area a little south-east of the mills on the south side of the creek, suffered the same fate. The mills have been rebuilt and are now in operation at the same place where the former stood. The grandson of Gen. Schuyler

rapids and in the rear of Stephen Bradt's dwelling. The object was to cart the munitions of war around the rapids, where the boat would again be reloaded. Gen. Burgoyne and his army were brought to a stand farther north, however, and the shells were never shipped. High water, with its masses of floating *debris*, soon hid from sight the deadly missiles. Decade after decade passed away, and the location of the balls was unknown until twenty seven years ago, when one was found protruding above the surface. Bradt began an excavation and found over 200 bomb shells of different sizes, which he distributed to all his neighbors as Revolutionary relics. Many of them are still in possession of farmers in the vicinity of Stillwater, and a collection will be made to place on exhibition at the Centennial. A few of the balls were evidently captured from the British, as they bear the stamp of the lion's claw."

now lives in a house erected on the site of the former dwelling of his father — a covered bridge across the creek adjoining the mills.

I cannot in this place omit some short notices of Gen. P. Schuyler. It seems he was commander-in-chief of the northern army until the latter part of August, 1777, at which time he was superseded by Gen. Gates.

I remember at that time there was some excitement in the public mind and much dissatisfaction expressed on account of that measure; and with my limited means of knowledge I have never been able to learn what *good* reason induced his removal. Few men in our country at that time ranked higher than Gen. Schuyler in all the essential qualities of the patriot, the gentleman, the soldier and scholar. True to the cause of liberty, he made sacrifices which few were either able or willing to bear. The nobility of soul he possessed distinguished him from ordinary men, and pointed him out as one deserving public confidence.

At the surrender of the royal army he generously invited Gen. Burgoyne, his suite and several of the principal officers, with their ladies, to his house at Albany, where, at his own expense, he fed and lodged them for two or three weeks with the kindest hospitality.

This is the man who, a few days before, had suffered immense loss in his mills and other buildings

at Fish creek, burned by order of the same Burgoyne who had now become his guest.

Respecting Gen. Gates I will only say *finis coronat opus*.

Oct. 18th. At 7 A. M., started on foot to view some other and equally interesting places connected with the campaign of 1777. Three miles and a half south of Fish creek called at the house of a Mr. Smith, in which Gen. Fraser died of wounds received in the battle of the 7th of October, and near which house, in one of the British redoubts, that officer was buried. This house then stood by the road on the west margin of the intervale, at the foot of the rising ground. A turnpike road having since been constructed, running twenty or thirty rods east of the old road, the latter has been discontinued, and Mr. Smith has drawn the house and placed it on the west side of the turnpike.

Waiving, for the present, any farther notices of this spot, I shall attempt a concise narrative of the two hostile armies for a short period anterior to the great battle of the 7th of October.

The object of the British general was to penetrate as far as Albany, at which place, by concert, he was to meet Sir Henry Clinton, then with a fleet and army lying at New York. In the early part of September Gen. Burgoyne had advanced with his army from Fort Edward and crossed the Hudson with his artillery, baggage wagons, etc., on a bridge of boats, and intrenched the troops on the highlands in Saratoga.

On the 19th of September they left their intrenchments, and moved south by a slow and cautious march toward the American camp, which was secured by a line of intrenchments and redoubts on Bemis's heights, running from west to east, about half a mile in length, terminating at the east end on the west side of the intervalle.

Upon the approach of the royal army, the American forces sallied forth from their camp, and met the British about a mile north of the American lines. A severe conflict ensued, and many brave officers and men fell on both sides. The ground on which this battle was fought was principally covered with standing wood, This circumstance somewhat embarrassed the British troops in the use of their field artillery, and afforded some advantage to the Americans, particularly the riflemen under the command of the brave Col. Morgan, who did great execution. Night, which has so often and so kindly interposed to stop the carnage of conflicting hosts, put an end to the battle. Neither party claimed a victory. The royal army withdrew in the night, leaving the field and their slain, with some of their wounded, in possession of the Americans. The loss of killed and wounded, as near as could be ascertained, was, on the part of the British, 600; and on that of the Americans, about 350. The bravery and firmness of the American forces displayed this day, convinced the British officers of the difficulty, if not utter impossibility of continuing their march to Albany. The

season for closing the campaign in that northern region was advancing—the American army was daily augmenting by militia, volunteers, and the “two months men,” as they were then called. The fear that the royal armies might effect their junction at Albany, aroused the neighboring States of New England, and drew from New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Vermont a large body of determined soldiers. Baum’s defeat at Bennington had inspired them with new hopes and invigorated their spirits.

Under these circumstances, inauspicious to the hostile army, the British commander-in-chief summoned a council of war; the result of which was to attempt a retreat across the Hudson to Fort Edward.* Gen. Gates, apprehending the probability of

* That a retreat, even before the expedition of Burgoyne started, had been among the possibilities is shown by the fact that on his advance Riedesel buried some boats at Fort Edward to be utilized should the army be forced to retreat. See my *Life of Gen. Riedesel*. As this work, however, is now very scarce, the following extract from the *Remembrances of Public Events, 1774–1783*, p 8–48, is here given: “Burgoyne’s further retreat had been cut off by the loss of his battery. To secure them without leaving a guard he had buried them at Fort Edward and marked the place with little board head-stones, on one of which was inscribed, ‘Here lies the body of such an one, etc.,’ as if it had been the burying place of his soldiers. When the Americans came

this measure, seasonably detached a portion of his force to intercept and cut off the retreat, should that be attempted.

Many new and unexpected difficulties now presented themselves. The boats which had served the British army for a bridge, being considered by them as of no further use, had been cut loose, and most of them floated down the river. The construction of rafts sufficient for conveying over their artillery and heavy baggage, would be attended with great danger as well as loss of time. The bridges over the creeks had been destroyed; great quantities of trees had been felled across the roads by order of the American general; another thing, not of the most trifling nature, Fort Edward was already in possession of the Americans. In this perplexing dilemma the royal army found themselves completely *checkmated*. A retreat, however, was attempted, but soon abandoned. Situated as they now were, between two fires, every motion they made was fraught with danger and loss. They retired to their old intrenched camp.

Several days elapsed without any very active operations on either side. This interval of time was, however, improved by the royal army in preparations to make one desperate effort to force the line of the

to the spot and examined it, they discovered the stratagem, and the battery had a general and joyful resurrection. Gordon, also, mentions this discovery.

American camp, and cut their way through on their march to Albany. The American army improved the meantime in strengthening their outer works, arranging their forces and placing the *Continental*s on the north side of the intrenchments, where valiant men were expected, thus preparing to defend every point of attack; Morgan, with his riflemen, to form the left flank in the woods.

During these few days of "dreadful preparation," information daily arrived, by deserters and otherwise, that an attack would soon be made upon the line of our intrenchments at Bemis's Heights, near the headquarters of Gen. Gates.

The expected conflict awakened great anxiety among the American troops, but abated nothing of that sterling intrepidity and firmness which they had uniformly displayed in the hour of danger; all considered that the expected conflict would be decisive of the campaign, at least, if not of the war in which we had been so long engaged. Immense interests were at stake. Should Gen. Burgoyne succeed in marching his army to Albany, Gen. Clinton, without any considerable difficulty, would there join him with another powerful English army and a fleet sufficient to command the Hudson from thence to New York. Should this juncture of force take place all the States east of the Hudson would be cut off from all efficient communication with the western and southern States.

In addition to this there were other considerations of the deepest concern. The war had already been

protracted to a greater length of time than was expected on either side at the commencement. The resources of the country, which were at first but comparatively small in respect to those things necessary for war, began to fail; the term of enlistment of many of the soldiers had expired.

We had no public money, and no government to guaranty the payment of wages to the officers and soldiers, nor to those who furnished supplies for the troops.

Under these discouraging circumstances it became extremely difficult to raise recruits for the army. During the year 1776 and the fore part of '77 the Americans suffered greatly by sickness and were unsuccessful in almost every rencontre with the enemy. Men's hearts, even the stoutest, began to fail. This was, indeed, the most gloomy period of the war of the Revolution.

On the 7th of October, about ten o'clock A. M., the royal army commenced their march and formed their line of battle on our left, near Bemis's Heights, with Gen. Fraser at their head. Our pickets were driven in about one o'clock P. M., and were followed by the British troops on a quick march to within fair musket shot distance of the line of our intrenchments. At this moment commenced a tremendous discharge of cannon and musketry, which was returned with equal spirit by the Americans.

For thirty or forty minutes the struggle at the breastworks was maintained with great obstinacy.

Several charges with fixed bayonets were made by the English grenadiers with but little effect. Great numbers fell on both sides. The ardor of this bloody conflict continued for some time without any apparent advantage gained by either party. At length, however, the assailants began to give way, preserving good order in a regular but slow retreat—loading, wheeling and firing with considerable effect. The Americans followed up the advantage they had gained by a brisk and well-directed fire of field-pieces and musketry. Col. Morgan, with his riflemen, hung upon the left wing of the retreating enemy, and galled them with a most destructive fire. The line of battle now became extensive, and most of the troops of both armies were brought into action. The principal part of the ground on which this hard day's work was done is known by the name of Freeman's farm. It was then covered by a thin growth of pitch-pine wood without underbrush, excepting one lot of about six or eight acres, which had been cleared and fenced. On this spot the British grenadiers, under the command of the brave Major Acland, made a stand and brought together some of their field artillery; this little field soon became literally "the field of blood." These grenadiers, the flower of the royal army, unaccustomed to yield to any opposing force in a fair field, fought with that obstinate spirit which borders on madness. Acland received a ball through both legs which rendered him unable to walk or stand. This occurrence hastened the re-

treat of the grenadiers, leaving the ground thickly strewn with their dead and wounded.

The battle was continued by a brisk running fire until dark. The victory was complete, leaving the Americans masters of the field. Thus ended a battle of the highest importance in its consequences, and which added great lustre to the American arms. I have seen no official account of the numbers killed and wounded, but the loss on the part of British must have been great, and on the part of the Americans not inconsiderable. The loss of general officers suffered by the royal army was peculiarly severe. But to return to the Smith house. I made known to the Smith family the object of my calling upon them, found them polite and intelligent, and learned from them many interesting particulars respecting the battle of the 7th of October. For several days previous to that time Gen. Burgoyne had made that house his headquarters, accompanied by several general officers and their ladies, among whom was Gen. Fraser, the Baron and Baroness Riedesel, and their children.

The circumstances attending the fall of this gallant officer have presented a question about which military men are divided in opinion. The facts seem to be agreed that, soon after the commencement of the action, Gen. Arnold, knowing the military character and efficiency of Gen. Fraser, and observing his motions in leading and conducting the attack, said to Col. Morgan, "that officer upon a grey horse is of

himself a host, and must be disposed of. Direct the attention of some of the sharpshooters among your riflemen to him." Morgan, nodding his assent to Arnold, repaired to his riflemen, and made known to them the hint given by Arnold. Immediately upon this the crupper of the grey horse was cut off by a rifle bullet, and within the next minute another passed through the horse's mane, a little back of his ears. An aid of Fraser noticing this, observed to him, "Sir, it is evident that you are marked out for particular aim; would it not be prudent for you to retire from this place?" Fraser replied, "my duty forbids me to fly from danger;" and immediately received a bullet through his body. A few grenadiers were detached to carry him to the Smith house.

Having introduced the name of Arnold, it may be proper to note here that although he had no regular command that day, he volunteered his services, was early on the ground and in the hottest part of the struggle at the redoubts. He behaved (as I then thought), more like a madman than a cool and discreet officer. Mounted on a brown horse, he moved incessantly at a full gallop back and forth, until he received a wound in his leg, and his horse was shot under him.* I happened to be near him when he fell,

* The *Magazine of American History* for May, 1879, contains the following, which may explain the cause of Arnold's actions.

"ARNOLD AT SARATOGA:— In the battle of the 7th of October, 1777, which practically decided the fate

and assisted in getting him into a litter to be carried to headquarters.

of Burgoyne's expedition, General Benedict Arnold is represented as galloping about the field like one beside himself, leading the troops to the charge with reckless daring, and even unconsciously dealing blows on those about him.

"Wilkinson attributed his conduct to intoxication, but Major Armstrong, who assisted in removing Arnold, wounded, from the field, saw no signs of that. Other methods for accounting for his frenzied behavior have been suggested, but no *evidence* bearing on the question has heretofore been produced that I am aware of. In the 'History of the town of Northwood,' New Hampshire, just published, I find some testimony which may aid us in solving the problem.

"Dr. Edmund Chadwick, of Deerfield, N. H., was, in October, 1777, acting as surgeon of Col. Scammell's regiment, and was present at the battle in question. He related that during the action, while he was engaged in his professional duties in rear of the American troops, a hogshead of rum stood near him, the upper head of which was removed for the convenience of serving the contents to the men; that Arnold rode up in hot haste, saying, 'Give me a dipperful of that rum.' It was handed him; he drank *the whole*, wheeled his horse, and dashed into the fight.

"The term 'dipperful' is rather vague, but very diminutive vessels would be out of place in the army, and it would be a small dipper, probably, which contained less than a pint. It may be added that Dr.

Late in the evening Gen. Burgoyne came in, and a tender scene took place between him and Fraser.

Chadwick was well known to be a gentleman of character and respectability.

“With regard to the statement of Armstrong, it may be said that a shock sometimes instantly sobers the most intoxicated person. Arnold had been severely wounded, and had his horse shot under him before he was taken from the field.

“*Exeter, N. H.—B*”

One is reminded, by this anecdote, of a story related of President Lincoln, who, on being told that a certain *successful* general drank great quantities of whisky, asked his informant for the *particular* brand the officer used — saying he would order it for some *other* of his generals!

Although not, perhaps, germane to the present work, yet for the benefit of those of my subscribers who are Free-masons, I would say (notwithstanding much discussion on the subject) that Arnold *was* a Free-mason. In the book for visitors, kept by “Solomon’s Lodge,” at Poughkeepsie, during the Revolutionary War, appears the signatures, the same evening, of Benedict Arnold and Sir John Johnson, the latter the last Provincial Grand Master of New York. Across the signature of Arnold some one has drawn a line—in accordance with a resolution of that lodge, after his treason, that his name should be erased from its books, This book containing these interesting signatures is now (1895) among the archives of the Masonic Temple in New York city. Mr. Edward M. L. Ehlers, Grand Secretary, first called my attention to this, which I have since verified by a personal inspection of the book.

Gen. Fraser was the idol of the British army, and the officer on whom, of all others, Burgoyne placed the greatest reliance. He languished through the whole night and expired at eight o'clock the next morning. While on his death-bed he advised Burgoyne, without delay, to propose to Gen. Gates terms of capitulation, and prevent the further effusion of blood; that the situation of his army was now hopeless; they could neither advance nor retreat. He also requested that he might be buried in the *Great redoubt*—his body to be borne thither between sunset and dark, by a body of the grenadiers, without parade or ceremony. This request was strictly complied with.

After viewing the house to my satisfaction I walked up to the place of interment. It is situated on an elevated piece of ground commanding an extensive view of the Hudson, and a great length of the beautiful interval on each side of it. I was alone; the weather was calm and serene. Reflections were awakened in my mind which I am wholly unable to describe. Instead of the bustle and hum of the camp, and *confused* noise of the battle of the warrior, and the shouts of victory which I here witnessed fifty years ago, all was now silent as the abodes of the dead. And, indeed, far, far the greatest part of both those armies who were then in active life at and near this spot, are now mouldering in their graves like that valiant officer whose remains are under my feet—"their memories and their

names lost," while God, in his merciful Providence, has preserved my life, and after the lapse of half a century has afforded me an opportunity of once more viewing those places which force upon my mind many interesting recollections of my youthful days.*

* In connection with these battles there are three items which may appropriately here receive notice. The first is taken from the Saratoga county *Standard* for July 26, 1876: "Mrs. Elizabeth Gleason, of Stillwater, was born in Easton, opposite Bemis's Heights, October 7, 1777, during the hours that the decisive struggle was being fought. Her father, Thomas Lawson, was engaged in the battle in Col. Yates' Schaghticoke regiment. Nearly all of her century of life has been passed in the vicinity of Bemis's Heights, living with her husband, Wm. Gleason, either on a farm at the "Huddle," or on another near the famous "Tory Hill." She yet retains a vivid recollection of the early days, and is well preserved in bodily health. She lives with her daughter, Mrs. Charlotte Hoskins, in the village of Stillwater. The second is, that the celebrated "Baron Münchhausen," the author of the "Adventures," was long believed to be only a *nom de plume*, and a parody on the "Travels of Baron de Tott," or on Bruce's "Travels in Abyssinia," and that in "the *Gentleman's Magazine* for January, 1857, it is satisfactorily (?) made out that 'Münchhausen's Travels' were written at Dalcoath Mine, in Cornwall, England, by a Mr. Raspe, a German, who was store-keeper of that establishment. The true history of Baron Münchhausen, however, is as follows: Münchhausen was one of the Brunswickers who served under General Riedesel

Oct. 19th. On my return down the river from Albany to New York, in the steamboat "North America," I had leisure and opportunity for reflect-

against us in the Revolutionary war. At the time of Burgoyne's surrender, Münchhausen lost a leg while defending "the great redoubt" against the spirited attack of General Arnold. After the war he returned to his native city, Brunswick, and lived there until death, which occurred about the year 1804. Being incapacitated for any active employment, Münchhausen amused himself by writing those marvellous stories for children, which have, in Germany at least, become classic. I have myself stood over his grave, in Brunswick, in company with Registrar Sack (of the Brunswick Civil Court), who was personally acquainted with Münchhausen, and who is also my authority for the statement that the Münchhausen who was wounded in the redoubt is identical with the author of the "Adventures."

The third, is in regard to the national flag of the United States. A great deal of misapprehension exists about the date when it was first flung to the breeze. Thus, a writer in the *Saratogian* for August 26, 1880, says: "The growth of the American flag was a gradual thing, and anything in connection with it interesting. Bunker Hill was fought without a flag. The flag displayed by Putnam, on Prospect Hill, was red, with the motto 'An appeal to Heaven.' The thirteen stripes were employed to represent the colonies on the flag first raised by Washington at Cambridge, January 2, 1776. It was called the 'grand union' flag. On June 14, 1777, Congress resolved 'that the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red

ing upon the immense wealth and resources of the State of New York — greater, I believe, at this time than that of any other two States in the Union. It

and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation.' This flag was, it is claimed, first unfolded by Paul Jones on the *Ranger* on the day of the adoption of the resolution. Various claims have been made to the honor of first unfolding the flag, but we think that the above is authority. The *Rome Sentinel* publishes the following in relation to the subject, thus recording another claim which, it will be seen, puts the date subsequent to the date on which Paul Jones is said to have flung the flag to the breeze: Not long since a correspondent of the *New York Mail* gave an interesting account of the history of the United States flag, in which account was stated that the first stars and stripes ever flung to the breeze were unfurled in the battle of Saratoga, September 2, 1777. This is a mistake that needs correcting: The honor of unfurling the first star spangled banner belongs to the garrison of Fort Stanwix, the site of which fort is now the site of Rome. From Pomroy Jones' 'Annals of Oneida County,' we glean that, at the beginning of the siege of Fort Stanwix, August 3, 1777, Colonel Gansevoort's garrison was without a flag. Military pride, indeed, every sense of propriety, would not allow them to dispense with an appendage so proper to a beleaguered fortress. Necessity being the mother of invention, shirts were cut up to form the white stripes, bits of scarlet cloth were joined for the red, and the blue ground, for the stars, was composed of a camlet cloak furnished by Capt. Abraham Swart-

would be hazarding nothing to say that this single State possesses more physical power, and more of the "sinews of war," than were employed by the whole thirteen States through the war of the Revolution. This, among other considerations, led me to the reflection how honorable it would be to the State, and how deserving of the occasion, that a monument be

wout, of Poughkeepsie, an officer of the garrison. This same camlet cloak was taken from a detachment of the British, at Peekskill, by Col. Marinus Willett, in the spring of 1776, he being then in command of the Third New York Regiment, to which Capt. Swartwout belonged. There is glory in the flag of our Union; and the honor of first unfurling it to the breeze belongs to the gallant garrison of Fort Stanwix, which fought under that flag on the 6th of August, 1777, a day the events of which contributed more to the independence of the United States than is generally understood."

The fact is, however, that while it is true that a flag intended for the stars and stripes, and made out of a white shirt and some bits of red cloth from the petticoat of a soldier's wife, first floated on captured standards on the ramparts of Fort Stanwix (the present site of Rome), August 5, 1777; yet the stars and stripes as we now see them—except as to the number of stars—was first unfurled to grace the surrender at Saratoga, October 17, 1777. The Fort Stanwix flag is now in the possession of Mrs. Abraham Lansing, of Albany, a descendant of General Gansevoort, by whom it is cherished as a most precious relic.

erected at or near the place where the royal army surrendered by capitulation on the 17th of October, 1777, in commemoration of an event so important in our national history. The battle of the 7th of October may be considered, in its effects and consequences, as the termination of the war, with as much propriety as that of Bunker's Hill was the commencement of it.

I am, sir, very respectfully yours,

SAMUEL WOODRUFF.

WILLIAM L. STONE, ESQ.



VISIT OF JAMES STUART, AN ENGLISH TRAVELER, IN THE AUTUMN OF 1828.*

The field of Gen. Burgoyne's chief battles and of his surrender is on the Hudson, about ten or twelve miles from Saratoga Springs. Most people devote a day to survey it. On the 27th of October we hired a conveyance from Mr. Samuel Burtis at Saratoga Springs, who is a most useful and obliging person, as horse and carriage hirer, and setting off early in the morning, spent most of the day on those parts of the banks of the Hudson, rendered memorable by the disasters, sufferings and, ultimately, by the surrender of a great British army, which, in its conse-

* James Stuart was born in Duncarn, Fifeshire, Scotland, in 1776, and died at his residence at Nottingham, London, Eng., on the 3d of November, 1849. He was the son of Charles Stuart, who was descended from the third Earl of Moray. Being an ardent supporter of the Whigs, the Tories heaped all sorts of abuse on him. Discovering that Sir Alexander Boswell, Bart., the eldest son of Dr. Johnson's biographer, was one of his chief traducers, Stuart called on him to apologize for a pasquinade which he had written in a Glasgow newspaper. Upon Boswell refusing to do so Stuart challenged him to a duel, which was

quences, led to the separation of the American colonies from Great Britain. * * * Circumstantial details of these battles have been published * * which make it not very difficult to understand on the

fought near Auchtertool, in Fife, on the 26th of March, 1822, where Sir Alexander Boswell was mortally wounded. Stuart was tried in consequence for murder, but acquitted, his conduct on the occasion of the duel being proved to have been highly creditable. The expenses of his trial, however, and unfortunate speculations, caused him to retreat to the United States. After his return to Scotland he obtained a discharge from his creditors and published an account of his travels in the United States in 1828, under the title of "Three Years in North America," from which his "Visit to the Saratoga Battle Grounds" is taken. This work, calling forth several adverse criticisms from those of the English reviews that were unfriendly to republican institutions, elicited a reply from him in a work entitled, "Refutations of Aspersions on Stuart's Three Years in North America," London, 1834. He edited for several years the *London Courier*. The violent partisan attitude he assumed in politics called forth chastisement frequently in the pages of *Blackwood*, especially from John Wilson in his *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, where he figures under the name of "Stot" (*anglice* "Steer"). Stuart was noted for his taste in art and his social qualities, although his adherence to principles often led him into serious difficulties. His account of his visit to the Saratoga battle grounds is admirable, especially his description of their topographical features.

spot,— Bemis's Heights and Freeman's Farm, which we visited—the relative positions of the armies, even without the assistance of Mr. Ezra Buel, whom we saw, now a very old man, who was the guide of the American army, and wounded in one of these battles. * * *

Anything like a history of this important, though short, campaign would be out of place here — my object merely being to give such information as may prevent travelers from passing through this part of the country without being aware of the interest attached to it, or knowing how easy it is to having pointed out to them, in the course of a few hours, and still with perfect precision, some of the leading circumstances of the greatest military event which has occurred in America—the stations of the opposing armies—the houses which were the headquarters on each side—the spots where Gen. Fraser and some of the most eminent officers were killed—where Fraser was buried—and the field in which were piled the arms and stores of the capitulating army. * *

In the battle of the 19th, Gen. Burgoyne himself was aimed at, but the aide-de-camp of Gen. Phillips received the ball through his arm while delivering a message to Burgoyne, the mistake being occasioned by his having his saddle trappings of rich lace, which induced the marksman to suppose him the commander. * * * The spot where Gen. Fraser was wounded in the battle of the 7th of October, is in a meadow, close to a blacksmith shop, on a bit of ele-

vated ground.* The place of his interment is now hardly distinguishable; no monument or tablet of any kind has been erected over the grave of this brave and meritorious officer. * * * †

We returned from the battle grounds to the country hotel [the tavern at Stillwater], about half a mile from the house where the Baroness de Riedesel spent the miserably anxious day (the 7th of October, 1777,) very ready for the dinner set out for us, beef-steaks, potatoes, vegetables, and apple pie. In passing through the ante-room, on our way to dinner, we saw another edition of precisely the same dinner placed in it for our driver. This is an example, and one of the most common, every day kind, of the equality existing in this country. The drivers not unfrequently dine at the stage hotels with the passengers; but they would not submit to have an inferior dinner, nor one served up after the others. All pay, and, if industrious and sober, are able to pay alike.

* This spot, where yet (1894) stands the stump of the original tree under which Fraser was shot, is now marked by a tablet, placed there by the exertions of Mrs. E. H. Walworth, the indefatigable trustee of the Saratoga Monument Association. The blacksmith shop here referred to, and which now belongs to Walker, and which is mentioned in Gen. Hoyt's letter (See *ante*), has long since been torn down.—

† Mrs. Walworth has also had erected a tablet marking the spot where Fraser is buried.



VISIT OF GENERAL EBENEZER MATTOON IN
1835.*

AMHERST, MASS., *Oct. 7, 1835.*

PHILIP SCHUYLER, ESQ.,-- Sir: Yours of the 17th ult., requesting me to give you a detailed account of what I recollect of the battle of Saratoga, surrender of Gen. Burgoyne, etc., was duly received.

When I left home on a visit to my friend Frost, at Union Village, it was my intention to have visited the ground on which the army of Gen. Burgoyne was met and compelled to surrender. But the absence of Mr. Frost prevented. Had I known, however, that a descendant of that venerable patriot and distinguished commander, Gen. Schuyler, was living on the ground, I should have procured means to pay him my respects.

* For this valuable letter from the Saratoga *Sentinel* of November 10, 1835, I am indebted to the courtesy of my friend, the late Mr. Lyman C. Draper, of Madison, Wis., who first directed my attention to it.

Ebenezer Mattoon was born at Amherst, Mass., August 19, 1755, and died there September 17, 1843. The son of a farmer, he graduated at Dartmouth College in 1776, and then joined the artillery company

Gen. Gates, indeed, obtained the honor of capturing Burgoyne and his army; but let me tell you, sir, that it was more through the wise and prudent counsels of your brave and distinguished ancestor, and the energy and intrepidity of Generals Lincoln and Arnold, than through the ability and foresight of Gates.

In my narrative I shall confine myself to what transpired from the 7th to the 17th day of October, 1777, both days included. This will necessarily lead me to correct the statement of Gen. Wilkinson and a Mr. Buel, in your neighborhood, respecting the fall of Gen. Fraser. By confounding the two accounts of the 19th of September and 7th of October, neither of them is correctly described.

The action of the 19th of September commenced about ten o'clock A. M., and continued during the day, each army alternately advancing and retiring. On that day Col. Morgan posted a number of his riflemen to take off the officers as they appeared out

at the battle of Saratoga, and left the service with the rank of major. He was a delegate from Amherst to the conventions; and was several times a member of the Legislature. From 1797 to 1816 major-general 4th division; adjutant-general of the State, 1816; State Senator, 1795-6; twenty years sheriff of Hampshire; M. C. 1801-3; and in 1820, although blind, was a member of the State Constitutional Convention. He commanded the A. and H. artillery company in 1817. Gen. Mattoon was a scientific farmer.—*Drake's Biographical Dictionary.*

of the woods ; but no such posting of riflemen occurred on the 7th of October, Gen. Wilkinson to the contrary notwithstanding.

On the 7th of October the American army was posted, their right wing resting on the North River, and their left extending on to Bemis's Heights, Generals Nixon and Glover* commanding on the

* Glover was from Marblehead, Mass., and a contemporary MS. journal thus speaks of his part in this action : "Even the stolid Hessians expressed their amazement when they saw these brave Marbleheaders dash through the fire of grape and canister and over the dead bodies of their comrades, through the embrasures, over the cannon, with the same agility with which they formerly climbed to the maintop, or traversed the backstays, bayoneting the cannoneers at their posts. It was said that Morgan's riflemen ran up the trees which commanded the enemy's guns with the speed of catamounts. Glover's troops evinced the coolness and agility of sailors in their attack, and showed that they could use the bayonet with as much skill and effect as the marling or hand-spike on board ship.

"Till that hour the *bete noir* of our army was the Hessian and his bayonet, with which he was ascribed as having almost superhuman skill. That day he was beaten with his own chosen weapon, and the lesson he learned and we learned was an important factor in future contests. After one of the most desperate hand to hand contests ever known on this planet, the redoubt [Breyman's] was taken, the guns turned on the enemy, and the day was ours. Nothing shows the fiery nature of this battle more dis-

right; Lincoln, the centre, and Morgan and Larned the left.* The British army, with its left resting on the river, commanded by Philips; their centre by Gen. Redhiesel,† and the extreme right extending to the heights, was commanded by Lord Balcarras,‡ where he was strongly fortified. Their light troops were under the command of Gen. Fraser and Lord Auckland [Acland].

tinctly than the fact that Gen. Glover that day had three horses shot under him."

* "The position thus selected lay between the Hudson River on the east and Saratoga Lake only six miles to the west; the high lands west of the river valley were cut by three deep ravines leading easterly, forming strong natural barriers against an approaching army; the whole country in this vicinity was a wilderness, and the high ground approaches so near the river there that it was the most advantageous point in the whole valley to dispute the passage of the British army moving from the north. Such was the place selected by the experienced Polish patriot Kosciusko, and approved by Gen. Gates, as the Thermopylæ of the struggle for American freedom."—*General E. F. Bullard's Centennial Address at Schuylerville, July 4, 1876.*

† Ried-esel, pronounced Re-day-zel, with accent on second syllable. The Cockneys in the British army pronounced it Red-hazel—whence Gen. Mattoon's spelling of it is doubtless derived.

‡ Balcarras, it may be remembered, was the officer who got into a serious altercation with Arnold in England—refusing to speak or recognize him.

About one o'clock of this day two signal guns were fired on the left of the British army, which indicated a movement. Our troops were immediately put under arms, and the lines manned. At this juncture Gens. Lincoln and Arnold rode with great speed towards the enemy's lines. While they were absent the picket guards on both sides were engaged near the river. In about half an hour Generals Lincoln and Arnold returned to headquarters, where many of the officers collected to hear the report, General Gates standing at the door.

Gen. Lincoln says, "Gen. Gates, the firing at the river is merely a feint; their object is your left. A strong force of 1,500 men are marching circuitously to plant themselves on yonder height. That point must be defended or your camp is in danger." Gates replied, "I will send Morgan with his riflemen and Dearborn's infantry."

Arnold says, "That is nothing; you must send a strong force." Gates replied, "Gen. Arnold, I have nothing for you to do; you have no business here." Arnold's reply was reproachful and severe.

Gen. Lincoln says, "You must send a strong force to support Morgan and Dearborn, at least three regiments."

Two regiments from Gen. Larned's brigade and one from Gen. Nixon's were then ordered to that station, and to defend it, at all hazards. Generals Lincoln and Arnold immediately left the encampment and proceeded to the enemy's lines.

In a few minutes Capt. Furnival's company of artillery, in which I was lieutenant, was ordered to march towards the fire, which had now opened upon our picket in front, the picket consisting of about 300 men. While we were marching the whole line, up to our picket or front, was engaged. We advanced to a height of ground which brought the enemy in view, and opened our fire. But the enemy's guns, eight in number, and much heavier than ours, rendered our position untenable.

We then advanced into the line of infantry. Here Lieutenant M'Lane joined me. In our front there was a field of corn, in which the Hessians were secreted. On our advancing towards the corn field a number of men rose and fired upon us. M'Lane was severely wounded. While I was removing him from the field the firing still continued without abatement.

During this time a tremendous firing was heard on our left. We poured upon them our canister shot as fast as possible, and the whole line, from left to right, became engaged. The smoke was very dense and no movements could be seen; but as it soon arose, our infantry appeared to be slowly retreating and the Hessians slowly advancing, their officers urging them on with their hangers.

Just at this moment an elderly man, with a long hunting gun, coming up I said to him, "Daddy, the infantry mustn't leave, I shall be cut to pieces." He replied, "I'll give them another gun." The smoke

then rising again, several officers, led by a general, appeared moving to the northward, in rear of the Hessian line. The old man at that instant discharged his gun and the general officer pitched forward on the neck of his horse, and instantly they all wheeled about, the old man observing, "I have killed that officer, let him be who he will." I replied, "you have, and it is a general officer, and by his dress I believe it is Frazer." While they were turning about three of their horses dropped down; but their further movements were then concealed by the smoke.

Here I will offer the reasons why I think this officer was Gen. Fraser, and that he was killed by the shot of this old man. In the first place, the distance, by actual measurement, was within reach of a gun: for the next morning, a dispute arising about the distance, some contending that it was eight rods and others fifteen, two respectable sergeants, both of whom have since been generals in the militia of Massachusetts, Boardman and Lazell, were selected to decide the dispute by pacing the ground. They did so, and found the distance from the stump where the old man stood to the spot where the horses fell just twelve rods. In the next place the officer was shot through the body from left to right as was afterwards ascertained. Now from his relative position to the posted riflemen, he could not have been shot through in this direction, but they must have hit him in front.

Moreover, the riflemen could not have seen him on account of the smoke in which he was enveloped.*

The troops continuing warmly engaged, Col. Johnson's regiment coming up, threw in a heavy fire and compelled the Hessians to retreat. Upon this we advanced with a shout of victory. At the same time Auckland's [Acland's] corps gave way.

We proceeded but a short distance before we came upon four pieces of brass cannon, closely surrounded with the dead and dying; at a few yards further we came upon two more. Advancing a little further we were met by a fire from the British infantry, which proved very fatal to one of Col. Johnson's companies, in which were killed one sergeant, one corporal, fourteen privates—and about twenty were wounded.

They advanced with a quick step, firing as they came on. We returned them a brisk fire of canister

* There can be no doubt that the old man, to whom the writer alludes, shot an officer; but that he killed Gen. Fraser cannot be correct, since not only was Murphy positive that he fell before his rifle, but several authors have stated that Fraser told his friends after he was wounded, "that he saw the man who shot him, and that he was a rifleman posted in a tree." See, also, Silliman's visit to the battle ground some pages back, where he speaks of Morgan having told his friend, Hon. Richard Brent, to this effect, and Simms' "Frontiersmen of New York," in which this writer says that Murphy's son and two daughters assured him that their father shot Fraser.

shot, not allowing ourselves time even to sponge our pieces. In a short time they ceased firing and advanced upon us with trailed arms. At this juncture Arnold came up with a part of Brooks's regiment and gave them a most deadly fire, which soon caused them to face about and retreat with a quicker step than they advanced.

The firing had now principally ceased on our left, but was brisk in front and on the right. At this moment Arnold says to Col. Brooks (late governor of Massachusetts), "Let us attack Balcarras's works." Brooks replied, "No. Lord Auckland's [Acland's] detachment has retired there; we can't carry them." "Well, then, let us attack the Hessian lines." Brooks replies, "with all my heart." We all wheeled to the right and advanced. No fire was received, except from the cannon, until we got within about eight rods, when we received a tremendous fire from the whole line. But a few of our men, however, fell. Still advancing, we received a second fire, in which a few men fell, and Gen. Arnold's horse fell under him and he himself was wounded. He cried out, "Rush on, my brave boys." After receiving the third fire, Brooks mounted their works, swung his sword, and the men rushed into their works. When we entered the works we found Col. Breyman dead, surrounded with a number of his companions, dead or wounded. We still pursued slowly; the fire, in the meantime, decreasing. Nightfall now put an end to this day's bloody contest. During the day we had taken

eight cannon and broken the centre of the enemy's lines.

We were ordered to rest until relieved from the camps. The gloom of the night, the groans and shrieks of the wounded and dying, and the horrors of the whole scene baffle all description.

Under cover of this night (the 7th) the British army changed their position, so that it became necessary to reconnoitre on the ground.* While Gen. Lincoln was doing this he was severely wounded, so that his active services were lost to the army during that campaign. A powerful rain commenced about 11 o'clock, which continued without abatement till the morning of the 9th. In this time information had come that Gen. Burgoyne had removed his troops to Saratoga. At 9 o'clock A. M. of October 8th Captain Furnival received orders to march to the river, to cross the floating bridge and repair to the fording place, opposite Saratoga, where we arrived at dusk. There we found Gen. Bailey, of New

* During a retreat a Mr. Willard, as before stated in the preface, residing near the foot of a mountain, opposite the battle ground, by night would display signals from its top by different lights, in such manner as from time to time to give the Americans the location and movements of the British army. This mountain is plainly visible from Albany and Fort Edward. It has ever since been known by the name of "Willard's mountain." That is certainly one of the earliest systems of telegraphing known to have been put in practice.

Hampshire, with about 900 men, arranging a long range of fires, to indicate the presence of a large army. The British troops had covered the opposite heights with their fires.

In the early part of the evening Col. Moseley arrived with his regiment of Massachusetts militia, when our company was directed by Gen. Bailey to make a show of our field pieces at the river. We soon extinguished their lights. Then we were ordered to pass the Battenkill river, and erect works there during the night. In the morning we perceived a number of officers on the stairs, and on the east side of the house on the hill, a little north of the Battenkill river, apparently surveying our situation and works.

My captain being sick at the time I levelled our guns, and with such effect as to disperse them. We took the house to be their headquarters.* We con-

* This was the house, an account of which is mentioned in a previous note in which Mrs. Riedesel was stationed.

In this house was born March 15, 1794, a lady who died at Painted Post, N. Y., April 23, 1894. The lady's name was Mrs. Anna Patterson Goodsell Smith. Her father, Capt. Sherman Patterson, served in the Continental army under Gen. Swift, participated in the storming of Quebec, and was close by Montgomery's side when the latter fell in that desperate assault. She was twice married, the first time at sixteen, and was the mother of eight children, five of whom are now living. There are also living thirty-two grandchildren and fourteen great grandchildren.

tinued our fire till a nine or twelve pounder was brought to bear upon us and rendered our works useless. Next we were ordered to repair, in haste, to Fort Edward to defend the fording-place. Col. Moseley's regiment accompanied us. Some slight works were thrown up by us; and while thus employed, a number of British officers appeared on the opposite side of the river. We endeavored to salute them according to their rank! They soon disappeared.

During this day (the 10th) we captured fifty Indians and a large number of Canadian Tories. We remained at Fort Edward till the morning of the 13th. Being then informed of the armistice which had been agreed upon, we were ordered to return to our position upon the Battenkill and repair our works. Here we remained till the morning of the 17th, when we received orders to repair to Gen. Gates's headquarters on the west side of the river.

As we passed along we saw the British army piling (not stacking) their arms; the piles of arms extending from Schuyler's creek northward nearly to the house on the hill before mentioned. The range of piles ran along the ground west of the road then traveled, and east of the canal as it now runs.

This incident is here mentioned as illustrating how close to the present is the Revolutionary period, as I have before remarked in a previous note. This house has often been mistaken for Burgoyne's headquarters, a statement, also, I have elsewhere shown to be incorrect.

Just below the island we passed the river, and came to Gen. Gates's *marquee*, situated on a level piece of ground, from 130 to 150 rods south of Schuyler's creek. A little south and west of this there is a rising ground, on which our army was posted, in order to appear to the best advantage. A part of it was also advantageously drawn up upon the east side of the river. About noon, on the 17th, Gen. Burgoyne, with a number of his officers, rode up near to the *marquee*, in front of which Gen. Gates was sitting, attended with many of his officers. The sides of the *marquee* were rolled up, so that all that was transacted might be seen. Gen. Burgoyne dismounted and approached Gen. Gates, who rose and stepped forward to meet him. Gen. Burgoyne then delivered up his sword to Gen. Gates, who received it in his left hand, at the same time extending his right hand to take the right hand of Gen. Burgoyne.*

* GEN. BURGOYNE'S SWORD STILL TO BE SEEN AT HADLEY, MASS.—Hadley claims notice in connection with the Saratoga celebration by virtue of certain valuable relics of Gen. Burgoyne and traditions of his visit. After the surrender Burgoyne, with other paroled prisoners, left Saratoga for Boston to take passage for England. He was escorted by a band of American soldiers under command of Col. Elisha Porter, of Hadley—a notable member of a notable family in the early history of the Connecticut valley. The successive heads of this family have all been more or

After a few minutes' conversation Gen. Gates returned the sword to Gen. Burgoyne, who received it in the most graceful and gentlemanly manner. The rest of Gen. Burgoyne's officers then delivered

less prominent in the affairs of the town and section, and seats in the Legislature and other local official positions have been heir-looms since the time of Samuel Porter—the first male child born in the town. Col. Porter was the son of Eleazar Porter and brother of Judge Eleazar Porter, of the Court of Common Pleas. At the outbreak of the Revolution he raised a regiment and commanded it during the earlier part of the struggle, gaining distinction from his high qualities, both in the field and in the councils of his superior officers. Autograph letters from Washington and other famous men are still treasured by his descendants. To him was assigned the task of piloting Burgoyne through the mountain wilderness lying between the battle field and the sea, and on arriving at Hadley he entertained the distinguished captive in his own mansion. This house is one of the finest specimens of old colonial architecture to be found, and bears its 164 years more lightly than many of its contemporaries. The room occupied by Gen. Burgoyne during the night is a spacious and elegant apartment on the lower floor, looking out upon the expanse of the beautiful West street, and shadowed by majestic elms. So much was Burgoyne impressed by the kindness of his generous foe that, on departing, he presented Col. Porter with his dress sword, which Gen. Gates had permitted him to retain, and also left his camp bedstead and the poles of his tent. The bedstead has, through

up their swords, and had them restored to them likewise. They then all repaired to the table and were seated; and while dining, the prisoners were passing by.

some unknown chance, disappeared, but the remaining articles are preserved and exhibited with pride to curious visitors. The sword is one of the slender, triangular rapiers which were indispensable features in the dress of a gentleman of that day, but this is of the elegant order befitting the dignity of an officer of high rank in his majesty's army. The hilt is of solid silver, and the guard is constructed in elaborate designs. The entire length of the blade is inlaid with gold filagree work, and on the sides of the base, near the hilt, are traced in the same metal G. R.—Georgius Rex—and the arms of the British kingdom. The numerous hacks and dents on the sword's edge show that it was not merely a holiday decoration. The point has been broken off, and possibly remains rusting in the scabbard, which is of finest leather, ornamented with silver. The tent-poles are of light yet strong wood, and are supplied with joints, hooks and staples. A curious piece of frame work, consisting of four flat sticks united at one end to an iron spike, and joined near the other, is supposed to have served as a support to a canopy overhanging the general's head. Col. Porter's diary, which he kept with great minuteness for many years, closes abruptly at the end of the year 1776, and thus the only knowledge of the history of these interesting relics depends upon family tradition.—*Springfield Republican, August 20, 1886.*

After they had all passed by a number of us went in search of a gun which was upon a carriage the day previous to the 17th, near what was called the Hessian burying ground. But the tracks of the carriage were so confused, and the stench from the dead bodies was so offensive, that the search was discontinued.*

* In speaking of the surrender, Benjamin Mooers, a participant in the battle, in his diary says: "The surrender of Gen. Burgoyne's sword and his army is worth recording here, for it was a grand defeat to the enemy. The soldiers were drawn up in line on each side, red coats on one, and blue and buff Continentals on the other [see "Revolutionary Letters" for a fuller account of this]. I must say that of all the brave fighters I ever saw Gen. Arnold was the best. The odds being so great against him in the battle of Bemis's Heights he remained undaunted, and until his horse fell with him, crushing his leg so that he had to be borne off from the field, he rushed like a wild man wherever the battle was the hottest. I would have liked to have heard the words used at the surrender, but could not, and had to be satisfied with seeing Burgoyne's sword given up. One part of the prisoners was sent south, the others eastward to the barracks built in 1775-76 for our troops near Boston. They were under a guard of militia men, to which the company I belonged was annexed, and the entire guard and prisoners were placed under the command of our captain, Gen. Bricket." All the same, however, Gen. Glover, of Marblehead, was the gentleman under whom the Convention troops were escorted to Boston and Worcester, Mass.

Thus I have replied to your inquiries, as far as my recollection extends. I should be very happy to meet you and spend a day or two in walking over the battle ground, and entering into other particulars concerning that engagement, which, however, are of minor importance.

With much esteem,

E. MATTOON.



VISIT OF SIR JOHN BURGOYNE'S GRAND-
DAUGHTER TO THE BATTLE FIELD
OF SARATOGA IN 1879.

“ Rev. James L. Spurgeon, brother of the famous preacher of England, with his wife, arrived at Saratoga, Tuesday. Mrs. Spurgeon is a granddaughter of Burgoyne, who capitulated at Saratoga in 1777, and one object of their visit to Saratoga was to see the historic battle ground. Wednesday they went over it, having the good fortune to be accompanied by Mr. William L. Stone, the historian of the Burgoyne campaign, who was staying at Saratoga. Mrs. Spurgeon is the daughter of Sir John Burgoyne, distinguished in the Crimean war and a son of him who surrendered to our arms a hundred years ago. She was greatly pleased with her visit to the scene of her ancestor's famous battle, and carried away with her as a memento of the place an Indian arrow head, found by Mr. Stone near the spot where Gen. Burgoyne received three bullets, two of them entering his hat and one piercing his waistcoat. Mr. Stone also presented her with a copy of his interesting and complete monograph on the Burgoyne campaign. *Extract from the Saratoga Journal, September, 1879.*”



J. M. Wadsworth

Brigadier-General, N. Y.



GEN. J. WATTS DE PEYSTER'S VISIT IN 1880.

Gen. de Peyster set out from Tivoli, Dutchess County, N. Y., in August, 1880, in his carriage, to visit Saratoga Springs and the battle grounds. After leaving that village he continues as follows :

* * * After crossing the long toll-bridge over Saratoga Lake, where it begins to contract, the country becomes very tame until, reaching the summit at Bemis's Heights, whence it descends into the luxuriant valley of the Hudson. Between the lake and the river, the road through Ketchum's Corners is, in some places, little better than a track through the woods, which is rather surprising for a route through so old a country. Just as you commence to descend to the river, an old willow tree in an open field indicates the site of the headquarters of Gates and the American hospitals during the series of battles which has rendered this district memorable forever.

The battle ground proper is some two miles to the north-north-west, and the conflict raged upon and around a property then known as Freeman's Farm, near the dwelling still owned by a proprietor of the same name.

All the titles given to these battles, Stillwater, Bemis's Heights, Saratoga, etc., except Freeman's

Farm, are misnomers. The fluctuations of the contest never flowed as far south as Bemis's Heights. There Gates, as stated, had his headquarters, and below these, to the east by south, was his bridge of boats across the Hudson, to which, it is said, he cast an anxious eye while Fraser was trying to turn his left, and Arnold and Morgan were arresting Fraser on the 7th October. He even, for several of the ensuing days, threw glances over his right shoulder towards that bridge where Clinton, having captured the key of the Highlands, could, by any display of energy, have appeared in the American rear by the 9th, to co-operate with Burgoyne, who was anxious to offer battle again to Gates on the 8th October, 1777.

The Marquis de Chastellux, who visited the scenes of the fighting in 1780, three years after they occurred—although piloted by those perfectly conversant with the locality—stated that it was very difficult to recognize the different points of interest even at that recent date. The country, it is true, was all covered with woods, but then the woods were still exactly the same as when Burgoyne and Balcaras, Riedesel and Breyman, Fraser and Acland encountered Arnold, who was the hero of both days, 19th September and 7th October, for which Gates got the credit.

The British officer, in whom centres the interest of the 7th October battle, was Fraser. Bancroft, who seems to have no sympathy with magnanimity of

spirit, indulges in a word-flourish of triumph over the fall of this brave Scotchman, which, in its cold-blooded exultation, is not manly. It is sad to think that Fraser did not fall in fair fight, but was picked off by a rifleman especially detailed by Morgan for the murderous purpose. Such a homicide is considered all fair in war, but to say the least of it, it is savagery.

The aide-de-camp into whose arms Fraser fell from his horse when mortally wounded was Capt. Bibby, who afterward married a rich lady of New York, a relation of the writer's ancestors, and settled in that city. He was the head of a family who were remarkable for their musical gifts inherited from their common ancestor. He was a noted performer on the violin, as well as a vocalist. To such an extent was he proficient that it is especially alluded to in the records of the Convention troops, held prisoners for so many dreary years by Congress, in violation of the articles of their surrender.

From the location of Gates's headquarters the road follows the line of the Whitehall canal along the western bank of the Hudson some ten miles to Schuylerville, the scene of Burgoyne's surrender, the "Field of the Grounded Arms." The Hudson is a noble stream between Stillwater and the town above mentioned, flowing calm, and full some thousand feet across for nearly twenty miles from Stillwater to Fort Miller. The former place takes its name from this long extent of still-water, uninter-

rupted by rapids — one noble sheet unobstructed for nearly thirteen miles by islands or any other obstacle. If such it is, over 150 miles from its mouth, it is no wonder that the Aborigines and original settlers recognized it as “the Great River of the North,” or “the Great River of the Mountains,” for it issues from the Adirondacks, flows in sight of the Green Mountains, and cleaves its way through two successive chains, the Catskills and Taghkames at the Highlands before it enlarges itself into the broad expanse of Haverstraw Bay and Tappan Zee on its way to the ocean.

From Bemis's Heights, where the road from Saratoga Springs across the lake — (Saratoga Lake is still famous for its crisp fried potatoes, sold in paper cornucopiæ like candy, and Moon is still the provider, *par excellence*, of that dainty) — strikes the point near the river at the remotest verge which vibrated to the effects of the battle, to Schuylerville is about ten miles. This distance the route continues northward upon the alluvial flat along the Hudson — here in summer from 1-6 to 1-5 of a mile wide. The expanse of the Hudson is unbroken by island for nearly thirteen miles. The first island in the distance is just below the mouth of the Fishkill, by which it is overflowed whenever freshets occur. To the left and west, driving north, is the elevated plateau, so styled, on which all the manœuvring and fighting were done. Although called a plateau it is not so by any means. The ground is a succession of rolls, separated by

ravines, once the beds of considerable brooks. How troops, in regular formation, traversed this broken country when it was almost entirely covered by forests is very hard to understand. It was just the place for riflemen to "bushwhack on a big scale," and Morgan's riflemen had more to do with winning the victories than any other quantity in the equation, except the valor and example of Arnold. Why Burgoyne did not follow the river road, laid out almost as at present and much traveled in 1777, is incomprehensible, unless it is true, *Fata obstant*, "The fates are opposed," "The fates lead him who is willing and drag him who is unwilling." He might have directed a strong column along the crest above, but his main body could have followed the river road. Riedesel did avail himself of it at first, but he soon had to leave it and wheel to the right to conform to Burgoyne's own movements and save his superior, on the 19th of September, from premature defeat.

By the way, the battle did not take place in the township of Saratoga, but of Stillwater, which is, perhaps, the reason why the latter name is sometimes applied to it. The battle ground, as laid down on the map, is an irregular, oblong area, north-east to south-west, about two miles north-north-west of the present Bemis's Heights post-office. Signboards, set up either by private or public enterprise, indicate a great many of the most interesting spots.

About three miles below Schuylerville, at Coveville, is the curious, semi-circular indentation of the

river called the Do-ve-gat, Dov-gat, or Dovegate, the significance of which puzzled a great many writers on the affairs of 1777. The writer believes he is the first one that translated it properly. Its meaning is equivalent to the term known among streets as a "blind-alley." From the river it looks like an arm of the stream running round an island, whereas it is merely a deep cove of very eccentric disposition. Doubtless, centuries ago, it was a side-channel, gradually filled at the upper entrance by deposits brought down by the river.

Burgoyne delivered up his sword to Gates on a little level spot overlooking the river road, about a mile south of Schuylerville, and the British laid down their arms about the site of old Fort Hardy, just north of the Fishkill and east of Schuylerville, across the stream from Schuyler's mansion, which Burgoyne burned, after his last carouse in it the previous night. That Burgoyne spent the very hours which afforded him his last opportunities for escape enjoying "a dainty supper" with "some merry companions," and near him his mistress, the wife of an English commissary, was not generally known until Wm. L. Stone translated from German into English the Memoirs of the Baroness Riedesel; then other testimony to much the same effect has been published. Without considering the matter from a moral standpoint, it is almost impossible to conceive how a general in the circumstances of Burgoyne, with such a responsibility upon his soul, could have been so dead to the

sufferings of his inferiors and his duties to his king. Perhaps there was some excuse in the sensual indulgences tolerated at the time. Lossing tells us that Burgoyne passed the night prior to his last battle on the 7th of October, passing the flagon or playing cards with the Earl of Balcarras (Lossing, F. B. A. R., I. 44). Generals, in those days, with rare exceptions, seemed to think that pretty much their whole duty was confined to brilliancy and bravery on the battlefield proper.

This is no place to fight the battle over again, and, therefore, with these remarks, the attention of the reader is directed to the site of the Saratoga Battlefield Monument and the structure itself. Schuylerville, originally Saratoga or *Saratog*, lies on the north side of the Fishkill, which, with devious course, constitutes the outlet of Saratoga Lake, issuing from the lower, or north end. The high ridge, rising southward from this stream and extending on in the same direction for many miles, attains its highest elevation about a mile south of the village. There, an extensive cemetery has been laid out. It already contains many expensive memorials. Just east of this, villageward, the site was purchased for the Saratoga Monument. An acre has been paid for and actually deeded, totally inadequate, although a contract has been entered into for three acres.

The original foundation, in which the corner stone was placed in 1877, at the centennial celebration of the surrender, having been condemned by the archi-

tect, J. C. Markham, of Jersey City, a new foundation is now being laid, just west of the first. The material is of the hard limestone quarried at Glens Falls. The superstructure is to be of granite. It will be 154 feet high, and from the summit a visitor will command a view of the whole country upon which the contending armies operated, manoeuvred and fought, and also of the spot where the British surrendered.

Mr. Markham's original plan was much more elaborate or ornate, but the parsimony of the General and State Governments compelled modifications which are to be sincerely regretted. Cannon, trophies of the victories of 1777, mounted on *fac-similes* of the original carriages, are to stand at each corner of the platform, and, in the various chambers of the obelisk, it is hoped that memorials will be collected and exhibited. In the wall of one of these little museums a tablet is to be inserted, inscribed with the names of those who came forward with their money, to save the site, which had been sold under foreclosure, and thus secure the appropriation of Congress, whose payment was made on the proviso that the Association had obtained the absolute possession of the site.

Perhaps, after all, on the whole, this is the best location for the monument, on account of the comprehensiveness of the view which it commands, taking in, as it does, the whole area of the important action. Renan justly observes that "those who are incapable

of becoming great citizens (were, in fact, destructive agents), nevertheless, did their part toward progress (as instruments of fate), and were deeper than sensible people in their insight into the secrets of destiny" (*Ante-Christ*, 544). Honest judgment would doubtless have selected as the site of this monument the very spot—a beautiful one—where Burgoyne actually gave up his sword, or the great redoubt, whose capture, through the audacity of Arnold, determined the result of the fighting. Interested motives, regarding the benefits that Schuylerville might derive from a constant pilgrimage to such a shrine, doubtless determined the position. The result may be happy, but the towering obelisk will stand on a location which has no claims to the honor, and in itself possesses no historic interest.*

In the pediment, or whatever the architects style it, before the shaft or main body of the obelisk starts, are four niches for statues, one on each side. Three of these effigies are decided on. Schuyler, justly and undoubtedly, first; Gates, necessarily but undeservedly, second; and Morgan, third. The fourth is still undetermined. The architect desires that the void shall be filled with Arnold. He is honestly and mainly correct. When Arnold won the

* Gen. de Peyster, usually so accurate in his statements, is here in error. The monument marks the very spot on which the chief portion of Burgoyne's beleaguered army were encamped.

battles of Saratoga, the first, 19th of September, and the second, 7th of October, in favor of the revolted Colonies, he was as faithful a servant of Congress as it had. His treason was all along subsequent to these events, and it is but just to say that the injustice of Congress had as much to do with making him a traitor as his own passions, stimulated by one very near to him. "It needs must be that offenses come," said Christ, the great philosopher, humanly speaking, "but woe be to that man by whom the offense cometh." This applies forcibly to Congress. It was very little; it was mean; it was very unjust. It was the most unjust to the least deserving of such treatment, to Schuyler, to Starke, and as yet in 1777, to Arnold. But there is no need of any defense of Arnold here. His defense has been well made and himself vindicated by his namesake, Hon. Isaac N. Arnold, President of the Chicago, Illinois, Historical Society. Still, if it is settled that Arnold is not to be admitted to his appropriate place, who is to fill it? None other than he is deserving to be associated with the three already selected. No lesser man has a right to appear in their company or occupy the fourth niche. Let it then remain vacant. The vacancy will speak more eloquently than words. Every one will ask why the void is there? The answer covers the whole ground and explains everything. The statue of Arnold belongs by right in the unassigned niche; Americans claim that he was a traitor. Therefore, his statue cannot be set up in

it. Still, as he deserves the place and no other can adequately serve as his substitute, it is left as it is without a figure, to indicate that the Association is just ; and while admitting the full value of Arnold's services, and while deciding that no other can commensurately occupy the position due to him, it resolves that the niche his statue should fill shall remain void in the same manner that there is a veiled and empty frame among the series of portraits of the Venetian Doges. This should have been filled with the portrait of Mariano Faliero. Others state that the space for the painting is simply empty, with an inscription instead, setting forth the reason. There is a somewhat similar inscription at Genoa, or in some other old Italian republican capital, which the writer observed without noting the place. The most pertinent instance, however, is that of Marmont, Duke of Ragusa, accused, unjustly, of betraying Napoleon in 1814, whose portrait was omitted from the series of French marshals.

* * * * *

After the termination of the "Slaveholder's Rebellion" a dinner was given at Saratoga Springs by a prominent political official, who, after the wine cup had circulated freely, rose and proposed a health or sentiment, which a witty guest pronounced the most "moving toast" he had ever heard. It was this: "Here's to Gen. Rawlins; if there had never been a Rawlins there would never have been a Grant." Gen. — said he called this a "moving toast" be-

cause it occasioned a general movement to get away from the table and proximity to such a dangerous speaker as soon as possible, for fear Grant, (who was then President) might not regard the sentiment affectionately, and "spot" those who were present and endorsed it by drinking it.

Justly, a similar idea might find expression in regard to this monument. If there never had been a William L. Stone there never would have been a "Saratoga Battlefield Monument." This gentleman, one of the clearest historians of the Burgoyne campaign, is not only an able historian himself, but shines with the inherited lustre of his father and namesake, author of several valuable works connected with revolutionary and ante-revolutionary history. If it had not been for his son's energy Schuylerville would not be honored with a grand memorial of the decisive triumph of the American First War for Independence.

Before quitting Schuylerville there are two objects of interest which cannot be passed over without special notice. Down on the flat, in the angle between the mouth of the Fishkill and the Hudson River, stands the mansion of Maj.-Gen. Philip Schuyler, which he rebuilt in sixty days — Stone says fifteen — after the Burgoyne surrender, to replace the dwelling which had been burned by order of the British general. Some forty years ago the descendant and representative of a patriot second in common sense and ability to Washington alone —

this is high praise, because he was a bitter enemy of the writer's people and one of the chief causes of their ruin — was compelled to sacrifice the ancestral homestead and with it a tract of 2,500 acres extending up and along the Fishkill, and embracing within its limits a succession for a mile of falls and rapids, which now supply water-power to the mills or factories which constitute the wealth of the village. Facts are often stranger than fiction. Fate decreed that this ancestral homestead should become the property, by purchase, of an individual who had been the coachman of the hereditary owner and had become comparatively wealthy. If there is a book that abounds in common sense and is true to nature, it is the Bible, and, if the incident above related is actually so, does it not realize the sad remark of Solomon in Ecclesiastes x., 7, "I have seen servants upon horses and princes walking as servants upon the earth."

On a projecting rock, not far distant, stands a very artistic stone church looking down upon the pine-embowered old Schuyler mansion. From the eligibility and prominence of the site and the large gilt cross which crowns the spire, the majority decided that it must be a Roman Catholic place of worship, because Romanism, from interested motives, if no others, always selects the most conspicuous position for its edifices. It is moved thereunto by that assertiveness which would arrogate to itself the preëminence in everything, whereas it only has eminence in

one thing, its power over ignorance, to use it for its own purposes. It is the biggest property-accumulating machine in the world. It grasps the babe while in process of being born, and never relaxes its hold, not even with death, for it accompanies the corpse to the grave, always making money out of it, and out of the survivors if they continue to take interest in the future of the deceased.

The Episcopal Church, of dark, blue-gray limestone, the ruling stone of this region, is very effective in mass, and without pretending to any knowledge of architecture, we agreed that few buildings more than this seem to realize the beneficial influences.

From Schuylerville, through Grangerville, to Saratoga Springs is a thirteen miles ride. At Grangerville they were rebuilding a dam. In Dutchess County such a structure would have been considered a profligate waste of materials. The upright timbers proper were enormous, and in place of the ordinary horizontal planking, timbers were used of dimensions sufficient for heavy house beams. The explanation must either be that lumber is cheap in this region, or else that future durability is the sole object without regard to present expense.

From this point, on westward, the country seems to be exceedingly poor, and there are no signs of the prosperity evident more immediately along the river. For instance, the fences were either not kept up at all or very dilapidated. Sometimes, for long spaces, they were constructed of roots, a pretty sure sign of

a country recently cleared; an idea borne out by seeing crops of winter grain sown in fields thickly studded with stumps. Nevertheless the cornstalks were very tall, the buckwheat, already in shock, the finest we had ever seen, and potatoes very abundant. Our party were boasting of the fruit-growing properties of our own and the adjoining townships in Dutchess and Columbia Counties, when our driver broke in with the remark that Saratoga County was very productive of fruit. We were surprised, having seen few orchards and little evidence of fruit-growing communities. "What kind?" "That kind, there," pointing to a huge heap of potatoes. Yes, Saratoga County, indeed, is famous for its potatoes; its light, sandy soil is adapted to them.

Few fine groves or woods were noticed. Almost all the trees in these spindle. The only verdure is at the top, like the tuft at the end of a shaggy dog's tail when the rest has been sheared. These remarks do not apply to the growth along the river. Within a short distance of the Hudson everything is luxuriant, and in the interior we were struck here and there with single, noble specimens of willows and of elms worthy of New England.

Right glad were we, as night closed in, to get back to the United States Hotel at Saratoga Springs. The last ten miles of our drive had been exceedingly tedious. We had been nine hours on the road, and our route described something like an equilateral triangle, of which the Hudson river constituted the

base. "Jordan must have been a hard road to travel," when Burgoyne plunged into this wilderness, 104 years ago. The roads are heavy, as a rule, not seldom rough, and difficult even to-day, with stumps left sometimes in dangerous proximity to the wheels. What must they have been when the district was sparsely populated, when the bottoms were marshy and so large a portion of it was covered with dense forests? It is true that we saw everything under great disadvantages. A drought had prevailed for over two months, and much of the foliage was turned as if by a frost, and, again, when not discolored, shriveled by the excessive heat, unredeemed by moisture. Again, the distant landscape appeared to be shrouded in fog and the sky obscured. Our driver told us that this was attributable to smoke from enormous fires in the forests on the nearest mountains. The view is bounded on the north by the southernmost spurs or tiers of the Adirondacks, of which the higher ranges were entirely hidden. The effects of the smoke were plainly visible to the eye and apparently, in degree, to the sense of smell.

Perhaps under a clear sky and on a bright, sunny day, after refreshing rains—for water is the life given to every vegetable growth—Saratoga County may present a much more inviting and cheerful aspect, even to one whose house is upon the Hudson, and in full sight of the glorious Kaatskills.*

* With this account, by Gen. de Peyster, the most interesting visits to the battle grounds close. It

would be easy to mention those of others more or less known. Enough, however, has been given to show the great interest that the site on which one of the "thirteen decisive battles of the world, from Marathon to Waterloo," has always excited in the breasts of travelers, great thinkers, statesmen and scholars. The following extract, however, from the *Schuylerville Standard* of October 14, 1885, is in point: "Last week Clements R. Markham, Secretary of the Royal Geographical Society of London, Eng., and a grandson of Archbishop Markham, who was a member of the cabinet of George III., and whose likeness is given in one of the reliefs which adorn the interior of the Saratoga Monument, visited the monument and expressed himself very greatly pleased. In a letter to his relative, Mr. J. C. Markham, the architect, Secretary Markham writes: 'I went up to the top and made out the surrounding sites very clearly. As a composition I am very much impressed by the design of the obelisk. The rough stone and the buttresses at the lower part, give an effect of strength and dignity, without detracting from the grace of the general effect. I also thought that the details of the doors, and windows, and string courses were admirably managed. Mr. William L. Stone's book is excellent, and appears to be nearly exhaustive. It was a great help to me in making out the places from the top of the obelisk.'"



APPENDIX I.

SCHUYLER'S FAITHFUL SPY.

Moses Harris, the subject of this sketch, was a man of more than ordinary mental and physical ability, and a cooper by trade. He was born on the 8th day of November, 1745, in Dutchess County, N. Y., where his father, Moses, Sen., had settled with a colony from Wales. The latter, on the breaking out of the Revolutionary war, was living on the Brayton farm, about one mile south of Fort Ann village, but went back in the early spring of 1777 to Dutchess County, where he remained until Burgoyne's surrender enabled him to return. His son, who was an earnest advocate of the patriot cause, was accustomed to visit a Tory uncle, Gilbert Harris by name, then living in the town of Kingsbury, on a farm long known as the "Bill Colvin," or "the Thousand Appletree Farm," and now owned by Thomas Owens. At such times he invariably espoused the side of the Crown, completely deceiving his uncle, who would applaud his nephew's loyalty, and urge him to stand firmly by the king.

Young Harris, who during the early summer of 1777, was living in Dutchess County with his father

and brothers, Joseph and William, entered the American service under the following circumstances: Schuyler had expressed to a friend his great need of a trusty spy to obtain information of the designs of Burgoyne. Schuyler's friend, after a little reflection, replied that he knew just the man for his purpose, adding that not one in ten thousand was so well fitted for that dangerous and important service. Schuyler lost no time in sending for Harris, who readily fell in with the plan of that general.

Before setting out on his hazardous mission he visited his Tory uncle, who asked him how he would like to serve the king as a messenger from Montreal to New York. The nephew seemingly entered into the idea with alacrity, and so completely did he hoodwink the uncle, that the latter urged him to tarry until morning. About midnight he was aroused from sleep and informed that if he were really in earnest an opportunity had arisen to serve his king, and at the same time win future favor and great reward. He dressed himself and followed his uncle to the barn, where a secret passage disclosed a room in the centre of the hay-mow; Here he was introduced to three British officers, who told him they were seeking for a trusty messenger to carry communications between Generals Burgoyne and Clinton. The uncle's recommendations and the young man's apparent honesty and zeal won the confidence of the officers, and Harris was engaged on the spot to enter his Majesty's service. After delaying a day to make a canteen with

three heads for the more safe convenience of the dispatches, Harris visited Burgoyne, who, fully trusting him, confirmed the bargain with the officers, and immediately made him the bearer of dispatches to Clinton. On reaching Fort Edward he had an interview with Schuyler, who read and altered the dispatches so as to mislead Clinton and delay his advance towards Albany; and on his return, the dispatches were again opened and changed so as to completely puzzle Burgoyne.* The usual custom of Harris, however, on his trips south was to stop over at Easton with a Mr. Fish, who would take the papers to Schuyler's headquarters, where they were copied, altered and returned to the spy, and by him taken to Albany. Here they were delivered at once to William Shepherd, who forwarded them to New York, giving Harris in return dispatches for Burgoyne from Clinton, which, on the way back would, as usual, be subjected to the inspection of Schuyler.

Shepherd, at length, becoming suspicious of the King's messenger, tried to poison him. The attempt

* A similar trick was once played by Frederick the Great, who, after Leignitz, 16th August, 1760, caused a letter to fall into the hands of the Russian general, Chernicheff, which induced the Muscovite, with every chance of success before him, to retreat precipitately. The incident mentioned in the text doubtless originated the "Canteen Story," told by General J. Watts de Peyster, in one of his able letters to the *New York Times* on the "Burgoyne Campaign." See, also, Stone's *Burgoyne*, p. 342, note.

failed; but shortly after the spy was arrested at Tripoli, near the dwelling of his old Tory uncle, and conducted to an island in the centre of the big swamp east of Sandy Hill, where he was nearly killed by his captors in their endeavors to make him confess his treason. Moses Harris, the youngest son of the spy, lately told Mr. S. O. Cross, of Sandy Hill, N. Y., that the Tories strung up his father on a tree three times, to extort a confession of guilt. The prisoner persisted in declaring his fidelity to the King, and finally, having given the Masonic sign of distress, the captain of the gang—himself a Mason—let him go, remarking that it was possible a brother might otherwise perish unjustly.* This, however, in turn, aroused the enmity of the Whigs, some of whom swore they would shoot him at sight. Jacob Benson especially, a staunch patriot, became so enraged that he lay in wait for him all of one night, threatening to “put a ball through the cussed Tory.” But Swart, a loyalist neighbor, warned the supposed traitor in time, and the latter, taking another route, escaped the vengeance of the infuriated Whig. In-

* The celebrated Mohawk Chief, Tha-yen-da-na-gea (Brant), during the Revolution, also saved several captives on recognizing the “Grand Hailing Sign of Distress.” Brant was made a Mason by Sir William Johnson, at Johnstown, N. Y. See Stone’s Brant. Brant also, by the way, visited Burgoyne at Fort Miller; but, perhaps, not being so sanguine of results, made no effort to restrain Burgoyne’s Indians from deserting.

deed, the presence of mind of Harris never forsook him, and he always eluded the most dangerous traps. Once, when badly wounded, as he was fleeing from danger, he escaped immediate pursuit by swimming the Hudson near Fort Miller, and took shelter with Noah Pain, a Whig, to whom he revealed in confidence his relations with Schuyler and the American army. His host respected his secret, and concealed him until he was able to resume his journey. So great, however, had now become the feeling against him, that Schuyler was obliged to have him arrested and thrown into jail in Albany, but he was released by private instructions to the jailor as soon as the excitement among the Whigs had subsided.

Soon after his release he was sent by Schuyler to St. John's with false information to the authorities in Canada, by whom he was handsomely rewarded; but before leaving he was again suspected of duplicity. He seems, however, always to have so acted his part as to escape, and on this occasion, when summoned before his accusers, he, as was his wont, assumed the air and attitude of injured innocence. He tore open his ruffled shirt bosom, and bearing his breast, called upon those present to shoot him then and there. It was, he said, worse than death to be suspected of disloyalty to his King; and once more he demanded that his mental tortures should be ended by death. So well feigned were his actions, that for the time being, he completely imposed upon the spectators. Not only was there no opposition to his leaving the

room, but on his departure he was again entrusted with important dispatches for the Southern army.

He had not been long gone, however, before the authorities, regretting their action, sent an officer to arrest him. It was too late. The spy was nowhere to be found. Taking advantage of the darkness which by that time had come on, Harris hastened to put himself outside of the British lines; and within an hour he was well on his way to the American army. This haste increased the general suspicion. Swift Indian runners were put upon his track; but being fleet of foot, and possessed of great powers of endurance, he outstripped his pursuers, and reached Vaughn's Corners in the town of Kingsbury (Washington county, N. Y.). At this point he was so fatigued and hard pressed, that in passing an old building used for boiling potash — which stood on a farm now owned by J. W. Brown — he dodged in, and clambering up a ladder, hid himself behind a large chimney. A moment after the Indians came round to the place where he had entered. One of them ran up the ladder, but seeing no one, gave a grunt and returned to his companions. The Indians were not seen again, and it is supposed they went over to visit Gil Harris, who lived half a mile west. Harris's stratagem, in not pulling up the ladder after him, probably saved his life, for had the savages suspected the fugitive to be in the garret, they would have set fire to the cabin and thus destroyed him. In the evening he made his way

to the American lines, where he was arrested as a spy, and closely guarded until his true character was known. The despatches of the Canadian authorities, which he had managed to preserve, he delivered to Schuyler in person, as his friend Fish was sick and unable to act as the "go between."

At length he was so closely watched by Tory spies in Albany, that he was forced to abandon the British service, carrying the last message with which he was entrusted by Burgoyne, to Washington. At the same time he bore with him to the Commander-in-Chief a commendatory letter from Schuyler, who had given him one hundred guineas—probably out of the secret service money. He was offered a good position in the Southern army by Washington, but he declined it; and throwing off his disguise as a Tory, he returned to Kingsbury, saying that "all the Tories this side of Hell should not drive him from his home." Nor did they. He remained on his farm until 1787, when, having bought a large tract of land in Queensbury, he moved his family thither the succeeding year. He never entered the Continental army, but became a pensioner in his old age for his services as a spy. He died on the 13th of November, 1838, and a monument to his memory in the burial ground at Harrisena (Warren county, N. Y.) bears the following inscription: *West side*: MOSES HARRIS—DIED—NOV. 13, 1838—AGED 89 YEARS—11 MONTHS AND 24 DAYS—*North side*: IN JUNE, 1787, I MOVED WITH TWO OF MY BROTHERS, WILLIAM

AND JOSEPH HARRIS, ON TO THE JOHN LAWRENCE PAT-
TENT, AS YOU MAY SEE BY THE RECORDS IN THE OFFICE
OF THE COUNTY. BUT NOW I AM DONE WITH THIS
WORLD AND RACE, AND NONE BUT GOD SHALL SAY
WHERE SHALL BE MY ABIDING PLACE.”

“I have visited his son,” writes Mr. Cross to the author, “and my conclusions are that Moses Harris was the man of all others who risked most in becoming a target for both sides, thereby procuring information that resulted in the defeat of Burgoyne. Harris, like thousands of other common men who have done great service, passed into obscurity and was forgotten. More than a hundred years have elapsed and justice should now be done to one of the bravest of men, who lived in times that tried men’s souls! His name should be placed high on the Saratoga monument that is to record the results of all these heroic deeds.”



APPENDIX II.

GATES'S SCOUTS ; BRYAN ; HARDIN, ETC.

General Gates, also, besides Schuyler, had scouts on whom he relied to furnish intelligence of Burgoyne's movements, chief of whom was Alexander Bryan, who succeeded Harris in his delicate duties to Gen. Schuyler. Bryan, during the American Revolution, kept an inn two miles north of Waterford, on what was then the great road between the northern and southern frontiers. His house, naturally, was frequented by the partisans of each side, toward whom he behaved so discreetly that he was molested by neither, but was confided in by both. His patriotism, however, was well known to the Committee of Safety of Stillwater, by whom he was recommended to Gates as a suitable person to report the intended movements of the enemy. Bryan tarried in the neighborhood of Burgoyne's army — at that time lying between Fort Miller and the Battenkill — until he was convinced that preparations were making for an immediate advance. Then on the 15th of September, in the early gray of the morning, he started with the tidings; and though pursued by troopers, he managed to escape, and

arrived safely at the headquarters of Gates late the following night. Bryan afterward removed to Saratoga Springs, in the cemetery of which village there is a monument erected to his memory bearing the following inscription: "In memory of Alexander Bryan, Died April 9th, 1825, aged 92 years. The first permanent settler, and the first to keep a public house here for visitors. An unpaid patriot, who alone and at great peril, gave the first and only information of Burgoyne's intended advance on Stillwater, which led to timely preparations for the battle of Sept. 19th, followed by the memorable victory of October 7th, 1777."

Another scout was Jacob Van Alstyne — a sketch of whom is given by Jephtha R. Simms. John Strover (the father of the late John Strover of Schuylerville, N. Y.) had also the command of a party of scouts well acquainted with the country. "He was present," says General Bullard, "at the execution of Thomas Lovelace, a malignant Tory, who was hung upon an oak tree, about thirty rods south of where George Strover now resides. At that date the gravel ridge extended east as far as where the canal now is, and the oak tree stood upon the east point of the gravel ridge near where the store house of the Victory company now stands. When the Waterford and Whitehall turnpike was constructed through there, about 1813, the stump of the old oak was removed by the excavation. John Strover had frequently informed his son George that

Lovelace was buried in a standing posture, near the tree. When the excavation took place, George stood by and saw the bones, yet in a standing posture, removed from the very spot which had been pointed out by his father. The skull of Lovelace is now (1895) in the possession of the daughter of the late George Strover, who lives in the "Schuyler Mansion" at Schuylerville, N. Y. During the campaign Burgoyne employed Lovelace and other Tories as spies, and they were generally secreted in the woods between old Saratoga and Saratoga Lake. One day Capt. Dunham, then residing near the lake, in company with Daniel Spike and a colored man, was scouring the woods, and while crossing upon a tree which had fallen over the brook east of the Wagman farm, discovered five guns stacked in the hiding place of the spies. With a sudden rush, Dunham and his associates seized the guns and captured all five of the spies, bound and brought them into the American camp."

This adventure of Dunham brings to mind an equally daring exploit (performed during the time that Burgoyne and Gates lay opposite each other) by Lieut. John Hardin — the great-grandfather of Mrs. Ellen H. Walworth of Saratoga Springs, N. Y., — who was attached to Morgan's Rifle Corps. Hardin was often selected by Morgan 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.

“Great and crushing as was the defeat at Saratoga,” continues Gen. Bullard, “the war was not yet ended, and the struggle continued for five years longer. Nor did this locality escape the trials and hardships of those times which tried men's souls.

“For instance, the farm of James Brisbin had sufficient wheat and cattle to have paid the purchase price, but it was all taken and consumed by Bur-

goyne's army without compensation, notwithstanding the fair promises made in the proclamation of that General of July 10th. We should except, however, a single cow, which escaped from her captors, returned home and was secreted and saved."*

* This is an appropriate place in which to correct the statements of some writers, even those on the American side, to the effect that the Americans were seemingly the only ones who committed acts of plunder. So patriotic and able a writer as Gen. J. Watts de Peyster, for example, has given countenance to this view, by citing the well-known advice of Col. Skeene to Breyman, "to scatter things on the march, as the Rebels would stop to pick them up," thus allowing time for that officer to make good his retreat. Still, this sort of thing was by no means confined to the so called "Rebels," as might be inferred from the remark of Col. Skeene. In a "Forgotten diary of a Red-coat officer" detailing his experience in the retreat from Concord, published for the first time in full in the Boston *Evening Transcript*, Apr. 18, 1894, the "Diary" closes as follows: "Our soldiers, the others say [*i. e.*, on the Retreat from Concord] tho' they shew'd no want of courage, yet were so wild and irregular that there was no keeping 'em in any order; by their eagerness and inattention they kill'd many of our own People; and the plundering was shameful; many hardly thought of anything else; what was worse they were encouraged by some Officers."



APPENDIX III.

ANECDOTES OF BURGOYNE'S CAMPAIGN — BY THE LATE CHAS. NEILSON, OF BEMUS'S HEIGHTS.

On the near approach of Burgoyne with so powerful, and as yet successful an army, with his horde of unrestrained savages, who were continually in advance and on his flanks, prowling about the country, plundering, murdering and scalping all who refused loyalty to the British king, the inhabitants on both sides of the Hudson river, in the wildest consternation and alarm, fled in every direction. In one place a long cavalcade of ox carts occasionally intermixed with wagons, filled with all kinds of furniture hurriedly thrown in, and not often selected by the owners with referenc to their use or value, on occasions of such alarm, were stretched for some distance along the road ; while in another might be seen a number on horseback, and here and there two mounted at once on a steed panting under the weight of a double load, closely followed by a crowd of pedestrians, and some perhaps weeping mothers, with a child or two screaming in their arms or on their backs, trudging along with fearful and hurried step. These found great

difficulty in keeping up with the rapid flight of their mounted friends. Here and there would be seen some humane person assisting the more unfortunate, by relieving them of their burdens with which they were encumbered; but generally a principle of selfishness prevented much interchange of friendly offices — every one for himself was the common cry.

The men of this generation can never know what were the sorrows of those fathers that saw their children exposed to dangers and death, and what the agonies of those kind mothers, who pressed their offspring to their bosom in the constant apprehension of seeing them torn from their embraces, to become the victims of savage cruelty.*

At one time while the two armies were encamped near each other (after the battle of Freeman's farm) about twenty of the most resolute inhabitants in the vicinity, collected together for the purpose of having a frolic, as they termed it, of some kind or other. After their arrival at the place of rendezvous, and a

* In corroboration of the above just remark I give here an epitaph, copied from the inscription found on a monument in Westminster, Vermont, and furnished to Slade by the late Hon. Wm. C. Bradley. It is preserved in "Slade" both, as he says, as a literary curiosity and as exhibiting "an unequivocal indication of the *spirit of the times*." The history of the transaction, which it commemorates, may be found in "Slade's Vermont State Papers," pages 55-9. It is an account of one of the most unprovoked and blood-thirsty transactions of the American revolution, and

number of propositions had been logically discussed, they finally concluded, with more courage than prudence, that, by a *coup-de-main*, they would go and bring in one of the British advance pickets, which was posted on the north bank of the middle ravine. Having with much formality selected their several officers, and furnished themselves with suitable arms and other equipments, they marched off in *ir*-regular military style. The martial costume of the captain, for by such title he was addressed, exhibited the extremes of continental etiquette, personified in one instance, by a sharp and huge three-cocked hat, profusely trimmed with the threadbare fragments of thrown-off gold lace, surmounting a well pomatumed

fully deserves a place (as a *record*) beside the "Battle of Golden Hill," New York, and the "Boston Massacre." As "Slade" is now out of print we reproduce it.

EPITAPH.

"In Memory of William French Son to M^r Nathaniel French Who Was Shot at Westminster March Y^e 13th 1775 by the hands of Cruel Ministereal tools of Georg y^e 3^d in the Corthouse at a 11 a Clock at Night in the 22^d year of his Age."

"Here William French his Body lies
 For Murder his blood for Vengance cries
 King Georg the third his Tory crew
 tha with a bawl [ball] his head Shot threw
 For Liberty and his Countrys Good
 he Lost his Life his Dearest blood."

and powdered head. A long waisted blue coat, turned up with rather sun-bleached buff, that met and parted at the same time on his breast; a black silk neck-kerchief, drawn tightly around his throat, discovering the balance of power, or rather the center of gravity to be lying somewhere in the region of the olfactory organ, completed the upper half of this mischief-bent volunteer officer. A pair of buckskin small clothes drawn tightly over a muscular thigh, were met at the knee by a pair of straight-sided boots, that, doubtless, by their stiffness and want of pliability prevented anything like an attack upon the limb inside. An old white belt thrown over the whole man, and a heavy sabre with a leather scabbard, completed the brilliant costume of this son of chivalry, and *ir*-regular friend of the Continental Congress. The other *com*-missioned officers, for such by way of distinguishment were they called, were fully armed and accoutred in a similar manner, but somewhat inferior in brilliancy. Brown tow shirts were the panoply of the *farmer*-soldiers; over their broad shoulders hung powder horns and shot bags, manufactured during the long winter evenings, and now and then stopped up with a corn cob, which had escaped the researches of the swinish multitude. Muskets were rather uncommon among the inhabitants in those days of martial exploit, and in their stead, long fowling-pieces were substituted.

In such a group of combatants, just escaped, as it were, from the tomahawk, hastily equipped for the

present emergency, and bearing a grotesque appearance, the name of Steuben was of no more weight than the feather that danced in the breeze. Thus armed and accoutred, the sons of daring intrepidity marched off about ten o'clock at night, with more courage than order, fully determined to conquer or die in the glorious cause of their beloved country, then bleeding at every pore. As they approached within musket-shot distance of their unsuspecting enemy they were formed, or rather formed themselves in order of battle, and advanced in three *grand* divisions — one by a circuitous route, to gain their rear, while the other two posted themselves on their flanks. After giving time for each party to gain their several positions, the resolute captain, who was prepared for the purpose, gave the preconcerted signal by a deafening blast on an old horse trumpet, whose martial sound had often cheered the mounted troops to fierce and bloody combat, when all, with fearless, step "rushed bravely on" with clattering arms, through rustling leaves and crackling brush, with the usual parade of a hundred men. As they closed in the leaders of each division, in a bold and commanding voice, and before the guard could say "Who comes there?" called, or rather bawled out, "Ground your arms, or you are all dead men!" Supposing they were surrounded by a much superior force, and deeming resistance, under such circumstances, of no avail, the officer of the guard gave the orders, when their arms were immediately grounded,

and thirty British soldiers surrendered themselves "prisoners of war" to only two-thirds of their number, and those undisciplined American farmers.

Accompanying the American army were a great number of women, principally foreigners, many of whom had husbands or brothers in the action, and many who followed merely for the sake of plunder, as was manifested during the night after the action of the 7th October. The next morning after the battle every man that was left dead on the field, and even those who were supposed to be mortally wounded, and not yet dead, but helpless, were found stripped of their clothing, which rendered it almost impossible to distinguish between American and British. But *during* the action a heartrending and yet, to some, a laughable, scene took place in the American camp, and probably the same in the British. In the heat of the battle, and while the cannon were constantly roaring like oft peals of distant thunder, and making the earth to quake from its very foundation, some of those women, wringing their hands, apparently in the utmost distress, and frantically tearing their hair in the agony of their feelings, were heard to cry out, in the most lamentable exclamations, "Och, my husband! my poor husband! Lord Jesus, spare my poor husband!" which would be often repeated, and sometimes by fifteen or twenty voices at once; while the more hardened ones, and those rejoicing in the prospects of plunder, would break out in blasphemous imprecations, ex-

claiming, "D—n your poor husband, you can get another!" And in this manner the scene continued during the action; and I have heard it observed by those who were present that they could not help smiling, even through their tears, at the pitiful exhibition.

The Germans were found almost totally unfit for the business they were engaged in. They were unable to march through the woods and encounter the difficulties incident to our then almost unsettled country. Many of them deserted to our army before and after the convention at Saratoga. Among those of the German troops who surrendered, were the Hesse-Hanau regiment, Riedesel's dragoons and Specht's regiment, the most remarkable of the whole. The Hessians were extremely dirty in their persons, and had a collection of wild animals in their train — the only thing American they had captured.* Here

* Until Green's and Elking's works on the Hessians came out, it had always been the habit of all writers on both sides to sneer at and ridicule the Hessians. But they were really to be pitied. The abject slave of his German petty prince, the Hessian was not allowed to ask why or wherefore he was to fight. He knew but one will — that of his military lord and superior. That he did not, however, *yearn* to return to his fatherland, is clearly shown in the fact that as many as could deserted, and in Massachusetts and Virginia became well-to-do and reputable farmers — many of whose descendants are living to this day — chief men in their respective communities. As in

could be seen an artillery-man leading a black grizzly bear, who every now and then would rear upon his hind legs as if he were tired of going upon all fours, or occasionally growl his disapprobation at being

point, I here give an extract from the private diary of Capt. Biddle, during the revolution :

Although, as we have seen, it was one of Biddle's chief motives in enlisting to have a shot at the Hessians, he saw cause later to change his opinion of these mercenaries, "when he came to know many of them, and considered that they were a set of poor wretches, obliged to go wherever they were ordered by their prince." He records that "many of them captured with Burgoyne were at Reading, and were very useful to the farmers in the neighborhood, who hired them and found they were hardworking, industrious fellows. I know several who have become men of property, and behaved well. One of them has been with me eleven years." * * * He says when he first came to America he and all the Hessians firmly believed that if they were taken by the Americans they would be roasted and eaten. He notes with indignation the conduct of an American surgeon who was employed to attend the wounded Hessians taken prisoners after the attack upon the fort at Red Bank. This man boasted, it seems, that "whenever he was called to a Hessian wounded in the leg or arm he immediately amputated it, whether necessary or not, to prevent their doing any more mischief."

Neilson, however, is wrong in styling these "Hessians." They were *Brunswickers* — the Hessians being in the southern department. Bancroft, also, falls into this same error. The above remark, nevertheless, applies with equal force to the *Brunswickers*.

pulled along by his chain. In the same manner a tamed deer would be seen tripping lightly after a grenadier. Young foxes were also observed looking sagaciously at the spectators from the top of a baggage wagon, or a young racoon securely clutched under the arm of a sharpshooter. There were a great many women accompanying the Germans, and a miserable looking set of oddly dressed, gypsy featured females they were.

It is said that no insults were offered to the prisoners as they marched off, and they felt grateful for it. However, after they got out of the camp, many of the British soldiers were extremely abusive, cursing the rebels and their own hard fate. The troops were escorted by some of the New England militia, and crossed the river at Stillwater, on a bridge of rafts, which had been constructed by the Americans while the army was encamped on Bemis's heights.* On the night of the surrender, a number of Indians and squaws, the relics of Burgoyne's aboriginal force,

*The army of Burgoyne was escorted by Gens. Glover and Whipple to Cambridge, near Boston with a competent guard of militia. "The first night of the retreat" [Oct. 7], writes Glover to Heath, Oct. 9th, '77, "we halted half a mile in the rear of them [the British army]; there remained the whole night with our arms in our hands: not a man slept. About four in the morning, they began to move. We pushed on until they were driven into their strong works on the River Road [Wilbur's Basin]. Skir-

were quartered under a strong guard for safe keeping. Without this precaution their lives would not have been safe from the exasperated militia.

While the British army lay on the north bank of Fisk creek, the east side of the river, in addition to the regular troops, was lined with American militia. One of them, an expert swimmer, discovered a number of the enemy's horses feeding in a meadow of General Schuyler's, opposite, and asked permission of his captain to go over and get one of them. It was given, and the man instantly stripped, and swam across the river. He ascended the bank and selecting a fine bay horse for his prize, approached the animal, seized and mounted him instantly. This last was the work of a moment. He forced the horse

mishing parties were sent out the whole day and some prisoners taken."

The following, also, is from the journal of Ephriam Squier, a sergeant in the Connecticut Line of the Continental Army :

"Oct. 17th. This morning, at 4 o'ck, paraded again, ground our arms at about 11 o'clk, orders to strike our tents and load them and march to headquarters immediately, which we did as soon as possible and marched by the road just north of the Meeting House so as to see the prisoners march by towards Head-Quarters, a very agreeable sight, I thought for some time, but was weary before they had all passed by, though they marched brisk, yet they had hardly all passed us by the sun half an hour high. They were more than three hours in passing."

into a gallop, plunged down the bank and brought him safely over to the American camp, although a volley of musketry was fired at him from a party of British soldiers posted at a distance beyond. His success was hailed with enthusiasm, and it had a corresponding effect on his own adventurous spirit. After he had rested himself, he went to his officer and remarked, that it was not proper that a private should ride, whilst his commander went on foot. "So, sir," added he "if you have no objections, I will go and catch another for you, and next winter when we are home, we will have our own fun in driving a pair of Burgoyne's horses." The captain seemed to think it would be rather a pleasant thing and gave a ready consent. The fellow actually went across the second time, and with equal success, and brought over a horse that matched exceedingly well with the other. The men enjoyed this prank very much, and it was a circumstance familiar to almost every one in the army at that time.

Another circumstance happened about the same time, and shows that families were not only divided in feeling on the subject of the war, but that the natural ties which bind the same kith and kin together were not always proof against the political animosities of the times. When Burgoyne found his boats were not safe, and, in fact, much nearer the main body of the American army than his own, it became necessary to land his provisions, of which he had already been short for many weeks, in order to

prevent his army being actually starved into submission. This was done under a heavy fire from the American troops, who were posted on the opposite side of the river. On one of these occasions a person by the name of Mr. —, at Salem, and a foreigner by birth, and who had at the very time a son in the British army, crossed the river at De Ridder's*

* On the east side of the Hudson River, opposite Schuylerville, N. Y., is the old homestead of the De Ridder family. The original house was burned in 1836, being somewhat nearer the road on the east. When the lands in the patent of Saratoga were still uncultivated, and in great part covered with wood, it was then that three young and robust men, Killian De Ridder, Philip Schuyler (who was shot in 1745), and — Winne, started from the city of Albany with packs upon their backs, and penetrated the wilds of the upper Hudson till they reached this neighborhood. Here they settled and cultivated the land, enduring the perilous and toilsome vicissitudes of a frontier life. The fire which destroyed the old family mansion also destroyed a great number of old and curious books, papers and collected relics and mementoes. One of the things which escaped the ravages of the fire was an old Dutch family Bible. Upon its title page is the following sentence, explanatory of its name and the date of publication, etc.: "Gedaenter Vergaderinge van de Hoogh gemelte Staten Generael. In den Hage den 29, Julij, 1637. Was gegparaphreert, A. Ploss, Van Amstel, Onder stont, Ter Ordenmantie van deselve. Geteekent, Cornelis Musch." From the family register it appears that Simon De Ridder, son of Killian, "was born the 20th

with a person by the name of M'Neil; they went in a canoe, and arriving opposite to the place intended, crossed over to the western bank, on which a redoubt

day of December, 1765, on Thursday morning at 4 o'clock, Walter and Annatie Becker, sponsors." It is perceived that the custom of baptizing children on the day of their birth was followed by this early family. Simon De Ridder was married to Catherine Becker, daughter of John A. and Hannah Becker, February 15, 1786. His second wife, Maria Van Schaick, daughter of Jacob and Geertie Van Schaick, he married February 15th, 1790. He died July 13th, 1832. He took a very prominent part in the War of 1812, and was known as General Simon De Ridder. Several of the descendants of the De Ridder family and their connections are still living and hold positions of great trust, besides being influential members of their respective communities. Mr. J. H. De Ridder, cashier of the Citizens's National Bank of Saratoga Springs, N. Y., takes great pride (and deservedly) of his ancestors. The late wife, also, of Charles W. Mayhew, for many years the honored superintendent of the Victory Mills, of Schuylerville, N. Y., was the eldest daughter of Col. Walter De Ridder, who was in the War of 1812. His father was the Gen. Samuel De Ridder above mentioned, who was contemporary with Philip Schuyler, 2d., son of Gen. Schuyler, of Revolutionary fame, and were great friends. The De Ridders, as above stated, settled on the east side of the Hudson, and the Schuylers on the west, both owning large tracts of land. The ancestor of Mr. Mayhew was Thomas Mayhew, who came to America early in 1600 removing from Watertown, Mass., in 1642, began the settlement at Edgar-

called Fort Lawrence had been erected. They crawled up the bank with their arms in their hands, and peeping over the upper edge, they saw a man in a blanket coat loading a cart. They instantly raised their guns to fire, an action more savage than commendable. At the moment the man turned so as to be more plainly seen, old Mr. — said to his companion, now that's my own son Hughy, but I'll be d—'d for a' that if I sill not gi' him a shot. He then actually fired at his own son, as the person really proved to be, but happily without effect. Having heard the noise made by their conversation, and the cocking of their pieces, which the nearness of his position rendered perfectly practicable, he ran round the cart and the balls lodged in the felloe of the wheel. The report drew the attention of the neighboring guards, and the two marauders were driven from their lurking place. While retreating with all possible speed M'Neil was wounded in the shoulder, and while alive carried the wound about unhealed to his last day. Had the ball struck the old Scotchman, it is questionable whether any one would have considered it more than even-handed justice, commending the chalice to his own lips.

town, Martha's Vineyard, and was Governor and patentee of Martha's Vineyard, Nantucket and Elizabeth Isles, preaching there 73 years. Mr. Mayhew is in the eighth generation. Mr. Mayhew has the "Mayhew Tree" from which these facts are taken, and which brings the family up to 1855.↓



APPENDIX IV.

PRESENT APPEARANCE OF THE SARATOGA BATTLE GROUNDS.

It has often been said that there is now nothing left on the ground where the Battles of Saratoga were fought, to distinguish the places where our patriot fathers gained memorable victories ; that the trenches have been filled in, the breastworks obliterated, and the whole battle ground turned into cultivated fields and luxuriant pastures, where flocks and herds are quietly grazing.

These statements, however, are most erroneous. On the contrary, the face of the country has undergone scarcely any change ; the same trees, the same brooks, and even the same stones and bridges remaining in the precise localities where they were sketched by Burgoyne's engineers. In fact, it may truthfully be said that both the Saratoga Battle and Surrender Grounds are, perhaps, the only Revolutionary spots which yet retain numerous traces to recall the memories of the stirring scenes enacted on their sites. Among these may be mentioned the following, which still (1895) exist :

First—The breastworks which surrounded Riedesel's Brunwickers, and at the south-eastern extremity of which the Hanau artillery, under Captain Pausch, was placed (enclosing an area of, perhaps, twenty acres), are yet easily traced, being still two, and in some places five feet high. In the center of this space, and in the midst of a dense wood, is seen the old camp well used by this portion of Burgoyne's army.

Second—The traces of Breyman's intrenchments are yet to be seen very plainly. The place is considerably elevated by nature, and is known among the farmers in the vicinity as Burgoyne's Hill. Properly, it should be Breyman's Hill. It was at the northeast corner of this eminence that Arnold was wounded.

Third—The stump of the basswood tree, with another large tree grown out of its top, under which General Fraser was seated on his horse when mortally wounded by Morgan's sharpshooter, Pat Murphy, yet stands by the side of the road.

Fourth—The house which was the headquarters of Generals Arnold, Learned and Poor, before, during and after the two actions, is still standing in excellent preservation.

Fifth—The barn which served as a hospital for the wounded Americans, remains to mark the spot where so many gallant men suffered and died, the timbers of which are as solid as when first put in.

Sixth— The foundations and cellar of the house in which General Fraser died while being ministered to by Madam Riedesel, are yet clearly seen by the river bank.

Seventh— The "Ensign House," which received a portion of Burgoyne's wounded, together with the tall Dutch clock which ticked off the numbered minutes of the dying, still remain.

Eighth— The sleepers of the bridge which Burgoyne threw across the "great ravine," just before he crossed it to fall in with the scouting party of Morgan on the afternoon of the 19th, are perfectly sound.

Ninth— Numerous trees, which were standing at the time of the battles, still keep in their trunks the bullets fired from the guns of Cilley's New Hampshire troops.*

Tenth. Not a season passes that cannon balls, grape shot, skeletons, stone and iron tomahawks, short carbines, used by the German yagers, and similar relics, are not plowed up by the husbandman.

Leaving now the battle grounds proper and following the river road along the line of the retreat and pursuit from Wilbur's Basin to Saratoga (now Schuylerville), the traveler is confronted by many souve-

* While at Saratoga, this last summer, a farmer brought in a load of wood cut from the battle-field. One of the sticks had embedded in it twelve grape shot. This stick is now in the possession of Mr. H. B. Hanson of Saratoga Springs, an exceedingly worthy citizen and patriotic gentleman.

nirs of a similar character. Chief among these may be mentioned, first; the foundations of the "Dove-gat House" at Coveville, in which Burgoyne and his staff rested for one night, both on the advance and on the retreat, and which is rendered additionally interesting from its having been the starting point of Lady Acland, when, accompanied by Parson Brudenell, she set out in a frail boat, and in the midst of darkness and a cold autumnal storm, to rejoin her husband then lying wounded in the American camp; and, secondly; "Sword's House," the cellar bricks of which still are visible, and around which the British army encamped on the evening previous to the action of September 19. Arrived at Schuylerville, the tourist of to-day may see the high breastworks of Gates' intrenched army, whence was thrown the cannon ball which took off the leg of mutton from the table around which Burgoyne and his officers were seated. A little way from this, on the north side of Fish creek, Morgan's intrenchments, several feet in height, are easily traced. The breastworks, also, of General Fellows, on the north side of the Battenkill and the east bank of the Hudson, are nearly as high at the present time as when they contained the cannon from which was thrown the ball that took off the leg of the British surgeon, Jones (see Madam Riedel's Memoirs). Again, on the north, the plow has not yet leveled the intrenchments hastily thrown up by Stark, who thus made the investiture of the British army complete — catching it, as it were, like a mouse

in a trap; while the cellar in which Mrs. Riedesel took refuge, with her children, during the cannonade from Fellows' batteries, is kept in excellent condition by Mrs. Marshall, who lives in the house and takes patriotic pride in its possession; and finally the exact place where the British crossed the Hudson, just below the Saratoga Falls about two miles above Schuylerville, is marked by the intrenchments which were at that time thrown up to cover the passage up the river, and which can still be seen very plainly. They are three hundred feet in length and from four to five feet high, but are overgrown with scrub pines. Mr. Rogers, whose grandfather lived on the farm at the time, informed me that within thirty years the wooden platforms for the cannon were in existence behind the intrenchment. The survey of the railroad from Greenwich to Saratoga Springs was through these intrenchments. Surely these various objects of interest all lying within a comparative stone's throw of the actual surrender ground, furnish — even more than those on the immediate battle-field — lasting memorials of a conquered army.



APPENDIX V.

MRS. WALWORTH'S LETTER.*

New York, March 20, 1894.

WM. L. STONE, ESQ.

DEAR SIR: The very name of your proposed book, "Visits to the Saratoga Battle Grounds," suggests a host of delightful associations to my mind. My first visit to the Saratoga battle ground was, when a very young girl, I accompanied Chancellor Walworth, afterward my father-in-law. Those who knew him and the fulness of knowledge which he held of every subject on which he would dilate, and his extreme accuracy of statement can appreciate the value of such companionship. Fresh as I then was from the memory of the supreme sacrifice my own father had made for his country on the field of Buena Vista, this visit to the ground where my great-grandfather had fought and received special honors, was a marked event in my young life. The Chancellor took me to every point of known interest; we entered

* This letter may be considered as an introduction to the following appendix on the "Tablets."

every house and examined the premises and the relics, and talked with the old people.

Twenty years elapsed between that visit and another, when with copies of military maps, and notes from books sought out in the State library at Albany I once more wandered over the battle ground with my older children, who helped me to trace the old points of interest. Some of the houses, notably the one in which General Fraser died and the one that had been General Gates' headquarters, were entirely destroyed; and only by turning over the soil were traces found of the old foundations and cellars. The earth-works were, in many places, quite leveled and other works of the revolutionary struggle were obliterated. We saw, however, what had escaped the knowledge of the Chancellor, remains of the old military road through the woods from the river to Breyman's Hill, and clear evidences of the revolutionary bridge thrown over the ravine near the foot of the hill for the passage of artillery. Now, alas! the least vestige of all this is gone and much more that told its record of the past. When will our countrymen believe that not in books alone are the records of a nation to be kept? If our "Saratoga Monument Association," or the government owned this great battle field it would tell its own story to the school children and to the indifferent grown people and lead them to value the national life that was at stake on this ground. If Burgoyne and his army had passed over it victoriously, our boasted freedom

would probably at his day still be rocked in the cradle of colonial conservatism. It will be long before we pay our full debt of gratitude to Saratoga and to France, so indissolubly linked in the events of 1777.

Another visit among many I have made to the battle ground since that time was memorable when I was accompanied by the late Joseph W. Drexel, Captain A. de R. McNair, U. S. N., and our friend, the late George Ensign, who had lived all of his life on the battle ground. The mutual enthusiasm of this earnest, single-minded farmer, and the accomplished man of the world, J. W. Drexel, was an inspiration to the whole party: my daughter accompanied us. With light wagons we drove from place to place, over fields and meadows as well as roads, stopping at every point of note, as Mr. Ensign and I led the way, to exclaim on the beauty of the scene, the interest of the locality or to consult about the best point for the proposed tablets. One after another of us standing up in a wagon, pointing and declaiming, a spectator might have supposed we were making stump speeches, so eager and enthusiastic was the interest expressed during this whole day which was spent on the field, with the exception of an hour at noon. At the old historic Bemus Tavern we and our horses found rest and refreshment.

That visit was a prelude to one succeeding it, made with my son and a negro man who belonged to the old set of "colored people" who are descendants of

those who were once slaves to the Schuylers and other "county families." I drove carefully over the ground; and at each point, we had formerly selected, had a heavy stake driven in the ground. This was a mark for the preparation of the soil for tablets that were to be permanent memorials of the heroism and the results of the contest on the field of Saratoga. You know how unceasing the labor has been to complete that work.

ELLEN HARDIN WALWORTH.



APPENDIX VI.

THE TABLETS ON THE BATTLE-GROUNDS.

The several points of interest on the battle-grounds which are marked, respectively, by tablets*—thirteen in number — are as follows :

First—The advanced entrenchments on the “River Road” (Mile Creek) ; the gift of the late Hamilton Fish of New York city, the first president of the “Saratoga Monument Association.” The inscription reads : “IN MEMORY OF NICHOLAS FISH, MAJOR 2D N. Y. REG : ENGAGED IN THE BATTLE ON THESE GROUNDS. SARATOGA, 1777.”

Second—Breyman’s Hill, where Arnold was wounded ; the gift of Gen. J. Watts de Peyster of Tivoli, N. Y.

Third—Balcarras’s Redoubt ; the gift of General M. D. Hardin, in memory of his great-grandfather,

* These tablets are all of granite, about four feet and a half high, some with round and others with pyramidal tops. The one at “Freeman’s Farm” is the most massive, being three and a half feet in width by two in thickness, and which, as before stated, have been erected solely by the continuous, urgent and patriotic efforts of Mrs. E. H. Walworth.

Colonel John Hardin, who, as a lieutenant in Morgan's Corps, was in both battles and was also present at the surrender. This tablet is a short distance from the one formerly erected in 1877, in special commemoration of the battle of September 19, 1777. These two tablets, with the one erected in memory of Arnold's bravery on Breyman's Hill, form the *first* group of tablets to be seen on approaching the field from Saratoga Springs.

Fourth—The Great Ravine, where the battle raged the fiercest; the gift of Mrs. Estelle Willoughby. This is close to the bridge between Freeman's Farm and Neilson's, and with the tablets erected to commemorate the fall of General Fraser, and to mark the British line of battle, form the *second* group of tablets in continuing a visit to the field.

Fifth—The British Line of Battle; the gift of Mrs. J. V. L. Pruyn of Albany, N. Y. Mrs. Pruyn is the widow of the late Chancellor Pruyn, one of the vice-presidents of the S. M. A. This tablet reads: SARATOGA 1777. HERE THE FIRST ASSAULT WAS MADE BY THE AMERICANS ON THE BRITISH LINE OF BATTLE, OCTOBER 7. IN MEMORY OF JOHN V. L. PRUYN.

Sixth—Gates's Headquarters; the gift of George M. Pullman of Chicago, Ill.

Seventh—Fort Neilson; the gift of James M. Marvin of Saratoga Springs, N. Y., one of the vice-presidents of the S. M. A. The tablet reads: SARATOGA, 1777. FORT NEILSON. THE GIFT OF JAMES M. MARVIN.

The site of Fort Neilson is still (1895) marked by a depression in the soil, which marks the Headquarters of Gates. This high ground, on which rested the American left, was strongly fortified, and the works were called Fort Neilson, after the man who owned the ground. An old wood-colored house with dormer windows, and having near it a few poplar trees, stands here, and is interesting from the fact that a part of it dates from 1777, when it was occupied by Gen. Poor and Col. Morgan.

Eighth—Morgan's Hill. This gift of Mrs. V. N. Taylor stands in a prominent place about half a mile beyond the second group, and on the ground on which Morgan made his famous charge on Frazier's division.

Ninth—Final point of the retreat of the British, Oct. 7, 1777, the gift of the late Hon. Webster Wagner, State Senator for New York.

Tenth—The site of the old Bemus Heights Tavern, the gift of the late Giles B. Slocum of Detroit, Mich. The inscription is as follows: SARATOGA, 1777. THE SITE OF BEMUS TAVERN. THE GIFT OF GILES B. SLOCUM.

This tablet, which also marks the river intrenchments and the Pontoon Bridge across the Hudson river, is located near the Bemus Heights Tavern, and, with the one formerly erected at that point and two others on the River road, form the *third* group, besides the large tablet on Neilson's place, which stands alone.

Eleventh — The tree under which Fraser fell: the gift of Joseph W. Drexel. The inscription is as follows: HERE FRASER FELL, OCTOBER 7, 1777. HIS FORCES SCATTERED BY MORGAN'S RIFLEMEN. GIFT OF J. W. DREXEL.

The tree stands on the stump of the original tree which has grown from the stump (which stump is still [1895], plainly seen) of the tree under which Fraser received his death wound.

Twelfth — Freeman's Farm, the gift of Hon. George W. West of Ballston Spa., N. Y. The inscription is as follows: SARATOGA, 1777. THE BATTLE OF SEPTEMBER 19TH. FREEMAN'S FARM. THE GIFT OF HON. GEORGE WEST.*

*The ground here is slightly elevated, and on it and Breyman's Hill, a short distance north, Burgoyne's flank defenses were located. Nearly all the fighting was done in this immediate neighborhood. A man standing at the tablet can easily make his voice heard on the field of the 19th of September to the south, on that of the 7th of October, west, and on Breyman's Hill farm. His halloo could possibly be heard at Bemus's Heights, which with its poplars can be seen a mile to the south. The engagement of the 19th of September, was probably the hardest fought of any in the history of this continent. A portion of the ground on which it was fought was covered with shocks of corn. In the battle of the 7th of October, the Americans exhibited great valor, dislodging the enemy from his position, and compelling him to seek shelter in his intrenchments. These were

Thirteenth—The breastworks of Gates's fortifications erected by Kosciusko.

assaulted successfully on the British right, and it was at this time that Arnold was wounded in the thigh, his horse falling dead as he was riding into the enemy's works on Breyman's Hill. This elevation is so called from Col. Breyman, who commanded the Hessians troops, occupying it.



APPENDIX VII.

JOTHAM BEMUS, OF BEMUS'S HEIGHTS.—BY
DANIEL HAZELTINE POST.

Considerable interest naturally attaches to the family which owned and occupied the ground chosen by Gen. Gates on the advice of Count Kosciusko for the American defensive works against Burgoyne's onward march in 1777, in view of the fact that the family name became forever associated with the important battles fought in the vicinity, and that members of the family took part in them upon the American side, literally defending their home and fireside. There is a considerable amount of information in regard to this family existing, but, scattered through various volumes and never before collected together in a single article, it has been of little use to the historical reader or to the descendants of the original settlers. To briefly give a summary of this information is the object of this sketch.

At the time of the Burgoyne campaign there were living upon the west bank of the Hudson, about four miles north of the village of Stillwater, Jotham Bemus and his family, which consisted of his wife and six children. Bemus, was a farmer, energetic

and enterprising, engaged in buying cattle and in other traffic, and was evidently a man in easy circumstances. He kept the only tavern of any note between Albany and Fort Edward, and was well known through all the region. He was, also, in 1774, a justice of the peace. He was born about 1738 and consequently was about 40 years of age at the time of the Burgoyne campaign. He is described as of stout build, and of a vigorous and determined character. From Charles Neilson's account of Burgoyne's campaign, published in 1844, it is learned at page 289 that Bemus's house was the only *frame* dwelling included within the limits of the military operations at the Heights.

At the time of the battles the family had been residents in the vicinity for at least 17 years, for the *Calendar of Land Papers* in the State Library, 164, September 9, 1763, page 325, records that in 1760 the families of Bemus, Griffith and Park were occupying lands in this region. There is a strong probability that these families came to this region from Norwich, Conn. Jeremiah Griffith, who afterwards settled in Chautauqua County, was born in Norwich in July, 1758, went to Rensselaer County, from which he emigrated to Chautauqua County (See Young's *History of Chautauqua County*, pp. 315-323). In Hurd's *History of New London County*, 1882, among the inhabitants of New London in 1651 occur the names of Bemus and Park. Jotham Bemus, the subject of this sketch was married to Tryphena Moore,

and the *History of New London County* gives the names of a family of Moores as living in that county previous to 1689. These facts indicate strongly that the Bemus family came to Saratoga from near Norwich, Conn., and this is further corroborated by the following from Bond's *Genealogies and History of Watertown, Mass.*, 2d edition, page 680, 2d volume: "It is conjectured that the following Bemis family are descendants from Ephraim Bemis: Jotham Bemis and wife Tryphenia, *from Connecticut*, settled early in Saratoga County, N. Y., on the margin of the Hudson River, etc."

It is believed by the writer that in the battles occurring near the Heights Jotham Bemus and three of his sons took part. This has always been a family tradition and considerable evidence exists to prove its truth. William Marvin of North East, Pa., a descendant of Jotham Bemus, now living (1894), recently wrote: "I think from what I have heard that your great great grandfather (Jotham Bemus, Sen.) and his two sons, Jotham and William, were all in the army, and all in the battles of Bemus's Heights." Mr. Marvin also writes that he has heard William Bemus, son of Jotham, Sen., relate his army experiences, and that his impressions of the occurrences are thus derived from personal conversation with one who participated in the battles.

Jotham Bemus, Jr., the first child of Jotham, Sen., certainly was in the American Army as shown by the *Archives* of New York, volume I, page 250.

“BEMUS, JOTHAM, Corpl. Rhode Island Regt., Jeremiah Olney, Lt. Col. commanding. Enlisted in Col. Van Schaick's for 1 year, '76. Served 6 years, 1 month, 10 days. Discharged by General Washington Jan. 15, '83. A. P. 17-62. Town of Saratoga, badge of merit.”

William Bemus, the second child of Jotham Bemus, Sen., was a member of Captain Ephraim Woodworth's company, the 4th, in the 13th regiment, Saratoga district, known as the Saratoga regiment. Col. Van Vechten (or Van Veghten), who was on Gates's staff, was the regimental commander. He lived at Dove-gat, or Van Vechten's Cove, between Bemus's Heights and Schuylerville. Captain Woodworth was also a neighbor of the Bemuses, his house, about half a mile back of theirs, being used by Gen. Gates as headquarters, after he left the Bemus house. Col. John McCrea was at one time commandant of the “Saratoga regiment.” The tragic death of his sister, Jane McCrea, formed a leading incident of the Burgoyne campaign. (See *Archives*, volume I, page 322, for reference to William Bemus, also page 271, volume I, for reference to Saratoga regiment.) That the third son, John, also took part in the struggle is evident from the following extract from his obituary notice published in the *Saratoga Sentinel*, Sept. 15, 1829: “* * Though young he was in the American service at the capture of Burgoyne as a teamster * *.”

The Bemus house was used by General Burgoyne

as headquarters for a time. When the extension of the American fortifications, after the first battle, was completed, Gates moved his headquarters to the house of Captain Ephraim Woodworth on the Heights. After the battle of Sept. 19, the Bemus house was also used by General Lincoln as headquarters. The fate of the Bemus house is established by a letter from Rev. S. Hawley Adams, of Jamestown, N. Y., printed in Stone's *Burgoyne Ballads*, in which he says: "My grandmother, Salley Bemus Crawford (daughter of Jotham Bemus, Sen.), was born at Bemus Heights, May, 1768. * * She has spent hours in telling me of 'Burgine,' and his army which she saw; of the burning of her father's house by the British, and of the sufferings of the family for a time while they were wintering in a barn—Burgoyne having destroyed all their buildings and crops." Though no mention of the destruction of the house appears in any of the accounts of the battles, it is evident that it was burned in some foray of the enemy after it had been abandoned by Gates and Lincoln as headquarters. It was on the extreme flank of the American lines, and probably more or less unprotected after the first day's fighting, the troops being massed at some distance from the river, near Fort Neilson.

The site of the Bemus house is now marked by a stone tablet bearing the following inscription: "SARATOGA, 1777. THE SITE OF BEMUS TAVERN. THE GIFT OF GILES B. SLOCUM."

The Bemus Heights farm is now the property of the Hon. James B. Jermain, the well-known philanthropist of Albany.

JOTHAM BEMUS, SEN., who was born about 1738, died, it is believed, about the year 1786, at the age of 48 years. This date, by some members of the family, is thought to be too early. His first wife was Tryphena Moore, who was of Scotch descent. She was a woman of much refinement and culture. In an old family Bible in possession of some of the descendants of Jotham Bemus, Sen., at Bemus Point, Chaut. Co., N. Y., is the following list of his children: JOTHAM, WILLIAM, JOHN, SALLY, JAMES, NANCY.

This meagre record can be filled out to some considerable extent in the case of two of the children, William and Sally. Concerning the others but little is known. Following is the information concerning each of the children so far as obtained. The first four children were by Jotham Bemus's first wife, Tryphena Moore, the fifth child by a second wife whose maiden name is unknown. The "Nancy" whose name is given above was not a child of Jotham Bemus, but was the child of his second wife by a previous marriage. She married a Hudson, and lived in Chatham, N. Y., and had one son whose name was ordinarily called "Plin," but in reality was probably Pliny.

Following is what is known of the children of Jotham Bemus:

I. CORPORAL JOTHAM BEMUS, JR., remained in the

army until 1786, serving with distinction and receiving the "Badge of Merit." In 1805 (Turner's *History of the Holland Purchase*, page 460) he took "articles" to land in Western New York in township 8, range 7, and township 9, range 7. In the library of the Buffalo Historical Society, in the letters to Joseph Ellicott, agent of the Holland Land company, is a manuscript letter from him, dated May 4, 1806, in which he says he "has surveyed lot 44, township 9, range 7, and is building on lot 37, township 9, range 7." The letter is No. 187, Vol. 8, B. The lots mentioned were situated in the present town of Hamburg, Erie Co., near Buffalo. He was a member of the first grand jury west of the Genesee river, which was chosen in 1803, and sat in the court-house just completed at Batavia. Rev. S. Hawley Adams has the following record in regard to Jotham Bemus, Jr.: "He was a farmer of Erie Co., N. Y. Married Ase-nath Andress. He was in the war of 1812, and died of sickness contracted thereby. He had four daughters: Lydia, Tryphena, Annie and Sallie. Annie married ——, and lived in Buffalo."

II. WILLIAM BEMUS, the second son, was born at Bemus's Heights, Feb. 25, 1762, and died at Bemus's Point (town of Ellery, Chaut. Co., N. Y.), Jan. 20, 1830, in the 67th year of his age. He moved from Bemus Heights to Pittstown, Rensselaer Co., and on Jan. 29, 1782, was married to Mary Prendergast, who was born at Pawling, Dutchess Co., March 13, 1760, and died July 11, 1845. Her father was a leader in

his section, and for his patriotic resistance to the obnoxious rent laws was in 1766 condemned to death for high treason, but was subsequently pardoned by the king. William Bemus, in 1805, left Pittstown with his own and his father-in-law's family, and journeyed to Kentucky and Tennessee, but came back to New York State and settled on the shores of Chautauqua lake, at Bemus's Point, March 9, 1806. In 1804, according to Turner, he had taken articles to land in township 2, range 12, the site on which he settled in 1806. He evidently visited the region before the trip south. He was a man of mark in the community, of high character, benevolent instincts and public spirit. He wielded large influence. He had seven children.

The descendants of William Bemus are numerous in Chautauqua county, and are people of influence and standing in the community.

III. JOHN BEMUS, the third son of Jotham Bemus, Sen., was born on the Heights farm in 1763, and lived there until shortly before 1829, when he removed to the village of Saratoga Springs, where he died Sept. 8, 1829, in the 66th year of his age. He was married, but had no children. He was quite well-to-do and left half his property to his sister Sally (Bemus) Crawford. His wife died some years before his own death.

IV. SALLY, the fourth child of Jotham and Tryphena Moore Bemus, was born May 6, 1768; married Daniel Crawford of Saratoga Springs, March 22, 1789; died June 8, 1865, at Evansville, Ind., buried

at Saratoga Springs beside her husband. She was a woman of great vitality, courage and energy, and was a life-long member of the Baptist church. Her husband, Daniel Crawford, was for many years owner and proprietor of "Highland Hall," situated in the southern part of the village of Saratoga Springs. He died in 1839, aged 75 years. They had eight children.

The descendants of Jotham Bemus should spell the family name *Bemus*, if they propose to follow the orthography undoubtedly adopted by their ancestor. This is shown by the fact that letters from Jotham Bemus, Jr., and William Bemus can be seen in the Holland Purchase papers above referred to, in which it is signed in that manner. This spelling we believe is now coming into general acceptance, though in the past the spelling has been extremely varied. The Massachusetts family adhere to the spelling *Bemis*. In the *Calendar of Land Papers* spoken of it is given as *Beemis*. In Justin Winsor's *Critical History of the U. S.*, on page 361 of Vol. VI it is given as *Braemus*.* In Spencer's *History of the U. S.*, Vol. II, page 500, it is given *Behmus*. Hurd's *History of New London Co.* gives the name *Bemas*. Ephraim *Bemish* was a soldier at Groton in 1765. There are doubtless many other forms of spelling the name to be found.

*This spelling, however, is merely taken from Burgoyne's Map in his "State of the Expedition;" though Mr. Winsor says nothing of this fact.



APPENDIX VIII.

GILES B. SLOCUM'S LETTER.*

TRENTON, WAYNE CO., MICH., }
October 10, 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

* Giles Bryan Slocum, who died on Slocum's Island, Mich., January 26, 1884, was born in Saratoga township, N. Y., July 11, 1808. His grandfather, Giles Slocum, was of Quaker descent, born in Rhode Island, and moved at an early date to Pennsylvania, and was one of the few escaped sufferers of the massacre of Wyoming in 1778, and was a soldier in the Revolutionary war. Frances, sister of Mr. Slocum's grandfather, then five years old, was carried off by

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 moved over to old Saratoga in

Indians at that time, and after a captivity of sixty years, was found by Colonel Ewing near Logansport, Indiana. Mr. Giles B. Slocum had, in early life, the advantages afforded by the common schools and taught school himself. In 1830 he farmed on the Au Sable river in northern New York, and came west in 1831, landing at Detroit. After prospecting in the interior for a time about Black river, he settled on the Maumee, and assisted in laying out Vistula, now Toledo. His father dying in 1832, he returned east. He came back to Michigan in 1833 and spent the winter in the stave business at the head of Swan creek, now Newport, in Monroe county, and succeeded in getting the steamers "Jack Downing," "Jackson" and "General Brady," to come up Swan creek to Newport from Lake Erie. In 1834 he paddled a canoe down Grand river from Jackson to Grand Rapids. In 1837 he became a western man. Among other purchases were three miles of Detroit river front, where for the following fifteen years he turned his attention to wool growing and became one of the largest growers in Michigan. He was also engaged in building docks at Detroit, Windsor, Trenton and Sandwich. In 1848, he, with Mr. Mears, of Chicago, purchased large tracts of pine on White river and laid out the present village of Whitehall, About the same time he took a contract to build two bridges across the river Rouge. In 1838 Mr. Slocum married Sophia Maria Brigham Truax, daughter of

1814, and bought the place now owned by Hiram Cramer, situated about two miles southwest of Schuylerville. This was the same farm, in fact, on

Col. Abrahamson C. Truax, of the village of Trenton. Three children were born to them. Elliott T., and a daughter, Mrs. Elizabeth Nichols, survive.

He took an active part in the organization of the Republican party at Jackson in 1854, and was ever an influential supporter of the party. In 1856 he took an active interest in constructing the Detroit, Monroe and Toledo railroad and was one of its first directors, as his son, Elliott T., was of the Chicago and Canada Southern. In 1861 Mr. Slocum was an earnest supporter of the government, and did much to put regiments in the field. He was one of the trustees of the Saratoga Monument Association, of which Horatio Seymour was president. His son, Elliott T., succeeded him as such, and is now one of the trustees.

Mr. Slocum was a self-dependent man. During the financial disasters of 1837 he met all his engagements, which were many, and the fortune he accumulated was the result of numerous ventures which were conducted with care and clear business judgment. He was frank and bold in defending and maintaining his opinions, but never sought to force them on others. His honesty was never questioned, and he created in others unbounded faith and trust. None of the early pioneers of this section were more widely known throughout the State, nor more sincerely respected and esteemed.

His son, Hon. Elliott T. Slocum, has reason to be proud of his ancestry, especially as he is of Michigan birth and springs from a line which suffered

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.

much, not only to make his native State what it is, but on the paternal side to contribute blood and treasures in the struggle for American independence.

Elliott T. is the only son of Giles B. Slocum and Sophia Maria Brigham Truax. On his paternal side he can go back ten generations to Anthony Slocum, who is recorded as one of the forty-six "first and ancient" purchasers of the territory of Cohannet, now Massachusetts. Next came Giles Slocum, the common ancestor of all the Slocums, whose American lineage has been found to date from the seventeenth century. He was born in Somersetshire, England, and settled in Portsmouth township, Rhode Island, in 1638, where he died in 1682. Then followed respectively the generations of Samuel, Giles, Joseph, Jonathan, Giles, Jeremiah and Giles B., the father of Elliott T. He should be equally proud of his maternal ancestor, Col. Abraham Caleb Truax, who at the surrender of General Hull, refused to recognize its terms, escaped through the lines and was the first who communicated with Perry, and subsequently conveyed the intelligence of his victory to the resident Americans of Detroit. Elliott T. Slocum was born at Trenton, Wayne county, in 1839. In boyhood he was one of the leaders of his companions, and notwithstanding the pecuniary circumstances of his family were better than most of his associates, he is said never to have presumed to arrogate more than his equal rights with other boys. In accordance with his own inclinations and the wishes of his parents, he prepared for a college course and grad-

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.

uated at Union College, Schenectady, N. Y., in the class of 1862. The Rev. Dr. Eliphalet Nott, then its president, signed Mr. Slocum's diploma conferring the degree of Bachelor of Arts, which was one of the last signed by that celebrated divine. In 1869 he took his second degree, Master of Arts, from the University of Michigan. After graduating, he engaged with his father in looking after their large lands of lumber and farming interests, meanwhile as a born American, taking more or less interest in politics and in familiarizing himself with the questions relating to political economy. His investigations at that early period of his life have proved of value to him in enabling the intelligent exercise of views and opinions by which to regulate his own, as well as the actions of others in matters connected with governmental affairs. In 1869, he was elected State senator on the Republican ticket from the Third Senatorial District, which was strongly Democratic, and served with honor and to the satisfaction of his constituency. In the many important senatorial contests of Michigan, Mr. Slocum has taken an active part, and from them as from other public matters in which he has likewise taken great interest he has acquired a wide personal acquaintance. He was one of the first directors of the Chicago and Canada Southern railroad and was assigned the duty of procuring for it the right of way. This difficult undertaking he accomplished without sac-

When a school boy, we used to find leaden bullets on Burgoyne's Battle Grounds, of which we made plummets to rule our writing-paper, as they were the softest and best lead to be had.

About fifty years ago, there was a big celebration on the 4th of July, of which Ph. Schuyler, the grandson of Gen. Schuyler, was the leading actor. The extensive tables on the occasion were set on

rifice to the public or the railway company. In 1886, he was appointed a member of the Board of Park Commissioners of the city of Detroit, and until recently was its president, where he did excellent service, proving himself a most competent and faithful member. To his efforts is due much of the beauty and development of the Island Park. Mr. Slocum made two trips to Europe, where, being naturally attracted by the wonderful dykes of Holland, by which vast tracts of low lands have been reclaimed from the sea, he spent some time in studying the methods and results of the Dutch engineers. The knowledge thus gained, together with a careful study of the parks of Europe, came into useful play in the smaller field of Belle Isle Park.

Those who know Elliott T. Slocum appreciate him for his independence of thoughts and acts, and the frankness with which he presents and advocates his views without demanding that others should endorse or adopt them. He succeeded his father as trustee of the Saratoga Monument Association of New York, and with George William Curtis, Hon. S. S. Cox, Hon. John H. Starin and others, took an active interest in the erection of one of the finest monuments in the world, on the battle-field of

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." 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 abduc-

Burgoyne's surrender at Schuylerville, N. Y., near the home of his father's family,

In the management of extensive business interests left by his father and in the creation and development of new projects, Mr. Slocum has displayed good judgment and has been uniformly successful.

He was married July 30, 1872, to Charlotte Gross, daughter of the late Ransom E. Wood, an old resident and wealthy capitalist of Grand Rapids.

tion 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 general 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.

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,

GILES B. SLOCUM.



APPENDIX IX.

LETTERS FROM THE EARL OF CARNARVON TO THE EDITOR.

The reasons I insert these letters are, 1st, because Lord Carnarvon, being the great-grandson of Lady Acland, they are worthy of all respect in a work of this kind; and 2d, as they not only correct grave errors which have crept into all the histories of this period, but show the lovely character of Lady Acland.

PIXTON PARK, DULVERTON, }
December 12, 1879. }

MY DEAR SIR.—I have received, and am very much obliged for your very interesting article on Lady H. Acland. She was a lady deserving, I fully believe, of all the praise you have bestowed upon her, and of as high gifts of mind as she was graceful and charming in person and manner. There is at Killerton a very striking portrait of her by Sir Joshua Reynolds, of which I have the copy here.*

*Lord Carnarvon subsequently sent me a photograph of the portrait of Lady Acland by Reynolds here mentioned—in the possession of Sir Thos.

It is, however, remarkable that in this place where she lived so much and where, I believe, she died, there is little remaining to preserve her memory. I am now engaged, as I can find time for it, in looking over old family correspondence; and if I can find any of her letters which would be of interest to you, I will not fail to send to you. It is singular that I have not at present any one letter that I could offer for your acceptance.

I cannot conclude without adding how much the generous letters of Gen. Burgoyne and Gen. Gates add to the interest of the narrative which you have so gracefully put together. I shall very much value the gift which you have been good enough to make me, and I remain, Sir,

Your obt. servt.,

CARNARVON.

W. L. Stone, Esq.

BERKLEY SQUARE, LONDON, }
November 26, 1883. }

MY DEAR SIR.—I am much obliged to you for your letter and the volume on Gen. Burgoyne's

Acland of Killerton Park — and which has been used in the *alto rilievo* in one of the bronze tablets which adorn the interior of the Saratoga Monument. Lord Carnarvon died in 1890 universally lamented. The Queen, the Prince of Wales and the nobility, as well as all classes, joined in paying loving tributes to his memory.

Campaign which you have been good enough to send me. It is to me particularly interesting where it touches upon the history of Lady Harriet Acland.

In the event of a future edition, I would beg your attention particularly to three points which call for correction: 1st, that after Col. Acland's death, Lady Acland was out of her mind for two years; 2d, that she married Mr. Brudenell; 3d, that Col. Acland met his death in the duel, not by any wound from his adversary, but from a slip which threw his head against a stone and killed him.

These three statements I believe to be absolutely without any foundation, and I am at a loss to understand how the myth arose. I know that I may trust to your kindness, as far as lies in your power, to correct the error.

I am very sorry not to have received your letter when I was in America. Pray believe me that it would have given me very much pleasure to have seen and talked with you. It will give me very great pleasure to procure for you a photograph of Lady Harriet Acland which I have, and believe me,

Yours very faithfully,

CARNARVON.

PIXTON PARK, DULVERTON. }
9 April, 1885. }

MY DEAR MR. STONE.—You asked me some time since for an autograph of Lady H. Acland. I

could not then find one that I cared to send you ; but I have since come upon a volume with her name in it, which I send you with this letter.

I do not have it bound as I think you will prefer to have it exactly as she left it, in its old fashioned boards and with the leaves doubtless cut by her own hand. The subject of the book is characteristic of her [the title was "Lectures on the Gospel of St. Matthew," by Rev. Dr. Porteus, the favorite bishop of London of George IV], for she was a very religious person and devoted much of her time to the religious literature of the day.

It will give me very great pleasure if you will accept this little recollection of one whom I honor so much and whose memory it rejoices me to think is cherished on the other side of the Atlantic.

— Believe me, my dear sir,

Yours very faithfully,

CARNARVON.

ERRATA.

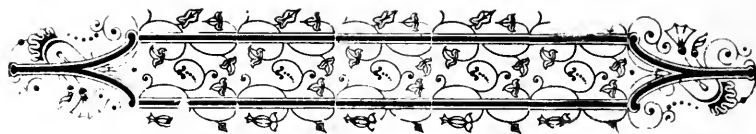
Page 189, 3d line from bottom, for "Breyton" read "Breymann."

Page 195, 13th line from bottom, for "extracted" read "extricated."

Page 195, 5th line from bottom, for "covered" read "carried."

Page 201, 14th line from top, for "Greek" read "Creek."

Page 300, 9th line from bottom, for "Samuel" read "Simon."



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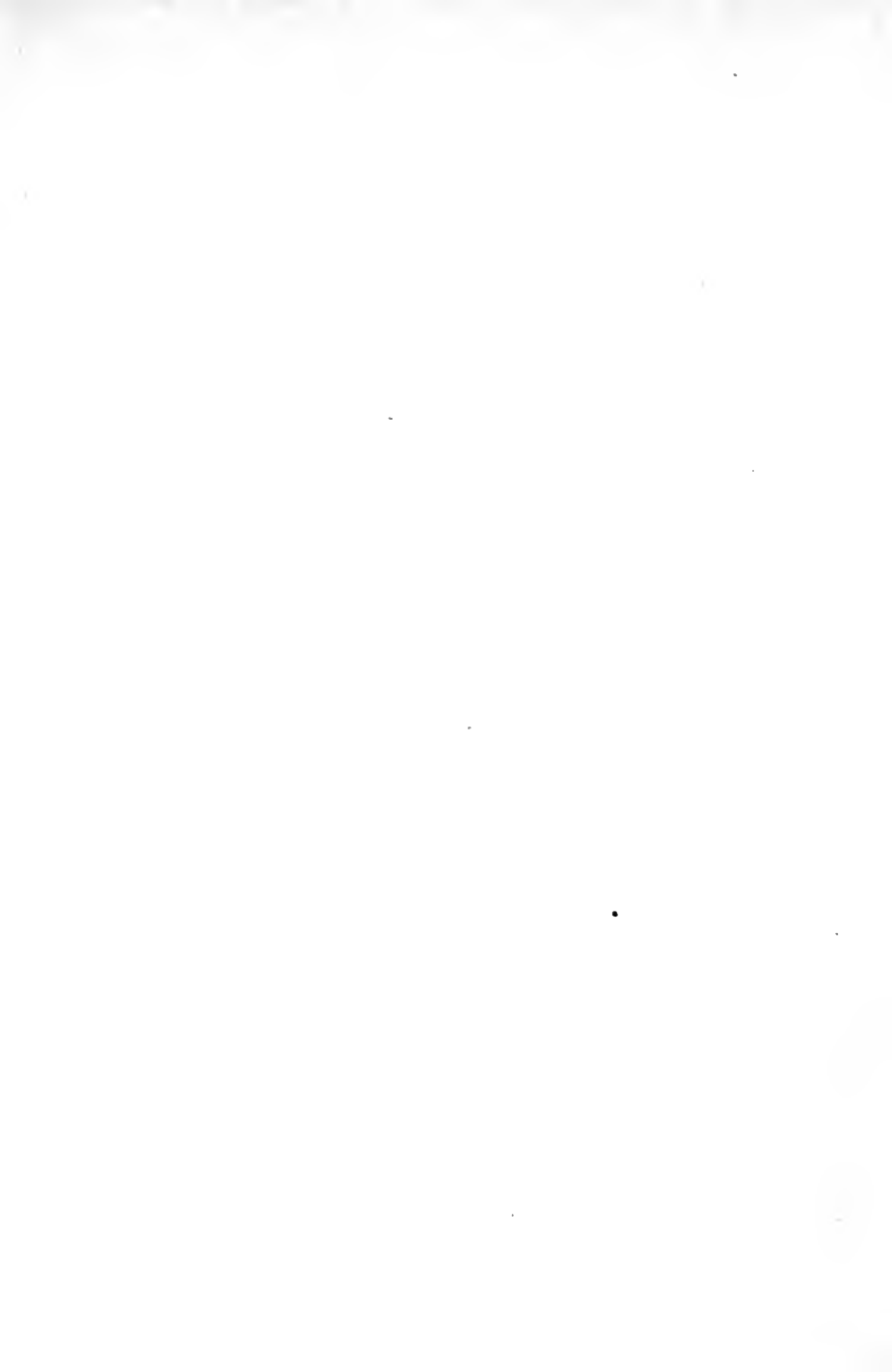
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