



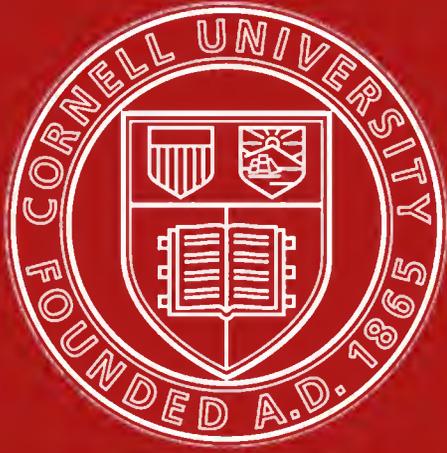
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THE BURGOYNE CAMPAIGN

A N A D D R E S S

DELIVERED ON THE BATTLE-FIELD

ON THE

O N E H U N D R E D T H C E L E B R A T I O N

O F T H E

B A T T L E O F B E M I S H E I G H T S

SEPTEMBER 19, 1877

BY

JOHN AUSTIN STEVENS

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THE BURGOYNE CAMPAIGN

MR. CHAIRMAN, CITIZENS OF SARATOGA COUNTY,
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :

To appear before you on this interesting occasion, commemorative of an important event in the annals of the State and country, is to me not only a signal honor and a grateful task but a filial duty. Proud to be chosen to recite the incidents of the campaign which culminated in the surrender of the first British army to the infant republic, it is a source of still greater pride to me that I am thus permitted to link my own name in the chain of history with that of my grandfather, Col. Ebenezer Stevens, of the Continental army, who, on this field, a century ago, directed, as Major Commandant of the Artillery of the Northern Department, the operations of that arm of the service which in great measure contributed to and secured the final success of the American troops.

The ground on which we stand is memorable. Before the discovery of the continent, this territory, at whose southern angle we are now gathered, was the battle-field of the Indian tribes, whose war trails lay upon its boundaries, and from the days of European settlement it has been the debatable ground of the French and Dutch, the French and English, and the colonists and English, by turns. Here the fate of American empire has been repeatedly sealed. Not because of its matchless beauty of hill and dale, its mirrored lakes and crystal streams, its invigorating atmosphere and perfect skies,

nor yet because of its unmeasured forests and fertile fields, was this old territory of Saratoga and Kayaderoseras the object of rivalry and contention. Its possession was of supreme military importance. The Mohawk pours into the Hudson at its southernmost limit ; its borders are protected by their waters, while a series of declivities, descending from the mountain ranges of Luzerne and Kayaderoseras and terminating in groups of isolated hills, present an admirable strategic point. The discovery of Lake Champlain in 1609, by the brave Frenchman whose name it bears, and the sailing up the Hudson by Henry Hudson, the same year, gave rise to a contest for its possession between the Canadian and New York colonists which lasted for more than a century and a half.

The French settlements spread rapidly up the St. Lawrence and far into the western country, while the Dutch and English slowly and methodically pushed their way along the Hudson, and thence by the Mohawk to the great interior lakes. From the mouth of the Mohawk, northward, skirting the shores of the Hudson and the lakes, lay the highway between the rival settlements and posts. In its route it passed the carrying-places of the Indians. Over this road, then but an Indian trail, the troops of Frontenac passed in 1693, on their way to strike the fortified villages of the Mohawk. Upon it Colonel Schuyler built the forts from Stillwater to Fort Ann, in the war of 1709.

In the campaigns of 1744 and 1755, the French and their Indian allies, with war-whoop, scalping-knife and tomahawk, swept down through the forests to the settlements of this region ; and in the seven years' war that followed, from 1755 to 1763, it was by this road that Abercrombie led his troops to defeat and Amherst to the final triumph of the English arms ; and here again swept back and forth the tide of war in alternate ebb and flow during the earlier period of the American Revolution.

In the beginning of the contest the spirit of the colonies was little understood in England. Notwithstanding the warning of the American agents, it was believed that the war

would be localized in Massachusetts, and that General Gage and a few regiments would easily reduce the rebellious colony. The uprising of the continent in reply to the guns at Lexington dispelled this illusion, and the British Ministry awakening to the magnitude of their undertaking, plans were laid for a continental campaign.

Here a protest may be pardoned against the assumption of those who have doubted the ability of the colonies to maintain the liberty they had asserted without the French intervention, which the victory of Saratoga secured to the American cause. A careful examination of the letters and newspapers of the day, which, in the words of Webster, are the only true sources of historic information, will show that the colonists never doubted of their cause, and that they knew the reason of the faith that was in them. They were fully aware of the numbers they had contributed to the British forces in the Canadian conquest, and of the prowess they had displayed side by side with the best of the British regiments.

They were also informed of the extreme difficulty with which the home Government obtained its recruits. Already in the middle of the last century, under the atrocious land system of England and the development of manufactures, the agricultural population, the yeomanry, hardy sons of the soil, which is the base of every great military state, had been fast disappearing. It was in 1770, before the Revolution, that Goldsmith, the poet of the people, breathed his lament over the happy days long past—

“Ere England’s grief began,
When every rood of land maintained its man.”

The words of the poet were as familiar to Americans as to their English parents, and they had received a striking confirmation in the enlistment by the Ministry of Hessian mercenaries, whose appearance in the colonies, while exciting the indignation of the patriots, was positive proof of the unpopularity of the war in England and the weakness of the mother country.

The earlier movements of the colonial leaders show that they were thoroughly acquainted with the art of war in its larger sense. They recognized the value of the great lines of water communication—the St. Lawrence and the Hudson—and foresaw that the first efforts of the British Ministry would be to control their mouths, from which, by their superior naval power, they could force the passages of the rivers and divide the territory. The Northern and Eastern people recognized this intuitively, and gave point and direction to the movement toward Canada by the seizure of Ticonderoga and Crown Point at the outset of hostilities. These important posts were surprised by the Eastern militia. Their artillery and stores were of priceless value to the Continental cause.

The road to the St. Lawrence thus opened, and the temper of the Canadians and Indians of the lower provinces favoring the undertaking, it was resolved by Congress, in June, 1775, to take possession of St. John and Montreal, and General Schuyler was intrusted with the command of the forces destined for that purpose. No appointment could have been more appropriate than this. A gentleman of large landed estate in the northern section, thoroughly conversant with its resources and topography, and familiar not only with the habits and customs of the frontier population, but also wielding a great personal influence with the Indian tribes, he was the only man who could effectually neutralize the efforts of the British agents to influence the savages, who had always taken an active part in the border warfare. Moreover, his great wealth and family alliances gave strength to the cause. Selecting Ticonderoga as his natural base of operations, Schuyler built boats for a movement to surprise St. John, a position so important that it was called by the British officers the key of Canada.

It is not possible here to recount the various incidents of the campaign. On the 3d of November, 1775, after a siege of fifty days, the garrison at St. John capitulated to Montgomery, whom Schuyler, forced by illness, contracted in the wet, unhealthy country, to return to Ticonderoga, had left in command. On the 12th Montgomery was at Montreal. Mean-

while, Washington, to create a diversion in favor of the main movement, had sent Arnold by the way of the Kennebec and the Chaudière to a direct attack on Quebec. After incredible hardships, in the midst of a winter remarkable for its inclemency, Arnold reached Point Levi, opposite Quebec, on the 10th November. The junction of Montgomery and Arnold was made on the 3d December.

On the morning of the last day of the year the assault was made; the Americans were repulsed, and Montgomery fell. Thus ended the offensive movement upon Canada. Its result was the permanent holding by the British of the post of Quebec—which became impregnable with the reinforcements received from England—and the mouth of the St. Lawrence, for a naval movement toward the lakes. In the beginning of 1776 efforts were made to strengthen the American force in Canada; and the old road by the riverside, from Albany through Stillwater and Saratoga, was again trodden by thousands of recruits, marching to almost certain death by battle or disease. Upon the death of Montgomery the command of the army before Quebec devolved on Wooster. He was superseded by Thomas in May. The small-pox was raging. To convey an idea of the extent to which it had ravaged the army, it is only necessary to state that, on taking command, Thomas found that of 1,900 men and officers 900 were sick, chiefly with this disease. A retreat was ordered, but the reinforced garrison sallying suddenly forth, the artillery was abandoned, and the Americans fled in precipitation. In June Thomas died of the small-pox at Chamblee, leaving Sullivan in command. An attempt by the new chief to arrest the retreat was the cause of further disaster. Thompson, who led an expedition against Three Rivers, fell into an ambuscade, and was defeated by General Fraser. Among the British troops engaged were some who, arrived from England with the reinforcements under Burgoyne, had been piloted past Quebec by the orders of the sagacious Carleton in the very transports that had conveyed them across the ocean, and pushed up the river to the scene of action. Already the vast importance of

the river as a means of military communication was apparent. The remainder of the fleet with the British reinforcements coming up, the post of Sorel was abandoned by the Americans and the retreat again began. So close was the pursuit that the British advance entered Chamblee as the American rear left the town. At St. John they were joined by Arnold from Montreal. Firing the city, they again fell back to Isle aux Noix, and thence, slowly pursued by Burgoyne, to Crown Point, which they reached in the last days of June. [1776.]

So ended the invasion of Canada, an expedition remarkable for its display of human suffering, human energy, and human endurance. History may be searched in vain for examples of greater pertinacity under disaster, greater vigor under the severest trials. The fragments of the gallant bands which had united before Quebec and were now huddled together at Crown Point presented a picture which wrung the stoutest hearts. Pestilence was in their countenances. Pestilence infested the very air; not a tent in which there was not a dead or dying man. The bones of the heroic Montgomery and his aide-de-camp, McPherson, lay within the walls of Quebec; Burr and Lamb were prisoners; Arnold still chafed under a painful wound, and the army itself had dwindled to a handful of emaciated skeletons. The troops at Crown Point now fell under the authority of General Schuyler. From the beginning the ill-health of Schuyler had rendered it impossible for him to take the field at the head of the army; moreover, his great organizing spirit, his tireless energy, were of more service to the cause at the Albany headquarters, where his encouraging presence was indispensable.

Arnold arrived at Albany with news of the retreat from Canada on the 24th of June. The next day Schuyler received information of the appointment of Major-General Gates to the command of the forces in Canada.

The instructions to Gates gave him unusual powers. A question of jurisdiction at once arose, however, between himself and Schuyler, which they agreed to submit to Congress, which on the 8th determined it by leaving the supreme

authority to Schuyler while this side of Canada, and to Gates when on the other side of the line.

Horatio Gates, who now first appears upon the scene on the Canadian frontier, was of English birth. The son of a clergyman, he received his name from his godfather, Horace Walpole, under whose protection he early entered the British service, and rose rapidly to the rank of major. His regiment being ordered to America, he was badly wounded in the Braddock campaign. Later he distinguished himself by his bravery and capacity as an aide to Monckton on the expedition against Martinique. At the close of the French war he purchased a fine estate in Berkeley County, Va., and became a successful farmer. On the breaking out of the Revolution he volunteered his services to Congress, and receiving the rank of brigadier, was chosen adjutant-general of the army. In this capacity his military experience and training were of great value in the organization of the Continental forces, and he was thus engaged in daily communication with General Washington when he was assigned to his new command. He had been elected by Congress to the rank of major-general in May.

Sullivan, taking offence at Gates' appointment, had retired from the army at Crown Point, the command of which was now assumed by Gates. A council of war, at which Schuyler, Gates, Sullivan, Arnold, and Baron de Woedtke were present, considering Crown Point as not tenable, ordered a withdrawal to Ticonderoga, which was effected. This gave great umbrage to Colonel Stark and other New England officers, who remonstrated with Schuyler against the move. The council which ordered the withdrawal also resolved upon the defence of Lake Champlain, by a naval armament of gondolas, row galleys, and armed batteaux.

On the 16th of July Gates reported that the loss sustained by death and desertion during the campaign amounted to more than five thousand men, and that three thousand more were sick. The army gradually recovered its health and spirits, the defences of Ticonderoga and Mount Independence

were strengthened, connection was made between the camp and the road to Skenesborough, guns were mounted, and, in a word, every endeavor made to secure the northern gateway of the New York colony. Though a further offensive movement against Canada seemed no longer practicable, the line of the Hudson and the lakes was of paramount importance. While all eyes were turned in this direction, danger suddenly appeared at the other end of the line. New York City was invested by the most powerful fleet that had ever appeared in these western waters, and Washington was threatened by Lord Howe with a force of thirty thousand men. In July, Long Island was occupied by the enemy ; in September, New York fell into their permanent possession, and Washington retreated to the mainland.

The naval armament prepared for the defence of Lake Champlain, by Arnold and the Americans, with incredible patience and labor, consisted of eight gondolas, three row galleys, and four sloops or schooners, but when finished there were only landsmen to command and soldiers to manœuvre them. Arnold, it is true, had gained some experience as a supercargo on West India voyages ; yet, with his usual careless imprudence, he left the main channel of Lake Champlain free, and on the 4th of October sailed into the open lake. Meanwhile Carleton, assisted by shipbuilders from England, with abundant material from the Admiralty and the fleet on the Canadian stations, had constructed more than two hundred flat-boats at Montreal, and hauled them to St. John, where they were launched and manned by seven hundred sailors and picked officers from the ships-of-war and a large force of German sharpshooters and light artillery trained for the special service. On the 11th he sailed into the lake, and taking the main passage which Arnold had left open, fell on the American rear. A sharp action ensued, and for two days a running fight was maintained. Arnold's vessel sustained the contest to the last, but was finally driven into a creek on the eastern shore, where she was fired, the crew marching away in perfect order, with colors flying.

On the 14th Carleton landed at Crown Point, the master of the lake. Two hours distant lay Ticonderoga, an easy prey. But further movement was not his intention. He returned to Canada, and went into winter quarters in November. Thus was the golden opportunity lost for a junction of his forces with those of Lord Howe. This military blunder must not be ascribed to Carleton, who had received explicit instructions from Lord Germain to return to Quebec and re-establish good order and government in the province. He was also directed to send a detachment, under Burgoyne or some other officer, to reinforce General Howe at New York. When Gates heard that Carleton had turned his back on Crown Point he dismissed the militia, which had rallied in large numbers to his support. He had no provisions for their maintenance, and no ammunition for an offensive movement, had such a movement been desirable. The season of 1776 closed with Quebec and New York in the hands of the British. The lines of invasion by the St. Lawrence and lower Hudson were entirely open to the enemy. Schuyler was at Albany, indefatigable in his labors to secure the northern defences, and Washington in the Jerseys, covering the Highlands, and ready to move on any menaced point.

Having thus endeavored as hurriedly as possible to sketch the Canada campaign from its promising beginning to its disastrous close, a few words may be permitted before passing to the consideration of the events of 1777, which we are to-day celebrating, as to the attitude and position of New York at this juncture. For both the offensive campaign of 1776 and the defensive campaign of 1777 Northern New York, with Albany as its centre, was the base of operations. It was the Albany Committee of Safety which first garrisoned Ticonderoga after its capture. At Albany, arms, ammunition, and supplies were gathered. There guns were mounted, ammunition fixed, cartridges prepared. The magazines, arsenals, and laboratories were there. Till the final peace in 1783, Albany was not only the secure base for all the operations of the Northern Department, but the supply point whence the material of war was drawn even for distant expeditions.

Unfortunately for the perfect fame of our great State, justice has never yet been done to its history. The Dutch period has been admirably portrayed by O'Callaghan and Broadhead, but the recital of her struggle for liberty and independence through the whole of the eighteenth century yet awaits the pen of some one of her gifted sons. When it shall be written, it will be found that she was second to none in devotion to the principles of individual freedom, not for herself alone, but for all the colonies. Her first commercial corporation displayed this feeling in the adoption of the generous motto: "*Non nobis nati solum*"—we are not born for ourselves alone, and during her subsequent history this has been her marked characteristic.

Her central position made her the seat of war and subjected her to privations and sufferings which were unknown to the other colonies. Indeed, her calamities were a source of profit to her Eastern neighbors. When New York flourished they participated in her commerce and shared her prosperity, but when by the fortune of war her opulent seaport fell into the hands of the enemy, she was not only burdened by a large population which had depended upon the luxury and trade of the capital, but, by an unjust customs discrimination, was compelled to pay tribute to neighboring colonies, who refused to permit the passage through their territory of goods intended for consumption within her borders without payment of an import duty to themselves. This injustice was long remembered. There were other sufferings greater than the paralysis of trade. There was not a county in the State which was not at some time overrun by the enemy, carrying with them devastation and ruin. And still more terrible, her defenceless homes were exposed to the merciless savages, armed and incited by the ruthless policy of Great Britain. The traditions of these sufferings have been handed down among our people, and form the thrilling incident of legend and of song.

After the return of Carleton to Quebec, Burgoyne, whose ambition was not satisfied with a secondary command, ob-

tained in December a leave of absence and returned to England, where he was sure of court favor. Of obscure and probably illegitimate birth, he had allied himself by a runaway match with Lady Stanley, a daughter of the Earl of Derby. Immediately on his arrival he offered his services to the King in a personal interview, and submitted his views in a paper, entitled "Thoughts for Conducting the War from the side of Canada," on the 28th of February, 1777. In this plan we find for the first time a thoroughly devised scheme for the junction of the Canadian army with that of General Howe. The Canada army, operating from Ticonderoga, was to take possession of Albany, and after opening communication with New York, to remain upon the Hudson River, and thereby enable Howe to act with his whole force to the southward. The plan included a diversion by the Mohawk, and a rising of the loyalists in that region by means of an expedition under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel St. Leger. The King's remarks upon this plan still exist in the original document, in his handwriting in the British Museum. His criticism of it shows strong common sense, and a thorough knowledge of the field of action in America. The point which will be found of most interest is his urgent recommendation "that possession should be taken of Lake George." Nothing, he says, "but an absolute impossibility of succeeding in this can be an excuse for proceeding by South Bay and Skenesborough," which Burgoyne had suggested as an alternative. With regard to the Indians, the King says that "they must be employed."

The order of the campaign being definitely arranged, Lord Germain addressed instructions to General Carleton, on the 20th March, and the next day Burgoyne left London for Plymouth to take passage for Canada. He arrived at Quebec on the 6th May. Carleton immediately put under his command the troops destined for the expedition and committed to his management the preparatory arrangements. Before he left Plymouth Burgoyne had advised Sir William Howe of his purpose to effect a junction with him, and he also sent him a

second letter to the same effect from Quebec. On the 10th June he issued his orders for the general disposition of the army at St. John. The movements of the troops were somewhat delayed by bad weather and bad roads, but notwithstanding all impediments the army of invasion assembled between the 17th and 20th June at Cumberland Point, near the foot of Lake Champlain. On the 21st he held a conference with the Indian tribes at the camp on the River Bouquet. Burgoyne, with the main body, reached Crown Point on the 27th June.

Many accounts have been written of the picturesque appearance of the brilliant array of the British army as it passed up the lake. That of Captain Thomas Anburey, an educated young officer in the British service, and an eye-witness of the scenes he described, deserves repetition. "It moved," he says, "by brigades, gradually advancing from seventeen to twenty miles a day, and regulated in such a manner that the second brigade should take the encampment of the first, and so on, each successively filling the ground the other quitted. The time for departure was always at daybreak." The spectacle the enthusiastic young gentleman portrays as one of the most pleasing he ever beheld. "When in the widest part of the lake it was remarkably fine and clear, not a breeze stirring, when the whole army appeared at one view in such perfect regularity as to form the most complete and splendid regatta ever beheld. In the front the Indians went in their birch canoes, containing twenty or thirty in each; then the advanced corps in a regular line with the gun-boats; then followed the Royal George and Inflexible, towing large booms, which are to be thrown across two points of land, with the other brigs and sloops following; after them the brigades in their order." On the 30th Burgoyne issued his famous order: "This army embarks to-morrow to approach the enemy. The services required of this particular expedition are critical and conspicuous. During our progress occasions may occur in which nor difficulty nor labor nor life are to be regarded. This army must not retreat." An advanced corps, under command of General Fraser, was ordered up the west shore of the lake to

a point four miles from Ticonderoga, and the German reserve, under Lieutenant-Colonel Breyman, moved up the eastern shore.

On the 1st July the whole army made a movement forward, encamping in two lines, the right wing at the four mile point, the left nearly opposite, on the east shore. Two frigates with gun-boats lay at anchor, covering the lake from the east to the west shores. Just beyond cannon-shot lay the American batteries. The effective strength of the army of invasion at this period is precisely known. Burgoyne himself stated it to have been on the 1st July, the day before he encamped before Ticonderoga, at 7,390 men, exclusive of artillery. These were composed of: British rank and file 3,724, German rank and file, 3,016; in all 6,740 regulars; Canadians and provincials, about 250; Indians about 400; the artillerymen numbered 473. The total force was therefore 7,863 men. The field train consisted of forty-two pieces, and was unusually complete in all its details. Burgoyne in his narrative complained that the force of Canadians, which was estimated in the plan at 2,000, did not exceed 150; a significant circumstance, as showing the correctness of the American estimate of the temper of the province. Of the discipline of the British and German troops nothing need be said; they were all drilled and experienced soldiers. Among their officers were many who thoroughly understood the service in which they were engaged and the topography of the country in which they were to act. Burgoyne had served with credit, and had distinguished himself by his dash and gallantry in Portugal, and had also the knowledge acquired in Canada the year previous. Major-General Phillips, who commanded the artillery, had won high praise at Minden. Brigadier-General Fraser, who led the picked corps of light troops, had taken part in the expedition against Louisburg and was with Wolfe at Quebec. He also had served in the Canada campaign of 1776. Riedesel was an accomplished officer, carefully trained in the service of the Duke of Brunswick, and had been selected by him to command the German contingents, with the rank of major-general.

The territory threatened by this formidable invasion was again at this period under the sole control of Major-General Schuyler, Congress, on the 22d May, on the recommendation of the Board of War, having resolved that Albany, Ticonderoga, Fort Stanwix, and their dependencies, should form the Northern Department, with General Schuyler in command. Vague reports of the movements of Burgoyne reached Schuyler toward the middle of June, and he at once visited Ticonderoga to look to its defences. No accurate information of the force or designs of the enemy could be obtained, their advance being thoroughly covered by Indian scouts, who either captured or drove in all the reconnoitering parties of the Americans. Nevertheless, it was decided in a council of general officers, held on the 20th June, to defend the post. On the 22d Schuyler returned to Albany to hurry on reinforcements and provisions, leaving the garrison, which consisted of less than twenty-five hundred men, in command of Major-General St. Clair. This was increased by the arrival of nine hundred militia in the course of a few days.

The post at Ticonderoga, notwithstanding its high reputation, was not really tenable. It was overlooked by an eminence known by the name of Sugar Hill, or Mount Defiance, the occupation of which had been neglected, either because of the supposed impracticability of carrying guns to its summit, or of the weakness of the garrison, already spread over an extensive area. St. Clair had expected an attack from the lake side, and had fortified to meet it, but recognized the danger of his situation when on the morning of the 5th the British were seen in possession of Sugar Hill. With his accustomed vigor, General Phillips had ordered a battery of artillery to the top of this eminence, to which the cannon were hoisted from tree to tree. The occupation of Mount Hope by Fraser on the 3d had already cut off the line of retreat by Lake George. There was but one course to pursue—an immediate evacuation of the post and a withdrawal by the only remaining line, that of the lake to Skenesborough. That night part of the cannon were safely embarked on batteaux, those left

behind were spiked, and a hasty retreat began ; the sick and the baggage, ordnance and stores, were sent up the lake under charge of Colonel Long, and the main body crossing the lake by the bridge to Mount Independence moved towards Skenesborough by the new road lately cut by the garrison, to which allusion has already been made. The retreat was discovered at daylight on the 6th, and pursuit instantly began. Fraser, taking the route pursued by the garrison with the picket guard, hastened on, closely followed by Riedesel in support, while Burgoyne opened a passage through the bridge and led the galleys in chase of the battery up the lake. The wind being favorable, he overtook the retreating flotilla at Skenesborough, captured two of the covering galleys and compelled the destruction of the batteaux, which were fired by the Americans, who also destroyed the fort and mills at Skenesborough and retired up Wood Creek to Fort Ann. General Burgoyne took post at Skenesborough.

Meanwhile the main body of the Americans under St. Clair, hurrying along the unfinished road through the wilderness, reached Hubbardton, twenty-five miles distant, at one o'clock on the 6th, when a halt was made. At five o'clock, hearing that the rear guard under Colonel Francis, for which he had waited, was coming up, St. Clair, leaving Colonel Warner with one hundred and fifty men at Hubbardton, with orders to follow when they arrived, moved on to Castleton, six miles distant, which he reached at dusk. When Francis joined Warner, they concluded to spend the night at Hubbardton, where they were overtaken the next morning, when on the point of resuming their march, by Fraser's advance. The Americans, about twelve hundred in number, formed in a strong position and maintained their ground with spirit until the bugle of the Hessians announced the approach of Riedesel's corps. Their arrival decided the fortune of the day. The Americans behaved with great bravery until overpowered by numbers, when they broke and scattered. The losses in killed and wounded were about equal on the two sides. Fraser led his men in person. Major Grant, an officer of high reputation,

was killed. The Earl of Balcarras, who led the light infantry, and was now for the first time in action, was slightly, and Major Ackland severely, wounded. Of the Americans, Colonel Francis fell while bravely rallying his men. St. Clair, hearing of the capture of Skenesborough, struck into the woods on his left. At Rutland he found some of Warner's fugitives. Taking a circuitous route, he reached the Hudson River at Batten Kill, and joined General Schuyler at Fort Edward on the 12th.

Schuyler heard on the morning of the 7th, in Albany, rumor of disaster, and immediately started for Fort Edward, to take command of the troops there, and await the arrival of Nixon's brigade from Peekskill, which had been detached from Putnam's command at the Highlands by Washington's orders. At Fort Edward he learned that the party under Colonel Long had turned at Fort Ann and checked the pursuit. Setting fire to the work, they pushed on to Fort Edward, which they reached on the 9th. St. Clair, as has been stated, did not come in till the 12th. The whole force under Schuyler consisted of seven hundred Continental troops and a smaller number of militia, without a single piece of artillery. St. Clair brought in about fifteen hundred men. On the 13th Nixon arrived with his brigade of six hundred from Albany, and on the 20th the whole force fit for duty was returned at 4,467 men, half-equipped and deficient in ammunition and every kind of supplies. Before them, at Skenesborough, within a day's forced march, lay Burgoyne with his superior force of veteran troops, flushed with victory.

The first period of the campaign, as Burgoyne termed it in his narrative of his operations, ended at Skenesborough. So far his march had been successful; triumphant even. With proud exultation his general orders of the 10th, issued at Skenesborough House, directed that divine service should be performed on the next Sunday at the head of the line and of the advanced corps, and a *feu de joie* to be fired at sunset on the same day with cannon and small arms at Ticonderoga, Crown Point, the camp at Skenesborough,

the camp at Castleton, and the post of Breyman's corps. In the hour of pride commenced the second period of Burgoyne's campaign, which may be termed the period of his errors and his misfortunes. In the plan laid before the King, Burgoyne, as has already been stated, had himself expressed his belief that the possession of Lake George was of great consequence as the most expeditious and most commodious route to Albany, and that by South Bay and Skenesborough should not be attempted; and the King himself expressed a similar opinion, adding that nothing but an absolute impossibility of succeeding by Lake George should be an excuse for proceeding by the other route. A glance at the map, even to one not familiar with the topography of the country, will make this apparent. The distance from Ticonderoga to Lake George is little over two miles. Lake George itself is about thirty-five miles long. The petty naval force on the lake, consisting of two small schooners, could not have resisted a brigade of gunboats. Fort George could have opposed no serious obstacle to the conqueror of "Ty."

Gordon says, on military authority, and adds that Gates, who was familiar with every inch of ground, had repeatedly expressed the same opinion, that by a rapid movement with light pieces Burgoyne could have reached Albany by the time he got to the Hudson. This view was corroborated by Captain Bloomfield, of the Royal Artillery. In evidence before the committee of the House of Commons on the conduct of the campaign, he said that the artillery could have been easily moved by land from Fort George to the Hudson River in two days. Even when at Skenesborough the true policy of Burgoyne was an immediate return to Ticonderoga to avail of the water line. His orders were to move by the most expeditious route. But General Burgoyne had proclaimed, "This army must not retreat," and Phillips, his chief adviser, is known to have held the Americans in great contempt. Jefferson said of him, of personal knowledge, "that he was the proudest man of the proudest nation on earth." It has been said further that Burgoyne was misled

by Mr. Skene, who had persuaded him of a rising of the loyalists in the region ; and of Skene, that his main object was to secure the building of a military road through the extensive property of which he was proprietor, and which bore his name. Skenesborough is the present Whitehall.

Burgoyne, in excuse for his delays, says that, from the nature of the country and the necessity of waiting a fresh supply of provisions, it was impossible to follow the quick retreat of the Americans, and considered the short cut from Fort Ann to Fort Edward, though attended with great labor, as the most available route. Here was the first great error, of which the alert Schuyler, to whom every inch of the ground was familiar, was quick to take advantage. Immediately upon the arrival of Nixon's Brigade at Fort Edward it was advanced to Fort Ann to fell trees into Wood Creek. and upon the road from Fort Ann south. So thoroughly was this effected that the invading army was compelled to remove at every ten or twelve yards great trees which lay across the road, and exclusive of the natural difficulties of the country, the watery ground and marshes were so numerous that they were compelled to construct no less than forty bridges (one of which was nearly two miles in length) on the march from Skenesborough to Fort Edward. Lake George was partially used for the transport of stores, Fort George, at the head of the lake, having been abandoned by the Americans, who, after saving forty pieces of cannon and fifteen tons of gunpowder, barely escaped being cut off by the movement of the enemy to Fort Edward. Such were the obstructions thrown in his way that Burgoyne only made his headquarters at Fort Edward on the 30th of July, having consumed twenty-four days after his arrival at Skenesborough in a movement of twenty-six miles. Here his eyes were cheered with a first view of the Hudson, a vision delusive as a mirage.

Schuyler, having secured his artillery, began to fall back and, on the 27th, abandoned Fort Edward to the British, taking post at Moses' Creek, four miles below, which Kosciusko had settled upon as a more defensible place than Fort

Edward, which was almost in ruins. So elated was Schuyler by the bringing off of the artillery, that he wrote that "he believed the enemy would not see Albany this campaign." A week later, by advice of all the general officers, he moved his army, first to Fort Miller, six miles below, then to Saratoga, and finally to Stillwater, about thirty miles north of Albany, where he proposed to await reinforcements and fortify a camp. Stillwater was reached on the 3d of August, and an intrenchment was begun the next day.

The fall of Ticonderoga had excited intense alarm throughout the country; the popular imagination had invested it with the impregnability of an enchanted castle. Its capture had been the first conquest of the patriots, and it was supposed to be the natural key to the Northern region. Yet in spite of the popular discouragement, the leaders were still hopeful of a happy result of the campaign. So confident was Schuyler in ultimate success that he expressed the presentiment on the 14th of July that "we shall still have a Merry Christmas," and on the 25th he wrote to the Committee of Albany that the progress of Burgoyne need give no alarm—to use his own words, that should he ever get as far down as Half Moon he would run himself into the greatest danger, and that in all probability his whole army would be destroyed. This hopefulness was not confined to Schuyler. Washington himself at this period expressed his opinion that the success Burgoyne had met with "would precipitate his ruin," and that his "acting in detachments was the course of all others most favorable to the American cause." He adds: "Could we be so happy as to cut one of them off, supposing it should not exceed four, five or six hundred men, it would inspire the people and do away with much of their present anxiety. In such an event they would lose sight of past misfortune, and, urged at the same time by a regard for their own security, they would fly to arms and afford every aid in their power." In view of the events about to transpire, the words of the great chief seem almost prophetic.

To us in these days, looking over the field without passion,

prejudice or fear, it seems that even a junction between Burgoyne and Howe would not have been by any means fatal to the patriot cause. The British had not the force adequate to maintain the line of the Hudson. At no time did their army at the north hold more than the ground on which they stood. Howe, like Burgoyne, derived his provisions and supplies from England.

While Burgoyne was slowly plodding his way against almost insuperable difficulties in the path he had chosen, checking desertion only by constant executions, and even by authority to the savages to scalp every soldier found outside the lines, St. Leger, with his command reinforced by Sir John Johnson and the loyalists of Tryon county, appeared before Fort Stanwix on the 2d of August. The story of the siege and the bloody struggle on the field of Oriskany need not be recited here. The brave resistance of the garrison under Gansevoort and Willett, and the heroic behavior of Herkimer and the yeomanry of Tryon against desperate odds, have lately been occasion of centennial celebration. This expedition was a principal feature of the original plan of the campaign, and, although St. Leger held an independent command, his failure was a complete paralysis of the right wing of the army of invasion. Stunned by the resistance he encountered, and learning of the reinforcement of the Americans by troops from Schuyler's command, he retraced his steps to Oswego, and thence with the remnant of his force to Montreal, where he arrived too late to take any further part in the campaign.

From the 30th of July to the 15th of August, Burgoyne was busy at Fort Edward, getting down batteaux, provisions, and ammunition from Fort George to the Hudson, a distance of about sixteen miles. The roads were out of repair in some parts, steep and much broken by exceeding heavy rains; with all his exertions he was not able in fifteen days to accumulate more than four days' provisions for a forward movement. This delay, however, enabled him to carry out another cherished plan, that of detaching a corps from his left,

in order, to use his own words, "to give jealousy" to Connecticut, and hold in check the country known as the Hampshire Grants. To this he had been further incited by Major-General Riedesel, who had commanded the Black Hussars in Germany, and was now anxious to mount his dragoons.

Besides this inducement, Burgoyne had learned that Bennington was the great deposit of corn, flour, and cattle, that it was guarded by militia only, and that the country about was much disaffected to the Americans. Under these impressions, with this purpose, and being now ready for his own advance, he despatched an expedition under Lieutenant-Colonel Baum. At daybreak on the 14th, Burgoyne broke camp at Fort Edward and began his advance. His objective point was Albany, where he expected to be joined by St. Leger coming down the Mohawk, and Baum from his raid upon Bennington.

On the 14th, he established his headquarters at Duer's house (at Fort Miller), about six miles below. A bridge of rafts was constructed, over which the advance corps passed the Hudson and encamped on the heights of Saratoga. On the 17th, before the main body could be gotten over, the river being swollen by heavy rains, and the current running rapidly, the bridge was carried away. The advance being thus isolated, was recalled, and recrossed the river in scows and took up their old encampment on the Batten Kill. Here, at a shoal part of the river, a pontoon was constructed across the Hudson, directly opposite Saratoga, which was completed about the 20th. But obstacles of another nature presented themselves. On the 17th, Burgoyne receiving information of disaster to Baum, and suddenly convinced of the impossibility of obtaining provisions and supplies from the country, in his general orders informed the troops of the necessity of a halt. For the first time his eyes were opened to the difficulties of his situation. He found himself with an extended line of communication, no hope of obtaining provisions in the neighborhood, deceived as to the sentiment of the country and in the midst of a hardy population

exulting in success. The surprise and defeat of Baum by Stark and Warner with the New England militia on the 15th of August was not to him the most discouraging feature of the battle of Bennington. It was the rally of the farmers from every quarter, all accustomed to the use of firearms from childhood in a section of country abounding in game. Not Braddock himself in the toils of Indian stratagem was more helpless than the Hessians of Baum and Breyman, with clumsy accoutrements, their heavy boots sinking at every step deep in the wet soil, and moving with military discipline, exposed to the fire of a thousand marksmen concealed by bushes and trees.

To relate the incidents of the glorious victory at this time and before this audience would be to tell a "twice-told tale." But it is not to be forgotten that this battle also was fought on the soil of the Empire State. Its result justified Washington's military judgment in his opinion of the danger to Burgoyne of detached operations, and the enthusiasm it aroused realized his prediction and showed his thorough knowledge of the temper of the people. To the army of Burgoyne the consequences were serious. The return of the scattered remnant of the force, which went out from camp in such high hopes and spirits, damped the ardor of both officers and men. A few days later a courier from St. Leger, guided by a friendly Indian by Saratoga Lake and Glens Falls, brought intelligence of failure in that quarter. The shadow which had fallen on the army now deepened into gloom. In spite of all these discouragements the proud spirit of Burgoyne could not brook the thought of abandoning the expedition. Choosing to adopt a strict construction of the King's orders "to go to Albany," he assumed the entire responsibility of further advance without consultation of his officers.

It was not until the 12th September that Burgoyne, compelled to depend wholly upon Canada for supplies, had accumulated the thirty days' provisions which he thought necessary to his further advance. On that day he issued his orders to move.

His army crossed the Hudson on the 13th, and on the 14th encamped on the heights and plains of Saratoga. Here was the country seat of General Schuyler, with his commodious dwelling, his mill, a church and several houses. Not a living creature was to be seen, but broad fields, rich with waving grain ready for the reaper. Before night the wheat was cut and threshed and in the mill for grinding. The Indian corn was apportioned as forage for the horses, and the beautiful plantation, which in the morning was a scene of peace and plenty, stripped to the last blade. The passage of the river was the close of what Burgoyne terms the second period of his campaign.

Before entering on the third period, which may be termed the battle period, we must return to the American army, which we left under Schuyler at Stillwater, intrenching their camp on the 4th August. On the same day he received advice of the investment of Fort Stanwix; on the 7th reports of the battle of Oriskany, with exaggerated account of the American loss. On the 11th he detached General Learned to the assistance of the garrison, and on the 15th Arnold, whom Washington had ordered to the Northern Department, because of his encouraging presence to the dispirited militia, was sent up with full powers to cover the Mohawk settlements. Alarmed by the prospect of St. Leger's descent by the Mohawk River, Schuyler, who on every occasion displayed strategic skill of the first order, fell back from Stillwater to the confluence of the Hudson and the Mohawk, where, on the 14th, he took post on Van Schaick's Island, nine miles from Albany. This had been selected as a secure position for the main body, which had been greatly weakened by the detachments sent up the valley of the Mohawk and to the Hampshire Grants, where General Lincoln had gone, by order of Washington, to organize a movement to cut off Burgoyne's communication with Canada.

Correct as all these movements of General Schuyler appear to us now, as seen in the light of history, they were the cause of intense dissatisfaction to the people, whom each successive

movement of Burgoyne had filled with alarm. Rumors derogatory to the personal courage and integrity, as well as the patriotism, of Schuyler were rife in all sections, particularly in New England, where the old prejudice against their Dutch neighbors still prevailed. In all the difficulties with regard to boundary Schuyler had been prominent in defence of the rights of the New York colony, and the antagonism between the two sides of the river was now intensified by the revolt of the Hampshire Grants against the authority of New York, and their declared purpose to set up a State for themselves. Schuyler, whose spirit was high and whose nature was sensitive to excess, chafed sorely under the accusations against him, but, sustained by his own sense of the value of his services, the sympathy of the New York Government and the confidence of Washington, he had maintained his command. The year before he had demanded an investigation into his conduct in evacuating Crown Point, which was looked upon as the beginning of disaster, and had tendered his resignation to Congress, who, however, refused to accept of it, and promised an investigation of his conduct. In November he had applied again to Congress for permission to repair to Philadelphia on that business, to which Congress consented. Appointed delegate to Congress by the New York Convention, he had taken his seat in April, and secured the passage of a resolution of inquiry. The committee made a report in May, which thoroughly vindicated him and placed him in full command of the Northern Department.

The advance of Burgoyne, penetrating into the heart of the country, and the fact that Schuyler himself had personally participated in no engagement, revived the distrust with which he was viewed by the Eastern troops ; a distrust which paralyzed his influence and made a change in the command of the Northern Department an absolute necessity. No stronger proof of the existence and strength of this feeling is needed than his own words. Writing to Washington from Saratoga, on the 28th July, he said : " So far from the militia that are with me increasing, they are daily dimin-

ishing, and I am very confident that in ten days, if the enemy should not disturb us, we shall not have five hundred left; and although I have entreated *this* and the Eastern States to send up a re-enforcement of them, yet I doubt much if any will come up when the spirit of malevolence knows no bounds, and I am considered as a traitor.”

On the 1st of August Congress passed resolutions ordering General Schuyler to repair to headquarters, and directed Washington to order such general officer as he deemed proper to relieve him in his command. On the 4th a letter from Washington was laid before Congress, asking to be excused from making an appointment of an officer to command the Northern army. An election was then held by Congress, and Major-General Gates was chosen by the vote of eleven States. Washington was informed of the result, and was directed to order General Gates at once to his post. Washington was then at Philadelphia, and the same day informed Gates of his appointment. Schuyler was at Albany when the resolution reached him on the 10th. His magnanimity on this occasion is matter of record. Solomon tells us that, “Better is he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.” To no man of whom history, ancient or modern, makes mention can this phrase be more justly applied than to Schuyler. The judgment of Congress as to the propriety of a change is sufficiently shown by Schuyler’s own letters to that body on the 15th August, in which he said that he had not been joined by any of the New England militia, and that there were only sixty or seventy on the ground from the State of New York. Whether Schuyler had great military capacity or not is a question which cannot be answered. That he had no opportunity of displaying it on the field is certain; that he was possessed of the strongest common sense and of that rarest quality in the human mind, the organizing faculty, is beyond doubt. No other man in America could have performed the services which he rendered, and it may certainly be said that they were second only to those of Washington in importance and extent. He continued in command of the troops until the

arrival of Gates on the 19th August, to whom he gave the cordial reception of a soldier and a gentleman.

Gates was by no means overjoyed at the responsibility with which he was entrusted. He found the army dejected, although somewhat encouraged by the victory at Bennington. His arrival revived the spirits of the troops, and the precision which he at once introduced into the camp increased their resolution. Words of congratulation and encouragement pressed in upon him from the eastward, and the announcement of the approach of militia from all sections added to the courage of the men.

During the retreat the army had been greatly distressed by the savages in Burgoyne's command, who hung upon the flanks and outposts, and by their merciless cruelty excited an alarm which their real importance by no means justified. Washington, aware of the disadvantage under which the militia lay in their apprehension from this cause, on the 20th dispatched Colonel Morgan to his assistance with his corps of riflemen. This corps of five hundred men was a *corps d'élite*, which had been selected from the entire army for their proficiency in the use of the rifle and the Indian mode of warfare. Gates thanked Washington warmly for this valuable assistance and for his advice concerning the use to be made of them. They arrived on the 23d. To them Gates added two hundred and fifty bayonets, also carefully picked from the line, whom he placed under the command of Major Dearborn, a determined officer.

On the 8th September, the army having been recruited to about 6,000 men, Gates felt strong enough to make a forward movement, and marched to Stillwater, where a line of intrenchments was begun the next day. It was soon found, however, that the extent of low ground was too great to admit of proper defence of the centre and left. A more favorable point was selected, two miles and a half to the northward, where a range of hills, covered by a narrow defile in front and jutting close upon the river, offered an admirable defensive position. The fortification was at once begun, under the direction of Kosciusko, the Engineer-in-Chief, and the army took possession on

the 12th. The ground is that which was then and is now known as Bemis' Heights, and upon it were contested the hard-fought actions which determined the campaign. Here Gates resolved to await the attack of Burgoyne, without precipitating movements with his mostly raw troops until they had acquired some discipline ; certainly not until he should hear of the success of the attempt making to reach Burgoyne's rear and distress his army.

General Lincoln, who was charged with this expedition, moved from Manchester to Pawlet with his militia force, consisting of about two thousand men. On his advance, the British guard at Skenesborough fell back, destroying a number of boats. On the 13th he despatched Colonel Brown with five hundred men to the landing at Lake George, to release the American prisoners and destroy the British stores, and the same number of men under Colonel Johnson to Mount Independence, to create a diversion in favor of the operations of Colonel Brown, who was directed to push to Ticonderoga, if opportunity offered. A like number of men was also sent, under Colonel Woodbridge, to Skenesborough, thence to Fort Ann, and on to Fort Edward. Lincoln at once advised Gates of this movement. Colonel Brown managed his operations with great skill and secrecy. After a night march he reached the north end of Lake George at daybreak on the morning of the 17th, surprising in detail all the outposts between the landing and the fortress of Ticonderoga ; Mount Defiance, Mount Hope, the French lines, a block-house, two hundred batteaux and several gunboats, taking prisoners two hundred and ninety-three British and Canadians, and releasing one hundred Americans. Among his trophies was the Continental standard left at Ty when the Fort was evacuated. The guns at Fort Defiance were turned upon the fortress of Ticonderoga, but no impression could be made on its walls. Taking the gunboats, Brown sailed up the lake, and on the 24th made an attack on Diamond Island, about four miles north of Fort George, but was warmly received and repulsed. Making for the eastern shore, he reached the camp of General

Warner at Skenesborough on the 26th, by way of Fort Ann. A curious testimony to the effect of these raids on the rear of the British army exists in the Gates papers, in an intercepted letter from St. Leger, written at Ticonderoga the 29th September, informing Burgoyne of his arrival there, and asking for guides to lead him down.

To return to Burgoyne, whom we left encamped at Saratoga on the 14th. The next day he moved forward at noon, forming his troops into three columns, after passing Schuyler's house, and encamped at Dovogot (the present Coeville), where they lay accoutred that night. On the 16th there was a fog so heavy that even foragers were forbidden to leave camp. Later in the day detached parties were employed in repairing the bridges and reconnoitering the country.

On the 17th the army resumed their march, repaired bridges and encamped at Sword's Farm, four miles from Gates' position. The general orders directed the army to be under arms at an hour before daybreak. His approach was known to Gates by report of his adjutant, Wilkinson, who led a scouting party and saw the passage of the river. On the 18th preparations were made to harass him, and General Arnold was sent out with fifteen hundred men to endeavor to stop the repair of the bridges. After some light skirmishing Arnold fell back, and Burgoyne moved forward as far as Wilbur's Basin, about two miles from the American position. He there established his camp, which he fortified with intrenchments and redoubts, his left on the river, his right extending at right angles to it across the low ground about six hundred yards, to a range of steep and lofty heights; a creek or gully in his front, made by a rivulet which issued from a great ravine formed by the hills, known as the North Ravine.

On the morning of the 19th, Burgoyne, after a careful reconnoitering of the passages of the great ravine and the road around its head, leading to the extreme left of the American camp, advanced to the attack in three divisions. Fraser on the right, with the light infantry, sustained by Breyman's Ger-

man riflemen, and covered on the flanks by Canadians, Provincials, and Indians, made a wide circuit to the west in order to pass the ravine without quitting the heights, and afterwards to cover the march of the line to the right. The centre, commanded by Burgoyne in person, passed the ravine in a direct line south, and formed in order of battle as fast as they gained the summit, where they waited to give time for Fraser to make the circuit. The left wing, led by Riedesel and Phillips, and composed of the Hessian troops and the artillery, moved along the river road and meadows in two columns. Their advance was delayed by the repair of the bridges. The Forty-seventh Regiment were charged with the guard of the batteaux containing the stores of the army. Burgoyne's purpose was himself to attack the left of the American lines in front and engage their attention until Fraser, moving over the table land, should turn the extreme left of the American position and reach their rear. Riedesel and Phillips were to change direction at the southern end of the ravine and march west to connect with the British centre. When, between one and two o'clock, the columns had reached their positions they moved at signal guns. From the conformation of the ground this was the only practicable manner by which Burgoyne could possibly advance, the river road being covered by the American artillery.

Beyond the great North Ravine in front of the British position, and half way between it and the ground fortified by the Americans, there was another deep ravine called the Middle Ravine, through which Mill Creek still runs, and directly in front of the American camp and covered by its guns was another ravine of lesser extent, but still a formidable obstruction to the advance of an enemy. The whole country, with the exception of a few cleared patches, was heavily wooded, the ravines as well as the upper table lands. On the high ground (Bemis' Heights) south was the American entrenched line, extending eastwardly to the river bank and westwardly to the extremity of the hill where a redoubt was begun. Beyond it felled trees obstructed the passage of the gullies

between the flank defences on the left and the neighboring hills. The lines, which were about a mile in extent, enclosed what is still known as Neilson's Farm. The hills on the east of the Hudson commanded a general view of Burgoyne's camp.

On the morning of the 19th, Gates was informed by Lieutenant-Colonel Colburn, of the New Hampshire line, who had been sent out the day before to observe the movements of the enemy, that the British had struck their tents and crossed the gully at the gorge of the great ravine, and were ascending the heights toward the American left. Arnold, who commanded the left wing, and was at this time at headquarters, suggested a movement to attack. Colonel Morgan, with his rifle corps, supported by Major Dearborn's light infantry, was immediately ordered out to observe their direction and harass their advance. About half-past twelve a report of small arms announced that Morgan's men had struck the enemy. They had fallen in with Burgoyne's pickets, who made the advance guard of the British line; and had posted themselves in a cabin on Freeman's farm, which was one of the few cleared spots in that thickly wooded country. They were quickly dislodged by Morgan, who, pursuing hotly, fell on the main body, which Burgoyne had formed into line in the first opening in the woods, by whom they were instantly routed, with loss of several officers and men. Wilkinson, who witnessed the rally of the riflemen, hurried to Gates, who at once gave directions for their support. Cilley's and Scammel's regiments of New Hampshire (part of General Poor's brigade of Continental regulars) were ordered to advance through the woods and take ground on the left of Morgan, and the action was renewed about one o'clock.

This movement would have turned the British right but for the disposition of General Fraser, who had promptly arrived at his appointed post and taken an advantageous position on a height, which covered the British right. Meeting this obstacle the Americans counter-marched, and pushed through the woods toward the left of Burgoyne's column. To their

support the five remaining regiments of Poor's brigade, consisting of Hale's, of New Hampshire; Van Cortlandt's and Henry Livingston's, of New York, and Cook's and Latimer's, of the Connecticut Militia, were successively led to the field at the points of the action where greatest pressure was perceived. About three o'clock the action became general. Burgoyne's division was vigorously attacked and suffered severely. One regiment of grenadiers and part of the light infantry under Lord Balcarras from Fraser's division participated at times in the action, but it was not thought advisable to weaken Fraser's force on the heights, except partially and occasionally. Major-General Phillips, hearing the firing, made his way at once through the woods to Burgoyne's support, bringing with him four pieces of artillery, a difficult task, considering the nature of the ground, and entered the action at a critical time. Riedesel also got up with part of the left wing before the close of the battle. The Americans, feeling the pressure of this reinforcement, Gates ordered out the whole of Learned's brigade, consisting of Bailey's, Wesson's, and Jackson's regiments, of the Massachusetts line, and James Livingston's, of New York, and also Marshall's regiment, of the Massachusetts line. They were but slightly engaged. Darkness ended the contest, the Americans only withdrawing when objects became undistinguishable. The number engaged on each side was not far from equal. The American force was about 3,000, and Burgoyne stated his to be about 3,500. The mode of fighting of the Americans more than equalled this discrepancy. The field of action was such that, although the combatants changed ground a dozen times in the course of the day, the contest terminated with each body in its original position. The British were formed on an eminence in a thin pine wood, having before it Freeman's farm, an oblong field, stretching from its centre toward its right, the ground in front sloping gently down to the verge of the field, which was bordered on the opposite side by a close wood, held by the Americans. The sanguinary scene lay in the cleared ground between the eminence occupied by the enemy and the wood

just mentioned. The fire of the American marksmen from the wood was too deadly to be withstood by the British in line, and when they gave way and broke, the Americans, making for their centre, pursued them to the eminence, where, having their flanks protected, they rallied, and charging in turn drove the Americans back into the wood, whence a dreadful fire would again force them to fall back, and in this manner did the battle fluctuate, like the waves of a stormy sea, with alternate advantage, for four hours without one moment's intermission; the British artillery fell into the hands of the Americans at every charge, but they could neither turn the pieces on the enemy nor bring them off; the wood prevented the last, and the want of a match the first, as the linstock was invariably carried off, and the rapidity of the transitions would not allow time to provide one. The slaughter of the artillery was remarkable, the captain and twenty-six men out of forty-eight being killed or wounded. Such is Wilkinson's concise and picturesque account of this action, which he considered one of the longest, warmest, and most obstinate battles fought in America. Here was seen the superiority of the American rifle over the British bayonet, on which Burgoyne so confidently relied. In his report to Congress, Gates accorded the glory of the action entirely to the valor of the rifle regiment and corps of light infantry under the command of Colonel Morgan. The British were surprised at the courage and obstinacy with which the Americans fought, and, as one who was present has recorded, found to their dismay that they were not that contemptible enemy they had been hitherto imagined, incapable of standing a regular engagement, and willing only to fight behind strong and powerful works.

The battle on the part of the Americans was essentially a soldiers' battle. While Burgoyne led his men in person, exposing himself with great bravery, directing the movements of the British line, the Americans had no general officer in the field until the evening, when General Learned was ordered out. The battle was fought by the general concert

and zealous co-operation of the corps engaged, and sustained more by individual courage than military discipline, as is shown by the loss of the militia in comparison with that of the regular troops.

During the action Gates and Arnold remained in front of the centre of the camp. This is no matter for comment or surprise, as it was neither the policy nor the purpose of Gates to bring on a general engagement, which might have involved his forces to such an extent as to leave his right exposed and uncover the river road. The intrenchments were not half completed, those on the left hardly begun. Moreover, the militia were every day arriving. Each day's delay increased his own chances of success while diminishing those of the enemy.

The loss of the Americans, killed, wounded and missing, was three hundred and twenty-one; that of the British, six hundred—a disparity more remarkable, as the ground did not admit of the use of artillery by the Americans. Both sides claimed the victory; in reality it was a drawn battle. The British held the strong position Fraser had occupied in the morning, which, however, Gates had no desire of disputing, as his army was acting on the defensive. The Americans, on the other hand, had marched out from their camp, met the enemy more than half way, and after inflicting upon them a stunning blow, returned to their intrenchments. Far more important than any physical advantage was the effect on the *morale* of the two armies. The patriots had met the main body of the invading army on equal terms, while the invaders had learned to their bitter cost the terrors of a warfare in which their discipline was of little avail.

The British lay on their arms the night of the battle, and the next day, the 20th, took a position just out of reach of the cannon of the American camp, where they fortified, and at the same time extended their left to the brow of the heights, so as to cover the meadows on the river. A bridge of boats was thrown over the Hudson, and a work erected on the east

side of the river. The Americans on their side worked diligently in completing the defences of their extremely strong position. The morning was foggy, and there was considerable alarm in the American camp, caused by the story of a deserter, that an attack was intended. It has been since stated that Burgoyne really directed a movement, but was dissuaded by General Fraser, who, because of the fatigue of his men, begged for a day's delay. Meanwhile a spy from Clinton brought a letter to Burgoyne, with advice of his intended expedition against the Highlands, which determined him to postpone the attack and await events. If such were the case, this was another and fatal error of Burgoyne. His general orders, however, of the 20th, ordering the advance of the army at 3 o'clock, seem inconsistent with the story, and there is no confirmation of it in his own narrative; but, on the contrary, he admits that he was persuaded that the American camp was strongly fortified. On the 22d, Gates learned from General Lincoln of Colonel Brown's success at Ticonderoga. His reply to Lincoln shows that at this time he did not feel himself strong enough to prevent Burgoyne's retreat. He therefore urged the destruction of all buildings, batteaux, etc., on the line which should afford him shelter, that, to use his own words, "he may have no resting-place until he reaches Canada." The next morning he adds a postscript, to the effect that, by his scouts, it was "past a doubt that the enemy's army remain in their camp, that their advance was within one mile of his own, and urged the immediate forwarding of the militia." He is satisfied, he adds, "that New York, and not Ticonderoga, is General Burgoyne's object."

On the 23d, in consequence of a direction in general orders that Morgan's independent corps was responsible to headquarters only, a difference which had been long brewing between Gates and Arnold ended in a public dispute. High words passed between them. Arnold was excluded from headquarters, and demanded permission to go to Philadelphia to report to Congress, a request of which Gates took instant

advantage. Suspended from command at his own desire, Arnold found too late the unfortunate position in which he would place his reputation by leaving the army at this critical juncture. He changed his mind and remained in camp, murmuring discontent and spreading sedition by the intemperance of his conduct and language. Gates took Arnold's division under his own command and assigned Lincoln, who came in the same day, to the command of the right wing.

With the militia who flocked to Gates' camp came a band of Oneida and Tuscarora Indians, who had been persuaded by the influence of Schuyler, then active as Indian Commissioner, to join the army. They were objects of such curiosity that it became necessary to forbid the soldiers from flocking to their encampment. These Indians were, however, a terror to the enemy. Gates' orders distinguished them from Burgoyne's savages by a red woollen cap.

On the 3d October, Burgoyne was compelled to diminish the soldiers' rations, the foraging parties meeting but little success, and requiring heavy covering parties. The Americans were constantly in the field, harassing the advanced pickets, and night alarms prevented the British from quitting their clothes and deprived them of rest. The main bodies of both armies lay in quiet, while the woods resounded to the stroke of the axe, felling trees for the fortifications. Burgoyne sent word to Clinton on the 23d September, that he would await news from him until the 12th October.

Riedesel, in his memoirs of the campaign, says that the situation becoming daily more critical and the enemy too strong, both in numbers and position, to be attacked, Burgoyne on the 4th called Generals Phillips, Riedesel, and Fraser, to consult with them as to what measures to adopt. He proposed to leave the boats and stores under strong guard, and turning the left wing of Gates, to attempt an attack; no decision was arrived at. A second conference was held on the evening of the 6th, when Riedesel recommended an immediate attack or a return to Batten-Kill. Fraser approved of this plan. Phillips declined to express an opinion. Bur-

goyne terminated the discussion by declaring that he would make a reconnoissance of the left wing of the Americans on the 7th, and if there were any prospect of success he would attack on the 8th or return to a position at Freeman's Farm, and on the 11th begin a retreat to the rear of Batten-Kill.

Just before noon on the 7th Burgoyne marched out of camp with fifteen hundred men and ten pieces of artillery, destined for the reconnoissance, and also to cover a foraging party to relieve their immediate distress. The troops were formed into three columns, under Phillips, Riedesel, and Fraser, within three-quarters of a mile of the American left. The rangers, Indians, and provincials, were ordered to pass through the woods and gain the rear of the camp. The foraging party entered a field and began to cut the wheat in sight of the American outposts, when the alarm was given and the Americans beat to arms. Wilkinson went to the front to see the cause, and observed the foragers at work, the covering party, and the officers with their glasses endeavoring to reconnoitre the American left. He reported their position to Gates and gave as his opinion that they were inclined to offer battle. "I would indulge them," he added, whereupon Gates replied: "Well, then, order on Morgan to begin the game." A plan was concerted, with the approval of Gates, for Morgan to make a detour and gain a height on the right of the enemy, time enough for which was allowed him before Poor's brigade were sent to attack the left. The British generals were still consulting as to the best mode of pursuing the reconnoissance when the New Hampshire and New York troops of Poor's Brigade fell upon the British left, where the grenadiers under Major Ackland were posted, with impetuous fury and extended the attack to the front of the Germans. At this time Morgan descended the hill and striking the light infantry on the right endeavored to turn their flank. Seeing his danger of being enveloped, Burgoyne ordered a second position to be taken by the light infantry to secure the return of his troops to camp. Meanwhile Poor's brigade pressed the left with ardor and compelled them to give way. Fraser, with

part of his light infantry, moved rapidly to prevent an entire rout, and fell mortally wounded. Phillips and Riedesel were then ordered to cover a general retreat, which was effected in good order, though hard pressed, the enemy leaving eight pieces of cannon in the hands of the Americans, most of their artillerymen being killed or wounded.

Hardly had the British entered their camp when it was stormed with great fury in the face of a severe fire of grape and musketry. The British intrenchments were stoutly defended by Balcarras and no impression was made. The German entrenched camp of Breyman, with the provincials, was carried by Learned, who appeared on the ground with his fresh brigade at sunset, and an opening was thus made in the right and rear which exposed the whole British camp, but the darkness of the night, and the fatigue and disorder of the men, prevented advantage being taken of this situation.

In the night Burgoyne broke up his camp and retired to his original position, which he had fortified behind the Great Ravine. Thus closed the second battle of Saratoga, known as the Battle of Bemis Heights. The loss of the British was estimated at six hundred killed, wounded and taken prisoners, that of the Americans did not exceed one hundred and fifty killed and wounded. Burgoyne lost the flower of his officers. Besides General Fraser and Sir Francis Clark, his principal aide, who were mortally wounded, and Breyman who was killed, Majors Ackland and Williams were taken prisoners, the former wounded. On the American side Arnold, who behaved with the most desperate valor, exposing himself in a frantic manner and leading the troops without authority, just as the victory was won received a ball which fractured his leg and killed his horse; and General Lincoln, while on his way to order a cannonade on the enemy's camp, received a musket-ball in the leg which shattered the bone. With regard to the conduct of this battle, much has been said. Gates has been blamed for not leaving his camp, and Arnold has been lauded as the hero of the day. These criticisms are equally unjust. Up to sunset, when Learned's corps was sent

forward to finish the action, there was only one brigade in the field. Gates' place was with the centre and right, where the militia were posted, and the security of his camp and the protection of the road to Albany his one true concern. Arnold's reckless daring no doubt encouraged and inspired the troops, but there is no evidence of any generalship on his part. Had the day resulted differently, he would have been deservedly cashiered. Gates, in his report to Congress of the 12th, with great magnanimity, mentioned his gallantry and wound while forcing the enemy's breastworks. While commending all the troops engaged for their spirit, he gave especial praise to Morgan's riflemen and Dearborn's light infantry.

When Burgoyne fell back to his original position, he was in hopes that this change of front would induce Gates to form a new disposition, and perhaps attack him in his lines, where his superior artillery would have given him the advantage. During the 8th, he repeatedly offered battle to the American right, but Gates was too thorough a soldier to be tempted in this manner. His plans were more comprehensive. On the evening of the 7th he ordered General Fellows, who was at Tift's Mill with thirteen hundred men, to move to a position to prevent the recrossing of the Hudson at the Saratoga Ford. On the morning of the 8th Fellows took possession of the Saratoga barracks and began to throw up intrenchments, and sent an express to Bennington to hurry up troops to his assistance. Gates at once took possession of the abandoned camp at Freeman's Farm.

Burgoyne receiving intelligence of this movement in his rear, began his retreat at nine o'clock at night, leaving his sick and wounded. A heavy rain causing him to delay at Dovogot, he only reached Saratoga on the night of the 9th, and his artillery could not pass the ford of the Fishkill till the morning of the 10th. On the approach of the advance guard, Fellows, who had received notice of the retreat, crossed to the east side of the Hudson, where he was joined by the militia from Bennington, the rear of which arrived as Bur-

goyne's front reached Saratoga. General Bayley, who commanded the militia column, had posted a force of one thousand men to guard an intermediate ford, and also detached one thousand men to Fort Edward, to the command of which, at the request of Bayley, Stark was assigned on the 14th. The main body of Gates' army, having prepared their provisions and equipped themselves, started in pursuit about noon. In the afternoon of the 10th at four o'clock the advance reached Saratoga, and found Burgoyne encamped on the height beyond the Fishkill. Gates' forces took a position in the wood, on the Saratoga heights, their right resting on the brow of the hill, about a mile in the rear of the Fishkill.

On the 11th Morgan was ordered to cross the Fishkill and fall upon the enemy's rear; there was a heavy fog. Morgan struck their pickets and concluded that Burgoyne had not retired as was supposed. Patterson's and Learned's brigades were ordered to his support, and a vigorous cannonade was opened on the front and rear. Twelve hundred men of Patterson's corps had hardly crossed the creek when the fog lifted and the whole British Army was discovered in line of battle. The Americans fell back over the creek in disorder. Learned's corps was halted and the two brigades retired to a point a half mile distant, where they threw up entrenchments, which they held. The Americans succeeded in destroying a large number of batteaux and stores.

The American artillery, which had taken no active part in the earlier battles, now came into play; the passages of the river were covered by an incessant fire, every attempt to move the batteaux was instantly arrested, and as Burgoyne himself stated, no part of his position was secure from the guns.

On the 12th a council of war was called by Burgoyne, and a retreat, leaving stores and baggage, was agreed upon, but the scouts reporting that no movement could be made without immediate discovery, the project was abandoned. On the 13th, only three days' stores remaining, a second council was held to which all field officers and captains commanding corps were invited. They decided that the situation justified

capitulation upon honorable terms. Negotiations were opened on the 14th with General Gates, and on the 16th the convention was signed. On the 17th October, the British army laid down its arms on the green in front of old Fort Hardy, on the north bank of the Fishkill, in the presence of Wilkinson, Gates' adjutant, and Burgoyne, accompanied by Riedesel and Phillips, rode to the American headquarters. They were met by General Gates, followed by his suite, and accompanied by General Schuyler, who had come up from Albany for the occasion. The British troops were then marched past in view of the American army, whose moderation in the hour of triumph is one of the most pleasing incidents of this historic scene. Burgoyne completed the formality of surrender by the tender of his sword.

The total force surrendered, as appears by the official return, signed by General Burgoyne, and preserved among the Gates papers in the New York Historical Society, was 5,791, of which 3,379 were English and provincials and 2,412 German auxiliaries, together with a train of artillery of twenty-seven pieces.

The strength of the American army, rank and file, at Saratoga on the day of surrender, appears from the same documents to have been 11,098, of which 7,716 of the Continental line [regulars], and 3,382 militia. In reviewing the whole campaign it will be observed how little real reliance could be placed on the militia, whose short terms of service were a source of perpetual anxiety to the General in command. No better or more appropriate illustration of this can be given than the action of the militia of the Hampshire Grants, whom General Gates had ordered to his support. The arrival in camp, on the 18th September, of these victors of Bennington, under General Stark, the hero of that battle, animated the whole army, who were aware that they were on the eve of an engagement, but to the mortification and disgust of Gates, their term of service expiring the same day, they marched home from the camp without unpacking their baggage, and as Wilkinson asserts, without any effort to induce

them to remain on the part of their officers. It is not to be denied that the militia did occasional noteworthy service, but the brunt of the engagements fell upon the regular Continental troops, who before the close of the war became in every way the equal of their British foes.

The series of engagements known as the battle of Saratoga has been styled one of the fifteen decisive battles of the world. Its consequences were of such vast importance as to entitle it to this distinction. The long-cherished plan of the British Ministry, pursued through two campaigns with persevering obstinacy, was finally defeated. The open alliance of France was secured; the United States of America were recognized by the continental powers. The news of the victory spread rapidly over the land, carrying joy to the hearts of the patriots. Washington viewed it as a signal stroke of Providence. Congress voted the thanks of the nation to General Gates and his army, and a gold medal was struck and presented to him in commemoration of the event.

The last days of a century are closing upon these memorable scenes. How long will it be ere the government of this Empire State shall erect a monument to the gallant men who fought and fell upon these fields and here secured her liberty and renown?



MEMORIAL

OF THE

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION

OF THE

Battle of Oriskany,

AUGUST 6, 1877.

PUBLISHED BY THE
ONEIDA HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

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1878.

“This generation can pay no better tribute to the pioneers of the Mohawk Valley, than to rescue from oblivion the true import of the deeds they did.”

INTRODUCTORY.

A proper celebration of the Battle of Oriskany, upon its one hundredth anniversary, was the spontaneous desire of the residents of the section in which it occurred, and from which its actors were derived. This wish found expression in many quarters of that section early in 1877, the third year of centennial commemoration of revolutionary events. In compliance with numerous suggestions in the public press, and elsewhere, that the Oneida Historical Society, at Utica, was the appropriate organization to inaugurate a systematic plan for the desired celebration, a special meeting of that body was held for the purpose, at Utica, on the 8th of June, 1877, at which the following resolutions were adopted :

One hundred years from August 6, 1877, there occurred, near the junction of the Oriskany and Mohawk streams, the most desperate and sanguinary, and one of the most important battles of the American Revolution. On that spot the whole military force of the Mohawk Valley, proceeding to the relief of besieged Fort Stanwix, encountered the invading army, and nearly one-half laid down their lives in defense of home and country. This conflict prevented the union of the invaders with Burgoyne, at the Hudson, and contributed to his surrender.

It is eminently proper, in this era of centennial celebrations of the Revolution, that this event should be suitably commemorated. The Battle of Oriskany is the prominent feature of revolutionary history in this section. It seems to devolve upon the Oneida Historical Society, as nearest to the locality, to take the initiative steps, and to invite the co-operation of other organizations and

individuals, throughout the Mohawk Valley, in an appropriate and worthy celebration of this memorable conflict, upon its hundredth anniversary; therefore,

RESOLVED, That a meeting be held on the 19th day of June, at 2 P. M., at the Common Council Chamber, in Utica, to make arrangements for the centennial celebration of the Battle of Oriskany, on the battle ground.

RESOLVED, That all organizations, desirous of participating, are cordially invited to send representatives to said meeting.

RESOLVED, That the chair appoint a committee of arrangements, to represent this society, and that it shall be the duty of this committee to issue all proper invitations, and make all necessary arrangements for such meeting.

The following committee was appointed:

S. Dering, R. S. Williams, C. W. Hutchinson, T. P. Ballou, M. M. Jones, Utica; George Graham, Oriskany; D. E. Wager, S. G. Visscher, Rome; E. North, Clinton; E. Graves, Herkimer; Webster Wagner, Palatine Bridge.

The invitation was warmly responded to throughout the Mohawk Valley. Meetings of citizens and organizations were at once held, and delegates appointed to represent them on the 19th of June. At that meeting a programme of the necessary committees for the celebration was adopted. Ex-Governor Horatio Seymour was chosen, by acclamation, President of the day, and the following general committee of arrangements was appointed:

UTICA.—Charles W. Hutchinson, S. S. Lowery, Harvey D. Talcott, Sylvester Dering, P. F. Bulger.

ROME.—Joseph Porter, S. G. Visscher, D. E. Wager, D. L. Stevens.

WHITESTOWN.—Philo White.

ORISKANY.—George Graham, David S. Landfear, Alonzo I. King, Isaac Fonda.

CLINTON.—O. S. Williams.

LEWIS COUNTY.—Garrett L. Roof.

HERKIMER COUNTY.—Samuel Earl, A. M. McKee, C. A. Moon, Peter F. Bellinger, Eli Fox, George Timmerman, W. H. H. Parkhurst.

MADISON COUNTY.—C. A. Walrath.

MONTGOMERY COUNTY.—Simeon Sammons, John H. Starin, Webster Wagner, Dow A. Fonda, Jephtha R. Simms, Alfred Wagner, Stephen Sandford.

FULTON COUNTY.—McIntyre Fraser, John A. Wells.

SCHENECTADY.—William Wells.

Sub-committees on invitations, monument, military, firemen, grounds, transportation, reporters, &c.; were also named. At a subsequent meeting of the general committee of arrangements, Alfred J. Wagner, of Fort Plain, was unanimously chosen Grand Marshal, and Daniel T. Everts, of Utica, was made Chief of Staff.

It is unnecessary in this place to mention the many subordinate meetings and proceedings, which occupied the public attention down to the memorable day. The records of these may be found in the files of the public journals in the Mohawk Valley. It is sufficient to state that all the details requisite for a complete and satisfactory result were carefully and industriously perfected in the several localities interested, and by the officers and the committees charged with the respective duties. The historic grounds were thrown open to the public, and duly prepared for its reception. Invitations were

sent to those who from official station or personal association with the event, were considered appropriate guests for the occasion.

The permanent record of the celebration would, however, be deficient if it omitted to attribute to the indefatigable exertions of the chairman of the committee on invitations, and, subsequently, of the general committee of arrangements, and to the early and continued labors on the ground of the member from Oriskany, much of the success which attended it.

The account of the celebration is taken chiefly from that in the *Utica Herald*, of which it was correctly stated: "The work of our reporters affords a more graphic impression of the scene upon the battle-field than actual presence there imparted. For it was too imposing in its whole, and too varied in its details, for the single eye to catch and hold it all."

THE CELEBRATION.

Nature never provided a more favorable day for such an entertainment than Monday, August 6, 1877. It opened with a cloudless sky and an invigorating temperature. With the dawn of that matchless day thousands, doubtless, first resolved to participate.

At sunrise the salutes fired from the guns on the battle-field and all along the Valley of the Mohawk, awakened the people to prepare for the glorious day. From this hour until late in the day they poured into Utica, Rome and other places en route to Oriskany by hundreds and thousands, on foot, horseback, by wagons, carriages, boats, steamers and rail. Men, women and children, old and young, rich and poor—all classes went "on to Oriskany." The roads, lanes, by-ways, hills, valleys, were black with people who were brown and begrimed with dust. There was no end to the stream of humanity until nearly dark, many visiting the grounds even at dark.

Shortly after 7 A. M., Grand Marshal Wagner, with Chief of Staff Everts and aids, left headquarters at Bagg's Hotel, Utica, for Oriskany. They had a pleasant ride to prepare them for the work of the day. Chief Everts immediately sent out couriers to the places of rendezvous of the various divisions and detachments, to find if all was in readiness. Prompt returns were made; the first from the battle-ground camp

to report was Colonel George Young and his cavalry corps, admirably mounted and equipped; Whitestown, Marshal Mills, the Herkimer County Fire Department, the Kirkland Division, and other organizations followed in order. Chief Everts kept his aids and couriers flying in all directions determined to have the grand procession move as closely to 11 A. M., the appointed hour, as possible.

THE GRAND PROCESSION.

At 11.10 A. M., precisely, the grand military and civic procession marched from Oriskany village along the road to the battle-field in the following order:

Chief Asby and Police.

Grand Marshal A. J. Wagner and Staff.

Young's Independent Cavalry Corps, escort to the Grand Marshal.

Sherman's Band, New Hartford.

Twenty-sixth Battalion Band.

Hon. Horatio Seymour, President of the Day.

Flag of Old Fort Stanwix, in possession of Mrs. Abraham Lansing, granddaughter of Col. Gansevoort.

Rev. Dr. Van Deusen, Chaplain of the Day, and Orators.

Portrait of General Herkimer, in charge of a Descendant.

Veterans of 1812 in Carriages.

Chairman John F. Seymour and Committee of Arrangements.

MONTGOMERY AND FULTON COUNTIES.

Commodore John H. Starin and Staff.

General E. A. Brown and Staff.

FIRST DIVISION.

Johnstown Cornet Band.

First Separate Company of Infantry, Johnstown.

Johnstown Artillery.

Commodore Starin's Gun Squad.

PROCESSION.

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SECOND DIVISION.

Thirteenth Brigade Band, Amsterdam.
Second Separate Company of Schenectady.
Descendants of Oriskany Veterans.
Canajoharie Drum Corps.
Post Farrel, G. A. R., Canajoharie.
Montgomery and Fulton Committees in Carriages.
Veterans of 1812 in Carriages.

HERKIMER COUNTY.

Marshal A. M. Mills and Staff.

FIRST DIVISION.

Herkimer's Old Brass Band.
German Flats Minute Men.
Taylor's Lightning Battery, of Ilion.
Ilion Veteran Gun Squad.
Veterans of 1812.
Descendants of Oriskany Veterans.
G. A. R. Drum Corps.
Galpin Post, G. A. R., Commander Brown.
Chismore Post, G. A. R., Ilion.

SECOND DIVISION.

Little Falls Cornet Band.
Officers Little Falls Fire Department.
Protection Engine and Hose Company.
Officers Herkimer Fire Department.
Fort Dayton Engine and Hose Company.
Mohawk Cornet Band.
Frankfort Fire Department.
Chief Budlong and Assistants.
Columbian Engine Company.
Tiger Hose Company.
Veterans of Oriskany and 1812.
Committee, Village Officers and Distinguished Citizens.

ORISKANY MEMORIAL.

ONEIDA COUNTY.

KIRKLAND DIVISION.

Marshal J. T. Watson and Staff.
Kirkland Minute Men, Mounted.
Veterans of the War, Mounted.

Clinton Cornet Band.

Veterans of the War of 1812.

Clinton Fire Department.

Chief Engineer Benedict and Assistants.

Excelsior Fire Company.

St. Patrick's M. B. & L. Society.

150 Carriages of Citizens.

Village Trustees, Committees and Guests, covering nearly three miles of road.

WHITESTOWN DIVISION.

Marshal Wetmore and Staff.

Oriskany Cornet Band.

Grand Army Veterans.

Vice President-at-Large Hon. Philo White.

Trustees of Village and Committees.

Whitesboro Fire Department.

Column of Mechanics from Babbitt's Whitesboro Iron Works,
Mounted.

Norman Stallion Monarch, Jr., Mounted on Wagon.
Banner—"We Honor the Heroes of Oriskany's Battle."

New York Mills Band.

Post Ross, G. A. R., New York Mills.

Minute Men Mounted.

Clergy, Committee, Citizens.

WESTMORELAND DIVISION.

Marshal James Dean and Staff.

Westmoreland Band.

Veterans of 1812.

Minute Men Mounted.

Masonic Lodges Mounted.

I. O. G. T. Lodges in Carriages.

Committee and Citizens in Carriages.

ROME DIVISION.

Marshal Frank B. Beers and Staff.
 Chief Wilds and Police.
 Old Rome Band.
 Skillin Post, G. A. R., No. 4.
 Veterans of Army and Navy.
 First Ward Minute Men.
 Second Ward Minute Men.
 Third Ward Minute Men.
 Fourth Ward Minute Men.
 Fifth Ward Minute Men.
 Oneida Indians.
 Rome Cornet Band.
 Chief Engineer Shanly and Assistants.
 Rome Fire Department.
 General Gansevoort Steamer Company.
 Stryker Hose Company.
 Fort Stanwix Steamer Company.
 Etna Hose Company.
 Washington Hose Company.
 Mohawk Hose Company.
 Committee, Citizens, Clergy and Guests.

UTICA DIVISION.

Brigadier General Sylvester Dering and Staff.
 Old Utica Band.
 Utica Citizens' Corps escorting Governor Robinson's Staff, Mayor
 Gaffin and Common Council of Utica.
 Adjutant Bacon Cadets, escorting Veterans of 1812.
 Twenty-first Brigade.
 First Separate Troop Cavalry.
 Fort Stanwix Guards.
 Armstrong Guards.
 Battalion Band.
 Twenty-sixth Battalion.
 Lieut. Col. P. F. Bulger and Staff.
 Hutchinson Light Guards.
 Utica Conkling Corps.
 Utica Veteran Zouaves.
 Utica Dering Guards.

Post Bacon, G. A. R., Commander Bright.

Post Curran, G. A. R.

Veterans of 1812.

Veterans of the Army and Navy.

Clergy, Committee and Citizens in Carriages.

The various divisions not reporting at the village were in readiness at the places of rendezvous assigned to them, as follows:

Whitesboro and New York Mills on the farms of Messrs. Roberts and Yoxel, just west of the church. Kirkland Division at the main street, Oriskany. Westmoreland Division at Cider street. Rome Division on the right side of the lane leading from Betsinger's bridge to the main road. Brigadier General Dering and 21st Brigade upon the hill south of the Rome Division. The Utica Division upon the south side of the main road on J. Betsinger's farm, and many independent organizations at other points along the route.

As the head of the column reached the military organizations located along the route, salutes were fired and the troops came to a present. Both sides of the road were lined with people, who cheered enthusiastically the carriage containing Governor Seymour, Mrs. Lansing, and the old flag of Fort Stanwix.

The location of the 21st Brigade, the Utica Citizens' Corps and Adjutant Bacon Cadets was an admirable one on the north hillside. General Dering and the Rome Cavalry Troop came riding over the hill as the column approached. The 26th Battalion remained back on the hill, while the Corps stood at a "present" in the front and center of the field, the Adjutant Bacon Cadets on the left, and the Rome Division on the north side of the road. An elevation in the road gave all a

magnificent view of the grand panoramic beauty of the Mohawk Valley and the hills beyond, brilliant with emerald hues. Salutes, cheers and waving handkerchiefs greeted the column from all directions. So admirably were all the arrangements perfected that little, if any, delay was caused by the filing into line of the separate divisions.

In passing the ravine, where so many of General Herkimer's brave men fell one hundred years ago, all the troops honored the spot by coming to a carry, and colors were dipped. These honors were the occasion of still more enthusiastic cheering.

The head of the column reached the entrance to the battle-field west of the ravine at 12.20 P. M., or one hour and ten minutes after leaving Oriskany. It led on over the route taken by General Herkimer in 1777 to the west of the field, wheeled to the north and moved on to the line of the grand marshal's field quarters, then to the east past the grand stand, where Governor Seymour, and Mrs. Lansing with the old flag, the orators and distinguished guests alighted—the column moving around the amphitheater to the south and west again, until a hollow square was formed around the amphitheater and grand stand. The column occupied just an hour in passing a given point near the field.

From the grand marshal's tent the view presented at the time of the moving of the column on the field was one that never can be forgotten. The amphitheater seemed to be formed for the occasion. It commanded a view of the whole of the grounds, with the exception of the center of the southern portion of the ravine

The eminence on the east side, with Camp Seymour, the camps on the south side of the road, the village of booths and tents, the brilliant display of moving uniformed and armed men, their arms and trappings dazzling the eyes in the sunlight, and—more imposing than all, the constantly moving mass of humanity that covered every portion of the field and all its surrounding, formed a panoramic view that has never been surpassed, if equaled, in this State. The best estimate formed by comparing the notes of men of experience, makes the number present between 60,000 and 75,000. It was a hard task to estimate by counting groups, because the people were constantly moving. In addition to the masses within view on all parts of the field, the road between Oriskany and Rome was filled with people. All the fields for miles around were occupied at noon.

THE LITERARY EXERCISES.

The literary exercises of the celebration began promptly after the arrival of the procession on the battle-field. The vast concourse was called to order by John F. Seymour, Chairman of the General Committee of Arrangements. Chief of Staff Everts announced the immediate order of exercises.

Rev. Dr. E. M. Van Deusen, rector of Grace Church, Utica, was called upon to offer prayer, which he did, opening with the Lord's Prayer, and continuing as follows:

PRAYER.

BY REV. DR. E. M. VAN DEUSEN.

O God, who art the blessed and only Potentate, the King of kings, and Lord of lords; the Almighty ruler of nations; we adore and magnify thy glorious name for all the great things which thou hast done for us. We especially desire, on this hundredth anniversary of a great struggle and victory, to acknowledge thy overruling Providence in all things, and "raise a memorial of thy living kingdom, and tell out thy works with gladness." We render thee thanks for the goodly heritage which thou hast given us; for the civil and religious privileges which we enjoy; and for the multiplied manifestations of thy favor toward us. Grant that we

may show forth our thankfulness for these thy mercies: by living in reverence of thy almighty power and dominion, in humble reliance on thy goodness and mercy, and in holy obedience to thy righteous laws. Preserve, we beseech thee, to our country the blessings of peace; restore them to nations deprived of them; and secure them to all people of the earth. May the kingdom of the Prince of Peace come; and reigning in the hearts and lives of men, unite them in holy fellowship; so that their only strife may be, who shall show forth, with most humble and holy fervor, the praises of Him who both loved them and made them kings and priests unto God. We implore thy blessing on all in legislative, judicial and executive authority, that they may have grace, wisdom and understanding, so to discharge their duties as most effectually to promote thy glory, the interests of true religion and virtue, and the peace, good order and welfare of this State and nation. Continue, O Lord, to prosper our institutions for the promotion of sound learning, the diffusion of virtuous education, and the advancement of Christian truth, and of the purity and prosperity of the Church; change, we beseech thee, every evil heart of unbelief, and shed the quickening influences of thy Holy Spirit on all the people of this land. Save us from the guilt of abusing the blessings of prosperity to luxury and licentiousness; to irreligion and vice; lest we provoke thee, in just judgment, to visit our offences with a rod, and our sins with scourges. Be thou pleased to restore kindly feeling, confidence and union between the employer and employed; restrain evil passions, give peace where there is discord, and may all men learn to do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with thee their God. And while thy unmerited goodness to us, O God of our salvation! leads us to repentance, may we offer our-

selves, our souls and bodies, a living sacrifice to thee who hast preserved and redeemed us, through Jesus Christ our Lord, on whose merits and mediation alone we humbly rely for the forgiveness of our sins, and the acceptance of our services; and who liveth and reigneth, with the Father and the Holy Ghost, ever one God, world without end. Amen.

Governor Seymour was then introduced, to deliver the welcoming address, by Mr. Graham, and was received with applause. He spoke as follows :

ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

BY GOV. HORATIO SEYMOUR.

All who care for the glory of our country; all who love to study the history of events which have shaped our civilization, government and laws; all who seek to lift up the virtues of our people by filling their minds with lofty standards of patriotism, will rejoice that we meet here to-day on this battle-field to honor the courage and devotion displayed here one hundred years ago. The sacred duty in which we are engaged does not merely concern the memories of the dead; it teaches the duties and elevates the character of the living. The command that we honor our fathers is not only a religious requirement, but it is a grave maxim of jurisprudence. Those who think and speak of virtue and patriotism sow in their own and in the minds of others the seeds of virtue and patriotism. The men of the Valley of the Mohawk will be wiser and better for this gathering upon the spot where their fathers fought and suffered and bled to uphold the cause of this country.

The preparation for this celebration, the events of the day, the facts which will be brought to light, the duties which will be taught, will in some degree tell upon the character of every man before me. They will do more. They will revive the legends of the past in every household in this valley. They will give them currency among all classes and weave them into woof and warp of popular knowledge. Much that was dying out will be revived and stamped upon the memories of the oncoming generation. This celebration

makes our hills and streams teachers of virtue. It gives new interest to the course of our river and our valley. For, henceforth, they will recall to our minds more clearly the events of the past. Every spot noted for some stirring act will hereafter, as we pass them by, remind us of the deeds of our fathers. The old churches and homes built when Britain ruled our country, and which were marred by war when this valley was desolated by torch and tomahawk, will grow more sacred in our eyes. Their time-worn walls will teach us in their silent way to think of suffering, of bloodshed, of ruthless ravages, more dreadful and prolonged than were endured elsewhere during the revolutionary struggle.

We are this day bringing out the events of our country in their true light. Historians have done much and well in making up the records of the past. But their recitals have not yet become, as they should be, a part of the general intelligence of our people. Views are distorted by local prejudices. Events are not seen in their due proportions or with proper perspectives. This is mainly due to the neglect of its history by New York. There is a dimness in the popular vision about this great center, source and theater of events which have shaped the civilization, usages and government of this continent. This is not only a wrong to our State, but to our Union. It has left the annals of other sections disjointed from their due relationships to the great body of our traditions. This want of an understanding of the affairs of New York has been to the history of our country what the conquest by Britain of its strongholds during the revolution would have been to the American cause. It has broken its unity. It has made a broad field of separation between its paths, which has made it difficult to get clear conceptions of its unity and its central sources.

Let us who live along the course of the Mohawk now enter upon our duty of making its history as familiar as household words. Let us see that the graves of dead patriots are marked by monuments. Let suitable structures tell the citizens of other States and countries when they pass along our thoroughfares, where its great events were enacted. And let all this be done in a way that shall stir our hearts and educate our minds. Let it not be done by virtue of an act of Legislature, but by virtue of our own efforts and patriotism. Let us not look elsewhere for aid when we would honor the memories of those who here served their country in the heart of our State. To my mind, this would be as unfit as for that family whose circle has been broken by death to let strangers come in and perform the last sacred office to their departed kindred. Let our colleges teach their students the history of the jurisprudence of New York, and it will make them wiser citizens when they enter upon the duties of life. Let our more youthful scholars be taught the events and traditions which make our hills instinct with glowing interest. Let the family circle by the fireside learn the legends of our valley, and let the mother with glowing pride tell to her offspring what those of their own blood and lineage did for their country's welfare, so that patriotism shall be kindled at each hearthstone. Let the rich man give of his abundance, and the poor what he can with a willing heart, and then when monuments shall stand on this field or on other spots consecrated by the ashes of those who perished for their country, such monuments will not only show that the memories of the dead have been honored, but that the living are intelligent, virtuous and patriotic.

When Europeans first came to our shores, they found the region stretching from the Atlantic to the Missis-

sippi, from the great lakes to the center of the present State of North Carolina, under the control of the Iroquois. They gained their power by their possession of the strongholds in this State. From these they followed the diverging valleys, which gave them pathways into the country of their enemies, who were divided by the chains of mountains which separated the rivers after they had taken their courses from the highlands of New York. For more than a century a contest in arms and diplomacy was carried on between Great Britain and France for the control of the system of the mountains and rivers of this State, which made the Iroquois the masters of all the adjacent tribes. Albany, at the confluence of the Mohawk and Hudson, became the colonial capital of the British settlements. It was the point from which, during the long years of the French war, most of the military expeditions were sent forth. It was the place at which was held the meetings of the agents of the several colonies, and at which they learned the value of co-operation and conceived the idea of a union of the colonies. Most of the revolutionary struggle was marked by the same continuous effort of the contending parties to gain control of the commanding positions of this State. When our independence was achieved, the valleys which had been the war-paths of savage and civilized armies, became the great thoroughfares through which the still mightier armies of immigration from Europe and the East filled the interior of our continent. At our feet are railroads and water routes that have been for a series of years the thoroughfares for a vast current of commerce, and the greatest movement of the human race recorded in its history. All other movements, in war or peace, are insignificant in comparison with the vast numbers that have passed along the borders of this battle-field to find homes in the great plains of the

West, to organize social systems and to build up great States. The histories of our country which fail to set forth clearly the events of this great central point are as obscure and as defective as would be an attempt to describe the physical aspects of the country, and yet should omit a mention of the great streams of our land on the highlands of our State which flow from them into the cold waters of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, into the tepid currents of the Gulf of Mexico, or the great bays of New York, of the Delaware and Chesapeake. The currents of events which distinguish our history, like the currents of our rivers, have largely had their origin in our territory.

To the ceremonies of this day, in honor of those who battled for American liberty in the past, and in the faith that this day's proceedings will promote virtue and patriotism in the future, we extend a welcome to all in attendance here; to the State officials who honor us by their presence; to citizens and soldiers who manifest their gratitude to those who sacrificed so much on the ground for the public welfare. It is with no ordinary feelings that we meet the descendants of those who fought at the Battle of Oriskany, one of the most fierce and bloody contests of the Revolution. As we saw them coming along the course of the Mohawk the past seemed to be recalled. When we look at the array from the upper valley and those who sallied from Fort Stanwix to join us here, we feel reinforced by friends, as our fathers, from the same quarters. We welcome all to this celebration of patriotic service and sacrifice. When it is closed we shall bid you God-speed to your several homes, with the prayer that in your different walks of life you will do your duty as manfully, and serve your country as faithfully, as the men who battled so bravely on this ground one hundred years ago.

The audience listened with marked attention and appreciation, often interrupting the speaker with hearty applause. When the applause had subsided, Governor Seymour said he had something more to say, and spoke as follows :

It is a just source of patriotic pride to those who live in this valley that the flag of our country (with the stars and stripes) was first displayed in the face of our enemies on the banks of the Mohawk. Here it was baptized in the blood of battle. Here it first waved in triumph over a retreating foe. When the heroic defenders of Fort Stanwix learned in that remote fortress the emblem adopted by the Continental Congress for the standards to be borne by its armies, they hastened to make one in accordance with the mandate, and to hang it out from the walls of their fortress. It was rudely made of such materials cut from the clothing of the soldiers as were fitted to show its colors and its designs. But no other standard, however skillfully wrought upon silken folds, could equal in interest this first flag of our country worked out by the unskilled hands of brave men, amid the strife of war and under the fire of beleaguering foes. It was to rescue it from its peril that the men of this valley left their homes and marched through the deep forest to this spot.

It was to uphold the cause of which it was the emblem that they battled here. Time has destroyed that standard. But I hold in my hand another banner hardly less sacred in its associations with our history. It is the flag of our State which was borne by the regiment commanded by Colonel Gansevoort, not only here at the beginning of the revolutionary war, but also when it was ended by the surrender of the British army at Yorktown. The brave soldier who carried it

through so many contests valued it beyond all other earthly possessions. He left it as a precious heirloom to his family. They have kept it with such faithful care that again, after a century has rolled away, its folds can be displayed in this valley to another generation, who will look upon it with a devotion equal to that felt by those who followed it on the battle-fields of the Revolution. When it is now unfurled, let it receive the military honors accorded it a hundred years ago; and let us reverently uncover our heads in memory of the dead who watched and guarded it through the bloodshed and perils of ancient war.

John F. Seymour then lifted the flag which floated proudly in the breeze. At the sight of it the vast audience gave three rousing cheers and lifted their hats. All the military presented arms, and the bands played the "Star Spangled Banner." The Fultonville battery belched forth a salute which shook the hills, and cheer upon cheer went up. The effect was thrilling.

This flag was the standard of the Third New York Regiment, commanded by Colonel Peter Gansevoort, who at the disbandment of the army retained it in his own possession and handed it down to his son, the late Peter Gansevoort, from whom it descended to his daughter, Mrs. Abraham Lansing, in whose hands it is now preserved with the greatest care. The flag consists of a piece of heavy blue silk, of very fine quality, and which has preserved its color remarkably. Its present dimensions are those of a square, being nearly seven feet each way, but it is probable that it was originally somewhat longer and better proportioned. The

outer edge is hemmed, but on the upper and lower margin the fringe, which no doubt was once very rich and extended all round, still remains. The design upon the flag represents the arms of the State of New York, but not as at present, nor yet like the seal adopted in 1778. It is probable that it was painted while the design of 1778 was under consideration, as it bears some resemblance to it. In the center there is an oval shield upon which is depicted the sun rising from behind a mountain peak, the foot of which reaches down to water; above the shield is the eagle standing upon a hemisphere. The shield is supported on either hand by female figures about twenty-five inches high; on the left, Liberty; on the right, Justice, holding the even balance; beneath all a scroll bearing the word "Excelsior."

Notwithstanding the care which has been bestowed upon it, this sacred relic shows the ravages of time, the painting being somewhat cracked and the silk rent with many a gash. So much as remains, however, will be handed down to posterity, to be regarded by each generation with deeper reverence and affection.

Governor Seymour then spoke of the lady who had kindly consented to allow the flag to be exhibited. He said:

We owe it to the kindness of a lady, the granddaughter of the heroic Gansevoort, that the interest of this occasion has been heightened by the exhibition of the banner which was just displayed. As I have stated he left it as an heirloom to his descendants. It now

belongs to his granddaughter, Mrs. Abraham Lansing, of Albany. We could not ask her to surrender it even for a short time into our hands, for we felt that no one of the lineage of Colonel Gansevoort would surrender a flag. The effort to get him to do that was unsuccessfully tried by St. Leger, although he had an army to enforce his demands. We therefore urged her to honor us by her presence at this time and to bring with her as its guardian the banner which has just been exhibited. I know I express the feelings of this assemblage when I say, that in complying with our request, she has conferred upon us a favor which will long be remembered in the Valley of the Mohawk. In behalf of this assembly, I thank her for her kindness and for her presence on this occasion.

The audience expressed its appreciation by three hearty cheers and continued applause for Gen. Gansevoort and his descendants. An intermission of one hour was then announced, and the thousands of people went in search of dinner.

AFTERNOON EXERCISES.

AT THE WEST STAND.

At 2.45, when the exercises at the West Stand were opened, a dense throng was congregated, packed around on all sides. The platform was in a hollow, in the scanty shade of an apple tree, the people closing around as in an amphitheater, only pressing closely upon the arena. The Old Utica Band, stationed under a neighboring apple tree, opened the exercises.

LETTERS FROM INVITED GUESTS.

John F. Seymour called the assemblage to order. He said: We have the pleasure of having with us Lieutenant Governor Dorsheimer, Major Douglass Campbell, Judge Bacon and Ellis H. Roberts, who will address us on this occasion. Before the speaking, however, I wish to read to you some letters we have received from gentlemen invited to be present, but who have been unable to attend.

Following are the several letters:

FROM PRESIDENT HAYES.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, July 13, 1877.

Mr. JOHN F. SEYMOUR, Chairman Invitation Committee:

My Dear Sir: I regret that I can not accept your invitation to be present at the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the Battle of Oriskany. It would be very gratifying to me to take part in the exercises of the occasion, and to meet the citizens of New York who will be in attendance. I trust that your celebration will be altogether successful. Sincerely,

R. B. HAYES.

FROM VICE PRESIDENT WHEELER.

MALONE, July 13, 1877.

J. F. SEYMOUR, Esq., Chairman, &c., Utica, N. Y.:

My Dear Sir: It would afford me great pleasure to be with you on the occasion of the one hundredth anniversary of the Battle of Oriskany, but engagements, long since made, will take me out of the State at that time, and I must forego the pleasure.

Yours truly,

WM. A. WHEELER.

FROM SECRETARY EVARTS.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, WASHINGTON, July 14, 1877.

HON. JOHN F. SEYMOUR, Chairman, &c.:

My Dear Sir: I have had the honor to receive the invitation of your committee to attend and take part in the celebration of the Battle of Oriskany on the 6th of August next.

I can well understand the wide and sincere interest in this celebration which prevails throughout Central New York, and would gladly attend upon the occasion were it in my power.

Engagements already formed, for the month of August, will deprive me of the pleasure of visiting Utica, and uniting with my fellow-citizens in the patriotic festivities proposed.

I am yours, very truly,

WM. M. EVARTS.

FROM GENERAL SHERMAN.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES, }
WASHINGTON, D. C., July 13, 1877. }

MR. JOHN F. SEYMOUR, Chairman Invitation Committee, Utica:

Sir: Your invitation to General Sherman to attend the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the Battle of Oriskany has been received. General Sherman is now traveling up the Yellowstone river, and will not be within reach by mail or telegraph before the 1st proximo, and is not expected to return to Washington for several months.

Very respectfully yours,

WM. D. WHIPPLE,
A. D. C. and Bvt. Maj. Gen.

FROM EX-SECRETARY FISH.

GLENCLYFFE, July 21, 1877.

JOHN F. SEYMOUR, Esq., Chairman, Utica:

Dear Sir: I regret very much to find this day that a note which I had addressed to you, several days since, in reply to your invitation to attend the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the Battle of Oriskany, has been overlooked and remains overlaid on my table. I fear that it will not be in my power to be present. I am about to leave home to be absent for a short period, which however will prevent my attendance on the occasion.

Compared with other battles, in the consideration of the forces engaged, the Battle of Oriskany was a very insignificant affair, but it involved skill, courage and endurance, and in its results is to be regarded as one of the important successes in the great struggle which brought a nation into recognized existence.

I am very respectfully yours, HAMILTON FISH.

FROM EX-GOVERNOR DIX.

SEAFIELD, WEST HAMPTON, July 16, 1877.

JOHN F. SEYMOUR, Esq.:

Dear Sir: I very much regret that I am unable to accept your kind invitation to be present at the one hundredth anniversary of the Battle of Oriskany, and unite in the commemoration of that important event in the great campaign of the revolutionary war.

Very truly yours, JOHN A. DIX.

FROM GENERAL M'CLELLAN.

ORANGE, NEW JERSEY, July 14, 1877.

JOHN F. SEYMOUR, Esq., Chairman, &c.:

My Dear Sir: Your very kind letter of the 9th reached me only yesterday. I regret extremely that other engagements will render it impossible for me to avail myself of your most polite invitation, to take part in the interesting ceremonies proposed for the celebration of the centennial anniversary of the Battle of Oriskany. It would afford me very great pleasure to show my respect for the memory of the brave men who participated in that battle, so important in its results, and I should also derive very

great satisfaction from meeting so many good friends as I should be sure to do on the 6th; but unfortunately it is not in my power to be at Oriskany on the day in question.

May I ask you to convey to the other gentlemen of the committee my sincere and cordial thanks for their politeness, and my regret that I must necessarily be absent. With my best wishes for the complete success of the celebration, I am, my dear sir,
most truly yours,
GEO. B. McCLELLAN.

FROM WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

ROSLYN, LONG ISLAND, N. Y., July 12, 1877.

J. F. SEYMOUR, Chairman of Invitation Committee:

Dear Sir: For various reasons I can not attend the commemoration of the Battle of Oriskany, to which your committee has obligingly invited me. I owe you many thanks for the kind terms with which you have accompanied the invitation, and which, were I a younger man, might have persuaded me to leave this retreat. As to the ode of which you speak, I have already declined two requests of the kind, and one I have complied with, solely because I incautiously said something which was understood as a promise. But it is too late for me to think of writing verses for public occasions. If I were to employ myself in such an office, I am afraid I should appear like a gardener, who, in the beginning of the winter, should attempt to raise flowers in the open air, in order to have a bouquet ready for the festivities of New Year's eve.

I am, sir, very truly yours,
W. C. BRYANT.

FROM GENERAL SIGEL.

NEW YORK, July 16, 1877.

JOHN F. SEYMOUR, Esq., Chairman Invitation Committee, Utica,
N. Y.:

Dear Sir: I am much obliged to you and your committee for the kind letter of invitation sent to me, in relation to the intended celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the Battle of Oriskany, on the 6th of August next; but on account of private affairs, which demand my presence in this city, I am sorry to say that I shall not be able to meet you and your friends on that occasion. Of course, I highly appreciate your patriotic sentiments in

doing honor and justice to old Herkimer and his companions, who so bravely defended the country of their choice in the hour of need and danger, and sincerely hope that your efforts will be rewarded with well deserved success.

Very respectfully yours,

F. SIGEL.

FROM GEORGE W. CLINTON.

BUFFALO, July 16, 1877.

JOHN F. SEYMOUR, Chairman, &c.:

Dear Sir: Your invitation to the one hundredth anniversary of the Battle of Oriskany was not received until this morning, and I regret extremely that it is not in my power now to change my arrangements so as to enable me to enjoy the great pleasure and honor of being present and aiding that most extraordinary occasion.

Very respectfully yours,

G. W. CLINTON.

FROM HON. S. S. COX.

NEW YORK CITY, August 3, 1877.

My Dear Mr. SEYMOUR:

I have not been unmindful of your invitation to attend the Oriskany celebration. I have endeavored to arrange my affairs so as to be with you, if not as a speaker, as an interested auditor; but I have failed.

I confess that ancestral revolutionary associations would carry me into next year, and into the Monmouth, N. J., region; but none the less interesting are the Mohawk annals! With what a persistent and ready spirit the Mohawkers rallied to aid in freeing New York from the Burgoyne invasion; and although Oriskany may not be accounted a pivotal battle, still it was in every way an illustration of that spirit of the militia which was founded on a deep, manly, thoughtful sense of right and freedom. Its hundredth year is an era to be cherished. The intelligent, grateful and patriotic folk of the Mohawk Valley know how to celebrate its best meanings.

With respect,

S. S. Cox.

FROM GOVERNOR ROBINSON.

STATE OF NEW YORK, EXECUTIVE CHAMBER, }
ALBANY, August 3, 1877. }

JOHN F. SEYMOUR, Esq., Utica, N. Y.:

My Dear Sir: I am in receipt of your invitation to be present at the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the Battle of Oriskany. I regret extremely that circumstances, which I can not control, prevent my acceptance of the invitation.

I should be very happy, if it were possible, to unite with the people of the Mohawk Valley in celebrating this important event in their history. It must have for all of them, and especially for the many who are of German descent, a very great interest. It is a singular fact that in the Battle of Oriskany, which had so important an effect in our contest for national independence, the German language almost alone was used on the side of the Americans.

I am glad to know that there will be at the celebration, men far more competent than myself to do full justice to this chapter in the history of our revolutionary war.

I am with great respect, yours very truly,

L. ROBINSON.

FROM BENSON J. LOSSING.

THE RIDGE, DOVER PLAINS POST-OFFICE, }
DUCHESS Co., N. Y., July 24, 1877. }

JOHN F. SEYMOUR, Esq.:

Dear Sir: Your letter, dated July 9, did not reach me until last evening by way of Poughkeepsie. I thank you for the invitation it contained, to participate with the people of the Mohawk Valley in the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the Battle of Oriskany, on the 6th of August next; also for the compliment of an invitation to make a brief address to the multitude who will gather there. Were it in my power I should certainly be with you, but imperative engagements will prevent.

Twenty-nine years ago I made a pilgrimage to the grand theater of historic events in the Valley of the Mohawk, which gave it the appropriate title of "The Dark and Bloody Ground." On a warm July afternoon, I rode down from Rome (Fort Stanwix) to

Oriskany village, where Mr. George Graham, of that place, kindly accompanied me to the site of the battle, that gave one of the most fatal checks to the conquering Burgoyne, then making his way slowly down the Valley of the Hudson.

Nowhere during that summer's pilgrimage was I more deeply impressed with the patriotism, courage and fortitude of the yeomanry of our beloved country when fighting for the inalienable right to the enjoyment of liberty, than when I stood on the eastern border of that ravine, around which in a semi-circle had lain in ambush the dusky warriors of the woods led by the accomplished Brant, and supported by the "Royal Greens" of Sir John Johnson and the trained Tory bands of Colonels Butler and Claus.

There might then be seen at the bottom of the ravine the very logs that formed a causeway across the marsh, over which the gallant General Herkimer was leading the militia under Colonels Cox, Paris and Klock, when at a signal from Brant the savages arose and closed the circle around them, and smote them terribly with spear and hatchet and deadly rifle ball.

Below us lay that dreadful slaughter-pen covered with sweet verdure and bathed in the sunlight, where a hundred years ago lay the dead and dying, whose life-blood reddened the very soil and the grassy slopes, while heavy thunder clouds darkened the firmament.

Westward of the ravine, on the verge of a high plain on which the hottest portion of the battle occurred, Mr. Graham pointed out the spot, not far from the highway, where the beech tree stood, at the base of which the wounded General Herkimer sat upon his saddle taken from his horse, slain under him, and coolly lighted his pipe and directed the tempest of battle.

When Herkimer on that morning counseled caution and wise prudence, some of his subordinate officers ungenerously called him "coward" and "tory." What a stinging commentary upon their judgment was that fatally wounded old man sitting at the foot of that tree, in perfect composure, the sign of highest moral heroism, giving orders to his men how to fight valiantly and successfully, while his companions were falling around him like leaves in autumn, and bullets were whistling by him like driving sleet. I turned from that battle-field, and in contemplating its far-reaching effects upon the campaign in northern New York in 1777, was satisfied that it was the chief event that caused the Indians to desert St. Leger, and that boastful young leader to raise the siege of

Fort Stanwix and fly for refuge to the bosom of Lake Ontario. It was the first fatal shock given to the hopes of Burgoyne, and caused him to despair when his expedition toward Bennington was defeated ten days after the Battle of Oriskany.

The events at Oriskany and Bennington, in August, 1777, caused the flood-tide of invasion from the north to ebb. They led immediately to the important results at Saratoga in October; also the appreciation by the courts of Europe of the powers of the American soldiery and the ability of the colonists to maintain the cause of independence. It led to an open treaty of alliance between the United States and France, which was signed just six months to a day after the Battle of Oriskany. That battle was the first upon which the fortunes of the old war for independence turned in favor of the American patriots. It was the prophecy of the surrender of Yorktown.

I beg you to present my thanks to your associates of the committee. Allow me also to express a wish that the lessons of patriotism taught by the heroes in the Battle of Oriskany, and revived by your celebration, may ever inspire the hearts and minds of our countrymen to be always valiant in defense of our Union and the sacred rights of local self-government.

Your fellow-citizen,

BENSON J. LOSSING.

FROM COLONEL F. A. CONKLING.

NEW YORK, July 25, 1877.

JOHN F. SEYMOUR, Esq., Chairman, &c.:

Dear Sir: Referring to my letter dated at the Delaware Water Gap, I avail myself of the earliest moment since my return to this city, to inform you that circumstances beyond my control forbid my acceptance of your flattering invitation to deliver an address on the 6th proximo at the battle-field of Oriskany.

The celebration of the centennial anniversary of that great event deserves the careful attention of the historian as well as the grateful tribute of the patriot. At Oriskany the first blow was struck, by the yeomanry of Tryon county, which turned the tide of fortune against the famous expedition of General Burgoyne. The result, it is true, was defeat to the Americans; but like that of Bunker Hill, it was a defeat with all the moral and substantial fruits of victory. It demoralized the troops of the victors, disheartened their savage allies, and made impossible the conquest of

the Mohawk Valley, thus thwarting the purpose of the British cabinet, first to dismember and then to destroy the new born republic. The fortunes of the Revolution were effectually turned and American Independence was made possible, if not certain. We have the declaration of Washington himself that when all was dark in the North, it was "Herkimer who first reversed the gloomy scene."

The hero of the Mohawk Valley performed this glorious service, not for lucre or ambition or fame. He yielded up his life from a nobler and holier motive. He died without fear and without reproach, for liberty and his country. Well may his name be forever cherished, honored and revered.

I trust that the suggestion will not be deemed inappropriate, that your convocation ought not to disperse without taking effectual measures to carry into effect the resolution of the Continental Congress decreeing him a monument.

The Battle of Oriskany should be kept forever fresh in the memory of the free people of the ancient Tryon county. They ought to make classic the ground where it was fought. They ought to meet there frequently, to pay the tribute of grateful love to the memory of the patriots who laid down their lives, in order that the liberties of their children, and their children's children, might be made forever secure. Faithfully yours,

F. A. CONKLING.

FROM EX-GOVERNOR MORGAN.

54 AND 56 EXCHANGE PLACE, NEW YORK, July 12, 1877.

JOHN F. SEYMOUR, Esq., Chairman, Utica:

Dear Sir: Please accept my thanks for the polite invitation I have received to attend the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the Battle of Oriskany, on the 6th of August.

I regret that I shall not be able to be present. I am, however, much gratified to notice the excellent spirit manifested in relation to this celebration. I am, with much esteem, yours truly,

E. D. MORGAN.

FROM PRESIDENT ANDERSON, OF ROCHESTER UNIVERSITY.

PORTAGE FALLS, July 13, 1877.

JOHN F. SEYMOUR, Esq.:

My Dear Sir: Your note inviting me to speak at Utica or Rome, on the evening of the 3d of August, has just reached me here. I regret to say that my engagements are such that I can

not be present at Utica or Rome on the evening which you name. I am deeply interested in the object which the patriotic citizens of Central New York have before them, and should, under other circumstances, be very happy to participate in the exercises designed to commemorate the Battle of Oriskany. Thanking you and the gentlemen whom you represent, I am yours very truly,

M. B. ANDERSON.

FROM BAYARD TAYLOR.

WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, West Va., July 19, 1877.

JOHN F. SEYMOUR, Esq. :

Dear Sir : My absence from New York has delayed my receipt of your letter.

I regret that I can not possibly comply with your request. I am going through a course of treatment here, and literary labor is prohibited to me while it lasts. Besides I have done my full share, both last year and this, and have a right to remain silent while there are so many others willing and competent to perform the task.

Very respectfully yours,

BAYARD TAYLOR.

FROM DAVID GRAY, OF THE BUFFALO COURIER.

BLOCK ISLAND, R. I., July 20, 1877.

HON. JOHN F. SEYMOUR, Utica, N. Y. :

My Dear Sir: Your favor of the 14th inst., forwarded from Buffalo, has just reached me at this place, where I am passing a week or two of vacation and isolation, in the literal sense of the latter word. If I could instantly lay hands on some material—of fact and inspiration—relating to the Battle of Oriskany, I think I should be tempted to accept the honor you proffer me and write something with which to appear at your celebration. But this island is barren of any such facilities, and before I could furnish myself with an essential document or two, my vacation would have all but expired. I am, therefore, forced to decline your invitation for the 6th proximo. In so doing let me assure you that I deeply appreciate the compliment to myself implied in it. I should have been proud indeed to take part in an occasion of such State and

national interest. I only regret that at this late day it would be impossible for me to do any kind of justice to my own sense of its historic and patriotic significance.

Hoping that the celebration will be a grand success, and thanking you and your committee for the great honor done to myself, I am, dear sir, very respectfully yours,

DAVID GRAY.

FROM THE ADJUTANT GENERAL OF THE STATE.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, STATE OF NEW YORK, }
 ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE, ALBANY, Aug. 4, 1877. }

HON. JOHN F. SEYMOUR, Chairman Invitation Committee, Utica,
 N. Y.:

Sir: I have the honor of acknowledging the receipt of your very polite invitation to the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the Battle of Oriskany, and in doing so would apologize for my making this acknowledgment at so late a moment—owing to my official duties occupying me so constantly that no opportunity has occurred before. Nothing could give me greater pleasure than to be present on such an interesting occasion, but imperative engagements here preclude my taking that enjoyment.

At the request of the Governor I addressed a letter to each one of his staff, yesterday, informing them that it was his desire, as he could not attend himself, that as many of his staff should be present as was practicable.

Regretting that I must necessarily be absent, and thanking you for your courteous attention, I remain, yours, very truly,

FRANKLIN TOWNSEND, Adjutant General.

FROM HON. SIDNEY BREESE.

CARLYLE, Ill., August 3, 1877.

JOHN F. SEYMOUR, Esq., Chairman:

It would give me great pleasure, as a native of Oneida, to be present at the approaching one hundredth anniversary of the Battle of Oriskany, fought under so many disadvantages, and so gallantly on August 6, 1777. All honor to the memory of the brave Nicholas Herkimer, the unfortunate commander! I agree with you that saving Fort Stanwix, as this battle did, in effect

defeated the plans of General Burgoyne, and probably saved our country and the glorious cause for which we were contending. I regret that my judicial duties will prevent my attendance. I hope you will have a pleasant time and not be niggard in your libations to the memory of those men who bled and died on the hard-fought field of Oriskany. When a boy I often, with my father, passed over the battle-field. Let the battle be fitly celebrated for all time. With great regards, your obedient, &c.,

SIDNEY BREESE.

FROM CHARLES TRACY.

SARATOGA SPRINGS, August 3, 1877.

JOHN F. SEYMOUR, Esq., Utica:

My Dear Sir: I thank your committee for the invitation to attend the celebration of the hundredth anniversary of the Battle of Oriskany, and regret that my engagement, in a long and important investigation before the Senate here, deprives me of the pleasure of accepting it. As a native of the Valley of the Mohawk, proud of its history and traditions, I would have been happy to have met others of like sentiment, and join them in doing honor to the memory of the gallant Herkimer and his followers, and helping to a just appreciation of their courage and endurance, and of the valuable service they rendered to their country's cause in a time of sore trial.

Truly yours,

CHARLES TRACY.

FROM ALFRED B. STREET.

ALBANY, August 3, 1877.

JOHN F. SEYMOUR, Esq.:

Dear Sir: Your kind invitation for me to be present at the proceedings commemorative of the Battle of Oriskany is before me. Absence from home, a severe pressure of unavoidable engagements, and a sincere desire to be present, if possible, have all prevented me from acknowledging the receipt of your letter until now. Please excuse my consequent delay and seeming neglect, and be assured that nothing would afford me greater pleasure than to be present, would circumstances allow. As it is, however, I must, very unwillingly, be content to be with you in spirit only.

Allow me to add that I regard Oriskany as one of the most important of the revolutionary battles. Fought at the greatest disadvantage, yet resulting in victory, its consequence, as well as its example, entitled it to that rank. By it the Indian spirit was humiliated, if not broken. The savage foe was taught that brave and determined hearts existed among those called to defend their homes and families from the merciless tomahawk. It led to the real or pretended credulity with which they heard the story of the renegade, Hon Yost, and consequent abandonment of the siege of Fort Schuyler.

Although that fort was defended by the desperate courage of the noble Gansevoort, and his no less brave associates, particularly the gallant Willett, it might, without the battle of the 6th, have fallen. The consequences, in opening the way of St. Leger to Albany and to the rear of General Gates, cutting off his base of supplies and allowing the former to advance upward to the great encampment of Burgoyne, if not of Sir Henry Clinton, would probably have proved most disastrous, it may be to the reversal even of the glorious and decisive event of Bemis' Heights. But, thanks to the heroes of Tryon county, and particularly to the brave Herkimer, it turned out a most efficient auxiliary to the subsequent victory of Bennington, leading in connection with it to the untoward and depressing events that finally inclosed Burgoyne in an impenetrable net.

With my thanks for your remembrance of me, and best wishes for the complete success of the centennial undertaking commemorating the great event of the Mohawk Valley, I am very sincerely yours,

ALFRED B. STREET.

FROM PRESIDENT BROWN, OF HAMILTON COLLEGE.

CHICAGO, August 2, 1877.

HON. JOHN F. SEYMOUR :

My Dear Sir : Until to-day I have not given up the hope of finishing the business which has unexpectedly detained me here, so as to be present at the coming celebration of the hundredth anniversary of the battle near the Oriskany. The importance of that fierce contest has been under-estimated. Bloody as it was, and disastrous as for the moment it seemed to be, it really saved Fort Stanwix from the assault of St. Leger—destroyed the well-laid plans of a campaign which, if successful, would have nearly

or quite overwhelmed the struggling colonies—brought hope to the heart of Washington, and contributed not a little to the grand success of the capture of Burgoyne, which occurred a little more than two months later.

The number of combatants at the Battle of Oriskany was not very great—not many more, I suppose, than 2,000 in all, on both sides. Yet few battles have been fiercer, or, in proportion to the numbers engaged, more sanguinary. Four hundred of the colonists are said to have been killed or wounded; and nearly or quite as many of the English and Indians. The forces of General Herkimer were not well disciplined troops, accustomed to the terrible realities of war. For the most part quiet inhabitants of the beautiful Valley of the Mohawk, they were hastily gathered, somewhat rash and impatient of discipline, and too ready, like ardent recruits everywhere, to interpret the caution and prudence of a veteran commander as indicating cowardice, or, at least, a lack of vigor and energy. If they paid bitterly for their impatience, they showed also, in the hour of trial, the natural courage and tenacity of the race, the coolness, valor and endurance, which are among the first qualities of a good soldier. Suddenly attacked on all sides by concealed foes, whose numbers they could only conjecture, they seem to have made the best disposition of their forces possible, and fought without sign or thought of yielding till more than half their number were helpless from wounds or dead upon the field. Though prevented from actually raising the siege of Fort Stanwix, they inflicted a blow more terrible than they received, and beneficent and lasting in its results. The besieging army of St. Leger, baffled in every attempt, soon began its rapid and disorganized retreat to Ontario and Canada—the Valley of the Mohawk was free and loyal, no hostile forces marching down along its pleasant waters to disturb Schuyler and Gates—Bennington and Saratoga were near at hand—Albany and the Hudson to remain permanently ours—New England, New York, the Central and the Southern States to continue indissolubly one, and the Independence of the United States to be achieved.

All honor, then, to the heroes of that bloody day. Their courage helped to bring us liberty; their death to give us life. Nor ought we to forget the great services rendered in those early days by others who never bore arms. Probably to no one man was it so much due, that the powerful central tribe of the Oneidas remained faithful to the colonists, as to the Rev. Samuel Kirkland, the missionary to the Indians, the founder of Hamilton Oneida

Academy, destined a little later to become Hamilton College. Mr. Kirkland had been appointed chaplain to the forces in Fort Stanwix (sometimes called Fort Schuyler,) and though he was not present either in the fort or with the relieving forces in the battle, his influence was strongly and constantly felt among the Indians, and all along through the Valley of the Mohawk.

Let us raise some suitable tribute to these brave and good men, so that our children may remember, as often as they look upon the spot where they fought so well, that here was one of the seed-fields of independence and liberty. May it be ours, too, to cherish their principles as well as their memory; to guard sacredly the republic which our fathers founded; to cherish the learning, the intelligence, the faith which did so much for them, and will do even more for every people who are true to themselves and to God.

With great respect, and with increasing regret that I can not be with you, I remain your very obedient servant,

S. G. BROWN.

FROM CHARLES E. SMITH, ESQ.

OFFICE OF THE ALBANY EVENING JOURNAL, }
ALBANY, July 28, 1877. }

Hon. JOHN F. SEYMOUR, Chairman Invitation Committee, Utica,
N. Y.:

My Dear Sir: I have the honor to acknowledge your courteous invitation to make a brief address at the centennial of the Battle of Oriskany. If circumstances did not deny me the privilege, I should be proud to bear an humble part in commemorating an event which possessed great significance in our revolutionary history, and which justly appeals to the patriotic memories and sentiment of the Mohawk Valley. Oriskany was in some sense to Saratoga, what Ligny was to Waterloo. The achievement of the gallant Herkimer and his brave comrades was one of the turning points in the heroic struggle for liberty. There can be no higher inspiration to the sons than to contemplate the great work of their sires. Every citizen of New York will share in the spirit of the anniversary occasion.

I have the honor to be your obedient servant,

CHARLES E. SMITH.

FROM PRESIDENT POTTER, OF UNION COLLEGE.

SCHENECTADY, August 3, 1877.

J. F. SEYMOUR, Esq., Chairman, &c. :

As a native of the Mohawk Valley as well as a resident somewhat familiar with its beautiful scenery, eventful history and remarkable progress, while prevented from being present, I rejoice with the distinguished orators and patriotic citizens assembled to celebrate the centennial of Oriskany. With bountiful harvests, with free education in our common schools and colleges, with uninterrupted means of communication, and with industries developed and reviving, we hail this centennial day, grateful to the Divine Giver of every good and perfect gift. Conscious of the blessings of our lot and of their efforts in our behalf, who thought it sweet and decorous to die for their country, we recall with renewed fervor the names of our patriot dead, we would revisit their ashes and revive by their influence our devotion to our fatherland.

The event we celebrate is not only of local, but of national, nay, of world-wide importance. Who can ever estimate the influence of Oriskany in preventing the union of foes, in destroying and scattering their Indian allies, and in defeating matured and cherished plans for crushing the liberties of this country, and with them the best hopes of the world for successful popular government?

May the heart of every citizen of the Mohawk Valley respond. May we unite in determining by societies and by individual efforts to perpetuate the memory and preserve the relics of our past. Here at Union College there is provided an ample repository in an isolated and fire-proof building for such collections, and rooms and appliances for the meetings and reunions of such societies.

The second century of our national history, like the first, opens with important interests imperiled, and with contests imminent, as between capital and labor, and between political purity and corruption, which, should they prove comparatively bloodless, will be none the less trying and momentous. At such a time the educational influence and patriotic power of centennials such as this can not be over-estimated. Henceforth may wise political science be thoroughly taught, not only in our colleges, but in our public schools, so that the true relations of labor and capital, of consumption and production and progress, may be accurately and widely known. May the unity and harmony of all sections and of all the

people be secured. May the influence of patriotism and Christian brotherhood prevail. Then neither corrupt voter, legislator, corporation, capitalist, nor communist, shall prevent the continuance among mankind of a lawful "government of the people, by the people, and for the people."

Signed, ELIPHALET NOTT POTTER.

FROM REV. DR. SAMUEL KIRKLAND LOTHROP.

BOSTON, July 31, 1877.

TO JOHN F. SEYMOUR, Esq., Utica, N. Y.:

Dear Sir: I gratefully acknowledge the invitation with which I have been honored, to attend the centennial celebration of the Battle of Oriskany.

It is a matter of profound regret to me that before the receipt of the invitation I had made engagements from which I have sought in vain to get released, which made it impossible for me to be present in person, but in spirit I shall be with all my Oneida county friends on that day.

You put but a just appreciation upon the importance of that battle, and I exceedingly regret that I can not share personally in its commemoration. I find among my grandfather's papers nothing that precludes his presence, but nothing that establishes it.

Very respectfully yours,

S. K. LOTHROP.

FROM THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

FORT LEE, NEW JERSEY, August 4, 1877.

JOHN F. SEYMOUR, Chairman, &c., &c.:

Dear Sir: A press of professional business prevents my acceptance of your courteous invitation to join with you in your celebration.

That I agree with you in estimating highly the importance of the affair at Oriskany, as the first link in a chain too strong to be broken by the parent government and the loyalists, may be inferred from the fact that, several years since, I prepared and published, in *Harper's Magazine*, a versified account of the fight, which, though without merit as a poem, was an accurate metrical description of leading incidents. I thought then, and think now,

the battle important in its immediate and remote consequences, and consider that stout old Herkimer and his men plowed the ground for Schuyler, who sowed, tended and ripened the crop that Gates garnered.

Regretting my enforced absence, I remain, &c.,

Yours truly,

THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

Letters of regret were also received from Governor Hubbard, of Connecticut; President Dodge, of Madison University; Hon. Theodore Miller, of Hudson; Hon. John Bigelow, Secretary of State; Hon. F. P. Olcott, Comptroller; General John B. Woodward, Inspector General; General George W. Wingate, Rev. W. Frothingham and others.

At the conclusion of the reading, Mr. Seymour introduced Lieutenant Governor Dorsheimer, who spoke as follows:

ADDRESS OF LIEUT. GOV. DORSHEIMER.

THE NATIONALITY OF ORISKANY.

Mr. President and fellow-citizens: You have assembled here not only to celebrate a noted historical event, but also to indulge the pride which all men feel in the honorable acts of their ancestors. The victory at Oriskany was the contribution which the German emigrants made to American independence. We are too apt to forget that all nations have a share in our country's history. An Italian sailing under the Spanish flag discovered the new world, and another Italian gave his name to the continent. A Frenchman discovered the St. Lawrence, while a Frenchman and a Spaniard were the first to see, the one the southern and the other the northern reaches of the Mississippi. A Portuguese, on his way around the world, disclosed the outlines of South America. Spanish eyes first beheld the Pacific, an Englishman first sailed along the dreary coast of Labrador, and an Englishman sailing under the British flag first came into the Bay of New York, and gave his name to the picturesque river into which the waters which shine before our eyes will flow on their way to the sea. The enterprise of all the nations gave America to the world.

The settlement of the continent was the work of all the great European nations. France, with characteristic energy, took possession of the Canadas and pushed her colonies so vigorously, as to make it probable she would control the continent. Spain held Florida, the mouths of the Mississippi and most of the vast region

which lies to the west of that river. England laid claim to Virginia, Massachusetts, the Carolinas and Pennsylvania, and Holland planted a colony in the valley of the Hudson.

Those who came here were not greatly influenced by the causes of emigration at present. It was not poverty which forced the first settlers to come. Europe was for generations given over to wars which had their origin in religious hate, and which were continued for various dynastic and political considerations. Puritans fled from the tyranny of Charles, and Huguenots from the tyranny of Louis. Dissenters came here to escape Episcopalian intolerance, and non-conformists to escape Presbyterian persecution; round heads and Cavaliers, Quakers and Catholics; the representatives of all parties and sects.

Among the most notable instances of cruelty in war during the seventeenth century, was the desolation of the Palatinate by the armies of Louis XIV. The traveler who walks through the ruined castle at Heidelberg beholds, perhaps, the only witness now remaining of the rapacity with which the French king laid waste not only the palace of the monarch, but also the cottage of the peasant. Driven from their homes, some of the people of the Palatinate came to America, and settled in the valley of the Mohawk, to which they may have been led because of its resemblance to their own land of beautiful rivers and fertile valleys. But, I have been told that they were induced by the Dutch magnates to settle on the Mohawk, because it was in the Indian country, and they would protect the other colonies to the east, and that they were best suited to such a service because they were accustomed to have their homes pillaged and burned. From whatever cause, they settled here on the outposts. They were

well placed; for here they dealt the first blow at the most formidable expedition which England organized for the conquest of the colonies.

I will not weary you by going into a detailed account of the battle. But, you will pardon me if I indulge a kinsman's pride, and dwell for a moment upon the conflict which raged here a century ago.

Herkimer and his men were ambuscaded by the Indians. That was a favorite device in Indian warfare. It was in such a conflict that Braddock fell, and the young Washington won his first laurels. It had generally been successful. But it did not succeed with those sturdy Germans. True, that then as always, there were some who irresolute and cowardly took to flight. But most, although they were simple farmers without military training, not only stood their ground, but quickly adapted themselves to the occasion, adopted the Indian tactics, posted themselves behind trees, and fought with such skill and endurance all through the summer day, that the Indians, to use the language of one of their chiefs, had enough and did not want "to fight Dutch Yankee any more."

You Germans who hear me, you have abundant reason for pride. No more important battle has ever been fought in this country. Nowhere, with an opportunity for escape, have troops endured so severe a loss; never has a battle which begun with disaster been turned into victory more complete. And this was a German fight. The words of warning and encouragement, the exclamations of passion and of pain, the shouts of battle and of victory, and the commands which the wounded Herkimer spake, and the prayers of the dying, were in the German language. I say you may well be proud of it, for it is the contribution which men of your race have made to the work of American independence

Perhaps, at some time, the deeds of American valor will be celebrated, as the military glories of France are celebrated in the stately galleries of Versailles, and certainly no more impressive scene will be offered to the artist's pencil than Herkimer wounded to the death, seated upon his saddle which he had placed upon the ground, and smoking his pipe throughout all that dreadful fray.

The course of history is often determined by the conduct of one man. Who can tell how much that simple hero, by his example of calmness in the midst of turbulence and disorder, contributed to the victory? And therefore who can estimate the debt which the country owes to him?

My fellow citizens—I have to-day traveled through the valley of the Mohawk, from near its mouth to this place where the river gathers the streamlets from the hills, and surely a fairer scene never rested under human eyes. The land stood in the mature beauty of the summer, and the harvest crowded the broad levels like a mighty host.

These, the crops which cover your fields, are the work of your own hands working in harmony with natural laws. But, do not forget that your other and more valuable possessions, the prizes held out to honorable ambition, free thought and worship, the peace which here covers the sleep of innocence and the helplessness of infancy and age—all the great possessions of a free and enlightened community, are also the work of your own hands and working in harmony with freedom and with law. To establish this for you Herkimer and his men strove here a hundred years ago. Be sure they will not be maintained for yourselves nor transmitted to your children without sacrifice and battle. In some way you will be compelled to make good your

title to this great inheritance. We will hope that when the peril shall come to you, and the sudden foe shall spring from his ambush, you may do your duty as well as they did theirs.

At the conclusion of Governor Dorsheimer's speech three cheers were called for and heartily given.

Mr. John F. Seymour—I now have the honor of introducing one who might better introduce me, Judge Bacon.

ADDRESS OF HON. W. J. BACON.

ORISKANY AND THERMOPYLÆ.

The thoughtful—and more especially the reverent student of history, can not fail to have been often struck, if not indeed profoundly impressed, by the evidence presented of the power of an unseen, but most potent hand in human affairs. That interposition is sometimes exhibited on a scale of such wide and magnificent proportions, so manifestly controlling great events, as not only to arrest observation, but to compel belief. Sometimes it sets in operation a succession of minute causes, none of them having in themselves apparently any potential influence, but in their combination, succession and outcome, conducting to results that affect the destinies of men and nations for uncounted ages.

It is, indeed, quite reasonable to look for and anticipate such results. If, as we are taught by the most infallible authority, “There’s a Providence in the fall of a sparrow,” we should most naturally expect that influences and forces that are to affect the highest order of beings that inhabit our planet, would be under the same guiding hand that directed the flight, and witnessed the fall of the bird that but for a short season floated in the atmosphere above us. The antecedents of far-reaching results may, as has been suggested, be of the most humble and obscure character, and have apparently little relevancy to what followed in their train, or was affected by them; for we are taught, and taught truly, by the great dramatist, that “There’s

economy even in heaven." But we have only to put ourselves teachably in the attitude of disciples in the school of history, and reverently sit at the feet of our master, to be taught the wonderful lessons that reach to depths that man's mere hair-line wisdom never could have fathomed.

It was, apparently, a small thing, most insignificant, indeed, when measured against the overwhelming scale of the opposing forces, that three hundred men should have planted themselves in the pass of Thermopylæ, to dispute the passage of the vast army of the Persian invaders. But what an illustrious example it was, not to Greece only in her crucial hour, but to "all nations and people that on earth do dwell," or ever will in the ages to come, of the power of self-sacrifice that an exalted patriotism inspires. How much it conduced to prove that strength is not always, and necessarily in battalions though they be in numbers like the sands of the sea, if they be poorly led, and have not the inspiration that possesses those who

"Strike for their altars and their fires;
Strike for the green graves of their sires,
God and their native land."

This very resistance, hopeless though it was to prevent the ultimate advance of the serried hosts that confronted them, gave Greece time to rally and combine her forces, gave heart and hope to those whose expectations of successful resistance had almost perished before the struggle had even begun, and was a perpetual reminder that no man was to shrink from any peril, however great, to avoid no duty on however small a scale, and with whatever disparity in force it was to be performed, and, above all, to be animated by the spirit that was ready to dare all things, to do all things, and

then, if need be, cheerfully to die for the land it loved, and would to the last extremity defend. Poetry has canonized the memory of the gallant "six hundred" that "rode into the mouth of hell," but history has immortalized on one of her best and brightest pages the "three hundred" that fell at the gateway of Greece; and what an invaluable lesson it was to the student of history of the great and unexpected results that stand connected with apparently trivial causes, and that what men chiefly have to do in this world is to perform the duty right before them, and leave the result to be molded, fashioned and controlled by the hand that is ever on the helm through storm as well as sunshine.

The history of the world affords numberless instances of the truth I have been rather hinting at than elaborating, and it might be copiously illustrated in the whole narrative of the history of this continent from the time it first revealed itself to the straining eyes of the world-seeking Genoese to the days in which we live. But there was one incident occurring during the recent fratricidal struggle which we have, as we may trust, happily and hopefully closed, which I may be pardoned for briefly alluding to. I do it, you may well believe me, for no personal or partisan purpose, nor to awaken any sentiment, or revive any recollection that is not in perfect harmony with such a hallowed day as this, but simply to illustrate the principle of which I am speaking.

The 8th of March, 1862, was a gloomy day in our national horizon. The sun in the heavens came forth, indeed, with brightness and beauty. But his beams fell upon the result of a work which silently and secretly had converted the beautiful Merrimac of our navy into the confederate ram Virginia, clad in iron armor which no ordinary artillery could penetrate, and

a beak whose stroke no wooden vessel could resist. Steaming out of the harbor of Norfolk, she at once singled out her victims, and ere the sun went down the Cumberland was beneath the waters of the James, the Congress had surrendered, and was in flames, the Minnesota was helplessly aground, and the rest of the fleet that flaunted the stars and stripes was put to ignominious flight, or sought safety under the protecting guns of fortresses. Alarm filled the public mind. A new and unexpected source of danger was revealed. The Potomac would be ascended, and the Capital itself bombarded by hostile guns. Even the harbor of New York, it was conceived, might be sought by this new and destructive visitor whose coming nothing was prepared to resist. Swiftly the telegraph bore the news to all parts of the land, and all loyal faces gathered blackness. How shall this great peril be averted, and where shall we look for help, was the question on every lip.

But with equal silence and secrecy another, and still more wonderful, naval machine had been developed and constructed. She was completed at New York on the very day the Virginia received her armament, and while the latter was doing her work of destruction in the waters of the James, the Monitor was slowly steaming towards them, bent, however, upon an entirely different mission. Near the close of that day of terror her commander heard the noise of distant artillery, and could faintly distinguish the shouts of victory borne on the breeze. Instantly the course of the vessel was changed, and in the night the gallant captain moored her under the lee of the stranded Minnesota, rightly concluding that the morning would witness the return of the iron monster, to secure her remaining prey. Nor did he judge amiss, for with the sun came again the Virginia, under her

equally gallant captain. But as she approaches her apparently helpless victim, what strange apparition is this that emerges from the side, and almost from beneath the Minnesota. "It is a Yankee cheese box on a raft," exclaims a bewildered spectator. The cheese box revolves, and an iron turret is disclosed, holding the most deadly and powerful missiles, which it discharges with such effect that ultimately the hitherto invincible Virginia retires from the conflict, and seeks the harbor from which she never again emerged. I need say no more in regard to this most wonderful interposition, than that it lifted a mountain's weight from off the heart of the nation, and impressed more deeply the lesson that all history has been teaching us, that deliverance often comes as well from most unexpected quarters as from apparently insignificant agencies, and that when the hour has struck for their appearance, they come forth, under the Divine hand, to execute their mission.

The application of these somewhat desultory remarks and illustrations to the subject of this day's commemoration, is so obvious as not to require or permit any extended discussion. Doubtless the men who, on the 6th of August, 1777, stood upon these hillsides, or were struggling through this ravine, were as little aware of the extent of the peril they were encountering, as of the magnitude of the issue that was suspended on the doings of that and the immediate following days. Whatever of suspicion, or even of prevision, was cherished or possessed by those who were then defending these outposts, they could not well have known that upon their successful resistance to the advance of St. Leger the entire result of the campaign of Burgoyne depended. They could not appreciate, and yet it was substantially true, that they stood at the pass of a modern Thermopylæ, for the little fortress of Stanwix was

the gateway of the Mohawk Valley, down which St. Leger, with his conquering hordes, would have carried both fire and sword, and gathering strength, as all such unopposed raids invariably do, would have brought to Burgoyne a contingent most acceptable, as it was most needed. Whatever ignorance of the general plan of the enemy then prevailed, we now know with reasonable certainty that that plan contemplated the movement of Sir Henry Clinton, with all his available forces, up the Hudson from New York, the union of all the strength that St. Leger could bring from the West, and the combination of all these forces with Burgoyne, which, had it been achieved, would have constituted a strength of military power that all that Gates commanded, or could have summoned to his aid, would have been unable to resist. What might have happened had this combination been effected, no man is competent to tell; but this may with certainty be said, there would have been for us, at this day, no 17th of September in which to celebrate the unconditional surrender of the strongest British army then in the field, and the first grand act of the Revolution would not have closed, as it did, in the triumph of the American army at Saratoga.

Let us rejoice, then, that if it was not given to our fathers to see the far-reaching consequences of their action, a heart was given them that beat truly and fervently for that infant liberty whose cradle they then were rocking, and a courage that survived the shock of apparent present defeat, ending in ultimate victory. In view, then, of these and other parallel incidents in our colonial, revolutionary and recent history, we may well take up the jubilant strain of Macaulay, when celebrating the triumph of Henry of Navarre, he sung,

“Now glory to His holy name, from whom all glories are;
For our God hath crushed the tyrant—our God hath raised the slave,
And mocked the counsels of the wise and the valor of the brave.”

Citizens of Central New York, as we stand here to-day, and gaze around on the fair land our fathers won for us, can we fail to ask ourselves how different all this might have been had they faltered in duty? Of us it can as truthfully be said as of any people, "the lines have fallen to us in pleasant places, and we have a goodly heritage." But how came it to be ours, and whence, under the blessing of Almighty God, was it derived? Was it not from the toil, and sweat, and blood of a patriotic and self-sacrificing ancestry?

And yet, no public and conspicuous memorial tells the passing traveler that here was fought one of the early battles of the Revolution; a battle that, in its immediate effects, but much more in its remote influences and connections, had much to do with the question of independence then at stake, and with our present existence as a nation. Nothing has, as yet, been done to redeem the pledge given by the Continental Congress a hundred years ago, that on this historic spot a monument should be erected, to perpetuate the memory of those who equally with them perilled "life and fortune and sacred honor" in the cause of their country. Shall this sacred duty be still longer neglected? Let the Congress of the United States be reminded emphatically of that unperformed promise—the State of New York of its character as a trustee of the fund so sacredly and solemnly pledged, and adding its contribution call upon the people who, to so large an extent, have been benefitted and blessed by the result of those transactions we this day commemorate, to supplement the fund by a gift sufficient to erect upon this ground a column, which, if it shall not like that which on Bunker Hill, meets the sun in his coming, whose head "the earliest beams of the morning shall gild, and parting day linger and play upon its summit," at least declare

that on this day, one hundred years ago, something was done which the people of free, united and happy America, shall not willingly suffer to perish from the memory of those who now inhabit this pleasant land, or the generations that are to follow us.

Mr. Seymour said he thought it well at this point to give the people a hint of the good things in store for them, and would hastily sketch the programme. First we have Mr. Roberts. He will give you more facts about the battle and its bearings than you have yet heard or thought of. Then we have some interesting reminders of the day we celebrate—a snare drum taken from the enemy near here, a musket which did duty on this field, and other relics of like nature. Then we will show you Major Douglass Campbell, grandson of Col. Samuel Campbell, who took part in the Battle of Oriskany. Besides we have a poem by Rev. Dr. Helmer. I now have the pleasure of introducing to you Mr. Ellis H. Roberts.

HISTORICAL ADDRESS.

BATTLE OF ORISKANY: ITS PLACE IN HISTORY.

BY HON. ELLIS H. ROBERTS.

The fault attaches to each of us, that the share of the valley of the Mohawk in the events which gave birth and form to the American republic, is not better understood. Our prosperity has been so steady and so broad that we have looked forward rather than backward. Other States, other parts of the country, have been recalling the scenes which render their soil classic, and from the end of the century summoning back the men and the deeds of its beginning. A duty long neglected falls upon those whose lot is cast here in Central New York. These hills and these valleys in perennial eloquence proclaim the story of prowess and of activity. To translate from them, to gather the scattered threads of chronicle and tradition, to hold the place that has been fairly won by the Mohawk valley, is a task which has yet been only partially done. Some time or other it will be fulfilled, for achievements have a voice which mankind delights to hear. The privilege of this hour is to revive the memories and to celebrate the heroism of the Battle of Oriskany.¹ Without anything of narrow local pride, with calm eye and steady judgment, not ashamed to praise where praise was earned, nor unwilling to admit weakness where weakness existed,

1. See Appendix to this Address, p. 99, for the derivation and orthography.

let us recall that deadly fight, and measure its significance and its relations to the continental strife in which our republic was born.

I.

THE SITUATION BEFORE THE BATTLE.

For in the autumn of 1777, it was clear that the American colonies were fighting not for rights under the British crown, but for free and separate life. The passionate outbursts of 1775 had discharged their thunder and lightning. The guns of Lexington had echoed round the world. The brilliant truths of the Declaration had for a year blazed over the battle-fields of the infant nation. They had been hallowed by defeat; for Montgomery had fallen at Quebec, Sullivan had met with disasters at Flatbush, the British occupied New York, and Washington had retreated through the Jerseys, abandoning Long Island and the Lower Hudson. Sir Guy Carleton had swept over Lake Champlain, fortunately not holding his conquest, and Burgoyne had captured the noted stronghold Ticonderoga. But the nation had also tasted victory. In the dread December days of 1776, Washington had checked the tide of despair by his gallant assault at Trenton, and General Howe had been forced to concentrate his army against Philadelphia. Boston had seen its last of the soldiers of George the Third. Better than all, the States were everywhere asserting their vitality. Far off Tennessee indignant at his use of Indians in war, had taken sides against the British king. Georgia had promised if Britain destroyed her towns, that her people would retire into the forests. The splendid defense of Fort Moultrie had saved Charleston and proved

South Carolina's zeal for the republic which it was afterwards to assail. Virginia had furnished many of the civil leaders and the commander-in-chief to the republic, and had formally struck the British flag which had floated over its State house. If Maryland hesitated, New Jersey joined hands with Pennsylvania and New York, and all New England had pledged itself to the contest which it had begun. In New York as well as in other States, a State constitution had been adopted, and George Clinton had been inaugurated as Governor at the close of that disastrous July. The tide of battle surged wildest in that critical summer in Northern New York. So in trying hours, the blood courses most swiftly at the heart. Great results were expected. The British fleet sailed up the Hudson. A British general, favorite of the muses, and in after years notably fortunate,* came down Lake Champlain to meet it at Albany. A column formidable in its elements and led by a commander chosen by the king for the purpose, was to come from the north and west to complete the irresistible triad. Tory bands were ravaging the country southward in Schoharie and towards Kingston.† Cause of alarm there was to the patriots; ground of confidence to the invaders. The war hung on the events in this field; and the scales of destiny inclined to the side of the king.

The combatants had learned to understand each other. The burning words of Junius had long rankled in the British mind. Burke's magnificent plea for conciliation

* General Burgoyne before the war sat in Parliament. He was agreeable and clever as a dramatic poet. He became commander-in-chief of the British forces in Ireland.

† J. R. Simms has clearly fixed the date of these raids, in the summer of 1777, (see his History of Schoharie county and Border Wars of New York,) and not in 1778, as stated in Campbell's Annals of Tryon county.

had borne no fruit. Chatham had two years before "rejoiced that America had resisted," and told the ministers they could not conquer America, and cripple as he was he cried out: "I might as soon think of driving the colonies before me with this crutch;" but in the next spring he still clung to the hope that Britain would yet prevent separation. The insolence of Lord North had shattered the unanimity which King George boasted the Declaration had produced, and Fox had said if the dilemma were between conquering and abandoning America, he was for abandoning America. The citizens of London had appealed to the king to stop the "unnatural and unfortunate war." General Howe had already written to his brother, (April 2, 1777,) "my hopes of terminating the war this year are vanished." In Britain, wise men had learned that the war would be desperate. In America the magnitude of the contest was felt. The alliance of France had been diligently sought, and LaFayette had arrived and been appointed major general, while Kalb's offer had not been accepted. More than one general had been tried and found wanting in capacity, and the jealousies of the camp were working mischief. The financial burdens weighed heavily, and paper money had begun its downward career. Criticism of Washington's slowness was heard, and speculators were making profit of the country's necessities. Bounties had been offered and the draft employed for raising troops. The loyalists were making the most of the hardships. The land was rocking in "times that try men's souls." The earlier part of the military campaign of 1777 had not been propitious to the patriots. The darkness rested especially on New York. Burgoyne had penetrated from Canada to the Hudson with the loss of only two hundred men. Clinton from the bay threatened to

advance up the river, as he finally did, but fortunately not at the critical moment. The success of the corps moving inland from Oswego, would shatter the center of the American position.

THE OBJECT OF THE CAMPAIGN OF 1777.

The fight was for the continent. The strategy embraced the lines from Boston to the mouth of the Chesapeake, from Montreal even to Charleston. Montgomery's invasion of Canada, although St. John's and Montreal were taken, failed before Quebec, and the retreat of the American forces gave Burgoyne the base for his comprehensive campaign. Howe had been compelled to give up New England, which contained nearly one-third of the population and strength of the colonies. The center of attack and of defense was the line of New York and Philadelphia. From their foothold at New York, on the one hand, and Montreal on the other, the British commanders aimed to grind the patriots of the Mohawk valley between the upper and nether millstones. The design was to cut New England off from the other States, and to seize the country between the Hudson and Lake Ontario as the vantage ground for sweeping and decisive operations. This was the purpose of the wedge which Burgoyne sought to drive through the heart of the Union. In the beginning of that fateful August, Howe held all the country about New York, including the islands, and the Hudson up to Peekskill; the British forces also commanded the St. Lawrence and Lake Ontario, and their southern shores, finding no opposition north of the Mohawk and Saratoga lake. The junction of Howe and Burgoyne would have rendered their armies masters of the key to the military position. This strip of country from

the Highlands of the Hudson to the head of the Mohawk, was the sole shield against such concentration of British power. Once lost it would become a sword to cut the patriots into fragments. They possessed it by no certain tenure. Two months later Governor Clinton and General Putnam lost their positions on the Hudson. Thus far Burgoyne's march had been one of conquest. His capture of Ticonderoga had startled the land. The frontier fort at the head of the Mohawk was to cost him the column on whose march he counted so much.

FORT STANWIX AND ITS GARRISON.

Fort Stanwix² (known in this campaign to the patriots as Fort Schuyler,) was built in 1758 against the French. The next year, the French met with those disasters which in 1760, gave Canada to the English, and thereafter Fort Stanwix served only for purposes of Indian trade, and as a protection to the carry between the Mohawk and Wood Creek. It had been a favorite place for peaceful meeting with the Indians.³ Naturally it had lost its military strength, and when in April, 1777, Colonel Gansevoort occupied it with the third regiment of the New York line, it was sadly out of repair. The plans for its reconstruction were yet in progress when St. Leger appeared before it. But care and labor had been so effectual that the broken walls had been restored, and the ruins which the invader came to overrun had given place to defenses too strong for his attack. Col. Peter Gansevoort, who was in command, was a native of Albany, now twenty-eight years of age. He had been with Montgomery before Quebec, and there won his rank as colonel. His con-

2. See Appendix, p. 99.

3. See Appendix, p. 99.

duct here was admirable. The courage of youth did not prevent on his part a wisdom worthy of much riper years. With him as Lieutenant Colonel was Marinus Willett, a native of New York city, aged thirty-seven, trained in the French war and the invasion of Canada, a dashing soldier, ready for any adventure, and shrewd in all the ways of border war. He had been in the expedition for which the fort had been erected, and now helped to save it. The Chaplain of the garrison was Samuel Kirkland, that sainted missionary to the Six Nations, to whom Central New York is so much indebted in every way. He was probably absent at the time, on service for the Congress, for he was trusted and employed on important missions by the patriot leaders.*

The garrison consisted of seven hundred and fifty men. It was composed of Gansevoort's own regiment, the Third New York, with two hundred men under Lieutenant Colonel Mellon of Colonel Wesson's regiment of the Massachusetts line. Colonel Mellon had fortunately arrived with a convoy of boats filled with supplies, on the second of August, when the enemy's fires were already in sight only a mile away. This was the force with which Gansevoort was to hold the fort.

The British advance appeared on the second of August. The investiture was complete on the fourth. The siege was vigorously prosecuted on the fifth, but the cannon "had not the least effect on the sod-work of the fort," and "the royals had only the power of teasing."†

* See Lothrop's Life of Kirkland, pp. 238, 245. Lectures by William Tracy, p. 14.

† St. Leger's Narrative in Burgoyne's Defense, given in the tenth section of this Appendix, p. 106.

ST. LEGER'S INVASION.

The corps before Fort Stanwix was formidable in every element of military strength. The expedition with which it was charged, was deemed by the war secretary at Whitehall of the first consequence, and it had received as marked attention as any army which King George ever let loose upon the colonists. For its leader Lieutenant Colonel Barry St. Leger had been chosen by the king himself, on Burgoyne's nomination. He deserved the confidence, if we judge by his advance, by his precautions, by his stratagem at Oriskany, and the conduct of the siege, up to the panic at the rumor that Arnold was coming. In the regular army of England he became an ensign in 1756, and coming to America the next year he had served in the French war, and learned the habits of the Indians, and of border warfare. In some local sense, perhaps as commanding this corps, he was styled a brigadier. His regular rank was Lieutenant Colonel of the thirty-fourth regiment. In those days of trained soldiers it was a marked distinction to be chosen to select an independent corps on important service. A wise commander, fitted for border war, his order of march bespeaks him. Skillful in affairs, and scholarly in accomplishments, his writings prove him. Prompt, tenacious, fertile in resources, attentive to detail, while master of the whole plan, he would not fail where another could have won. Inferior to St. Leger in rank, but superior to him in natural powers and in personal magnetism, was Joseph Brant—Thayendanegea—chief of the Mohawks. He had been active in arraying the Six Nations on the side of King George, and only the Oneidas and Tuscaroras had refused to follow his lead. He was now thirty-five years of age; in figure the

ideal Indian, tall and spare and lithe and quick; with all the genius of his tribe, and the training gained in Connecticut schools, and in the family of Sir William Johnson; he had been a lion in London, and flattered at British headquarters in Montreal. Among the Indians he was pre-eminent, and in any circle he would have been conspicuous.

As St. Leger represented the regular army of King George, and Brant the Indian allies, Sir John Johnson led the regiments which had been organized from the settlers in the Mohawk Valley. He had inherited from his father, Sir William, the largest estate held on the continent by any individual, William Penn excepted. He had early taken sides with the king against the colonists, and having entered into a compact with the patriots to preserve peace and remain at Johnstown, he had violated his promise, and fled to Canada. He came now with a sense of personal wrong, to recover his possessions and to resume the almost royal sway which he had exercised. He at this time held a commission as colonel in the British army, to raise and command forces raised among the royalists of the valley. Besides these was Butler—John Butler, a brother-in-law of Johnson; lieutenant colonel by rank, rich and influential in the valley, familiar with the Indians and a favorite with them, shrewd and daring and savage, already the father of that son Walter, who was to be the scourge of the settlers, and with him to render ferocious and bloody the border war. He came from Niagara, and was now in command of tory rangers.

The forces were like the leaders. It has been the custom to represent St. Leger's army as a "motley crowd."* On the contrary it was a picked force, especially designated by orders from headquarters in

* Lossing's Field-Book, vol. 1, p. 242. Irving's Washington, vol. 3, p. 171.

Britain.⁴ He enumerates his "artillery, the thirty-fourth and the King's regiment, with the Hessian riflemen and the whole corps of Indians," with him, while his advance, consisting of a detachment under Lieutenant Bird, had gone before, and "the rest of the army, led by Sir John Johnson," was a day's march in the rear. Johnson's whole regiment* was with him, together with Butler's tory rangers, with at least one company of Canadians.† The country from Schoharie, westward, had been scoured of royalists to add to this column. For such an expedition, the force could not have been better chosen. The pet name of the "King's regiment" is significant. The artillery was such as could be carried by boat, and adapted to the sort of war before it. It had been especially designated from Whitehall.‡ The Hanau Chasseurs were trained and skillful soldiers. The Indians were the terror of the land. The Six Nations had joined the expedition in full force|| except the Oneidas and the Tuscaroras. With the latter tribes the influence of Samuel Kirkland had overborne that of the Johnsons, and the Oneidas and the Tuscaroras were by their peaceful attitude more than by

4. See Appendix, p. 100, for the official order designating the troops.

* British Annual Register for 1877. See the fourteenth section of this Appendix, p. 113.

† Impartial History, (London, 1780, p. 499.)

‡ Burgoyne's State of the Expedition, p. 67, and section fourth of this Appendix, p. 100.

|| Colonel Guy Johnson wrote, November 11, 1777, to Lord Germain, "The greater part of those from the Six Nations with my officers in that country, joined General St. Leger's troops and Sir John Johnson's provincials, and were principally concerned in the action near Fort Stanwix." Colonial History of New York, vol. 8, page 727. This was in accordance with a dispatch from Brant to Sir Guy, in June or July, that the "Six Nations were all in readiness, (the Oneidas excepted,) and all determined, as they expressed it, to act as one man." Colonial History, vol. 8, p. 713.

hostility useful to Congress to the end.^{5*} The statement† that two thousand Canadians accompanied St. Leger as axemen, is no doubt an exaggeration; but, exclusive of such helpers and of non-combatants, the corps counted not less than seventeen hundred fighting men.‡ King George could not then have sent a column better fitted for its task, or better equipped, or abler led, or more intent on achieving all that was imposed upon it. Leaving Montreal, it started on the nineteenth of July from Buck Island, its rendezvous at the entrance of Lake Ontario. It had reached Fort Stanwix without the loss of a man, as if on a summer's picnic. It had come through in good season. Its chief never doubted that he would make quick work with the Fort. He had even cautioned Lieutenant Bird who led the advance, lest he should risk the seizure with his unaided detachment. When his full force appeared, his faith was sure that the fort would "fall without a single shot.§" So confident was he that he sent a dispatch to Burgoyne on the fifth of August, assuring him that the fort would be his directly, and they would speedily meet as victors at Albany.|| General Schuyler had in an official letter expressed a like fear.⁶

5. * William Tracy, in his lectures, p. 14, gives much credit for this result to James Dean. See Appendix, p. 101, for a characteristic letter of Rev. Samuel Kirkland.

† Dawson's Battles of the United States.

‡ Gordon's History, (London, 1787,) vol. 2, p. 477, says St. Leger's "whole force did not probably exceed 800 men;" p. 529, he credits him with "700 Indian warriors." This is loose talk. President Dwight, (Travels, vol. 3, p. 191,) who visited Fort Stanwix in 1799, places the number from 1,500 to 1,800.

§ Colonel Claus had so promised the Indians. Campbell's Annals of Tryon county, p. 68. Upon Arnold's approach, when St. Leger urged the Indians to stay, the chiefs replied: "When we marched down, you told us there would be no fighting for us Indians; we might go down and smoke our pipes; but now a number of our warriors have been killed, and you mean to sacrifice us." Thacher's Military Journal, p. 90.

|| Lossing's Field-Book of the Revolution, vol. 1, p. 243.

6. See Appendix, p. 102, for an extract from the letter.

THE PATRIOT RISING IN TRYON COUNTY.

St. Leger was therefore surprised as well as annoyed by the news that the settlers on the Mohawk had been aroused, and were marching in haste to relieve the fort. He found that his path to join Burgoyne was to be contested. He watched by skillful scouts the gathering of the patriots; their quick and somewhat irregular assembling; he knew of their march from Fort Dayton, and their halt at Oriskany. Brant* told him that they advanced, as brave, untrained militia, without throwing out skirmishers, and with Indian guile the Mohawk chose the pass in which an ambush should be set for them. The British commander guarded the way for several miles from his position, by scouts within speaking distance of each other. He knew the importance of his movement, and he was guilty of no neglect.

THE AMBUSCADE.

From his camp at Fort Stanwix St. Leger saw all, and directed all. Sir John Johnson⁷ led the force thrown out to meet the patriots, with Butler as his second, but Brant was its controlling head. The Indians were most numerous; "the whole corps," a "large body," St. Leger testifies. And with the Indians he reports were "some troops." The presence of Johnson, and of Butler, as well as of Claus and Watts, of Captains Wilson, Hare and McDonald,† the chief royalists

* The information came on the fifth from Brant's sister, who was a mistress of Sir William Johnson. See Claus' Letter in the Appendix, p. 122.

7. See Appendix, p. 102, for proof that Johnson actually led the British at Oriskany.

† Captain McDonald, of Johnson's Greens, and Captains Wilson and Hare of the Rangers, are reported by Colonel Butler among the killed. Other captains must have been on the field. While the title was perhaps loosely used, it signifies prominence, and some followers.

of the valley, proves that their followers were in the fight. Butler* refers to the New Yorkers whom we know as Johnson's Greens, and the Rangers, as in the engagement in large numbers. St. Leger was under the absolute necessity of preventing the patriot force from attacking him successfully. He could not do less than send every available man out to meet it. Quite certainly the choicest of the army were taken from the dull duty of the siege for this critical operation. They left camp at night and lay above and around the ravine at Oriskany, in the early morning of the sixth of August. They numbered not less than twelve hundred men under chosen cover.

GENERAL HERKIMER'S RALLY.

The coming of St. Leger had been known in the valley for weeks. Burgoyne had left Montreal in June, and the expedition by way of Lake Ontario, as the experience of a hundred years prophesied, would respond to his advance. Colonel Gansevoort had appealed to the Committee of Safety for Tryon county, for help. Its chairman was Nicholas Herckheimer, (known to us as Herkimer,) who had been appointed a brigadier general by Congress in the preceding autumn.† His family was large, and it was divided in the contest. A brother was captain with Sir John Johnson, and a brother-in-law was one of the chief of the loyalists. He was now forty-eight years of age,‡ short, slender, of dark complexion, with black hair and bright eyes.§

* Stone's Life of Brant, p. 243.

† Stone's Life of Brant, vol. 1, p. 181. His commission to this rank by the New York convention, bearing date September 5, 1776, is in the possession of the Oneida Historical Society, at Utica.

‡ Benton's Herkimer county, p. 168.

§ Newspaper report of tradition in the Wagner family.

He had German pluck and leadership, but he had also German caution and deliberation. He foresaw the danger, and had given warning to General Schuyler at Albany. On the seventeenth of July he had issued a proclamation, announcing that the enemy, two thousand strong, was at Oswego, and that as soon as he should approach, every male person being in health, and between sixteen and sixty years of age, should immediately be ready to march against him. Tryon county had strong appeals for help also from Cherry Valley and Unadilla; General Herkimer had been southward at the close of June to check operations of the Tories and Indians under Brant; and Frederick Sammons had been sent on a scouting expedition to the Black river country, to test the rumors that an invasion from Canada was to be made from that direction.* The danger from these directions delayed and obstructed recruiting for the column against St. Leger. The stress was great, and Herkimer was bound to keep watch south and north as well as west. He waited only to learn where need was greatest, and he went thither. On the thirtieth of July, a letter from Thomas Spencer, a half-breed Oneida, read on its way to General Schuyler, made known the advance of St. Leger. Herkimer's order was promptly issued,† and soon brought in eight hundred men. They were nearly all by blood Germans and low Dutch, with a few of other nationalities. The roster¹⁸ so far as can now be collected, indicates the

* The narrative of this expedition is in the hands of Colonel Frederick Sammons of Fonda, and the writer has been kindly permitted to peruse the original manuscript.

† All authorities agree that on receipt of Spencer's letter, Herkimer acted vigorously. Stone's Brant, p. 233; Annals of Tryon county, p. 73; Ramsey's History of the Revolution, (1789,) vol. 2, p. 38, says he "collected" his men by the third of August; Lossing's Field-Book, vol. 1, p. 243; Benton's History of Herkimer county, p. 76.

18. See Appendix, p. 125, for a roster collected with much care by the *Utica Herald*, in July, 1877.

presence of persons of English, Scotch, Irish, Welsh, and French blood, but these are exceptions, and the majority of the force was beyond question German. They gathered from their farms and clearings, carrying their equipments with them. They met at Fort Dayton, near the mouth of the West Canada Creek. This post was held at the time by a part of Colonel Wesson's Massachusetts regiment,* also represented in the garrison at Fort Stanwix. The little army was divided into four regiments or battalions. The first, which Herkimer had once commanded, was now led by Colonel Ebenezer Cox, and was from the district of Canajoharie; of the second, from Palatine, Jacob Klock was colonel; the third was under Colonel Frederick Visscher, and came from Mohawk; the fourth, gathered from German Flats and Kingsland, Peter Bellinger commanded.†¹⁸

GENERAL HERKIMER'S ADVANCE.

Counsels were divided whether they should await further accessions, or hasten to Fort Stanwix. Prudence prompted delay. St. Leger's force was more than double that of Herkimer; it might be divided, and while one-half occupied the patriot column, the Indians under tory lead might hurry down the valley, gathering reinforcements while they ravaged the homes of the patriots. The blow might come from Unadilla, where Brant had been as late as the early part of that very July. Herkimer, at Fort Dayton, was in position to turn in either direction. But the way of the Mohawk was the natural and traditional war-path. The patriots looked to Fort Stanwix as their defense. They

* Benton's Herkimer county, p. 80.

† Calendar of New York Manuscripts, vol. 1, p. 123, (revised.)

18. See in connection with the roster in the Appendix, p. 129, the territory covered by these districts.

started on the fourth, crossed the Mohawk where is now Utica, and reached Whitestown on the fifth. Here it was probably that a band of Oneida Indians joined the column. From this point or before Herkimer sent an express to Colonel Gansevoort arranging for co-operation. He was to move forward when three cannon signaled that aid was ready. The signal was not heard; the messengers had been delayed. His chief advisers, including Colonel Cox and Paris, the latter a member of the committee of Safety, urged quicker movements. Fort Stanwix might fall, while they were delaying, and the foe could then turn upon them. Herkimer was taunted as a coward and a tory. His German phlegm was stirred. He warned his impatient advisers that they would be the first in the face of the enemy to flee. He gave the order "march on!" Apprised of the ambuscade, his courage which had been assailed prevented the necessary precautions.

THE FIGHT.

He led his little band on. If he had before been cautious, now he was audacious. His course lay on the south side of the river, avoiding its bends, where the country loses the general level which the rude road sought to follow, when it could be found. For three or four miles hills rose upon valleys, with occasional gulleys. The trickling springs and the spring freshets had cut more than one ravine where even in the summer, the water still moistened the earth. These run towards the river, from southerly towards the north. Corduroy roads had been constructed over the marshes, for this was the line of such travel as sought Fort Stanwix and the river otherwise than by boat. Herkimer had come to one of the deepest of these ravines, ten or

twelve rods wide, running narrower up to the hills at the south, and broadening towards the Mohawk into the flat bottom land. Where the forests were thick, where the rude roadway ran down into the marsh, and the ravine closed like a pocket, he pressed his way. Not in soldierly order, not watching against the enemy, but in rough haste, the eight hundred marched. They reached the ravine at ten in the morning. The advance had gained the higher ground. Then as so often, the woods became alive. Black eyes flashed from behind every tree. Rifles blazed from a thousand unexpected coverts. The Indians rushed out hatchet in hand, decked in paint and feathers. The brave band was checked. It was cut in two. The assailants aimed first of all to seize the supply train. Colonel Visscher, who commanded its rear-guard, showed his courage before and after* and doubtless fought well here, as the best informed descendants of other heroes of the battle believe. But his regiment, driven northward towards the river, was cut up or in great part captured with the supplies and ammunition. In the ravine and just west of it, Herkimer rallied those who stood with him. Back to back, shoulder to shoulder, they faced the foe. Where shelter could be had, two stood together, so that one might fire while the other loaded. Often the fight grew closer, and the knife ended the personal contest. Eye to eye, hand to hand, this was a fight of men. Nerve and brawn and muscle, were the price of life. Rifle and knife, spear and tomahawk were the only weapons, or the clubbed butt of the rifle. It was not a test of science, not a weighing of enginery, not a measure of caliber nor an exhibition of choicest mechanism. Men stood against death, and death struck at them with the simplest implements. Homer sings of chariots and

* Stone's Life of Brant, vol. 2, pp. 74, 75.

shields. Here were no such helps, no such defenses. Forts or earthworks, barricades or abattis, there were none. The British force had chosen its ground. Two to one it must have been against the band which stood and fought in that pass, forever glorious. Herkimer, early wounded and his horse shot under him, sat on his saddle beneath a beech tree, just where the hill rises at the west a little north of the center of the ravine, calmly smoking a pipe while ordering the battle. He was urged to retire from so much danger; his reply is the eloquence of a hero: "I will face the enemy."

The ground tells the story of the fight. General Herkimer was with the advance, which had crossed the ravine. His column stretched out for nearly half a mile. Its head was a hundred rods or more west of the ravine, his rear-guard reached as far east of it. The firing began from the hills into the gulf. Herkimer closed his line on its center, and in reaching that point his white horse was shot under him. The flag-staff to-day on the hill marks his position. Then as to-day the hills curved like a cimeter, from the west to the east on the north side of the river. Fort Stanwix could not be seen, but it lay in the plain just beyond the gap in the hills, six miles distant. The Mohawk from the mouth of the Oriskany curves northward, so that here it is as far away in a right line, perhaps a mile in each case. The bottoms were marshy, as they yet are where the trees exclude the sun. Now the New York Central Railroad and the Erie Canal mark the general direction of the march of the patriots from their starting-place hither. Then forests of beech and birch and maple and hemlock covered the land where now orchards and rich meadows extend, and grain-fields are ripening for the harvest. Even the forests are gone, and the Mohawk and the

hills and the ravine and "Battle Brook," are the sole witnesses to confirm the traditions which have come down to us. The elms which fling their plumes to the sky, are young successors to the knightly warriors who were once masters here. Through the forests Herkimer from his elevation could catch the general outlines of the battle. Some of his advance had fallen at the farthest point to which they had marched. Upon their left, the enemy had appeared in force, and had closed up from the southward, and on the east side of the ravine. The patriots had been pushed to the north side of the road, away from the line which the corduroy still marks in the ravine, and those who fled sought the river. Skeletons have been found in the smaller ravine about two hundred rods west, and at the mouth of the Oriskany, an extent of a mile and a half; and gun-barrels and other relics along the line of the Erie Canal, and down towards the river. These are witnesses of the limits of the battle. They mark the center here. Here gathered the brave militia without uniforms, in the garb of farmers, for their firesides and their homes, and the republic just born which was to be. Against them here, in the ravine, pursuing and capturing the rear-guard on the east of the ravine or down in it, and thence towards the river, rushed from the forests, uniformed and well equipped, Johnson's Greens in their gay color, the German Chasseurs, Europe's best soldiers, with picked men of British and Canadian regiments, and the Indian warriors decked in the equipments with which they made war brilliant. Some of this scene Herkimer saw; some of it extent of space and thickness of forest hid from his eye. But here he faced the enemy, and here he ordered the battle.

During the carnage, a storm of wind and rain and lightning brought a respite. Old men preserve the

tradition that in the path by which the enemy came, a broad windfall was cut, and was seen for long years afterwards. The elements caused only a short lull. In came at the thick of the strife, a detachment of Johnson's Greens; and they sought to appear reinforcements for the patriots. They paid dearly for the fraud, for thirty were quickly killed. Captain Gardenier slew three with his spear, one after the other.* Captain Dillenback assailed by three, brained one, shot the second, and bayoneted the third. Henry Thompson grew faint with hunger, sat down on the body of a dead soldier, ate his lunch, and refreshed resumed the fight. William Merckley, mortally wounded, to a friend offering to assist him, said: "Take care of yourself, leave me to my fate."† Such men could not be whipped. The Indians, finding they were losing many, became suspicious that their allies wished to destroy them, and fired on them, giving unexpected aid to the patriot band.‡ Tradition relates that an Oneida maid, only fifteen years old, daughter of a chief, fought on the side of the patriots, firing her rifle, and shouting her battle cry.¶ The Indians raised the cry of retreat, "Oonah! "Oonah!" Johnson heard the firing of a sortie from the fort. The British fell back, after five hours of desperate fight.§ Herkimer and his gallant men held the ground.

* Stone's *Life of Brant*, vol. 1, p. 239, 240.

† Simms' *Schoharie*, p. 263, 264.

‡ President Dwight (*Travels*, vol. 3, p. 193,) who in 1799, heard the stories of persons living near the battle-field, relates this incident.

¶ Newspaper report of a tradition in the family of George Wagner, a survivor.

§ Dr. Moses Younglove, who was taken prisoner at the battle, fixes the time:

"Then we with equal fury joined the fight
Ere Phœbus gained his full meridian height,
Nor ceased the horrors of the bloody fray,
Till he had journeyed half his evening way."

Appendix to Campbell's *Annals of Tryon county*. p. 32.

THE SORTIE.

The sortie from Fort Stanwix which Herkimer expected, was made as soon as his messengers arrived. They were delayed, and yet got through at a critical moment. Colonel Willett made a sally at the head of two hundred and fifty men, totally routed two of the enemy's encampments, and captured their contents, including five British flags. The exploit did not cost a single patriot life, while at least six of the enemy were killed and four made prisoners. It aided to force the British retreat from Oriskany. The captured flags were floated beneath the stars and stripes, fashioned in the fort from cloaks and shirts; and here for the first time the flag of the republic was raised in victory over British colors.*

THE LOSSES.

The slaughter at Oriskany was terrible. St. Leger claims that four hundred of Herkimer's men were killed and two hundred captured, leaving only two hundred to escape. No such number of prisoners was ever accounted for. The Americans admitted two hundred killed, one-fourth of the whole army. St. Leger places the number of Indians killed at thirty, and the like number wounded, including favorite chiefs and confidential warriors. It was doubtless greater, for the Senecas alone lost thirty-six killed, and in all the tribes twice as many must have been killed. St.

* Lossing, Field-Book, vol. 1, p. 242, says the blue was taken from a camlet cloak of Captain Swartwout, and the white from cotton shirts. General Schuyler Hamilton in the Historical Magazine, for July, 1877, p. 420, states on the authority of his grand-mother, a daughter of General Philip Schuyler, that the stripes were made from a scarlet cloak belonging to one of the women of the garrison. Willett says the blue cloak had been captured from the British at Peekskill; Narrative, p. 42. All that relates to this flag, the first ever lifting the stars and stripes in battle and in victory, has lasting interest.

Leger makes no account of any of his whites killed or wounded. Butler,* however, mentions of New Yorkers (Johnson's Greens) killed, Captain McDonald; Captain Watts dangerously wounded and one subaltern. Of the Tory Rangers Captains Wilson and Hare (their chiefs after Butler) were killed. With such loss of officers, the death list of privates must have been considerable. The Greens alone lost thirty. In Britain it was believed as many of the British were killed by the Indians as by the militia.† The loss of British and Indians must have approached a hundred and fifty killed. Eye-witnesses were found who estimated it as great as that of the Americans.‡ The patriot dead included Colonel Cox, and his Lieutenant Colonel Hunt, Majors Eisenlord, Van Slyck, Klapsattle and Blevin; and Captains Diefendorf, Crouse, Bowman, Dillenback, Davis, Pettingill, Helmer, Graves and Fox; with no less than four members of the Tryon county Committee of Safety, who were present as volunteers. They were Isaac Paris, Samuel Billington, John Dygert and Jacob Snell. Spencer, the Oneida, who gave the warning to the patriots, was also among the killed. The heads of the patriot organization in the valley were swept off. Herkimer's glory is that out of such slaughter he snatched the substance of victory. In no other battle of the revolution did the ratio of deaths rise so high. At Waterloo, the French loss was not in so large a ratio to the number engaged, as was Herkimer's at Oriskany; nor did the allies suffer as much on that bloody field.

* Claus agrees substantially, and speaks of two or three privates killed. Letter to Secretary Knox, in London; New York Colonial History, vol. 8, p. 721; see Appendix to this Address, p. 119.

† Gordon's History, (London, 1787,) vol. 2, p. 530.

‡ A. D. Quackenboss who was in the fight so believed. Stone's Brant, p. 461; Neilson's Burgoyne, p. 56.

Frightful barbarities were wreaked on the bodies of the dead, and on the prisoners who fell into the hands of the Indians. The patriots held the field at the close of the fight, and were able to carry off their wounded. Among these was the brave and sturdy Herkimer, who was taken on a litter of boughs to his home, and after suffering the amputation of his leg, died on the sixteenth of August like a Christian hero. Of the dead some at least lay unburied until eighteen days later. Arnold's column rendered to them that last service.*

After the battle, Colonel Samuel Campbell,† afterwards conspicuous in Otsego county, became senior officer, and organized the shattered patriots, leading them in good order back to Fort Dayton. The night of the fight they bivouaced at Utica. Terrible as their losses had been, only sixteen days later Governor Clinton positively ordered them to join General Arnold on his expedition with one-half of each regiment.¹² In his desperation, Sir John Johnson "proposed to march down the country with about two hundred men," and Claus would have added Indians;‡ but St. Leger disapproved of the suggestion. Only a raid could have been possible. The fighting capacity of St. Leger's army was exhausted at Oriskany, and he knew it.

THE SIEGE. ||

St. Leger's advance was checked. His junction with Burgoyne was prevented. The rising of royalists in

* Jones' History of Oneida County, p. 361; Tracy's Lectures, p. 15.

† Letter of his grandson, Hon. W. W. Campbell, in *Utica Herald*, July 27, 1877.

12. See Appendix, p. 110, for this important letter, which is copied from the manuscript in the State Library at Albany.

‡ Claus' letter to Knox; London Documents in Colonial History, vol. 8, p. 721, and section seventeenth of this Appendix, p. 124.

|| For a sketch of the siege of Fort Stanwix presented to Colonel Gansevoort by L. Fleury, and with a map of the village of Rome overlaid upon it, see Hough's Memoir of M. Pouchot.

the valley did not occur. He claimed indeed the "completest victory" at Oriskany. He notified the garrison that Burgoyne was victorious at Albany, and demanded peremptorily the surrender of the fort, threatening that prolonged resistance would result in general massacre at the hands of the enraged Indians. Johnson, Claus and Butler issued an address to the inhabitants of Tryon county, urging them to submit, because "surrounded by victorious armies." Colonel Gansevoort treated the summons as an insult, and held his post with sturdy steadiness.* The people of the valley sided with Congress against the king. For sixteen days after Oriskany, St. Leger lay before Fort Stanwix, and heard more and more clearly the rumblings of fresh resistance from the valley.

THE RELIEF UNDER ARNOLD'S LEAD.

Colonel Willett who led the gallant sortie, accompanied by Major Stockwell, risked no less danger on a mission through thickets and hidden foes, to inform General Schuyler at Albany of the situation. In a council of officers, bitter opposition arose to Schuyler's proposal to send relief to Fort Stanwix, on the plea that it would weaken the army at Albany, the more important position. Schuyler was equal to the occasion, acting promptly, and with great energy. "Gentlemen," said he, "I take the responsibility upon myself. Where is the brigadier who will command the relief? I shall beat up for volunteers to-morrow."† Benedict Arnold, then unstained by treason, promptly offered to lead the army. On the next day, August ninth,‡ eight hundred

* The British Impartial History says "Colonel Gansevoort behaved with great firmness," p. 475.

† Lossing's Life of Schuyler.

‡ Letter of Schuyler in Annals of Tryon County, p. 88.

volunteers were enrolled, chiefly of General Larned's Massachusetts brigade. General Israel Putnam ordered the regiments of Colonels Cortlandt and Livingston from Peekskill to join the relief "against those worse than infernals."⁸ Arnold was to take supplies wherever he could get them, and especially not to offend the already unfriendly Mohawks. Schuyler enjoined upon him also "as the inhabitants of Tryon county were chiefly Germans, it might be well to praise their bravery at Oriskany, and ask their gallant aid in the enterprise." Arnold reached Fort Dayton, and on the twentieth of August issued as commander-in-chief of the army of the United States of America on the Mohawk river, a characteristic proclamation, denouncing St. Leger as "a leader of a banditti of robbers, murderers and traitors, composed of savages of America and more savage Britons." The militia joined him in great numbers. On the twenty-second, Arnold pushed forward, and on the twenty-fourth he arrived at Fort Stanwix. St. Leger had raised the siege and precipitately fled.

St. Leger had been frightened by rumors of the rapid advance of Arnold's army. Arnold had taken pains to fill the air with them. He had sent to St. Leger's camp a half-witted royalist, Hon Yost Schuyler, to exaggerate his numbers and his speed. The Indians in camp were restive and kept track of the army of relief. They badgered St. Leger to retreat, and threatened to abandon him. They raised the alarm, "they are coming!" and for the numbers of the patriots approaching, they pointed to the leaves of the forest.

ST. LEGER'S FLIGHT.

On the twenty-second of August, while Arnold was yet at Utica, St. Leger fled. The Indians were weary;

8. Manuscript Letter in the Clinton Collection, in State Library at Albany. See Appendix, p. 103.

they had lost goods by Willett's sortie; they saw no chance for spoils. Their chiefs killed at Oriskany beckoned them away. They began to abandon the ground, and to spoil the camp of their allies. St. Leger deemed his danger from them, if he refused to follow their counsels, greater than from the enemy. He hurried his wounded and prisoners forward; he left his tents, with most of his artillery and stores, spoils to the garrison.* His men threw away their packs in their flight. He quarreled with Johnson, and the Indians had to make peace between them. St. Leger indeed was helpless. The flight became a disgraceful rout. The Indians butchered alike prisoners and British who could not keep up, or became separated from the column.¹⁴ St. Leger's expedition, as one of the latest became one of the most striking illustrations to the British of the risks and terrors of an Indian alliance.¹⁰

The siege of Fort Stanwix was raised. The logic of the Battle of Oriskany was consummated. The whole story has been much neglected, and the best authorities on the subject are British.† The battle is one of a series of events which constitute a chain of history as picturesque, as exciting, as heroic, as important, as ennoble any part of this or any other land.

* Gordon's History, vol. 2, p. 534, who cites Reverend Samuel Kirkland "who was part of the time at the Fort," as his direct informant.

14. British Annual Register, for 1777. See Appendix, p. 117.

10. As a record not familiar to many American readers, see in Appendix, pp. 104, 107, the Narrative of his Expedition by St. Leger himself.

† For portions of the record, Stone's Life of Brant must be excepted, as a faithful and accurate chronicle.

II.

THE WEIGHT AND MEASURE OF THE BATTLE.

Oriskany it is our duty to weigh and measure. Wherein was the stand of Greeks at Thermopylæ braver than this march of Herkimer into the ravine? Wherein have Norse vikings shown sturdier stuff in fight? Tell me when panoplied crusader ever made more light of death than those unmailed farmers of the Mohawk. Cite from verse of ancient or modern poet the elan of truer courage, the steadiness of sterner determination, the consecration of more glowing patriotism than held the pass at Oriskany.

THE STRATEGY HISTORIC.

The strategy of the British campaign of 1777 was comprehensive, and it was traditional. With Canada hostile to the country south of it, the plan of Burgoyne was as natural as it is for a pugilist to strike with both fists. Fronting southward, indeed, the blow by lake Champlain the Canadian forces deliver with their left fist; the route by Lake Ontario through Oswego inland, invites the blow of the right hand. As early as 1687 the French government received from Canada a memorial which recommends: "The Iroquois must be attacked in two directions. The first, and principal attack must be on the Seneca nation, on the borders of Lake Ontario; the second by the river Richelieu and Lake Champlain, in the direction of the Mohawks."* The French authorities never abandoned this purpose until they were driven from the continent. Frontenac wrote his name in fire and blood in the way Burgoyne

* Paris Documents, p. 321.

sought to travel. The co-operation of the fleet at the mouth of the Hudson, was proposed by Mons. Callierres in 1689.* Montcalm† led the French by these paths in 1756, when DeLery penetrated to Fort Bull, at the carry near the Mohawk, and the English power yielded up Champlain and Lake George to the invaders. Holding the southern shores of Lake Ontario, it was from Lake Champlain, with co-operation by a force brought up the St. Lawrence, that the English dealt the return attack in 1759, when Wolfe fell before Quebec. At Ticonderoga and Crown Point, on the path to the Hudson, and at Niagara on Lake Ontario, the French power in America breathed its last.

In October, 1776, Sir Guy Carleton had swept over Lake Champlain, and taken Crown Point, and only waited for another season to carry his conquests southward. It was, perhaps, because in London Burgoyne criticised the neglect to send a corps by way of Oswego, through the Mohawk valley, to assist in the campaign, that he, instead of Carleton, led the invasion which ended so disastrously for Britain.

But the British government had earlier precedents than these for choosing these routes for the campaign of 1777. The French migration came by them into the wilderness which is now New York, and it was by them that, at intervals for a hundred years the Iroquois and their allies carried terror to the walls of Montreal

* Paris Documents, p. 420.

† See the Memoir of the French War of 1755-60, by M. Pouchot, translated by F. B. Hough. M. Pouchot, who was with Montcalm, could learn of no routes from Canada to the English possessions except, 1, by way of Lake Champlain; 2, by the St. Lawrence to Oswego and the Oswego river; 3, by Lake Ontario to the Genesee river; and 4, by way of Niagara to the Ohio river.

and Quebec.* The campaigns of the war of 1812 renewed the traditions of the military importance of the line of Lake Ontario and Lake Champlain. Oswego and Plattsburg and McDonough's victory perpetuate the series of contests in this historic field. The key to the heart of the original Union lies in the heights from which flow the Mohawk and the Hudson.

ST. LEGER'S EXPEDITION A VITAL PART.

In the original plan, St. Leger's expedition is stated as a "diversion," both by Burgoyne and in the official letter of Lord George Germaine, the secretary of state for war. The command was given to St. Leger from Whitehall, on Burgoyne's nomination, so that it was an independent expedition. The troops were in like manner selected, because much depended on the movement. Upon his success, as it proved, the campaign hung. When Burgoyne explained his failure, he laid much stress on the defeat of St. Leger, and one of the chief points to account for his own slowness, is; "the time entitled me to expect Lieutenant Colonel St. Leger's corps would be arrived at Ticonderoga, and secret means had been long concerted to enable him to make an effort to join me, with probability of success." And because St. Leger "had been obliged to retreat," he assigns as removing "the first plausible motive in favor of hazardous battle," when he was near Saratoga. In the campaign of 1777, the expedition to the Mohawk was one of the two wings without which success was impossible, which once clipped, crippled everything. The battle of Bennington was brought on by a British movement, having two objects in view; first, to obtain supplies,

* The Mohawks and Oneidas appeared before Montreal, August 12, 1662; Brodhead's History of New York, vol. 1, p. 705. The Iroquois, in 1688; vol. 2, p. 507.

and second, to create a diversion to aid St. Leger.* Every historian who writes of Burgoyne's operations, treats the expedition to the Mohawk as in a military sense a vital element in them.¹¹

EFFECT OF ORISKANY ON THE VALLEY AND THE INDIANS.

But we get a faint view of the purpose of the expedition, and of the significance of Oriskany, if we look only at military considerations. Its moral influence was great and far-reaching. Sir John Johnson boasted that the tories were as five to one in the Mohawk valley, and when he came at the head of a British army, they would rise for the king. Through Johnson and Brant, the design was fostered of holding the Six Nations closely to the royal cause, and thus crushing out the whole patriot influence west of the Hudson. Both purposes were shrewd, and had fair grounds. The patriots knew of these dangers. In the summons which had aroused Tryon county, they had been told: "one resolute blow would secure the friendship of the Six Nations." The committee of Safety knew the efforts it cost to maintain the authority of Congress. Herkimer fought at Oriskany against a tory rising at Johnstown, against the complete enlistment of the Iroquois with the British. His victory is measured only when we remember that no tory rising ever disgraced the Mohawk valley, and that from that hour the Indians were a source of terror and of weakness to the forces of King George.

* Stedman's History of the Revolution, (one of the best British records of the struggle;) Bancroft, vol. 5, p. 287.

11. See Appendix to this Address, p. 109, for authorities. Burgoyne himself in urging considerations justifying his advance, in a letter to Lord Germaine, says, (Defense, Appendix, p. xxii:) "Colonel St. Leger's operations would have been assisted, a junction with him probably secured, and the whole country to the Mohawk opened."

EFFECT ON THE COUNTRY.

The effect of Oriskany, on the Americans, was electric. Washington said "Herkimer first reversed the gloomy scene" of the campaign. General Gates wrote of "the severe blow General Herkimer gave Johnson and the scalpers under his command." General Schuyler in replying to General Herkimer's report, said: "The gallantry of you and the few men that stood with you and repulsed such a superior number of savages, reflects great honor upon you." Governor George Clinton expressed "the highest sense of the loyalty, valor and bravery of the militia of Tryon county, manifested in the victory gained by them under the command of their late worthy General Herkimer, for which as the chief magistrate of the free and independent State of New York, they have my most hearty thanks."¹² The defense of Fort Stanwix led John Adams to declare that "Gansevoort has proved that it is possible to hold a post," and the Oneida Spencer had warned the Tryon patriots not to make a Ticonderoga of Fort Stanwix.

These wise leaders estimated the battle better than writers like Irving,* who intimates that "it does not appear that either party was entitled to the victory," or Doctor Thacher,† who can only claim that "St. Leger's victory over our militia was purchased at a dear price," or Lossing,‡ who bluntly speaks of "the defeat of Herkimer." The patriots held the ground, and carried off their wounded at leisure. Of the tory

12. See Appendix, p. 110, for the letter copied from the original manuscript at Albany.

* Life of Washington, vol. 3, p. 176.

† Military Journal, p. 89.

‡ Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution, vol. 1, p. 250.

wounded Major Watts lay two days uncared for. By the battle St. Leger was bottled up in his camp; by it, the forces ordered with Arnold, and probably also, the Massachusetts troops who took part in Willett's sortie, were able to join in the operations against Burgoyne, and were in the first battle of Stillwater.* The whole valley of the Mohawk cast itself into the scales for the victory of Saratoga.¹³

Herkimer started for Fort Stanwix, and his force except a few scouts did not reach it. His little army was broken up. But its sacrifice, costly as it was, saved the valley. The frightful slaughter of their leaders at first paralyzed the settlers, but they rallied without delay and joined Arnold's relief army in large numbers.† The battle penned St. Leger and Johnson and Brant before Fort Stanwix. It raised the spirits of the beleaguered garrison to a high pitch.⁹ With Bennington which came afterwards, the Americans felt it gave them "great and glorious victories,"¹⁴ and "nothing exceeded their exultation" over them; and the "northern militia began now to look high, and to forget all distinctions between themselves and regular troops." This confidence was worth armies. Congress voted a monument to Herkimer, not yet erected save in the hearts of the people, and no one questioned that the gallant chief had earned the distinction. To Col-

* Lossing's Field-Book, vol. 1, p. 51, enumerates at Stillwater, all the regiments which marched up the valley with Arnold, and Colonel Wesson's Massachusetts regiment, of which was the detachment which reached Fort Stanwix on the second of August.

13. See Appendix, p. 111, for testimony from leading British authorities, as well as others.

† Arnold's letter to Colonel Gansevoort, August 22, 1777.

9. See Appendix, p. 103, for Governor Clinton's letter to Committee of Safety, August 22d, in New York State Library.

14. British Annual Register, 1777; see Appendix, p. 117.

Colonel Willett a sword was presented by Congress for his noble exploit, and Colonel Gansevoort received the thanks of Congress, a colonel's commission, and a special designation as commandant of the Fort which he had so bravely defended.

AIMS AND ESTIMATES ON BOTH SIDES.

The Battle of Oriskany and the defense of Fort Stanwix are Siamese twins. Separate events, they are so conjoined that they must be treated as inseparable in fact. The battle so paralyzed St. Leger and demoralized his army, that the siege became a failure. It is notable that British historians nearest to the event, give to Oriskany a degree of prominence which our own writers have hardly equaled. The defeat of St. Leger's expedition British writers of that day recognize as one of the pivots on which Saratoga was lost and won, and British sentiment agrees that "Saratoga was indeed the turning point of the American struggle."* The British Annual Register, noteworthy because established by Edmund Burke, and because its historical articles were still revised if not written by him, in the volume for 1777, published the next year, clearly indicates that the valley of the Mohawk was the very eye of the campaign.¹⁴ This judgment is the more important because the identical text is embodied in the History of the War printed in Dublin, 1779, and has become standard in England. In the Impartial History, after Burgoyne's arrival at Ticonderoga, the author says: "It is not to be wondered at, if both officers and private men (in Burgoyne's army) were highly elated with their fortune, and deemed that and

* English Cyclopaedia, article on Burgoyne.

14. See Appendix, p. 113, for the words of the Register.

their prowess to be irresistible; if they regarded their enemy with the greatest contempt, and considered their own toils to be nearly at an end; Albany to be already in their hands, and the reduction of the northern provinces to be rather a matter of some time, than an arduous task full of difficulty and danger.* Erroneously referring to Bennington, the same author uses words justly applicable to Oriskany: † “This was the first instance in the present campaign, in which fortune seemed even wavering, much less that she for a moment quitted the royal standard. The exultation was accordingly great on the one side; nor could the other avoid feeling some damp to that eagerness of hope, and receiving some check to that assured confidence of success, which an unmixed series of fortunate events must naturally excite.” The shield had been fully reversed, within a single month.

St. Leger claimed that Johnson won “the completest victory,” but this was on the assumption “that the militia would never rally.”¹⁵ He miscalculated the blow; it was not fatal to the patriots; its consequences were fatal to his plans. The check which he received at Oriskany and its consequent delay, forced Burgoyne to take the risk which brought on him the defeat at Bennington. Although second in importance as well as in order of time, Stedman,¹⁶ one of the best British authorities, names the Vermont fight first in order, as does the *British Impartial History*, (London, 1780,) fixing Bennington properly on August 16th, but for the affair on the Mohawk, naming no date until St. Leger’s flight on the twenty-second of August. The “*History*

* *Impartial History of the War in America*, London, 1780, p. 460. † The same, p. 472.

15. Letter to Burgoyne, August 11, 1777. *Remembrancer*, 1777, p. 392. See Appendix, p. 118.

16. See Appendix, p. 119, for the citation.

of the War," published in Dublin, 1779, places the Battle of Oriskany on the sixteenth of August, on the same day as that of Bennington.* In spite of this reversal of the order of time, all these authorities concede to the affair at Oriskany, a measure of importance which the occupants of the historic field only begin to assert. As the first blow of the campaign, Oriskany has to the campaign of 1777, the primacy which Lexington has to the whole war.

The failure of St. Leger cut off the right arm of Burgoyne. Burgoyne still clinging to his hopes, believed if Sir Henry Clinton had reached the Highlands earlier, as he did when too late, he "should have had his way."† But his own detailed statement proves that he felt that the grave of his campaign was dug when a royalist rising was prevented in the Mohawk valley;¹³ and that was the achievement of Herkimer and the heroes of Oriskany.

The success of St. Leger at Oriskany and Fort Stanwix would have been fatal. The Mohawk valley would have been overrun by the tories. Albany would have fallen, and Gates been overpowered. Defeat, decided and prompt, would have turned St. Leger back to Oswego, and enabled him with the remnant of his corps, to open a retreat for Burgoyne, as the latter intimates had been contingently concerted.‡ For the emergency of a defeat which closed the Mohawk valley, and of a siege which held him for three weeks before Fort Stanwix, no calculation had been made. It was this combination which proved so fortunate for the republic.

* Pages, 291-293.

† Defense, p. 17.

13. See Appendix, p. 111, for his own words.

‡ Burgoyne's Defense, (London, 1780,) p. 15.

DIVISIONS IN THE VALLEY: DANGERS AVERTED.

The dangers to the American cause in the valley, were peculiar. To the German settlers King George had always been a foreign king. They owed him neither affection nor allegiance. It was easy for them to sustain Congress and to fight for independence. They had been jealous of the influence of the Johnsons over the Indians, and over the valley, and that pique was fully reciprocated. Besides the ties of family favor and apparent interest, the Johnsons clung all the more closely to the royal cause, because the Germans took the other part. Something of religious feeling entered into the division, for the Johnsons stood for the Church of England, and Kirkland and other dissenting ministers had been pressing for independence in faith and practice.* The interior of New York had felt little or nothing of the burden of taxes which had stirred the other colonies. No royal charter had ever been in force over the State. The settlers who came from Britain hither lacked the causes for separation which stirred New England and the South, and when the immigrants from other lands enlisted for Congress, the tory leaders confidently trusted that they could carry the British colonists for King George. Many causes prevented. The patriot leaders were shrewd and diligent, and they were on the soil, while the tory chiefs were absent. For no long time is it possible that New York shall be alien from New England and the States on our southern borders. But the fight at Oriskany came at the right time to kindle the patriot fires, to draw the lines between the belligerents, to merge old world antagonisms into American patriotism. In the

* See Lothrop's Life of Rev. Samuel Kirkland, p. 233, for a notable illustration.

blood shed in that historic field, New York was baptized as a State, and as a State in an enduring republic, in a united nation.

SIGNIFICANCE FROM LOCATION.

The Battle of Oriskany was the more significant because it was fought near the center of the Long House of the Iroquois. Indian phrase had so styled the valley, for which they placed the western door at the opening of the waters at Niagara, and the eastern door where the Mohawk seeks the Hudson.* It was held with its approaches, when the white men came, by the Six Nations, the master tribes among the Indians. They had discovered its fitness for the path of empire and the seat of dominion. Cadwallader Colden, in 1738, in an official report,† noted the peculiar feature that here “some branches of the largest rivers of North America, and which run contrary courses, take their rise within two or three miles of each other;” the Mohawk flowing into the Hudson, the St. Lawrence finding affluents to carry northward, the Susquehanna to add to Chesapeake bay; and from the western walls of the Long House, waters seek the Mississippi and the Gulf. This configuration gave, naturally, political and military significance to what is now the center of New York.‡ The Iroquois from it became little less than lords of the continent. Into it the French missionaries early came to spy out the land, with that devotion which led Father Jogues|| to “write the name of Jesus on the barks of trees in the Mohawk Valley,” in 1642,

* Morgan's League of the Iroquois, p. 40.

† Documentary History of New York, vol. 4, p. 112.

‡ DeWitt Clinton's Address on the Iroquois. Campbell's Life of Clinton, p. 210. Brodhead's History of New York, vol 2, p. 8.

|| Bancroft, vol. 2, p. 310.

and that foresight which for generations prompted the French Governors of Canada to aim to expel the English by the instrumentality of the Iroquois.* In critical periods the British found the Iroquois, by their fidelity and prowess, a sufficient bulwark against French encroachments.† From Manhattan the Dutch had reached out and planted Fort Orange at Albany, and had made friends and kept friends with the Iroquois. Over from the New England settlements the English crowded into lands whose advantages they clearly saw, and the English Governors at Manhattan were glad to frame treaties to grant to the Iroquois the same advantages which they had enjoyed from the Dutch.‡ Yet the first permanent settlers in a portion of the valley were Germans from the palatinate, who came hither in 1712–13, after stopping on the Hudson.¶ Sir William Johnson, himself an Irishman, took great pains to gather British colonists about him, and was in large measure successful, and the Scotch colony was influential and self-asserting. As from the Long House of the Iroquois, waters flow in all directions, so into it tended currents of population from all directions. The Dutch proprietors could not stop this cosmopolitan drift. The German immigration prevented tendencies so distinctively British as prevailed in other colonies. The large share of northern New York in the Anglo-French wars, continued its traditional importance.§

Here between Ontario and Champlain, it was decided that the nascent State should be cosmopolitan and not

* Paris Documents, Documentary History, vol. 9, p. 954, 958.

† Bancroft, vol. 2, p. 152.

‡ Brodhead's History of New York, vol. 1, p. 744.

¶ Certain Germans who had sought England for a refuge, it is said, became interested in the Mohawks who visited Queen Anne, and were by the chiefs induced to migrate to America.

§ Ex-Governor Horatio Seymour, in his lecture on the History and Topography of New York, has admirably presented the relations of the State, growing out of its natural situation.

Dutch.* Here in large part it was decided, if not that the political relations of the State should be British and not French, that the language, the civilization, the social tendencies should be cast in the mold of Hampden and Milton and Shakepeare, rather than in those of Paris and Versailles. This whole region had indeed been included in New France. Louis XVI and his ministers watched events here with especial interest, and naturally desired that Britain should not continue to possess what France had lost. If St. Leger was beaten where Frontenac and Montcalm had swept in victory, the infant republic, with French aid, might stand and grow a rival to British power. Here large impetus was given to the decision that this continent should be American and not British.

The location of Oriskany rendered the battle controlling in determining the attitude of the Mohawk valley, and in putting an end to British hopes of royalist uprising there. It shattered and rendered useless the British alliance with the Indians. It helped to insure French co-operation with the colonies, and brought us the fleet of D'Estaing the next summer. It paved the way to the victory over Burgoyne. Without Oriskany, there could have been no Saratoga. Herkimer laid in blood the corner-stone of that temple of unwinged victory, which was completed on the heights where Burgoyne surrendered. Afterwards through the long contest, although local raids and savage butcheries were perpetrated, no operations of grand war were attempted in these historic regions. While nominally British purposes were unchanged, the colonies north and east of New York bay escaped the ravages of

* August 1, 1802, Rev. John Taylor, a missionary from New England, visited Utica on his way west, and says of it: "Utica appears to be a mixed mass of discordant materials. Here may be found people of ten or twelve different nations, and of almost all religions and sects."

broad conflict, and entered upon their career of national growth and prosperity.

CONCLUSION.

Extravagant eulogy never honors its object. Persistent neglect of events which have molded history, is not creditable to those who inherit the golden fruits. We do not blush to grow warm over the courage which at Plataea saved Greece forever from Persian invasion. Calm men praise the determination which at Lepanto, set limits to Turkish conquests in Europe. Waterloo is the favorite of rhetoric among English-speaking people. But history no less exalts the Spartan three hundred who died at Thermopylæ, and poetry immortalizes the six hundred whose leader blundered at Balaklava. Signally negligent have the people of Central New York been to the men and the deeds that on the soil we daily tread, have controlled the tides of nations, and fashioned the channels of civilization. After a hundred years we begin to know what the invasion of St. Leger meant. A century lifts up Nicholas Herkimer, if not into a consummate general, to the plane of sturdy manliness and of unselfish, devoted patriotism, of a hero who knew how to fight and how to die. History begins to appreciate the difficulties which surrounded Philip Schuyler, and to see that he appeared slow in bringing out the strength of a patriot State, because the scales of destiny were weighted to hand New York over to Johnson and Burgoyne and Clinton and King George. His eulogy is, that when popular impatience, and jealousies in other colonies, and ambitions in the army, and cliques in Congress, superseded him in the command of the northern armies of the United States, he had already stirred up the Mohawk valley to the war blaze at Oriskany; he had relieved Fort Stanwix and sent St. Leger in disgraceful retreat;

Bennington had been fought and won;* he had thus shattered the British alliance with the Indians, and had trampled out the tory embers in the Mohawk Valley; he had gathered above Albany an army flushed with victory, and greatly superior to Burgoyne's forces in numbers, and it was well led and adequate to the task before it.

Oriskany, the Indians interpret is the Place of Nettles. Out of that nettle danger Herkimer plucked for the Mohawk Valley, and through it for the republic, the flower safety. In that Place of Nettles, Central New York may find much to stir it to deeper knowledge of its history and its relations, to greater anxiety to be just to those who have served it worthily, to keener appreciation of the continental elevation which nature has reared for us, and upon which we may build a structure more symmetrical and more beneficent than the Parthenon,—a free State based on equal justice, strong in the virtue of its citizens, devoted to all that is best and most beautiful in mankind, inspired by the noblest achievements in history, manfully meeting the humblest duties, and struggling upward to the highest ideals. Names and deeds that live a hundred years, change hills and valleys into classic ground. The century which runs backward is only the dawn of those which look into the future. Central New York must have a worthy career before it to justify the traditions of the Long House of the Iroquois; of the real statesmanship of the League of the Six Nations, and of the eloquence of their chief men; of the Jesuit missionaries and the Samuel Kirklands and the Lutheran clergymen, who consecrated its waters and its soil and its trees; of those who saved it from French occupation; of those who kept out the Stuarts and drove out King George.

* General Gates took command of the army before Burgoyne, August 14, 1777, but had nothing to do with Bennington.

APPENDIX TO HISTORICAL ADDRESS.

1. THE NAME ORISKANY. (Page 58.)

The orthography of Oriskany has been settled by custom contrary to Indian euphony. St. Leger writes it Oriska; Colonel Willett changes the initial to Eriska; Captain Deygart (Clinton manuscripts) writes Orisco. In London documents, (Colonial History, vol. 8, p. 690,) we find Oriske.

In a "Chorographical map of the Province of New York," London, 1779, is Ochriscany Patent granted to T. Wenham & Co. In a map of 1790, this becomes Ochriskeneey (Documentary History of New York, vol. 1.)

In his League of the Iroquois, L. H. Morgan gives the Indian derivation, showing that the name comes from the Mohawk dialect.

In the several dialects the form is as follows:

Seneca dialect, O-his-heh; Cayuga, O-his-ha; Onondaga, O-his-ka; Tuscarora, Ose-hase-keh; Oneida, Ole-hisk; Mohawk, Ole-his-ka; the significance in each case being the Place of Nettles.

The last syllable of Oriskany is a termination signifying a stream, the same as *ana* or *anna*.

2. BUILDING OF FORT STANWIX. (Page 63.)

The building of Fort Stanwix in 1758, is recorded in Documentary History of New York, vol. 4, p. 323, and a topographical map is given of the country between the Mohawk and Wood Creek, from an actual survey in November, 1758. General Abercrombie's order to General Stanwix to erect the fort is there preserved. Fort Williams had at an earlier day stood in the neighborhood. Fort Stanwix was not finished in 1760, when M. Pouchot passed it. (Hough's Translation of his Memoir, p. 138.)

Out of compliment to General Philip Schuyler the attempt was made to change the name of this Fort, but old Peter Schuyler had given the title to the old Fort at Utica, and Stanwix has clung to the historic work at Rome.

3. PEACE COUNCILS AT FORT STANWIX. (Page 63.)

In 1768 it had been the scene of an important council, when thirty-two hundred Indians of the Six Nations assembled to treat

with representatives of Virginia, Pennsylvania and New Jersey. Sir William Johnson then closed the "Treaty of Fort Stanwix." The original record will be found in the Documents relating to the Colonial History of New York, vol. 8, p. 111 and following.

In 1784 a grand council was held here between the chiefs of the Six Nations and commissioners on the part of the United States, and a treaty of peace was negotiated.

4. ST. LEGER'S TROOPS DESIGNATED IN LONDON. (Page 67.)

This extract from an official letter from Lord George Germaine to General Carleton, dated Whitehall, twenty-sixth March, 1777, is taken from the "State of the Expedition from Canada," published in London, 1780, by General Burgoyne in his own defense: "With a view of quelling the rebellion as quickly as possible, it is become highly necessary that the most speedy junction of the two armies should be effected, and therefore, as the security and good government of Canada absolutely require your presence there, it is the King's determination to leave about 3,000 men under your command, and to employ the remainder of your army upon two expeditions, the one under the command of Lieutenant General Burgoyne, who is to force his way to Albany, and the other under command of Lieutenant Colonel St. Leger, who is to make a diversion on the Mohawk River.

"As this plan can not be advantageously executed without the assistance of Canadians and Indians, His Majesty strongly recommends it to your care to furnish both expeditions with good and sufficient bodies of those men; and I am happy in knowing that your influence among them is so great that there can be no room to apprehend that you will find it difficult to fulfill His Majesty's expectations. * * * * *

It is the King's further pleasure that you put under command of Colonel St. Leger:

Detachment from the 8th Regiment,	100
Detachment from the 34th Regiment,	100
Sir John Johnson's regiment of New York,	133
Hanau Chaffeurs,	342

together with a sufficient number of Indians and Canadians, and after having furnished him with proper artillery, stores, provisions

and every other necessary article for his expedition, and secured to him every assistance in your power to afford and procure, you are to give him orders to proceed forthwith to and down to the Mohawk river to Albany and put himself under the command of Sir William Howe.

“I shall write to Sir William Howe from hence by the first packet; but you will nevertheless endeavor to give him the earliest intelligence of this measure, and also direct Lieutenant General Burgoyne and Lieutenant Colonel St. Leger to neglect no opportunity of doing the same, that they may receive instructions from Sir William Howe. You will at the same time inform them that, until they shall have received orders from Sir William Howe, it is His Majesty’s pleasure that they act as exigencies may require, and in such manner as they shall judge most proper for making an impression on the rebels and bringing them to obedience; but that in so doing they must never lose view of their intended junctions with Sir William Howe as their principal objects.

“In case Lieutenant General Burgoyne or Lieutenant Colonel St. Leger should happen to die or be rendered, through illness, incapable of executing these great trusts, you are to nominate to their respective commands such officer or officers as you shall think best qualified to supply the place of those whom His Majesty has, in his wisdom, at present appointed to conduct these expeditions.”

5. KIRKLAND AND THE INDIANS. (Page 68.)

Reverend Samuel Kirkland wrote to the committee at Albany, June 9, 1775, “Colonel Johnson has orders from government (of course the British government) to remove the dissenting minister from the Six Nations, till the difficulties between Great Britain and the colonies are settled. * * * All he has against me I suppose to be this: A suspicion that I have interpreted to the Indians the doings of the Continental Congress, which has undeceived and too much opened the eyes of the Indians for Colonel Johnson’s purposes. I confess to you, gentlemen, that I have been guilty of this, if it be any transgression. * * * I apprehend my interpreting the doings of the Congress to their sachems has done more real service to the cause of the country, or the cause of truth and justice, than £500 in presents would have effected.” Jones’ Annals of Oneida County, p. 852.

6. GENERAL SCHUYLER'S FEAR. (Page 68.)

In a letter to the Committee of Safety, dated July 24, 1777, General Schuyler says:

“If Burgoyne can penetrate to Albany, the force which is certainly coming by way of Oswego, will find no difficulty in reaching the Mohawk river, and being arrived there will be joined by tories not only, but by every person that finds himself capable of removing, and wishes to make his peace with the enemy, and by the whole body of the Six Nations.”

7. SIR JOHN JOHNSON THE BRITISH LEADER AT ORISKANY.
(Page 69.)

William L. Stone, to whom so much is due for a fair statement of the Battle of Oriskany, insists that Sir John Johnson was not in the battle at all, naming Watts, Butler and Brant, in this order as leaders. And W. W. Campbell, in his *Annals of Tryon county*, places the “Indians and tories under Brant and Butler.” Irving in his *Life of Washington* follows these authorities. Stone justifies his denial of Johnson's presence in the battle by Colonel Willett's assertion in his narrative, that Singleton, one of the prisoners taken in the sortie, told him that “Sir John Johnson was with him (Singleton) when the camp was attacked.” These words of Willett are in the paraphrase by Willett's son, (*Narrative*, page 53,) transformed into a statement that Johnson was “in his tent with his coat off, and had not time to put it on before his camp was forced.”

In view of the importance of the operations then in progress, this statement is intrinsically improbable. It is contradicted by the positive language of St. Leger, who, in his *Narrative (Burgoyne's Defense)* clearly says: “Sir John Johnson put himself at the head of the party,” which went to Oriskany, “and began his march that evening at five o'clock, and met the rebel corps at the same hour the next morning.” St. Leger attempted a movement against the sortie, but he used Lieutenants only, as he could not have done if Johnson had been in camp. See the tenth section of this Appendix, p. 106.

In an official letter from Colonel Daniel Claus, (St. Leger's superintendent of Indians,) he distinctly avers: “Sir John Johnson asked leave to join his company of light infantry and head the

whole, which was granted; Colonel Butler and other Indian officers were ordered with the Indians." Colonial History vol. 8, p. 721.

President Dwight (Travels, vol. 3, p. 194,) who made the battle a study in 1799, at Whitestown and Rome, says: "Sir John had scarcely left the ground to attack General Herkimer." And again after the battle: "At the return of Sir John," p. 195. This was the clear understanding of the generation to whom about the battlefield and the Fort, the fight was as the alphabet; and it has the weight of authority in its favor.

Indeed, taking the language of St. Leger and Claus together, it is absolutely incontrovertible.

8. GENERAL PUTNAM AIDS IN THE RELIEF. (Page 82.)

In the Clinton Papers at Albany is the original of the following letter:

"PECK'S KILL, August 14, 1777.

"Dear Sir:—Received yours of the fourteenth inst. In consequence of it and former orders received from General Washington have ordered Colonel Cortlandt's and Colonel Livingston's regiments to march immediately to the northward to the relief of Fort Schuyler, or as you shall see fit to direct them.

"I wish them a speedy and safe arrival and you most successful enterprise against those worse than infernals.

"With great respect, I am your obedient humble servant,

"ISRAEL PUTNAM."

"To his Excellency, GOVERNOR CLINTON."

9. GOVERNOR CLINTON TO THE COMMITTEE OF SAFETY.

(Page 89.)

The following is the text of a letter from Governor George Clinton, copied from the original in the State Library at Albany:

"ALBANY, August 22, 1777.

"General Harchheimer is dead of his wounds. His leg was taken off and he survived it but a few hours. General Arnold with his party is at Fort Dayton. About 100 of the militia of Tryon county only are with him. I have issued my positive orders to the officers commanding the respective regiments there

to detach one-half to join General Arnold's army. Colonels Cortland's and Livingston's regiments marched this evening for his further reinforcement.

"The enemy in that quarter having acquired a considerable accession of numbers from Indians and tories, the above measures were rendered necessary. The garrison, however, by very late accounts, are high in spirits and well provided, and I have no doubt we shall in a few days receive the most agreeable intelligence from that quarter. From the Oneidas and Tuscaroras, whose chieftains are now with General Arnold, we have the fullest assurance of assistance but have nothing to expect from any other tribes of the Six Nations until our successes intimidate them into friendship. Since the affair at Bennington the scalping business seems to have ceased."

10. ST. LEGER'S OWN NARRATIVE. (Pages 64, 102.)

General Burgoyne published in London, in 1780, a defense of his campaign in America, under the title: "A State of the Expedition from Canada, as laid before the House of Commons." In the Appendix is the following interesting document:

"COLONEL ST. LEGER'S ACCOUNT OF OCCURRENCES AT FORT STANWIX."

"A minute detail of every operation since my leaving La Chine, with the detachment entrusted to my care, your excellency will permit me to reserve to a time of less hurry and mortification than the present, while I enter into the interesting scene before Fort Stanwix, which I invested the third of August, having previously pushed forward Lieutenant Bird of the King's regiment, with thirty of the King's troops and two hundred Indians, under the direction of Captains Hare and Wilson, and the Chiefs Joseph and Bull, to seize fast hold of the lower landing place, and thereby cut off the enemy's communication with the lower country. This was done with great address by the lieutenant, though not attended with the effect I had promised myself, occasioned by the slackness of the Messasagoes. The brigade of provisions and ammunition boats I had intelligence of, being arrived and disembarked before this party had taken post.

"The fourth and fifth were employed in making arrangements for opening Wood Creek, (which the enemy, with indefatigable

labor of one hundred and fifty men, for fourteen days, had most effectually choaked up,) and the making a temporary road from Pine Ridges, upon Fish Creek, sixteen miles from the fort, for a present supply of provision and the transport of our artillery; the first was effected by the diligence and zeal of Captain Bouville, assisted by Captain Harkimer, of the Indian department, with one hundred and ten men, in nine days; While Lieutenant Lundy, acting as assistant quarter-master general, had rendered the road in the worst of weather, sufficiently practicable to pass the whole artillery and stores, with seven days' provision, in two days.

“On the fifth, in the evening, intelligence arrived by my discovering parties on the Mohawk river, that a reinforcement of eight hundred militia, conducted by General Herkimer, were on their march to relieve the garrison, and were actually at that instant at Oriska, an Indian settlement, twelve miles from the fort. The garrison being apprised of their march by four men, who were seen to enter the fort in the morning, through what was thought an impenetrable swamp, I did not think it prudent to wait for them, and thereby subject myself to be attacked by a sally from the garrison in the rear, while the reinforcement employed me in front. I therefore determined to attack them on the march, either openly or covertly, as circumstances should offer. At this time, I had not two hundred and fifty of the King's troops in camp; the various and extensive operations I was under an absolute necessity of entering into, having employed the rest; and therefore could not send above eighty white men, rangers and troops included, with the whole corps of Indians. Sir John Johnson put himself at the head of this party, and began his march that evening at five o'clock, and met the rebel corps at the same hour the next morning. The impetuosity of the Indians is not to be described on the sight of the enemy (forgetting the judicious disposition formed by Sir John, and agreed to by themselves, which was to suffer the attack to begin with the troops in front, while they should be on both flanks and rear,) they rushed in hatchet in hand, and thereby gave the enemy's rear an opportunity to escape. In relation to the victory, it was equally complete, as if the whole had fallen; nay, more so, as the two hundred who escaped only served to spread the panic wider; but it was not so with the Indians; their loss was great, (I must be understood Indian computation, being only about thirty killed and the like number wounded, and in that number some of their favorite chiefs and confidential warriors were slain.) On the enemy's side, almost all

their principal leaders were slain. General Herkimer has since died of his wounds. It is proper to mention, that the four men detached with intelligence of the march of the reinforcement, set out the evening before the action, and consequently the enemy could have no account of the defeat, and were in possession only of the time appointed for their arrival; at which, as I suspected, they made a sally with two hundred and fifty men toward Lieutenant Bird's post, to facilitate the entrance of the relieving corps, or bring on a general engagement, with every advantage they could wish.

“Captain Hoyes was immediately detached to cut in upon their rear, while they engaged the lieutenant. Immediately upon the departure of Captain Hoyes, having learned that Lieutenant Bird, misled by the information of a cowardly Indian, that Sir John was pressed, had quitted his post to march to his assistance, I marched the detachment of the King's regiment, in support of Captain Hoyes, by a road in sight of the garrison, which, with executive fire from his party, immediately drove the enemy into the fort, without any further advantage than frightening some squaws and pilfering the packs of the warriors which they left behind them. After this affair was over, orders were immediately given to complete a two-gun battery, and mortar beds, with three strong redoubts in their rear, to enable me, in case of another attempt to relieve the garrison by their regimented troops, to march out a larger body of the King's troops.

“Captain Lernoult was sent with one hundred and ten men to the lower landing place, where he established himself with great judgment and strength, having an enclosed battery of a three-pounder opposed to any sally from the fort, and another to the side of the country, where a relief must approach; and the body of his camp deeply entrenched and abbatished.

“When by the unabating labor of officers and men, (the smallness of our numbers never admitting of a relief, or above three hours' cessation for sleep or cooking,) the batteries and redoubts were finished, and new cheeks and axle-trees made for the six-pounders, those that were sent being rotten and unserviceable.

“It was found that our cannon had not the least effect upon the sod-work of the fort, and that our royals had only the power of teasing, as a six-inch plank was a sufficient security for their powder magazine, as we learnt from the deserters. At this time Lieutenant Glenie, of the artillery, whom I appointed to act as assistant engineer, proposed a conversion of the royals (if I may

use the expression) into howitzers. The ingenuity and feasibility this measure striking me very strongly, the business was set about immediately, and soon executed, when it was found that nothing prevented their operating with the desired effect but the distance, their chambers being too small to hold a sufficiency of powder. There was nothing now to be done but to approach the town by sap to such a distance that the rampart might be brought within their practice, at the same time all materials were preparing to run a mine under their most formidable bastion.

“In the midst of these operations intelligence was brought in by our scouts, of a second corps of 1,000 men being on their march. The same zeal no longer animated the Indians; they complained of our thinness of troops and their former losses. I immediately called a council of the chiefs; encouraged them as much as I could; promised to lead them on myself, and bring into the field 300 of the best troops. They listened to this, and promised to follow me, and agreed that I should reconnoitre the ground properest for the field of battle the next morning, accompanied by some of their chief warriors to settle the plan of operations. When upon the ground appointed for the field of battle, scouts came in with the account of the first number swelled to 2,000; immediately after a third, that General Burgoyne’s army was cut to pieces, and that Arnold was advancing by rapid and forced marches with 3,000 men. It was at this moment I began to suspect cowardice in some and treason in others; however, I returned to camp, not without hopes, with the assistance of my gallant coadjutor, Sir John Johnson, and the influence of the superintending colonels, Claus and Butler, of inducing them to meet the enemy. A council, according to their custom, was called, to know their resolutions, before the breaking up of which I learned that 200 were already decamped. In about an hour they insisted that I should retreat, or they would be obliged to abandon me. I had no other party to take, and a hard party it was to troops who could do nothing without them, to yield to their resolves; and therefore proposed to retire at night, sending on before my sick, wounded, artillery, &c., down the Wood Creek, covering them by our line of march.

“This did not fall in with their views, which were no less than treacherously committing ravage upon their friends, as they had lost the opportunity of doing it upon their enemies. To effect this they artfully caused messengers to come in, one after the other, with accounts of the near approaches of the rebels; one

and the last affirmed that they were within two miles of Captain Lernoult's post. Not giving entire credit to this, and keeping to my resolution of retiring by night, they grew furious and abandoned; seized upon the officers' liquor and cloaths, in spite of the efforts of their servants, and became more formidable than the enemy we had to expect. I now thought it time to call in Captain Lernoult's post, retiring with the troops in camp to the ruined fort called William, in the front of the garrison, not only to wait the enemy if they thought proper to sally, but to protect the boats from the fury of the savages, having sent forward Captain Hoyes with his detachment, with one piece of cannon, to the place where Bull Fort stood, to receive the troops who waited the arrival of Captain Lernoult. Most of the boats were escorted that night beyond Canada Creek, where no danger was to be apprehended from the enemy. The creek at this place, bending from the road, has a deep cedar swamp between. Every attention was now turned to the mouth of the creek, which the enemy might have possessed themselves of by a rapid march by the Oneyda Castle. At this place the whole of the little army arrived by twelve o'clock at night, and took post in such a manner as to have no fears of any thing the enemy could do. Here we remained till three o'clock next morning, when the boats which could come up the creek arrived, or rather that the rascally part of all nations of the Indians would suffer to come up; and proceeded across Lake Oneyda to the ruined Fort of Brereton, where I learnt that some boats were still laboring down the creek, after being lightened of the best part of their freight by the Messasagoes. Captain Lernoult proposed, with a boat full of armed men, to repass the lake that night to relieve them from their labor, and supply them with provision. This transaction does as much honor to the humanity as to the gallantry of this valuable officer. •

“On my arrival at the Onondago Falls I received an answer to my letter from Your Excellency, which showed, in the clearest light, the scenes of treachery that had been practiced upon me. The messenger had heard indeed on his way that they were collecting the same kind of rabble as before, but that there was not an enemy within forty miles of Fort Stanwix.

“Soon after my arrival here I was joined by Captain Lernoult, with the men and boats he had been in search of. I mean immediately to send off for the use of the upper garrison, all the overplus provisions I shall have, after keeping a sufficiency to carry my detachment down, which I mean to do with every expedition.

in my power the moment this business is effected, for which purpose I have ordered here the snow. The sloop is already gone from this with her full lading.

“Officers from each corps are sent to Montreal to procure necessaries for the men, who are in the most deplorable situation from the plunder of the savages, that no time may be lost to join your army.

“I have the honor to be, with the greatest respect, sir, Your Excellency’s most obedient and most faithful servant,

“BARRY ST. LEGER.”

“Oswego, August 27, 1777.

“His Excellency General Burgoyne.”

11. BRITISH AUTHORITY ON THE IMPORTANCE OF ST. LEGER’S EXPEDITION. (Page 87.)

The first authority on this point is General Burgoyne, who in his paper “for conducting the war from the side of Canada,” urges the expedition by “the Lake Ontario and Oswego to the Mohawk River, which,” he says, “as a diversion *to facilitate every proposed operation*, would be highly desirable.” (Defense, Appendix, p. vi.)

Second. It will be remarked in the letter of Lord George Germaine, he announces “the King’s determination” to employ the army in Canada “upon two expeditions,” one by Burgoyne and the other by St. Leger, thus placing both on the same footing. See the extract from the letter in the fourth section of this Appendix, p. 100.

The third authority to be cited on this point is the British Annual Register for 1777, (under the auspices at least of Edmund Burke,) where we read: “In these embarrassing and difficult circumstances General Burgoyne received information that Colonel St. Leger had arrived before, and was conducting his operations against Fort Stanwix. He instantly and justly conceived that a rapid movement forward at this critical period would be of utmost importance. If the enemy proceeded up the Mohawk and that St. Leger succeeded, he would be liable to get between two fires, or at any rate, General Burgoyne’s army would get between him and Albany, so that he must either stand an action or by passing the Hudson River, endeavor to secure a retreat higher up to the New England provinces. If, on the other hand, he abandoned Fort Stanwix to its fate, and fell back to Albany, the Mohawk country

would of course be entirely laid open, the juncture with St. Leger established, and the entire army at liberty and leisure to prescribe and choose its future line of operations.”

General Burgoyne in his Defense (p. 102,) uses these words: “It will likewise be remembered that Lieutenant Colonel St. Leger was at this time before Fort Stanwix; every hour was pregnant with critical events.”

The History of the Civil War, by an Officer of the (British) Army, London, 1780, p. 384, says:

“Fortune, which had been hitherto favorable to General Burgoyne, now began to withdraw her caresses, and like a flirting female, broke from him in the moment of possession.”

Consult also section thirteenth of this Appendix, (p. 111.)

12. GOVERNOR CLINTON ON THE BATTLE OF ORISKANY AND THE TRYON COUNTY MILITIA. (Pages 80, 82.)

The following important letter is found in the original manuscript in the State Library at Albany. It was addressed to the several colonels in Tryon county:

“HEADQUARTERS, HALF MOON, 22d August, 1777.

“Sir: While I have the highest sense of the loyalty, valor and bravery of the militia of Tryon county, manifested in the victory gained by them under the command of their late worthy General Herkimer, for which, as the chief magistrate of the free and independent State of New York, they have my most hearty thanks, it gives me the greatest pain to be informed that any difficulty should arise in their joining the army under General Arnold, and thereby enabling him to finish the war in that quarter, by raising the siege of Fort Schuyler and destroying the enemy’s army in that quarter, and restoring peace and safety to the inhabitants of Tryon county. Their noble exertions against the common enemy have already gained them the greatest honor, their perseverance will secure them peace and safety. In both I am greatly interested, and it is my duty and I hereby most positively order that you immediately join General Arnold with one-half of your regiment completely armed, equipt and accoutred, and march under his command to the relief of Fort Schuyler. As soon as the service will admit General Arnold will dismiss you. If any are hardy enough to refuse to obey your orders given in consequence of this,

you are immediately to report the names of the same to General Arnold, who will transmit the same to me, that they may be dealt with with the utmost rigor of the law.

“I am your obedient servant,

“GEORGE CLINTON.”

Frederick Sammons in his manuscript narrative, states that Arnold, after he had relieved the Fort, “directly marched his troops to Stillwater.” Sammons was in this army. He had been off on duty as a scout in the early days of August.

13. THE MOHAWK VALLEY AT SARATOGA. (Pages 89, 92, 110.)

The “History of the Civil War in America, by an Officer in the British Army,” Captain Hall, London, 1780, says, p. 397: “The retreat of Colonel St. Leger inspired the enemy with fresh ardor, and as they had now no longer anything to fear on the Mohawk river, a numerous and hardy militia from that country immediately joined their army in the neighborhood of Albany, which now advanced and took post near Stillwater, where they were also joined by a body of troops under Arnold, who had, in fact, been detached to the relief of Fort Stanwix, though he was at a great distance when the *finesse* of the garrison succeeded in saving the place.”

“Botta’s History of the United States” declares specifically: “The successes of the Americans under the walls of Fort Schuyler, (Stanwix,) besides having inspired the militia, produced also the other happy effect of enabling them, relieved from the fear of invasion in the country upon the Mohawk, to unite all their forces against the army of Burgoyne.” (Vol. 1, p. 465.)

In the “History of the war with America, France and Spain, by John Andrews, LL. D.,” (London, 1786,) vol. 2, p. 402, the case is thus stated: “The failure of the expedition against Fort Stanwix, together with the defeat of Bennington, were very severe blows to the British interest in those parts. They animated the Americans to a surprising degree. They began now confidently to promise themselves that General Burgoyne himself would share the same fate as his officers.”

General Burgoyne in a letter to Lord Germaine, dated Camp, near Saratoga, August 20, 1777, says: “I am afraid the expectations of Sir J. Johnson greatly fail in the rising of the country. On this side I find daily reason to doubt the sincerity of the reso-

lution of the professing loyalists. I have about four hundred, but not half of them armed, who may be depended upon; the rest are trimmers, merely actuated by interest. The great bulk of the country is undoubtedly with the Congress, in principle and zeal; and their measures are executed with a secrecy and dispatch that are not to be equaled."

General Burgoyne, in his Defense, (p. 114,) presents this as a conclusive argument in his own behalf:

"The circumstances of the action at Bennington established a yet more melancholy conviction of the fallacy of any dependence upon supposed friends. The noble lord has said, that 'I never despaired of the campaign before the affair at Bennington; that I had no doubt of gaining Albany in as short a time as the army (in due condition of supply) could accomplish the march.' I acknowledge the truth of the assertions in their fullest extent; all my letters at the time show it. I will go further and in one sense apply with the noble lord the epithet 'fatal' to the affair of Bennington. The knowledge I acquired of the professors of loyalty was 'fatal,' and put an end to every expectation from enterprise, unsustained by dint of force. It would have been excess of frenzy to have trusted for sustenance to the plentiful region of Albany. Had the march thither been unopposed, the enemy, finding the British army unsupplied, would only have had to compel the tories to drive the cattle and destroy the corn, and the capitulation of Albany instead of Saratoga must have followed. Would the tories have risen? Why did they not rise around Albany and below when they found Mr. Gates' army increasing by separate and distinct parties from remote distances? They were better qualified by their situation to catch the favorable moment, than I was to advise it. Why did they not rise in that populous, and, as supposed, well affected district, the German Flats, at the time St. Leger was before Fort Stanwix? A critical insurrection from any one point to create diversion would probably have secured the success of the campaign. But to revert to the reasons against a rapid march after the affair of Bennington. It was then also known that by the false intelligence respecting the strength of Fort Stanwix, the infamous behavior of the Indians, and the want of the promised co-operation of the loyal inhabitants, St. Leger had been obliged to retreat. The first plausible motive in favor of hazardous haste, the facilitating his descent of the Mohawk, was at an end."

It is pleasant to add to this testimony the following:

COUNCIL OF SAFETY TO JOHN HANCOCK, PRESIDENT OF
CONGRESS.

“KINGSTON, August 26, 1777.

“SIR: I have the honor of transmitting to you the letters of General Schuyler and Governor Clinton, giving us the agreeable intelligence of the raising of the siege of Fort Schuyler. The gallantry of the commander of the garrison of that Fort and the distinguished bravery of General Herkimer and his militia, have already been productive of the most desirable consequences. The brave and more fortunate General Stark with his spirited countrymen hath, as you know, given the enemy a signal coup at Bennington. The joint result of these providential instances of success hath revived the drooping hopes of the desponding, and given new vigor to the firm and determined. We have therefore the pleasing expectation of compelling General Burgoyne in his turn to retire. . . . “I have the honor to be, &c.,

“PIERRE VAN CORTLANDT.”

14. THE BRITISH ACCOUNT OF THE AFFAIR.

(Pages 67, 83, 89, 90.)

The British Annual Register for 1777, makes the following statement of the affair, which has become the standard British history:

“St. Leger’s attempt upon Fort Stanwix (now named by the Americans Fort Schuyler,) was soon after its commencement favored by a success so signal as would, in other cases and a more fortunate season, have been decisive, as to the fate of a stronger and more important fortress. General Herkimer, a leading man of that country, was marching at the head of eight or nine hundred of the Tryon county militia, with a convoy of provisions, to the relief of the fort. St. Leger, well aware of the danger of being attacked in his trenches, and of withstanding the whole weight of the garrison in some particular and probably weak point at the same instant, judiciously detached Sir John Johnson with some regulars, the whole or part of his own regiment and the savages, to lie in ambush in the wood and interrupt the enemy upon their march.

“It should seem by the conduct of the militia and their leader, that they were not only totally ignorant of all military duties, but that they had even never heard by report of the nature of an

Indian war, or of that peculiar service in the woods, to which from its nature and situation this country was at all times liable. Without examination of their ground, without a reconnoitering or flanking party, they plunged blindly into the trap that was laid for their destruction. Being thrown into a sudden and inevitable disorder, by a near and heavy fire on almost all sides, it was completed by the Indians who, instantly pursuing their fire, rushed in upon their broken ranks and made a most dreadful slaughter amongst them with their spears and hatchets. Notwithstanding their want of conduct the militia shewed no want of courage in their deplorable situation. In the midst of such extreme danger, and so bloody an execution, rendered still more terrible by the horrid appearance and demeanor of the principal actors, they recollected themselves so far as to recover an advantageous ground, which enabled them after to maintain a sort of running fight, by which about one third of their number was preserved.

“The loss was supposed to be on their side about four hundred killed, and half that number prisoners. It was thought of the greater consequence, as almost all those who were considered as the principal leaders and instigators of rebellion in that country were now destroyed. The triumph and exultation were accordingly great, and all opposition from the militia in that country was supposed to be at an end. The circumstance of old neighborhood and personal knowledge between many of the parties, in the present rage and animosity of faction, could by no means be favorable to the extension of mercy; even supposing that it might have been otherwise practiced with prudence and safety, at a time when the power of the Indians was rather prevalent, and that their rage was implacable. For according to their computation and ideas of loss the savages had purchased this victory exceeding dearly, thirty-three of their number having been slain and twenty-nine wounded, among whom were several of their principal leaders and of their most distinguished and favorite warriors. The loss accordingly rendered them so discontented, intractable and ferocious that the service was greatly affected by their ill disposition. The unhappy prisoners were, however, its first objects, most of whom they inhumanly butchered in cold blood. The New Yorkers, rangers and other troops were not without loss in this action.

“On the day, and probably during the time of this engagement, the garrison having received intelligence of the approach of their friends, endeavored to make a diversion in their favor by a vigor-

ous and well-conducted sally, under the direction of Colonel Willet, their second in command. Willet conducted his business with ability and spirit. He did considerable mischief in the camp, brought off some trophies, no inconsiderable spoil, some of which consisted in articles that were greatly wanted, a few prisoners, and retired with little or no loss. He afterwards undertook, in company with another officer, a much more perilous expedition. They passed by night through the besiegers' works, and in contempt of the danger and cruelty of the savages, made their way for fifty miles through pathless woods and unexplored morasses, in order to raise the country and bring relief to the fort. Such an action demands the praise even of an enemy.

“Colonel St. Leger left no means untried to profit of his victory by intimidating the garrison. He sent verbal and written messages stating their hopeless situation, the utter destruction of their friends, the impossibility of their obtaining relief, as General Burgoyne, after destroying everything in his power, was now at Albany receiving the submission of all the adjoining counties, and by prodigiously magnifying his own force. He represented that in this state of things, if through an incorrigible obstinacy, they should continue hopeless and fruitless defense, they would, according to the practice of most civilized nations, be cut off from all conditions and every hope of mercy. But he was particularly direct upon the pains he had taken in softening the rage of the Indians from their late loss and obtaining from them security that in case of an immediate surrender of the fort every man of the garrison should be spared, while on the other hand they declared, with utmost bitter execrations that if they met with any further resistance they would not only massacre the garrison, but that every man, woman and child in the Mohawk country would necessarily, and however against his will, fall sacrifices to the fury of the savages. This point, he said, he pressed entirely on the score of humanity. He promised on his part, in case of an immediate surrender, every attention which a humane and generous enemy could give. The Governor, Colonel Gansevoort, behaved with great firmness. He replied that he had been entrusted with the charge of that garrison by the United States of America; that he would defend the trust committed to his care at every hazard and to the utmost extremity, and that he should not at all concern himself about any consequences that attended the discharge of his duty. It was shrewdly remarked in the fort that half the pains would not have been taken to display the force immediately

without, or the success at a distance, if they bore any proportion at all to the magnitude in which they were represented.

“The British commander was much disappointed in the state of the fort. It was stronger, in better condition, and much better defended than he expected. After great labor in his approaches he found his artillery deficient, being insufficient in weight to make any considerable impression. The only remedy was to bring his approaches so near that they must take effect, which he set about with the greatest diligence.

“In the mean time the Indians continued sullen and untractable. Their late losses might have been cured by certain advantages, but the misfortune was they had yet got no plunder, and their prospect of getting any seemed to grow every day fainter. It is the peculiar characteristic of that people to exhibit in certain instances degrees of courage and perseverance which shock reason and credibility, and to portray in others the greatest irresolution and timidity, with a total want of that constancy which might enable them for any length of time to struggle with difficulty.

“Whilst the commander was carrying on his operations with the utmost industry the Indians received a flying report that Arnold was coming with 1,000 men to relieve the fort. The commander endeavored to hasten them, by promising to lead them himself, to bring all his best troops into action, and by carrying their leaders out to mark a field of battle, and the flattery of consulting them upon the intended plans of operation. Whilst he was thus endeavoring to soothe their temper and to revive their flagging spirits, other scouts arrived with intelligence, probably contrived in part by themselves, which first doubled and afterwards trebled the number of the enemy, with the comfortable addition that Burgoyne’s army was entirely cut to pieces.

“The Colonel returned to camp, and called a council of their chiefs, hoping that by the influence which Sir John Johnson and Superintendents Claus and Butler, had over them, they might still be induced to make a stand. He was disappointed. A part of the Indians decamped whilst the council was sitting and the remainder threatened peremptorily to abandon him if he did not immediately retreat.

“The retreat was of course precipitate, or it was rather, in plain terms, flight, attended with disagreeable circumstances. The tents, with most of the artillery, fell into the hands of the garrison. It appears by the Colonel’s own account that he was as apprehensive of danger from the fury of his savage allies, as he

could be from the resentment of his American enemies. It also appears from the same authority that the Messasagoes, a nation of savages to the West, plundered several of the boats belonging to the army. By the American accounts, which are in part confirmed by others, it is said that they robbed the officers of their baggage and of every other article to which they took any liking, and the army in general of their provisions. They also say that a few miles distance from the camp they first stripped of their arms and afterwards murdered with their own bayonets, all those British, German and American soldiers, who from any inability to keep up, fear or any other cause, were separated from the main body.

“The state of the fact with respect to the intended relief of the fort is, that Arnold had advanced by the way of Half Moon up the Mohawk river with 2,000 men for that purpose; and that for the greater expedition he had quitted the main body and arrived by forced marches through the woods, with a detachment of 900 at the fort, on the twenty-fourth in the evening, two days after the siege had been raised. So that upon the whole the intractableness of the Indians, with their watchful apprehension of danger, probably saved them from a chastisement which would not have been tenderly administered.

“Nothing could have been more untoward in the present situation of affairs than the unfortunate issue of this expedition. The Americans represented this and the affair at Bennington as great and glorious victories. Nothing could excel their exultation and confidence. Gansevoort and Willet, with General Stark and Colonel Warner, who had commanded at Bennington, were ranked among those who were considered as the saviours of their country. The northern militia began now to look high and to forget all distinctions between themselves and regular troops. As this confidence, opinion and pride increased, the apprehension of General Burgoyne’s army of course declined, until it soon came to be talked of with indifference and contempt, and even its fortune to be publicly prognosticated.”

The account in Andrews’ History of the War in America, (London, 1786,) is a simple condensation from the Register. The Dublin History borrows the identical words.

The History of an “Officer of the Army,” London, 1780, has no new authorities, and sheds no different light.

The “Impartial History of the Civil War,” London, 1780, treats the affair in the same spirit.

William Gordon, D. D., in his “History of the Rise, Progress and Establishment of the Independence of the United States of

America," (London, 1788,) claims to have had access to the papers of Washington and other American generals, and writes with the freshness of gossip. His story of Oriskany and Fort Stanwix has this character, and he states that he had some of his facts from Reverend Samuel Kirkland. Besides the references elsewhere made, he adds only a few touches of color to this local chronicle.

15. ST. LEGER'S BOAST AND CONFIDENCE. (Page 91.)

The following extract of a letter from Lieutenant Colonel St. Leger to Lieutenant General Burgoyne, brought through the woods by an Indian, dated before Fort Stanwix, August 11, 1777, is copied from Almon's "American Remembrancer for 1777," p. 392 :

"After combating the natural difficulties of the river St. Lawrence and the artificial ones the enemy threw in my way at Wood Creek, I invested Fort Stanwix the third instant. On the fifth I learnt from discovering parties on the Mohawk river that a body of one thousand militia were on their march to raise the siege. On the confirmation of this news I moved a large body of Indians, with some troops the same night, to lay in ambuscade for them on their march. They fell into it. The completest victory was obtained; above four hundred lay dead on the field, amongst the number of whom were almost all the principal movers of rebellion in that country. There are six or seven hundred men in the fort. The militia will never rally; all that I am to apprehend, therefore, that will retard my progress in joining you, is a reinforcement of what they call their regular troops, by the way of Half Moon, up the Mohawk river. A diversion, therefore, from your army by that quarter will greatly expedite my junction with either of the grand armies."

The Remembrancer for that year gives as a letter from Sir Guy Carleton a statement "That Colonel St. Leger, finding Fort Stanwix too strongly fortified and the garrison too numerous to be taken by assault, and the Indians being alarmed by a false report of the approach of a large body of the rebel continental troops, he had given over the attempt of forcing a passage down the Mohawk river, and returned to Montreal, from whence he had proceeded to Ticonderoga, intending to join Lieutenant General Burgoyne by that route."

16. BENNINGTON COUNTED BEFORE ORISKANY IN TIME.

(Page 91.)

Stedman's (British) History of the Revolution, p. 353, says:

"The defeat of Colonels Baum, Breyman and St. Leger enervated the British cause in no ordinary degree. There were many of the inhabitants not attached to either party by principle, and who had resolved to join themselves to that which should be successful. These men, after the disasters at Bennington and Stanwix, added a sudden and powerful increase of strength to the Americans."

17. COLONEL CLAUS' LETTER TO SECRETARY KNOX AT LONDON.

(Pages 69, 79, 80.)

In the eighth volume of the Documents relating to the Colonial History of New York, (p. 718 and following,) is an official letter from Colonel Daniel Claus, written from Montreal, October 16, 1777, which was brought to light after all the histories of the Battle of Oriskany, which are generally familiar, were written. It is necessary to complete the record. Colonel Claus writes:

"Sir: I take the liberty to give you such an account of the expedition I was appointed to this campaign, as my capacity will permit me, and which though tedious, I used all the conciseness in my power.

"On my arrival at Quebec the first of June, Sir Guy Carleton being at Montreal, my letter from Lord George Germaine was forwarded to him by Lieutenant Governor Cramahe that day, and myself arrived there a few days after. I waited upon Sir Guy, who acknowledged the receipt of the letter, but said nothing further upon it, than addressing himself to Captain Tice, who was in England with Joseph (Brant,) and there at Levy, that I had now the command of him and those Indian officers and Indians that were destined for Brigadier St. Leger's expedition. A day or two after I waited on him again for his orders and instructions, and asked what rank I was to have on the expedition. He replied on the latter; that it could not be settled here. * * *

"Some time before our march I informed myself of Sir Guy Carleton, of the state Fort Stanwix was in; he told me that by the latest accounts from Colonel Butler, there were sixty men in a picketed place. Determined to be sure, I despatched one John Hare, an active Indian officer, with the Mohawk chief John

Odiseruncy, to collect a small party of Indians at Swegachy and reconnoitre Fort Stanwix, as well as possible and bring off some prisoners if they could.

“On the twenty-third of June, I set out from La Chine near Montreal. The Brigadier who was getting the artillery boats ready to take in two sixes, two threes, and four Cohorns, (being our artillery for the expedition,) was to follow the day after; and proceeded for an island destined for our rendezvous, in the entrance of Lake Ontario, called Buck island, in company with Sir John Johnson and his regiment. In my way thither I collected a body of a hundred and fifty Misisagey and Six Nation Indians. All the Indians of the inhabited part of Canada whom I had under my care for fifteen years, and was best acquainted with, were destined for General Burgoyne’s army. The Misisagey and Six Nations, the Brigadier intended should accompany him in an alert to Fort Stanwix, by a short cut through the woods, from a place called Salmon Creek on Lake Ontario, about twenty miles from Oswego, in order to surprise the garrison and take it with small arms.

“Between sixty and seventy leagues from Montreal my reconnoitering party returned and met me, with five prisoners (one lieutenant) and four scalps, having defeated a working party of sixteen rebels as they were cutting sod towards repairing and finishing the old fort, which is a regular square, and garrisoned by upwards of six hundred men, the repairs far advanced and the rebels expecting us, and were acquainted with our strength and route. I immediately forwarded the prisoners to the Brigadier who was about fifteen leagues in our rear. On his arrival within a few leagues of Buck Island he sent for me, and, talking over the intelligence the rebel prisoners gave, he owned that if they intended to defend themselves in that fort our artillery was not sufficient to take it. However, he said, he has determined to get the truth of these fellows. I told him that having examined them separately they agreed in their story. And here the Brigadier had still an opportunity and time of sending for a better train of artillery and wait for the junction of the Chasseurs, which must have secured us success, as every one will allow. However, he was still full of his *alert*, making little of the prisoners’ intelligence.

“On his arrival at Buck Island the eighth of July, he put me in orders as superintendent of the expedition and empowered me to act for the best of my judgment for His Majesty’s service, in the management of the Indians on the expedition, as well as what regarded their equipment, presents, &c., he being an entire

stranger thereto. There was then a vessel at the Island which had some Indian goods on board, which Colonel Butler had procured for the expedition, but upon examination I found that almost every one of the above articles I demanded at Montreal were deficient and a mere impossibility to procure them at Buck Island, had I not luckily provided some of those articles before I left Montreal at my own risk, and with difficulty Brigadier St. Leger found out thirty stand of arms in the artillery stores at Swegachy, and I added all my eloquence to satisfy the Indians about the rest.

“The Brigadier set out from the Island upon his *alert* the nineteenth of July, I having been ordered to proceed to Oswego with Sir John Johnson’s regiment and a company of Chasseurs lately arrived, there to convene and prepare the Indians to join the Brigadier at Fort Stanwix. On my arrival at Oswego, twenty-third July, I found Joseph Brant there, who acquainted me that his party, consisting of about three hundred Indians, would be in that day, and having been more than two months upon service, were destitute of necessaries, ammunition, and some arms. Joseph at the same time complaining of having been very scantily supplied by Colonel Butler with ammunition when at Niagara in the spring, although he acquainted Colonel Butler of his being threatened with a visit from the rebel General Herkimer, of Tryon county, and actually was afterwards visited by him with three hundred men with him, and five hundred at some distance; when Joseph had not two hundred Indians together, but, resolutely declaring to the rebel General that he was determined to act against them for the King, he obliged them to retreat with mere menaces, not having twenty pounds of powder among his party.

“The twenty-fourth of July I received an express from Brigadier St. Leger at Salmon Creek, about twenty miles from Oswego, to repair thither with what arms and vermilion I had, and that he wished I would come prepared for a march through the woods. As to arms and vermilion I had none, but prepared myself to go upon the march, and was ready to set off, when Joseph came into my tent and told me that as no person was on the spot to take care of the number of Indians with him, he apprehended in case I should leave them they would become disgusted, and disperse, which might prevent the rest of the Six Nations to assemble, and and be hurtful to the expedition, and begged I would first represent these circumstances to the Brigadier by letter. Brigadier St. Leger mentioned indeed, my going was chiefly intended to

quiet the Indians with him, who were very drunk and riotous, and Captain Tice, who was the messenger, informed me that the Brigadier ordered the Indians a quart of rum apiece, which made them all beastly drunk, and in which case it is not in the power of man to quiet them. Accordingly I mentioned to the Brigadier by letter the consequences that might affect his Majesty's Indian interest in case I was to leave so large a number of Indians that were come already and still expected. Upon which representation and finding the Indians disapproved of the plan, and were unwilling to proceed, the Brigadier came away from Salmon creek and arrived the next day at Oswego with the companies of the eighth and thirty-fourth regiments and about two hundred and fifty Indians.

“Having equipped Joseph's party with what necessaries and ammunition I had, I appointed the rest of the Six Nations to assemble at the Three Rivers, a convenient place of rendezvous, and in the way to Fort Stanwix, and desired Colonel Butler to follow me with the Indians he brought with him from Niagara, and equip them all at Three Rivers.

“The twenty-sixth of July left Oswego, and second of August arrived with the Brigadier and the greatest part of the troops before Fort Stanwix, which was invested the same evening. The enemy having stopped up a narrow river, called Wood Creek, by cutting of trees across it for about twenty miles, along which our artillery, provisions and baggage were to pass, which passage to cut open required a number of men, as well as cutting a road through the woods for twenty-five miles, to bring up the artillery, stores, &c., that were immediately wanted, which weakened our small army greatly.

“The third, fourth and fifth the Indians surrounded the fort and fired from behind logs and rising grounds, at the garrison, wherever they had an object, which prevented them from working at the fortifications in the day. The fifth, in the afternoon, accounts were brought by Indians, sent by Joseph's sister from Canajoharie, that a body of rebels were on their march and would be within ten or twelve miles of our camp by night. A detachment of about four hundred Indians was ordered to reconnoitre the enemy. Sir John Johnson asked leave to join his company of light infantry and head the whole, which was granted. Colonel Butler and other Indian officers were ordered with the Indians.

“The rebels having an imperfect account of the number of Indians that joined us, (being upward of eight hundred,) not

thinking them by one-fourth as many, and being sure as to our strength and artillery, (which we learned by prisoners,) that they knew it from their emissaries before we left Canada. They therefore, on the sixth, marched on, to the number of upwards of eight hundred, with security and carelessness.

“When within six miles of the Fort they were waylaid by our party, surprised, briskly attacked, and after a little resistance, repulsed and defeated; leaving upwards of five hundred killed on the spot, among which were their principal officers and ring-leaders; their general was shot through the knee, and a few days afterward died of an amputation.

“We lost Captains Hare and Wilson of the Indians, Lieutenant McDonald of Sir John’s regiment, two or three privates and thirty-two Indians, among which were several Seneka chiefs killed. Captain Watts, Lieutenant Singleton of Sir John’s regiment, and thirty-three Indians wounded.

“During the action when the garrison found the Indians’ camp (who went out against their reinforcement) empty, they boldly sallied out with three hundred men, and two field pieces, and took away the Indians’ packs, with their clothes, wampum and silver work, “they having gone in their shirts, as naked to action;” and when they found a party advancing from our camp, they returned with their spoil, taking with them Lieutenant Singleton and a private of Sir John’s regiment, who lay wounded in the Indian camp.

“The disappointment was rather greater to the Indians than their loss, for they had nothing to cover themselves at night, or against the weather, and nothing in our camp to supply them till I got to Oswego.

“After this defeat and having got part of our artillery up, some cohorn shells were thrown into the Fort, and a few shots fired. A flag then was sent with an account of the disaster of their intended relief, and the garrison was summoned to surrender prisoners of war, to be marched down the country, leaving baggage, &c., behind, to satisfy the Indians for their losses.

“The rebels knowing their strength in garrison, as well as fortification, and the insufficiency of our field pieces to hurt them, and apprehensive of being massacred by the Indians for the losses sustained in the action; they rejected the summons and said they were determined to hold out to the extremity.

“The siege then was carried on with as much vigor as possible for nineteen days, but to no purpose. Sir John Johnson proposed

to follow the blow given to the reinforcements, (who were chiefly Mohawk river people,) to march down the country with about two hundred men, and I intended joining him with a sufficient body of Indians; but the Brigadier said he could not spare the men, and disapproved of it. The inhabitants in general were ready (as we afterwards learned) to submit and come in. A flag then was sent to invite the inhabitants to submit and be forgiven, and assurance given to prevent the Indians from being outrageous; but the commanding officer of the German Flats hearing of it, seized the flag, consisting of Ensign Butler of the Eighth Regiment, ten soldiers and three Indians, and took them up as spies. A few days after, General Arnold, coming with some cannon and a reinforcement, made the inhabitants return to their *obedience*. The Indians, finding that our besieging the fort was of no effect, our troops but few, a reinforcement, as was reported, of fifteen hundred or two thousand men with field pieces by the way, began to be dispirited and fell off by degrees. The chiefs advised the Brigadier to retreat to Oswego and get better artillery from Niagara, and more men, and so return and renew the siege; to which the Brigadier agreed, and accordingly retreated on the twenty-second of August. On our arrival at Oswego the twenty-sixth and examining into the state of the troops' necessaries, the men were without shoes and other things which only could be got at Montreal, the Brigadier at the same time having received a letter from General Burgoyne to join him, either by a march through the woods back of Tryon county, (which was impracticable,) or the way he came. He adopted the latter on account of procuring necessaries for the men. The Indians were as much as possible reconciled to this resolution, with a promise that they should be convened as soon as Colonel Butler could return from Montreal with some necessaries for them. There being Indian traders at Oswego, I saw myself under a necessity to clothe those Indians that lost their packs by the rebels at Fort Stanwix, which made them return home contented.

“Thus has an expedition miscarried merely for want of timely and good intelligence. For it is impossible to believe that had the Brigadier St. Leger known the real state of the fort and garrison of Fort Stanwix, he could possibly have proceeded from Montreal without a sufficient train of artillery and his full complement of troops. And yet by what I find, very large sums have been expended on account of government at Niagara upon the Indians these two years past, and they at the same time kept inactive; whereas, had these presents been properly applied, the Six Nations

might not only prevent Fort Stanwix from being re-established, but even let not a rebel come near it or keep it up; it being almost in the heart of their country, and they with reluctance saw the Crown erect a fort there last war. All the good done by the expedition was, the ringleaders and principal men of the rebels of Tryon county were put out of the way; but had we succeeded, it must be of vast good effect to the Northern operations, and its miscarrying, I apprehend, to my deep concern, to be the reverse."

18. ROSTER OF ORISKANY. (Pages 71, 72.)

For several weeks in June and July, 1877, the *Utica Herald* appealed to the descendants of those engaged in the battle, and to all others, for names to make up a Roster of Oriskany, to preserve the names of all persons who took part in that important action. As the sum of its efforts, from all sources, that journal gathered the following list:

ROSTER OF ORISKANY.

* Brigadier General NICHOLAS HERKIMER; Captain GEORGE HERKIMER; (Descendants, WARREN HERKIMER, Janesville, Wis.; ANNE HERKIMER GREENE, Herkimer; ADILDA HERKIMER EATON, Herkimer; EMILY HERKIMER GREENE, Little Falls.) Colonel FREDERICK VISSCHER, Mohawk; (Descendant, S. G. VISSCHER, Rome.) * Colonel EBENEZER COX, Canajoharie; Colonel JACOB G. KLOCK, Palatine; (Descendant, JOSIAH SHULL, Ilion.) Colonel PETER BELLINGER, German Flats; * FREDERICK AYER, (Oyer) Schuyler; † Major BLAUVELT, Mohawk; † Captain GEORGE HENRY BELL, Fall Hill; * JOSEPH BELL, Fall Hill; NICHOLAS BELL, Fall Hill; † Captain JOHN BREADBEG, Palatine; JOHN HENRY ADAM BECHER, Little Falls; ADAM BELLINGER; Colonel JOHN BELLINGER, Utica; WM. P. BELLINGER, Utica; (Descendant, HENRY B. OSTROM, Utica.) † Lieutenant Colonel FREDERICK BELLINGER, German Flats; * SAMUEL BILLINGTON, Palatine, Committee of Safety; ——— BILLINGTON; * Major JOHN BLEVIN; † Captain JACOB BOWMAN, Canajoharie; JOHN BOYER; Lieutenant Colonel SAMUEL CAMPBELL, Cherry Valley; (Descendant, Judge W. W. CAMPBELL, Cherry Valley.) * Lieutenant ROBERT CAMPBELL, Cherry Valley; Major SAMUEL CLYDE, Cherry Valley; (Descendants, JEFFERSON N. CLYDE, ALFRED G. CLYDE, Cherry Valley; DEWITT C. CLYDE, Middlefield.) JACOB CASTLER; JOHN

* Killed.

† Wounded.

‡ Taken prisoner.

CASTLER; ADAM CASSLER; (Father of JOHN A. CASLER, Minden.) JACOB CLEMENS, Schuyler; (Descendant, MICHAEL CLEMENS, Schuyler.) Captain A. COPEMAN, Minden; RICHARD COPPERNOLL; *ROBERT CROUSE, Canajoharie; *BENJAMIN DAVIS; *Captain JOHN DAVIS, Mohawk; MARTINUS DAVIS, Mohawk; (a brother of Captain JOHN DAVIS.) NICHOLAS DEGRAFF, Amsterdam; Captain JOHN MARX DEMUTH, Deerfield; *Captain ANDREW DILLENBACK, Palatine; JOHN DOXTADER, German Flats; Captain HENRY DIEFENDORF, Canajoharie; HON (JOHN) PETER DUNCKEL, Freysbush; HON GARRETT DUNCKEL, Freysbush; HON NICHOLAS DUNCKEL, Freysbush; FRANCIS DUNCKEL, Freysbush; *JOHN DYGERT, Committee of Safety; Captain WILLIAM DYGERT, German Flats; (Descendant, JAMES M. DYGERT, Ilion.) *Major JOHN EISENLORD, Stone Arabia; PETER EHLE, Palatine; JACOB EMPIE, Palatine; WILLIAM COX, St. Johnsville; HENRY FAILING, Canajoharie; JELLES FONDA; Captain ADAM FONDA; VALENTINE FRALICK, Palatine; †† Major JOHN FREY, Palatine; *Captain CHRISTOPHER P. FOX, Palatine; CHRISTOPHER W. FOX, Palatine; CHARLES FOX, Palatine; PETER FOX, Palatine; CHRISTOPHER FOX, Palatine; (Nephews of CHRISTOPHER W. FOX.) PETER FOLTS, Fort Herkimer; (Grandson, JACOB P. FOLTS, Oneida.) GEORGE GEORTNER, Canajoharie; Captain LAWRENCE GROS, Minden; *NICHOLAS GRAY, Palatine; Lieutenant SAMUEL GRAY, Herkimer; (Descendant, Colonel I. J. GRAY, Utica.) Captain ——— GRAVES; Captain JACOB GARDINIER, Mohawk; Lieutenant SAMUEL GARDINIER, Mohawk; *Lieutenant PETRUS GROOT, Amsterdam; HENRY HARTER, German Flats; JOHN ADAM HELMER, German Flats; *Captain FREDERICK HELMER, German Flats; JOHN HEYCK, Palatine; NICHOLAS HILL; Lieutenant YOST HOUSE, Minden; JOHN HOOVER, Little Falls; *Lieutenant Colonel ABEL HUNT, Canajoharie; ANDREW KELLER, Palatine; CHRISTIAN HUFFNAIL, Minden; JACOB KELLER, Palatine; SOLOMON KELLER, Palatine; *Major DENNIS KLAPSATTLE, German Flats; JACOB KLAPSATTLE, German Flats; PETER KILTS, Palatine; GEORGE LINTNER, Minden; GEORGE LIGHTHALL, Minden; HENRY LONUS, Minden; SOLOMON LONGSHORE, Canajoharie; Lieutenant PETER LOUCKS, Little Falls; PETER LOUCKS, Little Falls; *JACOB MARKELL, Springfield; (Descendant, OLIVER MARKELL, Springfield Center.) *WILLIAM MERCKLEY, Palatine; JOHN P. MILLER, Minden; JACOB MOYER, (now MYERS,) German Flats; Lieutenant DAVID McMASTER, Florida; ADAM MILLER, Minden; HENRY MILLER, Minden; DAVID MURRAY, Fonda; CHRISTIAN

NELLES; JOHN D. NELLIS, Palatine; (Descendant, Mrs. A. C. JOHNSON, Marcy.) PETER NESTLE, Palatine; *Honorable ISAAC PARIS, Palatine, and his son who was also killed; JOHN MARX PETRI, Little Falls; *Lieutenant DEDERIAH MARX PETRIE, Herkimer; Dr. WILLIAM PETRY, Herkimer, Committee of Safety; (Grandsons, ROBERT and SAMUEL EARL.) †JOSEPH PETRY, Dayton; *Captain SAMUEL PETTINGILL, Mohawk; †ADAM PRICE, Minden; NICHOLAS PICKARD, Minden; RICHARD PUTNAM, Mohawk; ABRAHAM D. QUACKENBOSS; †JACOB RACHIOUR, Minden; GEORGE RAYNOR, Minden; Captain NICHOLAS RECTOR, Gargoga; JOHN ROTHER, (Roth) Minden; JOHN ADAM HARTMAN, Herkimer; Colonel JOHN ROOF, Fort Stanwix; (Descendant, Dr. F. A. ROOF, Rhinebeck.) MARX RASPACH, Kingsland; (Descendant, JOHN A. RASBACH, Iilon.) HENRY SANDERS, Minden; SAMSON SAMMONS, Fonda, Committee of Safety; JACOB SAMMONS, Fonda; (Descendant, Colonel SIMEON SAMMONS.) *WILLIAM SCHAUER; Ensign JOHN JACOB SCHOOL, Palatine; *Colonel SAFFRENESS SEEGER, Canajoharie; (Descendants, WILLIAM SEEGER, SAFFRENESS SEEGER, Milford.) †Captain JACOB SEEGER, Canajoharie; †Lieutenant WILLIAM SEEGER, Canajoharie; (Descendants, LUTHER SEEGER, SAFFRENESS SEEGER, JAMES W. SEEGER, NICHOLAS SEEGER, WILLIAM SEEGER, ADAM SEEGER.) †Private HENRY SEEGER, Canajoharie; *Private JAMES SEEGER, Canajoharie; Lieutenant JOHN SEEGER, Minden; *AUDOLPH SEEGER, Minden; PETER SITZ, Palatine; RUDOLPH SIEBERT; THOMAS SPENCER, Indian Interpreter; CHRISTIAN SCHELL, Little Falls; GEORGE SMITH, Palatine; (Descendant, C. M. SMITH, Steuben, N. Y.) NAOMI BROOKS, Boonville; NICHOLAS SMITH; (Father of Colonel NICHOLAS SMITH, Utica.) Colonel HENRY STARIN, Schuyler; (Descendant, J. H. STARIN, New York.) Captain RUDOLPH SHOEMAKER, Canajoharie; THOMAS SHOEMAKER, German Flats; *JOSEPH SNELL, Snellbush, now Manheim; *JACOB SNELL, Snellbush, now Manheim; PETER SNELL, Snellbush, now Manheim; GEORGE SNELL, Snellbush, now Manheim; *JOHN SNELL, Stone Arabia; (the above were brothers.) *JOHN SNELL, Jr., Stone Arabia; (a son of GEORGE and a fifer.) *FREDERICK SNELL, Snellbush. (Of the SNELLS Mr. SIMMS writes: It has been said for many years that nine SNELLS went into the battle and that seven of the number remained there. We have made an effort to trace them out and here is the result thus far: Five brothers and a relation, perhaps a cousin, and a son of one of the brothers.) Lieutenant JEREMIAH SWARTS, Mohawk; JOHN G. SILLENBECK; JOHN SHULTS,

Palatine; GEORGE SHULTS, Stone Arabia; *FREDERICK STEVENS, German Flats; (Descendant, HENRY STEVENS, Columbia.) PETER SUMMER; ADAM THUMB, Palatine; (Descendant, ABSALOM THUMB, St. Johnsville.) JACOB TIMMERMAN, St. Johnsville; Lieutenant HENRY TIMMERMAN, St. Johnsville; HENRY THOMPSON, Fultonville; Lieutenant MARTIN C. VAN ALSTINE, Canajoharie; *JOHN VAN ANTWERP; GEORGE VAN DEUSEN, Canajoharie; PETER VAN ALSTINE, Root; EVERT VAN EPPS, Fultonville; THOMAS VAN HORN, Vanhornsville; HENRY VEDDER; †CONRAD VOLS, (now FOLTZ,) German Flats; Lieutenant JACOB VOLS, German Flats; *Major HARMANUS VAN SLYCK, Palatine; *Major NICHOLAS VAN SLYCK; Captain JOHN VISSCHER, Mohawk; ‡Lieutenant Colonel HENRY WALRADT, German Flats; GEORGE WALTER, Palatine; Major GEORGE E. WATTS; Lieutenant Colonel PETER WAGGONER, Palatine; Lieutenant PETER WAGGONER, Jr., Palatine; GEORGE WAGGONER, Palatine; JOHN WAGGONER, Palatine; (Descendants, the WAGNER family of Palatine Bridge.) JACOB WAGNER, Canajoharie; JOHN WAGNER, Canajoharie; GARRETT WALRATH; Lieutenant HENRY WALRATH; PETER WESTERMAN, Canajoharie; *JOHN WOLLOVER, Fort Herkimer; ABRAHAM WOLLOVER, Fort Herkimer; †PETER WOLLOVER, Fort Herkimer; *RICHARD WOLLOVER, Fort Herkimer; JACOB WEVER, German Flats; PETER JAMS WEAVER, German Flats; MICHAEL WIDRICK, Schuyler; *LAWRENCE WRENKLE, Fort Herkimer; (Descendant, JACOB WRINKLE, Forestport, Oneida county.) †Dr. MOSES YOUNGLOVE, Surgeon; Captain ROBERT YATES; †NICHOLAS YERDON, Minden.

OFFICERS AT FORT STANWIX.

PETER GANSEVOORT, Colonel; MARINUS WILLETT, Lieutenant Colonel; (Descendant, Rev. WM. M. WILLETT, Bergen, N. J.) ROBERT COCHRAN, Major; GEORGE SYMES, Adjutant; THOMAS WILLIAMS, Quartermaster.

FIRST COMPANY.—E. VAN BUNSCHOOTEN, Captain; JON. PEARCY, First Lieutenant; THOMAS OOSTRANDER, Second Lieutenant.

SECOND COMPANY.—THOMAS DEWITT, Captain; BENJAMIN BOGARDUS, Second Lieutenant.

THIRD COMPANY.—CORNELIUS T. JANSEN, Captain; N. VANDER HEYDEN, First Lieutenant; JAMES DUBOIS, Second Lieutenant; SAMUEL ENGLISH, Ensign.

FOURTH COMPANY.—ABRAHAM SWARTWOUT, Captain; PHILIP CONINE, First Lieutenant; G. R. G. LIVINGSTON, Second Lieutenant; SAMUEL LEWIS, Ensign.

FIFTH COMPANY.—AARON AUSTIN, Captain; JOHN BALL, First Lieutenant; GERRIT STAATS, Second Lieutenant.

SIXTH COMPANY.—JAMES GREGG, Captain; LEVI STOCKWELL, First Lieutenant; JAMES BLAKE, Second Lieutenant; GEORGE DENNISON, Ensign.

SEVENTH COMPANY.—HENRY N. PIEBOUT, Captain; ISAAC BOGERT, First Lieutenant; WM. MEAD, Second Lieutenant; CHRISTOPHER HUTTEN, Ensign.

EIGHTH COMPANY.—JOHN HOUSTON, Captain; JOHN WELCH, First Lieutenant; PRENTICE BOWEN, Second Lieutenant.

Colonel MELLEN; Colonel ALLEN; Colonel BLEECKER; Colonel JOHN JAMES DAVIS; Colonel JOHNSON; Lieutenant DIEFENDORF; Lieutenant M'CLENNER; Major BALLAM; Ensign CHASE; Ensign BAILEY; Ensign LEWIS; Ensign MAGEE; Ensign ARNENT; GERSHORN GILBERT; (Descendant, GEO. GILBERT, Carthage.) JABEZ SPICER; ISAAC COVENHOVEN; Ensign JONATHAN DEAN, Westmoreland; JOHN SCHUYLER, Westmoreland; Captain JOHANNIS ROOF; (Father of Colonel JOHN ROOF, at Oriskany.)

The regiments as stated in the text, (page 72,) were raised by districts. Tryon county had four. The Mohawk district lay lowest down the river. Next west, and to the south of the river, was the Canajoharie district, reaching to Little Falls and to Cherry Valley. Palatine district lay north of the river, and extended west from the Mohawk district to Little Falls. The district of German Flats and Kingsland included all the territory west of Little Falls on both sides of the river.

Colonel Cox's regiment had been ordered to Ticonderoga in the preceding winter, as the manuscript narrative of Frederick Sammons, states. This narrative is now in the possession of Colonel Simeon Sammons, of Fonda, who has kindly permitted the writer to peruse it.

At the conclusion of Mr. Roberts' speech, Mr. Seymour exhibited the revolutionary relics. Among these was the brass snare drum, sent up from Albany by Mrs. Lansing. On the brass coat of the drum was the following inscription:

“Presented
by Peter Gansevoort, of the city of Albany, counsellor-at-law, to
the Albany Republican Artillery Company, on the 22d February,
1832.”

“Taken from the enemy on the 22d Aug., 1777, when the British army under Gen. St. Leger, raised the siege of Fort Stanwix, which fortress had been valiantly defended by the garrison under the command of Colonel Peter Gansevoort for 21 days.”

A powder horn which had come down from the old days was exhibited, also an English musket taken from the enemy on that self-same field, and now the property of Dr. J. D. Clyde, of Cherry Valley. A card attached related that with that musket Colonel Clyde was knocked down at the Battle of Oriskany. These relics, or mementoes, were viewed with curious interest by the people, as many as possible pressing up to make personal examination of them.

The chairman introduced Major Douglass Campbell, of New York, a great-grandson of Lieutenant Colonel Samuel Campbell, of Cherry Valley, who was second in command of Colonel Cox's regiment, which bore the brunt of the fight. After the wounding of Gen. Herkimer and the death of Colonel Cox, Colonel Campbell was left in command, and led off the victorious American forces from the battle-ground. Major Campbell said:

ADDRESS OF MAJOR DOUGLASS CAMPBELL.

RANK OF NEW YORK IN THE REVOLUTION.

More than two thousand years ago the mountain fastnesses of Greece witnessed a battle which history has made immortal. The force engaged upon the Grecian side numbered but three hundred, and yet while history shall be read and poetry sung, fame will perpetuate the memory of the little band that held the passes of Thermopylæ. Leonidas was defeated, but in defeat he taught his enemy that while a drop of Grecian blood coursed through a Grecian heart, the hordes of the Persian invader could gain no foothold on the sacred soil.

We meet to-day to celebrate a victory won by eight hundred men, eight hundred gallant yeomen of New York, a victory as creditable to the valor of the men who won it as any recorded in history, and withal a victory the most important in its results, of any gained in the revolutionary struggle.

I am delighted, Mr. President, to see assembled here this countless multitude. It shows that at length the people of New York are waking up to realize the grandeur of the history of their native State. I have read some histories of the United States, which I have laid down after a perusal, with the question in my mind, was there any such colony as New York, were there any colonies of the Revolution except Massachusetts and Virginia? Virginia, the mother of Presidents; Massachusetts, the maker of our school books. As Governor Seymour has eloquently said to day, the

history of New York has yet to be written, and when that history is written, the world will see that in the struggle for the rights of freemen, extending over more than a hundred years prior to the Declaration of Independence, New York led the van of the thirteen colonies. Every one of the great civil battles were fought out on the soil of New York.

The speaker then enlarged upon the characteristics of the early settlers of the colony. The Dutch, he said, were the brothers and sons of the men who had defeated in the open field the trained soldiers of Philip. They were warriors by instinct, but above all, they were patriots. They were the people who established the first great republic, enforced the doctrine of universal religious toleration, and proclaimed the watchword, "Taxation only by consent." But the Dutch were not alone. The great distinguishing feature of the population of New York has always been its cosmopolitan character—what it is to-day it has always been. With the Dutch were mingled the Walloons and Huguenots, driven out of France by religious persecutions; the New Englanders, overflowing from Massachusetts and Connecticut; and, in later days, the Germans, transplanted from the Palatinate, and the Scotch-Irish, driven out of Scotland by the intolerance of the House of Stuart. Is it any wonder that a people so composed should have loved liberty as they loved their lives?

They obtained their first Legislature in 1683, and they wrung it from the reluctant Duke of York by refusing any longer to pay taxes, unless they were imposed by their own consent. The Duke's collector of revenue, attempting to levy duties, was arrested, thrown into prison, and tried for treason by the indignant populace.

The first Assembly of New York convened in 1683, passed an act entitled a Charter of Rights and Privileges, which is probably the most remarkable document of the colonial times. It sets forth what they considered to be their rights as Americans, and it reads so like the Declaration of Independence that it is difficult to understand that it was passed nearly two hundred years ago. Many of the phrases of the Declaration are taken from it word for word. But this act was only an enactment on the statute books; it showed what the colonists desired; what they did is of more importance.

They established the right of petition, freedom of religious worship and freedom of the press. These were established by the great State trials in the colonies, and the sister provinces shared the fruits. In establishing freedom of religious worship in the trial of McKemie, in 1707, they also settled another question, which, so far as I can learn, has been substantially overlooked. McKemie, a Presbyterian clergyman, was arrested for preaching without a license from the Governor, the Governor's instructions providing that no minister should preach in the province without his license. McKemie took the position, in which he was sustained by his three counsel, the ablest lawyers in New York, and all Episcopalians, that the royal instructions had no force as law. Heretofore the royal prerogative had been supreme in the colonies, but when the jury acquitted the prisoner its death knell was sounded.

Then the colonists refused to raise money by taxation unless it could be disbursed by a treasurer of their own; then they refused to permit amendment to their money bills; and then to make any but annual appropriations for the expenses of government. In all these struggles the New Yorkers were successful, but they fought out the fight alone.

At length the English Government saw that nothing could be done with such a refractory people, and resolved that Parliament itself should tax the colonies. This resolution, proclaimed in respect to New York as early as 1711, was not practically enforced, however, till fifty years thereafter. Then the famous stamp act was passed and the continent was all aflame—still, however, New York led the van of opposition. The first organized resistance by the non-importation agreement among the merchants was started in New York, next followed Philadelphia, and last came Boston. This effected the repeal of the detested act. Then came the tea bill and the revolution, and how well New York did its part therein seems to be known to few.

The position of New York has always been peculiar. The great part of its territory was occupied by the Six Nations, who were the Romans of the Indian race. They were sage in council, wily in diplomacy, fearless in battle. All during the colonial times the settlers in New York were warring with the Indians. After the English conquest of 1664, the colonists were at peace with the natives within the province, but carried on a ceaseless contest with the French in Canada and their Indian allies. When the revolution broke out, the Indians in the main continued faithful to the crown, and proved the most dangerous enemy to the people of New York. The work of repelling their incursions and protecting the borders from their ravages was as important as any that was cast upon the continental armies. All this work New York had to do, and when we add the number of her militia engaged in this border warfare to those in the regular service of Congress, New York furnished by long odds many more soldiers in proportion to her population than any of

the thirteen colonies. But aside from this border service, New York furnished more than her quota to the regular continental army, and only two other colonies did as much.

Such is a brief outline of some of the facts in the glorious record of New York. Was I not right in saying that the people at large know little of her history?

Among her military achievements the little battle which we celebrate to-day, occupies a proud position. We know the whole plan of the British campaign, and it was laid out with great military skill.

The war thus far had brought a series of disasters to the armies of the rebellious colonists. The English Cabinet determined to make a grand effort and terminate the struggle. New York was then as always the key of the continent. It was resolved to send out three expeditions for its capture; one under the commander-in-chief, to start from New York and follow the Hudson, one under Burgoyne, to march from the North by the way of Lake Champlain, and the third under St. Leger, to start from Oswego and go down the Mohawk Valley. The three armies were to unite at Albany when their work was done. None of them ever reached their destination.

When the news was sounded through these valleys that St. Leger, with a force of British troops, tories and Indian allies was on the march, the whole population were at once aroused. On the way from Oswego stood Fort Schuyler, the old Fort Stanwix of the French and Indian war. St. Leger saw that he must take this fort or nothing could be gained. When he encamped before it, a summons went out to the loyal men of New York to hasten to its aid.

Our eloquent Lieutenant Governor has told us how the German settlers in this valley obeyed the summons

and flocked around the gallant Herkimer; but the patriotic response was not confined to them. The summons reached up to the hills of what is now Otsego, and there met as hearty a response as along the borders of the Mohawk. The Scotch-Irish of Cherry Valley, and the surrounding towns turned out nearly to a man, and fought in the regiment of Colonel Cox, which crossed the ravine before the attack, and then bore the brunt of the battle. Of the events of the day I need not speak; you have heard them already. Officers and privates fought together, each handled the rifle, and from behind a friendly tree, picked off the savage Indians or the still more savage tories. When the day closed, the expedition of St. Leger had received its death blow. His Indian allies faded into thin air, the Mohawk Valley was saved, its patriotic soldiers flocked to Saratoga, and the grip around the throat of Burgoyne was tightened, till his army dropped like a lifeless corpse. Then some assistance from France, in money, soldiers and supplies, and the fortunes of war were turned.

Have we not the right to say that New York should be proud of its record in the revolutionary struggle? Have not the descendants of these men who fought at Oriskany a right to be proud as they tread the soil made sacred by the blood of their fathers?

It may be remarked here that speakers rarely have larger, more intelligent, or more attentive audiences, than this which thronged about the west stand from the beginning to the close of the exercises. The sun was at times oppressively hot, but men and women endured its glare and burning with a heroism worthy of the occasion. The speakers were frequently greeted

with cordial applause, and urged not to hurry to a conclusion.

At the close of Major Campbell's address, Mr. Seymour called upon Mr. Frederick Pfeiffer, drummer of the Old Utica Band, to show what the captured snare drum above alluded to was capable of. Mr. Pfeiffer came on the platform and made the old drum show to the best possible advantage.

On the stand, among the veterans of the War of 1812, was Philo White, a grandson of Hugh White, the founder of Whitestown, who addressed the chairman as follows:

REMARKS OF HON. PHILO WHITE.

THE MOTHER OF TOWNS RETAINS ORISKANY.

MR. PRESIDENT:—It may seem presuming for an humble individual to obtrude his voice upon the attention of the immense assemblage of our fellow-countrymen by whom we are now surrounded, especially in the presence of so many of the eminent men of our Empire State, illustrious alike for their talents, their virtues, and their expansive patriotism. But, honored as a comrade of the conscript veterans of our second War of Independence, and standing here as the sole representative of my town and my lineage among them, I may crave the privilege of reverently offering my aspirations to heaven for having been mercifully spared with life and health to witness, and to participate in, this magnificent and impressive American jubilee, so

appropriately inaugurated on this the one hundredth anniversary of the ever glorious Battle of Oriskany.

And I am sure I correctly interpret the sentiment of all my fellow-townsmen, in giving expression to their grateful emotions for the distinguished honor this day's impressively grand demonstration imparts to our good old town of Whitestown, whose territorial expansion whilom stretched from the German Flats to the Great Lakes, her first town meeting having been held at the Cayuga Ferry. She was the primeval town of all Western New York, and the nucleus of the earliest permanent civilized community within that broad region of our now Empire State. It was within the area of Whitestown's present circumscribed limits, that the memorable Battle of Oriskany was fought, and her sons have been the nursing custodians of that ensanguined field. The soil of that battleground was enriched by a suffusion of the blood of the patriot heroes who fell thereon; and to their indomitable prowess the primal liberties of our common country are essentially indebted. The fame of their courageous achievements consequently fills a notable page in Whitestown's historic annals.

Animated by the recital of these inspiring reminiscences, re-exhilarated by inhaling the patriot atmosphere that prevades the vast concourse of a grateful people who have to-day come up to this consecrated battle-field, to honor the heroism, and to embalm a remembrance of the thrice glorious deeds of their ancestors, I may be pardoned as a journalist of "auld lang syne," for proposing that all the essential proceedings connected with this great Centennial Anniversary Jubilee, including the very masterly address of ex-Governor Seymour, the president of the day, and the inspiringly eloquent speeches of the other distinguished

gentlemen who have addressed this vast auditory, be printed in pamphlet or book form, so as to impart to the Battle of Oriskany, in an enduring shape, that prominence in the calendar of the ever-living achievements incident to our first War of Independence, to which its universally conceded importance entitles it; and whereby the rectitude of history may be vindicated, and the name of Oriskany be ranged alongside of those of Saratoga and Yorktown, as theatres of the most momentous events in the great revolutionary struggle of our grandsires, that gave birth to ours, the empire republic of the American hemisphere.

With these discursive remarks, Mr. President, I beg to submit my proposition to the consideration of this meeting, or the general Permanent Committee, deferring the manner and form of disposing of the matter to those who are younger and more expert in modern journalism than myself.

The exercises were closed by the reading of a poem prepared for the occasion, by Rev. Dr. Charles D. Helmer, D. D., of Chicago, by Mr. Seymour.

P O E M .

PÆAN TO ORISKANY.

BY REV. CHARLES DOWNES HELMER, D. D.

Beleaguered men of Stanwix, brave as those
Who faced a million of their foes
 At old Thermopylæ;
Good cheer to you upon the wild frontier!
For citizens in arms draw near
 Across Oriskany.

But hark! amidst the forest shades the crash
Of arms, the Savage yell—with flash
 Of gory Tomahawk;
For Johnson's Royal-Greens, and Leger's men,
And Brant's Red Fiends, are in that glen
 Of dark Oriskany.

From down the valley, where the Mohawk flows,
Were hurrying on to meet their foes
 The patriot yeomanry;
For Gansevoort within his fortress lay,
In peril and besieged that day,
 Beyond Oriskany.

As men who fight for home and child and wife,
As men oblivious of life
 In holy martyrdom,
The Yeomen of the Valley fought that day,
Throughout thy fierce and deadly fray—
 Blood-red Oriskany.

From rock and tree and clump of twisted brush
The hissing gusts of battle rush—
 Hot breathed and horrible!
The roar, and smoke, like mist on stormy seas,
Sweep through thy splintered trees—
 Hard-fought Oriskany.

Heroes are born in such a chosen hour;
From common men they rise, and tower,
 Like thee, brave Herkimer !
Who wounded, steadfast, still beside the beech
Cheered on thy men, with sword and speech,
 In grim Oriskany.

Now burst the clouds above the battle roar,
And from the pitying skies down pour
 Swift floods tumultuous ;
Then fires of strife unquenched flame out again,
Drenching with hot and bloody rain
 Thy soil, Oriskany.

But ere the sun went toward the tardy night,
The Valley then beheld the light
 Of freedom's victory ;
And wooded Tryon snatched from British arms
The empire of a million farms—
 On bright Oriskany.

The guns of Stanwix thunder to the skies ;
The rescued wilderness replies ;
 Forth dash the garrison !
And routed Tories, with their savage aids,
Sink reddening through the sullied shades—
 From lost Oriskany.

Behold, Burgoyne ! with hot and hating eyes,
The New World's flag at last o'erflies
 Your ancient Heraldry ;
For over Stanwix floats triumphantly
The rising Banner of the Free—
 Beyond Oriskany.

A hundred years have passed since then ;
And hosts now rally there again—
 To crown the century ;
The proud posterity of noble men
Who *conquered* in the bloody glen
 Of famed Oriskany.

AT THE EAST STAND.

The amphitheatre in which this platform was situated rises from the ravine where the contest took place. The stand faces the east, the brook flowing immediately in front of it. On the other side of the brook a goodly number of seats were placed, and directly beyond them rises the steep side of the hill, curving around to the right. The sun shone brightly, and umbrellas were about as numerous as the ladies. The uniforms of the soldiery, and the red jackets of the fire laddies, served to add variety and brilliancy to the scene.

At 2.30 P. M. the meeting at the east stand was called to order by Hon. James Stevens, Mayor of Rome, chairman. A number of the veterans of the war of 1812 occupied chairs directly in the rear of the speakers.

Mr. Stevens first introduced to the audience Hon. Clarkson N. Potter, of New York. He spoke as follows:

ADDRESS OF HON. CLARKSON N. POTTER.

POWER AND MAGNANIMITY OF NEW YORK.

I was born in the Mohawk Valley and feel therefore a natural interest in this celebration of an event upon which the peace and preservation of that valley depended; in which the men of the valley bore such noble part; and from which resulted so largely the success of the American revolution. And yet I confess that it was only within the last few years that I was at all aware of the importance of the Battle of Oriskany. One day at dinner in Washington some reference was made to the battle of Saratoga as one of the fifteen decisive battles of the world, when my friend Judge Campbell called our attention to the importance of the Battle of Oriskany, and its effect upon the result at Saratoga.

Then for the first time I properly understood how the third of the great movements which comprised the British plan for separating and subjugating the colonies—a plan ably conceived, and so far triumphantly executed—had been frustrated by the courage and tenacity and devotion of the men of the Mohawk Valley.

I subsequently sought—as Judge Campbell had sought some years before—to obtain from Congress a suitable appropriation to carry into effect the resolution of the Continental Congress directing the erection of a monument to the memory of General Herkimer. I regret that my effort was not successful. I trust that your celebration of that important engagement will furnish the occasion for another and more successful movement in that regard.

When we recall the power and influence, the wealth and numbers of New York—when we remember that she has a population of over five millions of people, that she stands far away the first of all the States in her capital, in her commerce, in her exchanges, and is even first in the value of her manufactures, and in the value of her agricultural products as well, it is, indeed, difficult to realize that within a period but little more than the lifetime of some now here, she was a poor colony of less than 200,000 people, inferior in numbers and importance to Virginia, or Pennsylvania, or Massachusetts, or North Carolina.

This prodigious growth she owes in part to her possession of the only great water way between the ocean and the lakes, and in part to her great seaport and to her central position between New England and the South, which have given her people a vast commerce and developed in them a great activity, and at the same time a large liberality of thought and opinion as well.

But holding this great natural way within her borders it was early foreseen what greatness was in store for her. She might have kept aloof from the revolutionary struggle to which many of her people were opposed, and seated upon this highway she might have levied tolls upon the rising traffic between the seaboard and the West, until she had amassed riches beyond the tales of the Orient. But she preferred rather, with a liberality which Sparks, the historian, has said was almost without precedent in history, to cast in her lot with her sister colonies, and bear her share in the common struggle and the common risk. And although her commissioners had no authority to join in the Declaration of Independence, it was no sooner communicated to the provincial Legislature then assembled at White Plains, than she at once adopted and proclaimed it.

How large a share in the struggles, the burdens, and the trials of this nation since then New York has had we all know. Is it too much to say that no one of the great crises to which the republic has been exposed would have been successfully and triumphantly passed had not New York been on the side that prevailed? To-day, while she is first of all the States in wealth, in prosperity, and in financial power, if she is not first in her influence in the councils of the nation, it is, I think, because her representatives have failed to appreciate the necessity and the advantage of combination and of union there. One of the most prominent statesmen of the time—himself from New England—said to me not long ago, that “if New York only sent her best men to the national councils and kept them there, and they were united, she might dictate the policy of the United States; that lying as she did between the extremities of the country, in territory and opinion, and with her all-reaching traffic and capital, she might, by proper concert among her people, control ideas as well as trade, and give direction to the legislation of the country.”

For myself, then, I welcome every occasion which recalls the sufferings and sacrifices, and the dignity and prosperity of this State. I have, perhaps, an overmuch pride in her character and history. There has always been, as it seems to me, a high purpose and a noble liberality in the conduct of New York. Hers were among the first declarations for individual liberty and for the right of the colonies to regulate their local affairs; hers has been always a most earnest devotion to national unity; hers the justest and most catholic course, whether in her treatment of her own people, of strangers coming within her borders, or of her sister States; hers indeed always a large and generous spirit which, it seems to me, may well be emulated.

We do well, then, to renew the memory of our fathers' days—days of want and trial, of courage and devotion, to recall, in these times of luxury and extravagance and speculation, their steadiness, and thrift, and economy, and industry; here upon the battle-field of one of the bloodiest battles of the Revolution to remember their courage and sacrifices, as only a few days since at Kingston we had occasion to recall their wisdom and judgment and State craft. We do well also to realize how largely and wisely they builded, and how great and noble has become the State which they founded; and, grateful for her past prosperity and worthy history, to resolve to carry forward her greatness, to foster the well being of her people, and their pride in and devotion to the State; so that she may always be found in the van of this great nation—first in numbers, in wealth, in power and in virtue.

At the close of his speech three cheers were proposed for Mr. Potter, and were given with a hearty good will. Rev. Dr Haven, Chancellor of Syracuse University, was then introduced.

ADDRESS OF CHANCELLOR E. O. HAVEN.

THE WAR OF 1776 VINDICATED.

One hundred years ago to-day on these grounds was fought a desperate contest. It requires some power of imagination to reproduce the scene. The population of the United States was not then much more than half as great as the present population of the State of New York. The population of New York then was not equal to a single county now. The region round about this spot was mostly a wilderness and a swamp. A few hardy adventurers had found their way to these regions. North of us, along Lake George and by the tributaries of the Hudson, was General Burgoyne, with a thoroughly disciplined army of about 8,000 men, accompanied with thousands of Indians and a few American Tories.

West of us, making their way from Oswego towards Fort Stanwix, were Colonel St. Leger and a company of infantry and some eight hundred Indians, and a number of Tories, and some regular British soldiery. General Herkimer and about eight hundred American militia hastily armed, were on their way to aid the Americans in Fort Stanwix. All at once, without a moment's warning, they were attacked by the British and Indian foes and a desperate hand to hand conflict followed. Nearly half the Americans fell. General Herkimer himself was wounded, and leaning against a stump cheered on his men. They sold their lives dearly. In the meantime Colonel Willet sallied out of the Fort with two hundred men and destroyed the Indian camp. The darkness of night ended the conflict.

It looked like a success to the British, but it was really a success to the Americans. The British and Indians were both disheartened. They stormed Fort Stanwix but failed, and within two weeks retreated from this part of the State, and in a short time the whole of Burgoyne's army, wearied by failures and beaten on the battle-field, surrendered their arms.

The Battle of Oriskany was really one, and a most important one, in the many stubborn conflicts which led to the surrender of Burgoyne, and the discomfiture of the British in the general plan to sweep down from the north, and meet their forces under Howe and Clinton, in New York city, and thus hold the entire country.

The sun has witnessed on this planet many battles. This earth has drunk the blood, and this air has dissolved the corpses of more men and women and children slain by the red hand of war, than now walk or breathe on its surface. Yes, enough, were they resurrected, to populate the earth far more densely than now, to fill every city and to break the silence of every desert with the hum of conversation and noise of busy life. If men should celebrate only the centennials of all the battles as great as Oriskany, all mankind would have nothing else to do—except, perhaps, occasionally to break into a new fight to keep up the supply. Why, then, celebrate the centennial of Oriskany?

The value of battles is not to be estimated by their magnitude. There have been contests of large armies, ending in the carnage and death of uncounted thousands, when the object of neither party rose higher than plunder, and when to a wise and impartial observer in the heavens, it would have been a matter of perfect indifference which should gain the victory. All through the days of ancient history a great major-

ity of wars have been waged on the principle that might makes right, and that the physically strong need make no apology for enslaving the weak. The walls of Babylon were cemented with human blood. The Macedonian empire was a hasty conglomerate structure, thrown up by an invading army. Rome sent her standards to the ends of the earth that all provinces might furnish fields for plunder to the chief families of the city. The wars of modern Europe have been struggles to prevent despotism by maintaining a balance of power.

War without just cause is wholesale murder. War that could well have been avoided is criminal manslaughter.

But there have been times when men have been compelled to die—to become slaves—or to arm themselves, submit to discipline and smite down the opposers at the risk of their own lives—and then war becomes just and noble, and the men who show wisdom and bravery and perseverance deserve the plaudits of their fellows, and the eulogy of posterity.

Such was the war of the Israelites for the defense of their country against Rome; such was the war of Great Britain when invaded by France and Spain, and such was the war of our fathers when an attempt was made by the most powerful nation of earth to rob them of their ancestral privileges and reduce them to vassalage and shame. The Battle of Oriskany was not a great battle: but a small sharp blow, well directed between the eyes of an unjust foe, well deserves to be remembered.

For what did our fathers fight? For what did our mothers run the bullets in their homely moulds, take down the muskets and putting them into the hands of their husbands and sons, say with tears in their eyes,

but courage in their hearts—"Go and drive away the invading foe?"

Did our fathers fight for wages, for bounty, for plunder? Their wages would not meet their immediate wants. Their uniform was rags. There was nothing to plunder in their own half-wilderness home.

They fought for principle. They fought for self-defense. They fought for the freedom which their own ancestors had obtained by immigration to the new world, and had transmitted to them.

It has been asserted by some loose thinkers that the American Revolution was a rebellion, and that Washington was only a successful rebel. This is a libel on history. It is less than half a truth and therefore, in effect a total lie. In the beginning of the contest Great Britain rebelled. A solemn compact had been made with the thirteen colonies, one by one, when they were founded, that they should have the right of self-government. This contract was broken by Great Britain. She annulled the charters under which our fathers had been allured into the wilderness. Great Britain and France had waged a fierce contest in which France lost her American colonies, and then the English colonies in America were unjustly called upon to pay a part of the expense. They declined, unless their own representatives could determine what should be paid and how it should be collected. Their rights were sacrificed. An irrepealable contract was annulled. They were treated as slaves, not as Englishmen. Foreign armies were hired to fight against them. The Indian savages were bribed and coaxed to attack them, and the feeble thirteen colonies found themselves alone in the world, unprotected, unaided. France had not yet come to their help.

Then there was but one alternative—submission, which meant slavery; or resistance, which was called

rebellion, but which was really a war for original rights.

Let us not think harshly of the cousins of our grandparents, who lived across the Atlantic Ocean. There was a much wider gulf between the government and the people of Great Britain in 1777, than now in 1877. Then the government was a small aristocracy and the mass of the people were unrepresented. The great body of the intelligent people of Great Britain sympathized with the American colonists. Since that time the English people have passed through a greater revolution at home than the American people did in the war of 1776. Why, even fifty years after the American Revolution the people were in a state of semi-servitude. As a proof of it, let me quote only one sentence from an interesting book just published: *The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay*, by his nephew, G. Otto Trevelyan, M. P., p. 150: "At that time, (1830,) the press was gagged in England and throttled in Scotland. Every speech or sermon or pamphlet, from the substance of which a crown lawyer could torture a semblance of sedition, sent its author to the jail, the hulks or the pillory."

Fifty years before this time, that is in 1777, the French people, the German people, the Italian people, as well as the Russian people were serfs, and the English people but little better.

That series of little battles, of which Oriskany was one, was fought not merely for America, but for all mankind. It was to maintain the compact of England with the people, for the advantage of the people. Hitherto, sovereigns when in danger would make great promises to the people, but when in safety forget them. The American people were determined that the old compact should be kept. It is an oft quoted proverb:

“When the devil was sick, the devil a monk would be.

But when the devil was well, the devil a monk was he!”

So when the kings were sick, the kings very kind would be; but when the kings got well—there was a new reckoning!

War is usually founded on an awful mistake. So was it in this case. Great Britain did not know her own colonists. She undervalued them. She practically despised them. She thought them half-civilized or less. She expected with a small, compact and a well trained army to walk through America from Canada to South Carolina, like a housewife sweeping a kitchen.

Burgoyne was a scholar, and a gentleman, and a brave soldier. He did splendid service for his country before he came to America and afterwards. Americans can respect him. But his proclamation made while in command of the British army in America, which surrendered to Gates, was so inflated and bombastic as to remind us of the military bulletins of Turkey or Mexico, or of the declaration made by the king of Dahomy with a trumpet after his dinner, that all the rest of the world may now eat, their master having dined!

Let me quote a few words to verify my criticism:

“At the head of troops in the full powers of health, discipline and valor, determined to strike when necessary,” etc.

“Let not people be led to disregard it by considering their distance from the immediate situation of my camp. I have but to give stretch to the Indian forces under my direction, and they amount to thousands, to overtake the hardened enemies of Great Britain,” etc.

But again I say, friends, let us have no hard words for the British people of that day. They and our fathers were of one bone and of one flesh. It was simply the lot of our fathers to fight the battle for the

whole of their race, and for all mankind. Had they fallen, the hands on the dial of human history would have stopped—nay, been thrust backward more than a century. They succeeded, and all Europe lifted herself up from her abasement, and a many-tongued shout of exultation arose from her people. The star spangled banner took its place among the flags of the nations—representing not despotism, but freedom and a country, first in liberty, and first in progress among the nations of the earth. It is the flag of hope and the flag of promise. It is the ensign of freedom and universal suffrage. Thank God it does not float over a slave, nor over a man not permitted to vote—except he be a violator of the law.

Who were the people upon whom God had imposed this responsibility? By a sifting process the strongest and best specimens of European people were selected and brought to these shores. The religious, the freedom-loving, the adventurous, the strong. They were poor. They lived in log houses and ate from wooden dishes, and their food was primitive and coarsely cooked. They were clad in homespun and with little variety. Pianos were unknown. Spinning wheels were universal. Mowing machines had never been heard of, but sickles were in common use. Wooden ploughs and hand flails helped develop the muscles of the men, and the only sewing machines were vitalized by good human souls, and the men particularly liked to call them their own.

But beneath the rustic simplicity of those days might be seen the truest manhood and womanhood on earth. The men governed the State and the woman presided in the family.

A township is the mother of the State, and the family is the primordial element or nucleus of the township.

In 1777, the American people were undoubtedly the best educated and the most religious population on the face of the round earth. One who could not read and write was as rare as an idiot—and indeed, the two were regarded about as one. The school house and the meeting house were as universal as the fire-place or the table or any other essential thing. It was a Bible-respecting people. It was a self-respecting people. Such a people can not consent to yield the God-given privileges of their fathers.

But, friends, the battles were fought and the victory won before we came on the stage of action. Some of us can remember the stories we heard in our childhood from the lips of the old veterans, who seemed to our eyes and ears to belong to another race of men—among us, but not of us. Some of them were poorly clad; some of them, I am sorry to say, did not seem to be wholly ignorant of the nature and effects of hard cider and New England rum. But whether poor or rich, privates or officers, how we used to venerate them, and love to gather around them to hear their thousand time told tales! They were regarded not merely as soldiers, but as saviors; not merely as conquerors, but creators of liberty and life.

It seems so reasonable that a people should choose their own rulers and make their own laws, that it may be fancied that it would have been brought about had Americans not declared and earned their independence. But it surpasses human sagacity to see how it could have been done. After the American Revolution came the fierce and original French Revolution, which shattered the most terrible despotism of earth into fragments that can never be gathered; the quiet English Revolution that has made the limited monarchy of Great Britain almost as free as a republic; revolutions

in Italy and Austria and in other lands—and to-day, everywhere the peoples are maintaining that all governments proceed from them and are established for their welfare.

But have we not a work at home to do? What mean these thunder murmurings of a contest, not between labor and capital, but between laborers and the employers of laborers? Statesmen must not quietly assume that “whatever is, is right.” The strongest government in the world is a republic, but no government on earth can always repress disorder if the great majority believe that they are wronged. It is a time then for sober thought.

Every generation has its own work. We can not live by eulogizing our fathers and mothers. Our eyes are not in the backs of our heads. Let us build the monuments of the dead, but let us be quick about it and spend the most of the time and the most of our money in building houses for the living. “A living dog is better than a dead lion.” But let us raise living lions. The intellect of our statesmen should be employed not in defending the past but in devising means whereby the present can be improved. Let the American Republic be alive and progressive alike in every part, so that the Bunker Hills and Benningtons and Oriskanies and Saratogas of all time may tell the same story of devotion to principle, to freedom and to right.

The Chancellor’s voice was clear and ringing, and carried with it an abundance of magnetism, as the frequency of applause testified. Both of these speakers were interrupted at times by cries of assent and approbation, the audience showing thereby their interest and enthusiasm.

At the close of Dr. Haven's address, three rousing cheers were again given for the speaker, and cries of "good, capital," were heard on every side.

Hon. Samuel Earl, of Herkimer, was the next speaker introduced. He prefaced his speech by the remark that in order to be heard well and properly, he would need a voice equal to that of all the Indians and artillery here congregated one hundred years ago.

ADDRESS OF SAMUEL EARL, ESQ.

GENERAL HERKIMER AND HIS FAMILY.

We have assembled here to-day, upon this historic ground, to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the Oriskany Battle; and to do honor, also, to the memory of the patriots of the Mohawk Valley, by whose valor and indomitable courage the battle was won. And as a descendant of one of the prominent actors in that fierce and terrible struggle, I take especial pride in joining with you in doing honor to the memory and brave achievements of our patriotic ancestors who met upon these grounds, the cruel and merciless invaders of their soil, and drove them back. To many of you it must be especially interesting, as I confess it is to me, to view the grounds where, amid the horrid din of savage warfare and savage butchery, your ancestors and mine fought undismayed one of the most important battles in the War of the Revolution.

It was here upon this spot that the first great blow was struck, and check given to the grand scheme, inaugurated by the tory ministry of Great Britain for the campaign of 1777, which was intended and expected to accomplish the complete and final subjugation of the American colonies. The scheme was a grand one, and well planned, and it appeared to those planning it and to those entrusted to carry it out, that it would certainly succeed. It was confidently expected that the means set in motion for the campaign of that year would be fully adequate to the task of successfully crushing out the rebellion of the colonies. The plan, in short, was to put in motion a large and overpowering

force, well equipped and supplied with materials of war, from different points, under different leaders, and all destined to meet at the same point, which was Albany. St. Leger and his forces were to proceed by way of Oswego to the Mohawk Valley, and thence to Albany, while at the same time General Burgoyne and his army were to proceed by way of Lake Champlain, and join St. Leger at Albany, and to meet there also Sir Henry Clinton, who was to arrive with his forces from New York, by way of the Hudson river. The plan was, by this campaign, to divide the colonies—to cut off New York and New England from the colonies south, and by that means to crush out the spirit of liberty at the north, and finally overpower the colonies south. The success of the campaign would most likely have changed the tide of our affairs. But the expeditions all failed, and the first great blow to that well planned campaign was given upon the spot where we are assembled to-day. That blow was struck by the patriotic militia of Tryon county, under their brave General, Nicholas Herkimer.

It will be remembered that the year 1777 found the inhabitants of the Mohawk Valley desponding and despairing of success. Many of the hitherto ardent supporters of the patriot cause favored giving up the contest. They had endured the struggle for two years, and their first ardor for the cause of liberty had, in a measure, died out; and in all parts of the valley there were disaffected persons. Many had laid down their arms and renewed their allegiance to the crown, and become loyalists. While many others had taken their arms and gone over to the enemy, and become the cruel Tories of the Revolution. This defection to the cause of liberty was confined to no particular locality. It divided neighborhoods and even families—brothers and

parents often took different sides, and throughout Tryon county there were more or less of tory adherents—of tory sympathy, and of tory hopes and expectations. All this led to frequent outbursts of passion and exasperated feelings between the inhabitants, entertaining different political views and opposing sympathies—and as well may be supposed, an intense feeling of hatred and animosity soon grew up between the inhabitants thus situated, and ties of former friendships, and of consanguinity even, were obliterated and lost amid the savage feeling, suspicions and want of charity engendered between the parties. Just at this time, and when the feeling to which I have referred was at its height, and when many of the bravest men in the valley of the Mohawk began to feel that it was useless to prolong the struggle, St. Leger made his appearance at Oswego, with the motley forces under his command, amounting to about two thousand. The appearance of this formidable force at Oswego, and its destination were no sooner made known to General Herkimer, and to the Committee of Safety of Tryon county, than he issued a stirring proclamation to the people of the county, well calculated to arouse their faltering patriotism, and to dismay the disaffected. It concluded in these well chosen words: “Not doubting that the Almighty power, upon our humble prayers and sincere trust in Him, will then generously succor our arms in battle for our just cause; and victory can not fail on our side.” It had its intended effect, and was responded to by the militia of Tryon county in the same patriotic spirit in which it was issued by their brave and patriotic general. But it must not be understood that all to whom it was addressed obeyed its call or flew to his standard—far from it. Many, and some even of the brave general’s own family relatives sought the stand-

ard of St. Leger. It is certain that one brother at least had gone over to the enemy, and that an influential brother-in-law was then with St. Leger, and that other near and influential relatives were then open enemies of the patriot cause. But by his exertions, and at his command there assembled at Fort Dayton, now Herkimer village, by the fourth of August, 1777, about eight hundred militia, with their officers, taken from the whole body of the county, from Schenectady westward; and there also the Committee of Safety for Tryon county met and joined the militia. That was their appointed place of rendezvous, and there they met for the well understood purpose of marching at once to the relief of Fort Stanwix—which, as they were informed, was then invested by St. Leger, with a superior force. They understood that unless relief came, and came quickly, the beleaguered garrison would surrender, and that with its surrender their homes would be sacked by a ruthless and savage enemy, in a victorious march down the Mohawk Valley. This the brave militia and their officers, and the members of the Committee of Safety, who volunteered to accompany them, well understood. And they felt and understood also the supreme urgency of immediately marching to the relief of the fort. The stirring proclamation which had been issued to them, and the appeals of the Committee of Safety, all meant haste to go to the relief of the fort—haste to strike a blow which would turn back the invaders of their soil—and in haste they marched from their place of rendezvous on the fourth of August. They marched with alacrity and with resolute hearts, yearning to drive back the enemy and save their homes from pillage and fire. Their route lay on the north side of the river as far as Utica, where they crossed, and on the night of the fifth they encamped at or near the

present site of Whitestown—and there, on the morning of the sixth, occurred the scene between the brave General and some of his officers and members of the Committee of Safety, which is so well known to history. And we do well to-day, as we look back to that period when so many and so great dangers threatened the lives and the homes of our patriotic ancestors, to consider, as well as we can, the situation just as it was, and as it appeared to them, and then to say in our hearts whether they were not right, as they saw the situation, in demanding that they should be led on to meet the enemy. Their General, who had up to this time been urging haste, now proposed to wait for reinforcements; and a counsel of officers and of the members of the Committee of Safety, was held, at which the question of delay was vehemently discussed. None can say that the advice of General Herkimer was not, to say the least, prudent; and none ought to say that it was prompted by anything less than a proper regard for the safety of his neighbors and friends who so promptly answered to his call; and none can say that it was through cowardice or treachery that he preferred to wait for reinforcements. It was seemingly well to do so, as Arnold was at that moment on his way with ample force to join him. But the brave men who disagreed with him, and insisted in such strong language that the onward movement should be made at once, acted in good faith, and from what appeared to them a necessity. They started out to relieve a fort greatly imperilled, and to them it seemed that they should not halt until they had accomplished their purpose. They could not understand why they should wait for reinforcements. They felt and believed they were fully able to successfully cope with the enemy, and were ready to do it. It was unjust, however, to assail the motives of their General because he

felt it prudent to wait to be reinforced ; and yet when we consider that there were assembled the very best men of the valley, the safest and most intelligent advisers, fathers, sons and brothers who had left their homes and their families unprotected in the rear, we can well see, that as they looked upon themselves they saw no need of reinforcements. They felt strong enough, and they were strong enough to drive back the enemy, and they were ready to do it, and to do it at once. The subject of delaying was a surprise to them, and they could not understand it in their impatience to save the fort, so important in the defense of their homes. The intelligent members of the Committee of Safety, and the officers there assembled, doubtless knew of the defection of many of the brave General's near relatives, and the fact that some of them were then with St. Leger. To them, in view of all the circumstances, the proposed delay seemed unwise and cowardly. Their impatience could not be restrained by the general, and he gave the command to march, which was instantly obeyed, not by cowards, but by brave, determined and earnest men. In my judgment there was no mistake made in giving the command. It was proper to do so. The mistake made was that the line of march was not formed with such precautions against surprises of the enemy as should have been taken. Who was to blame for this, it is now impossible to tell. We can not and dare not charge the blame upon the brave General, for we do not know what his orders were upon this subject. But this is certain, that the necessary military precautions against a surprise were for some cause omitted, and to this must we attribute the fearful havoc and loss of life, which that eventful day witnessed upon these historic grounds. That nothing was lost or omitted through cowardice or treachery on the part of the brave General or the

officers under him, is equally certain. They were all brave.

The misfortune to the rear guard under Colonel Visscher could not have been prevented by any exertions within his power. They could not, from their position, be looking for surprises, except from the rear. They were the rear guard behind the baggage and ammunition wagons—upon the first assault he and his brave men were cut off from the main body, and between him and the rest of the little army the road, a narrow causeway, was completely blocked up and made impassable, in consequence of the teams and wagons being thrown into inextricable confusion. Thus situated the rear guard was assailed with a superior force upon disadvantageous ground, and routed. No bravery could have prevented the misfortune. The trap set for General Herkimer's forces was sprung, and it struck with terrific force the rear, which was soon thrown into confusion and driven back in disorder. This, under the circumstances, it would seem was inevitable.

I do not believe, and I can not believe, as has been asserted, that General Herkimer was apprised in advance of the ambuscade which awaited him, and that he expected it here upon this spot on his way to the fort. This is incredible, as it can not be supposed that the General would have neglected to make ample provision for it. It would have been discreditable in him not to have provided for any emergency of that kind of which he had notice, even though he were forced by his turbulent officers to give the order to march on against his better judgment. But he had no notice. It was a surprise, planned by St. Leger, and the execution of it placed mainly in the hands of Sir John Johnson, and of that cunning and savage Indian warrior, Joseph Brant. But the question here occurs, how

did St. Leger know (for he did know) of the march of the force under General Herkimer for the relief of Fort Stanwix? He knew just when the relieving force left Fort Dayton, and what its strength was. Molly Brant, who had been the faithful Indian wife of Sir William Johnson, was the person who sent the intelligence to St. Leger's camp of General Herkimer's approach. She was the sister of Joseph Brant, the celebrated Indian chief who had command of the Indians. She was a remarkable woman, Indian though she was. It was through her sagacity and influence that Sir William Johnson, with whom she had lived, as his wife, for upward of twenty years, acquired and maintained, to the time of his death, such a controlling influence over the Six Nations. Upon his death she was obliged to leave Johnson Hall, where she had been so long mistress, and return to live with her own tribe, at the Indian castle on the south side of the Mohawk, about two miles below the residence of General Herkimer. Her keen eye saw everything that was going on, and she secretly sent an Indian in advance to apprise St. Leger of General Herkimer and his forces going to the relief of Fort Stanwix. By this timely information Sir John Johnson and the Indians had leisure to prepare the ambuscade which here took place. But she paid dearly, as subsequent events proved, for giving the information which cost so many lives of the best men in the upper valley of the Mohawk.

General Herkimer could not have known—and did not know that his march was to be intercepted at this place, otherwise he would have prevented the surprise which led to so great a slaughter of his neighbors and cost him his own life. Colonel Claus, the son-in-law of Sir William Johnson, and who was with St. Leger's forces, wrote to the British Secretary of War under date of October 16, 1777, as follows:

“The 5th of August, in the afternoon, accounts were brought by Indians sent by Joseph’s sister (Molly) from Canajoharie, that a body of rebels were on their way and would be within ten or twelve miles of our camp that night. A detachment of about 400 Indians was ordered to reconnoiter the enemy. Sir John Johnson asked leave to join his company of light infantry and head the whole, which was granted. Colonel Butler and other Indian officers were ordered with the Indians.”

On November 6, 1777, Colonel Claus wrote to the Secretary as follows:

“The Indian action near Fort Stanwix, happening near a settlement of Oneida Indians in the rebel’s interest, who were at the same time in arms against our party, the Six Nations Indians, after the action, burnt their houses, destroyed their field-crops and killed and carried away their cattle. This the rebel Oneidas, after our retreat, revenged upon Joseph’s sister and her family (living in the upper Mohawk town) on Joseph’s account, robbing them of cash, clothes, cattle, &c., and driving them from their home; then proceeded to the Mohawk’s town and dealt in the same manner with the poor women and children whose husbands were in the king’s service. Joseph’s sister and family fled to Onondaga, the council place of the Six Nations, laying her grievances before that body. The Six Nations, with whom she had always had a great sway during the late Sir William Johnson’s lifetime, and even now—and I understand the Six Nations to render her satisfaction by committing hostilities upon that tribe of Oneida rebels that committed the outrages.”

It will be seen by the testimony here furnished just how the intelligence of Herkimer’s advance reached St. Leger’s camp before Fort Stanwix, and that the result of that intelligence was the ambushade by the Indians under Brant, and by the British regulars and Tories under Sir John Johnson. Here the blow was struck, which, while it was at the sacrifice of many lives of the wisest and best men in the valley of the Mohawk, staid the enemy in their progress, and finally resulted in their hasty flight to Canada. It was a

terrible blow to the enemy, and while the check here given to them was cause of great thankfulness on the part of the liberty loving people of the valley, yet it brought sadness to many a heart by the loss of parents, sons and brothers. The noble and brave-hearted General Herkimer was among those who made upon these fields at that time the sacrifice of their lives. His life went out nobly and bravely for his country's cause.

General Nicholas Herkimer was the oldest son of John Jost Herkimer, who was among the first to settle upon the German Flats. He was a German, as were all the first settlers. They emigrated from a district of country in Germany called the Lower Palatinate, on the Rhine, and were called Palatines. The story of their coming to America, and of their wanderings until they settled down on the patent which was granted to them in 1725, is an interesting one, but not important to be given here. They styled themselves High Germans, and were Lutherans. The patent of land granted to them extended on both sides of the river from the Little Falls, westward as far as Frankfort, and was divided into narrow lots facing the river. John Jost Herkimer drew and first lived upon lot No. 36, on the south side of the river. This lot is now owned by James H. Steele, Esq., and George H. Orendorf, and is distant about one-half a mile below the old stone church. Here General Herkimer was doubtless born soon after his father had established his home upon the lot. And upon that lot, and in that vicinity, he spent the days of his childhood and of his youth, following the vocation of a farmer's boy. The house in which he was reared survived the Revolution, and was the only house to which the torch was not applied when the destruction of the settlement in that vicinity took place in

the War of the Revolution. This house stood on the easterly side of a knoll projecting beyond the foot of the hill, and near a small rivulet of pure water. The old house, built in primitive style, remained standing until about twenty-five years ago, and there is nothing now to indicate where it stood, save the cavity of the cellar, and that is nearly obliterated. The time will soon come when there will be nothing left to indicate the spot where the brave hero sported when a child, and grew to manhood. As early at least as 1730 there was a school house in which there was a school kept upon or near the site of the old church, which is distant about a half mile from where this house stood. And it is a notable fact that upon the same spot there has been a school house and a public school kept from that time down to the present. It is altogether probable that at the school kept at this place the young patriot received all the education he ever got in school—which is known to have been limited, and was in German. The only language spoken at the German Flats at that time, or heard from the pulpit, was the German, and in this he was instructed, as I have seen his writing in the German language. At the church, near by his father's residence, he was instructed in the catechism, and there he was taught in the Holy Scriptures, with which he showed himself so familiar in his dying hour. His father was a prominent and influential man among the German settlers. In the church which was erected upon the site of the present old stone church, he was a leading spirit, as appears from records still in existence. In 1751, when it was proposed to erect a new edifice in the place of the old one, we find him addressing, as sole petitioner, the Colonial Governor, the following petition for a license to circulate a subscription in aid of the church:

To his Excellency, the Honourable George Clinton, Captain-General and Governor-in-Chief of the province of New York and Territories thereon depending in America, Vice-Admiral of the same, and Admiral of the White Squadron of his Majesty's Fleet :

The humble petition of Johan Joost Hercheimer, of Burnet's Field, in the County of Albany, yeoman, in behalf of himself and the rest of the inhabitants, High Germans living there, humbly sheweth:

That your petitioner and sundry other High Germans, to the number of one hundred families and upwards, at present resident at Burnet's Field, in this province, propose, with your Excellency's permission, to erect a Stone Church on the South side of the River, upon a convenient spot of ground already purchased by the Inhabitants, for the Worship of Almighty God, according to the discipline of the Reformed Protestant Dutch Church. But finding themselves unable alone to finish and complete the same, your petitioner, therefore, in behalf of the said Inhabitants, humbly prays your Excellency will be favourably pleased to grant a Brief or License to crave the voluntary assistance and contribution of all well disposed persons within this province, for completing the said structure, altogether intended for Divine Worship.

And your petitioner, as in duty bound, shall ever pray, &c.

JOHAN JOOST HERCHEIMER.

Fort George,
in
New York,
October 6, 1751.

Be it so.

G. CLINTON.

And at a later day, the building of the church having been interrupted by the French and Indian war, we find him chosen as one of the committee to circulate the subscription, but in consequence of infirmities of age he declined and deputed another in his place. The original appeal is in the following language:

To ALL Christian People to whom this shall come, Whereas, the inhabitants on the south side of the River of Burnet's Field, on the German Flatts, whereas, we are about to erect a Church

wherein the High Dutch Language in the Protestant way should be preached. Before the late war, and when the war begun, we was obliged to leave off building, and in the war everything was discharged, as we were desirous to have a place of worship, we have begun to build a Church, but we found ourselves not able to finish the same, occasioned by the troubles we had in the war, that is to say, all our Houses and Barns, with all we had in them, were burnt, and our Horses and Cattles were killed and taken away, and a great many of our People taken Prisoners by the Enemy, which has unabled us to finish the Church. For them Reasons we have desired two of our members, that is to say, Johan Jost Herkemer and Hendrick Bell to try to collect some money of all good people to enable us to have our Church finished, and we hope all good people will take our cause in consideration, as we have no place of Worship now but a small Log House.

We are, in behalf of the Congregation and ourselves, Gentlemen,
Your Most Humble Servants,

AUGUSTENIS HESS,
RODOLF SCHOMAKER,
PETER VOLS.

N. B.—I, being old and unable, I therefore send Peter Vols to do the business of collecting for me.

JOHANN JOST HERCHHEIMER, Just.

John Jost Herkimer, the father of our hero, was then old. He had become wealthy, and was possessed of various large tracts of land, and had numerous chattels including negro slaves. He had a large family of children, five sons and eight daughters. At an early day, and before the French and Indian war, and while his children were yet young, he built a stone mansion about three-fourths of a mile west of his first location. This was built a little distance above the old stone church, and it was afterwards, and before the year 1756, included within the fort called "Fort Herkimer." It was finely and eligibly located upon the bank of the river, overlooking it and the beautiful valley for some distance both above and below. At that time, and until

long after the revolution, the river was the great thoroughfare for trade and commerce, and often presented a gay and lively appearance, with its batteaux floating upon its surface, laden with merchandise. To the west of the mansion stood "Fort Dayton," about a mile and a half distant, on the opposite side of the river. Between these forts, and diagonally across the flats, ran a road then and still called the "King's road," and almost in a straight line. This road was the only direct line of communication between the forts, and it was then and for a long time afterwards used as a public highway.

A plan of the fort surrounding the Herkimer Mansion, as made in 1756, may be seen in 2d vol. of Doc. Hist. of New York at page 732, and in Benton's History at page 52. The house referred to in this plan was the Herkimer Mansion. A description of the house and Fort may be found in 1st vol. Doc. Hist. of New York at page 527. Here it is altogether probable the General lived until his father conveyed to him the five hundred acres whereon he built his fine residence on the south bank of the river below the Little Falls. This conveyance was made in 1760. The Herkimer Mansion was originally built for a store, and was used as a depot for supplies to Oswego. We may infer from this fact that the General was engaged in traffic at Fort Herkimer prior to the French War, with his father, and that the wealth and early prosperity of the family may be thus accounted for. And to this also may be attributed the fact that he became so generally and favorably known throughout the colony.

This fort was garrisoned and served as a protection to the inhabitants on the south side of the river at the time of the French and Indian invasion, and also during the War of the Revolution. It is supposed that the General was in command of the fort in 1758,

as senior officer, under his commission as lieutenant in Captain Wormwood's company.

The house continued to be occupied by the Herkimer family until some time after the Revolution, when it, and so far as I can ascertain, all the Herkimer property at the German Flats fell into other hands. The house began soon to show signs of neglect and decay; and, as I remember it, it was an old neglected and dilapidated stone house which looked as if it had gone through several wars. It was taken down to make way for the enlarged Erie canal about 1841, and not a vestige of it is left to indicate its site or its former splendor.

John Jost Herkimer, as I have said, was a prominent and prosperous man. He had great influence over the German population in the upper valley of the Mohawk, and his sons, and particularly the General, shared his influence over his German neighbors. And I hazard nothing in saying that there was not a Palatine descendant in the valley who possessed the confidence and respect of the German inhabitants equal to that possessed by General Herkimer. It is quite certain, also, that next to the family of Sir William Johnson, the Herkimer family was the most prosperous and influential in the valley. The eight daughters of the old patriot were all married, and their husbands were all leading and influential men. Among them I may mention Rev. Abraham Rosecrants, Hendrick Frey, Colonel Peter Bellinger and George Henry Bell, names for a long time potent in the valley. The father of this large family, and of our brave hero, died at his residence August, 1775, and was doubtless buried in the churchyard near by. He made his will April 5, 1771, which I find to have been witnessed by my grandfather, Doctor William Petry, who was his family physician. His

will shows that he was possessed of a large estate, and the first bequest in it is to the General, in the following language: "I give unto my eldest son, Nicholas Herkimer, the sum of ten shillings in right of primogeniture."

In the next clause of his will he makes ample provision for his wife, and he declares it is his pleasure that his beloved wife, Catharine, shall remain sole and absolute mistress of whatever estate he may die possessed of, real and personal, during her natural life. He then makes a liberal provision for his son John, who is supposed to have been feeble in body and mind, giving him the farm upon which was the family residence, and one hundred acres of land adjoining in addition thereto—two of his best negroes and a good outfit of stock and utensils for the farm—to take possession on the death of his wife. And he provided that in case this son should die unmarried or without issue, the estate given him should go to his next heir by the name of Herkimer; and he provided that John also should not sell any part of the estate given him without the consent of his executors. The only other provision of the will which I deem it important to notice is contained in the following clause: "I give and devise unto my loving son, George, and his heirs forever, that lot whereon he now lives, commonly known and distinguished by the name Lot No. 36." And here I will recall the fact that Lot No. 36 is the same upon which the old patriarch first settled, and where he resided until he built the stone house, and where, in all probability, all his children were born. He, doubtless, left this son to enjoy his old farm when he removed to his stone mansion in the fort. This son was a true patriot, and next to his brother, the General, was the most conspicuous of the family in the revolutionary contest. He

was a leading member of the Tryon County Committee of Safety, and was present with his heroic brother in the battle at this place. He died in 1786, leaving seven children, among whom was the Hon. John Herkimer, who became an active politician and was a member of Congress, elected in 1822. The second son of John Jost Herkimer was Henry, or Hendrick, as he was called. He resided with his father until a few years before the Revolution, when he removed with his family to lands given him by his father at the foot of Schuyler Lake, in Croghan's patent. He came back at the outbreak of the war, and at first went to Stone Arabia and remained with his brother-in-law, Rev. Abraham Rosecrants, a short time and then came to the Herkimer Mansion, where he died before the close of the Revolution. One of his sons, the eldest, it is said, went over to the enemy. He too was possessed of a large estate. He was a joint proprietor with his father, of the Fall Hill patent of 2,324 acres, granted in 1752. I have seen a copy of this son's will, made August 17, 1778, and I deem it important, for my present purpose, to call attention to the following extract only:

“I give and bequeath unto my eldest son, Hon Yost Herkimer, the sum of twenty shillings, New York currency, in right of primogeniture, and in case it should so happen that he becomes the heir to the estate of my father, Han Jost Herkimer, which is now in the possession of my brother, John Herkimer, in that case only he is to have one hundred acres of bush land left me by my father's will along with the said estate, but of his not becoming heir to the said estate then he is to have an equal third part of one thousand acres of land at the Lake Cananderago; part of a patent granted to George Croghan along with his two brothers, George and Abraham, to him and his heirs forever.”

It will be seen by this extract of the will of Henry, that he supposed that a contingency might happen, whereby his eldest son should become the next heir by

the name Herkimer, and take the estate under his father's will, which was given to his brother John. Descendants of Henry still reside on the ancestral lands at the foot of Schuyler Lake, and one of them, the venerable Timothy Herkimer, is here to-day to help celebrate the event which has made the name of Herkimer renowned in the annals of our local history.. John, the brother of the General, who enjoyed the Herkimer Mansion and lands connected with it, under the will of his father, died in 1817 without issue; and then the question arose who was entitled to the property under the will *as the next heir of the testator by the name of Herkimer*. This question went to the courts, and was determined in the case of Jackson vs. Bellinger reported in 18 Johnson's Report, at page 369. It was decided that the property, on the death of John, descended to his heirs-at-law according to the statute regulating descents. Upon this decision being rendered, all controversy as to the title was ended, and the property passed out of the name of Herkimer.

The remaining brother of the General, John Jost Herkimer, gave up the contest, went to Canada and took up arms against the colonies. He was attainted under the act of October 22, 1779, together with Sir John Johnson and other leading tories of Tryon county, and lost his estate.

As to the eight daughters of the old patriarch it is sufficient to say that they were all respectably married, though the husbands of several of them became ardent tories in the revolution, and by their influence and example, did much to bring distress upon the patriotic inhabitants of the valley. I will not name them here. I will say, however, that among the descendants of the tory branches of the family are very many respected and highly honored citizens in our State.

But as to General Herkimer he had no descendants. He never had any children to inherit his virtues, or his good name and fame. Here upon these grounds he exhibited his true character and such virtues, that if he had left descendants worthy of his name, they would be proud to be here to-day, and witness the honor paid to his memory, and to the memory and achievements of the brave men who fought and died by his side.

The General was a kind-hearted and benevolent man and a good Christian neighbor. He was just such a character as would make him beloved by those who knew him. He was without guile or deceit, generous, brave and honest. Among his neighbors and where he was familiarly known he was called "Hannicol" Herkimer. He is called by that name in several places in the will of Sir William Johnson. The name "Hannicol," as is well known, is a nick-name for Nicholas among the Germans in the Mohawk Valley, and was at one time quite common. The General was popular among the German people. The mothers delighted in naming their sons after him, and he stood godfather at many a baptism of children, and in his will he does not overlook the little ones to whom he stood in that responsible and Christian relation.

It must be admitted that he was neither a great nor a skillful General. He had no education or experience for that accomplishment. He had, however, courage and calmness in the midst of the greatest danger. Such was his nature, that amidst the deafening yells of the savages, and while his friends and neighbors were falling around him like autumn leaves, he could remain cool and self-possessed. He was well known throughout the valley and was highly esteemed for the purity and unselfishness of his character. And he was prosperous and rich. His landed estate was large. He had a

tenantry and slaves and money. His residence was the most costly and imposing in the upper Mohawk Valley, and is still standing. I should, perhaps, have stated before, that after the battle was ended, here on that ever memorable day one hundred years ago, Dr. Petry, one of the few survivors of the Committee of Safety, who were in that battle, although severely wounded himself, dressed the General's shattered leg on the field and saw him placed on a litter and leave on his way home. This was the last time Dr. Petry saw him. He did not consider his wound necessarily dangerous, and had no thought of his dying. He often declared to his family and friends that the General's life was sacrificed by an unnecessary and unskillful amputation. Doctor Petry was one of the Committee of Safety, who at the consultation on the fifth of August, strongly urged the onward movement; and I have no doubt, from what I have heard said of him, he did it in strong language. But I have no reason to doubt that the relations between him and the General remained friendly, and he doubtless would have gone home with the wounded General, had he not been himself disabled by a painful wound. The General was attended by a young surgeon who followed General Arnold up the valley, and who amputated his leg so unskillfully that he bled to death. I can not better prove this, than by the following account given by the surgeon who performed the operation :

GENERAL HARCOMERS, August 17, 1777.

Dear Doctor—Yesterday morning I amputated General Harcomer's leg, there not being left the prospect of recovery without it. But alas, the patriotic hero died in the evening—the cause of his death God only knows. About three hours before his departure he complained of pain. I gave him thirty drops of laudanum liquid and went to dress Mr. Pettery. I left him in as good a

way as I could wish with Dr. Hastings to take care of him. When I returned I found him taking his last gasp, free from spasm and sensible. Nothing more surprised me, but we can not always parry death, so there is an end of it.

General Arnold left yesterday morning with positive orders to follow him this evening or to-morrow morning. I sent for Scull to take care of the General and Pettery. He is just now arrived. I propose to have Pettery removed to Palatine, where Scull and two regimental mates will take care of him and the other wounded. This evening I will pursue General Arnold, and I suppose will overtake him at Fort Dayton. * * * * *

The place and hour of glory draws nigh. No news from Fort Schuyler. I am, dear doctor, your most obedient and humble servant,
ROBERT JOHNSTON.

This letter was addressed to Dr. Jonathan Potts, director of the general hospital for the northern department.*

In his last moments the dying General showed himself to be, as he was, a Christian hero. Not a murmur or a word of complaint seems to have escaped his lips. He turned to his Bible, a familiar book to him, and sought therein consolation to a dying Christian. He gave up his noble life to his country when he was yet in full vigor of health and strength. He was about fifty-five years of age, not older at the time of his death.

His will which is dated February 7, 1777, is on file in the office of the clerk of the Court of Appeals. The provisions in it are numerous, and some of them quite interesting as well as characteristic of the brave and kind-hearted man. I will here give only that portion of it relating to his widow, which is in the following language:

Item. I give unto my said beloved wife for her sole property and disposal one of my young negro wenches, named Mya, about one and a half years old. And also I bequeath unto her, her heirs

* See New England Historical and General Register, (1864,) vol. 18, p. 31.

and assigns forever, a certain tract of land in George Clock's patent, containing one hundred acres of woodland, formerly conveyed by release by Severinus Tygert of Stonearaby dec'd unto my first married wife dec'd her heirs and assigns.

(Item. I give unto my said beloved wife Maria, upon this express condition and proviso, that she shall and will during her widowhood of me behave and conduct herself in chastity and other Christian manners, becoming to a decent and religious widow, further, the following devises in the following manner: That is to say, during the natural life of my said beloved wife, she shall have posses and enjoy, upon the performance of the heretofore reserved condition and proviso, the room in the north east corner of my present dwelling house, with all the furniture therein being at my disease, and one quarter of one acre in one of the gardens near the house to her choice, and also four apple trees to her choice, free pass and repassing unmolested to the said room, garden, and apple trees, and free wood and water upon my said tenements to her use, one of the negro wenches to her choice, besides the above mentioned already devised unto her, her heirs and assigns. Also to her choice, one horse and one mare, two cows, six sheep, six hogs, three silver spoons, and four silver tea spoons, one half dozen China teacups and saucers, two pots, one copper kettle, two dishes, six pewter plates, four pewter spoons, two bowles, two pewter teapots, one trammel, one pair of andirons, one dozen knives and forks, one half dozen chairs, one table. The moiety of my linen and homespun store, and the other half to be divided by her among my black servants for their clothing, and all the women clothes left at my decease having been her wearing as well as of my first wife deceased; all these to be and to hold for the use of her, her heirs and assigns upon the performance of the above express proviso and condition.)

But upon true proof of her conduct against it, all these devises included in the circumflex, shall be void, and then appertain unto the hereafter named possessor of my present dwelling tenement, and to his heirs and assigns.

But during the widowhood of her, my said wife, on the same condition and proviso as aforesaid, she shall have, occupy and enjoy the half of my present dwelling house, and of all the issues and profits of the tenement of five hundred acres of land, whereon I now live, and also of all the issues of my wenches, horses and other cattle, but she shall equally pay the half of all the expenses in behalf of the said issues, which must be extra paid besides the work of my servants and cattle; but upon nonperformance of the

said proviso, this devise shall also be void. Further, it is my express will and order, that if by the providence of God my present beloved wife, and future widow after my decease, should lawfully marry one of my brothers sons, that then they shall have and enjoy the interests and rents of all my lands lying in the patent granted to Edward Holland, now leased to the respective tenants thereof and also one lot of woodland in the same patent not leased, which is adjacent to the Fallbergh patent, to them, their heirs and assigns forever. But if in case she my said wife should after my decease marry with one of my sisters sons, then the said interests and rents of the said leased lands together with the said one hundred acres of woodland shall be and appertain to them, their heirs and assigns, during both their lives.

Without attempting any explanation of the reasons of the General for contemplating, as he seems to have done, the possibility of the marriage of his widow to one of his nephews, I will say that this event never took place. She did not remain at the homestead of the General long after his death; and it is altogether probable she gave up most, if not all, of the provisions made for her in the will. She soon married and went to Canada, and but little is known of her subsequent history. This is known, however, that the man she married was poor, and far beneath her in social position. She gave up the comforts of a good home for a hard life, and the remainder of her days, which were probably few, it is said, were spent in poverty and want.

During the speech of Mr. Earl an oil portrait of General Herkimer was exhibited to the audience. Also the sword of Major House, which was used upon this battle-field. At the close of Mr. Earl's address three more cheers were given in compliment to the speaker.

M. M. Jones, Esq., of Utica, having been requested to read the commission of General Herkimer, prefaced it with the following sketch:

REMARKS OF M. M. JONES, ESQ.

GENERAL HERKIMER'S COMMISSION.

You will notice that the commission I am about to read to you is in the name of, and issued by the "Convention of the Representatives of the State of New York," a body of patriots, anomalous in its election and organization, and seldom heard of except by those who have searched its records, or read slight memorials of it upon the pages of our State history. At the commencement of the Revolution, all branches of government in the Colony of New York, the Governor, Council and General Assembly were loyal to George III and his crown. In the Assembly were a few patriotic men like George Clinton, Philip Schuyler, Simon Boerum, Robert R. Livingston, Jr., Abraham Ten Broeck, Nathaniel Woodhull, but they were too few to accomplish more than keeping the people advised of the designs of the British Government.

The incipient machinery for beginning a government in this State was, from the necessity of the case, an emanation from the people. It had no law for its basis, except that natural law which gives man the right of self-government.

The first and subsequent Colonial Congresses of New York were elected as we at this day elect our political conventions. They made laws and passed resolutions, and enforced them. They assumed all the powers and duties of a State government. The men who composed them were patriots, and many of them were statesmen. Several of them became members of the Continental Congress, and others became officers and soldiers in the field.

The second Continental Congress was to meet at Philadelphia, May 10, 1775. As the General Assembly of New York had refused to appoint delegates to that body, the Committee of the Sons of Liberty for the city and county of New York, in March, 1775, issued a call to the several counties of the colony, asking them to send delegates to meet in New York City, April 20, to elect such delegates. This body, designated a Provincial Convention, was composed of fifty of the leading men of New York, among whom were Governors George Clinton and John Jay, Messrs. Floyd, Lewis, Livingston and Morris, signers of the Declaration of Independence, Generals Schuyler and McDougall. It met April 20, 1775, and its powers being exhausted by the election of delegates to Congress, dissolved itself, April 22. The next day, Sunday, the news of the battle of Lexington arrived at New York. Electrified by the intelligence the people began the work of revolution with a high hand. The general committee, increased in numbers and powers, called upon the counties to send delegates to a "Provincial Congress," to be held in New York on the 22d of May, 1775.

This first Provincial Congress elected Peter Van Brugh Livingston its first president, and James McKesson, secretary. It held three sessions, May 22, July 26, October 4, and dissolved, November 4, 1775.

The second Provincial Congress was elected May 7, 1775, and held three sessions, commencing December 6, 1775, February 12 and May 8, 1776.

The third Provincial Congress was elected in April, 1776, convened in New York May 18, and remained in session until June 30, when it dissolved, as the British troops were about taking possession of the city.

The fourth Provincial Congress assembled at White Plains, July 9, 1776. The Declaration of Independ-

ence was read and unanimously adopted. As the colonies had now become States, the style of the Provincial Congress of the Colony of New York, was changed to "the Convention of the Representatives of the State of New York." This was the body, under its new name, and with new powers and aspirations, which granted the commission of brigadier general to the patriot hero of Oriskany.

This convention removed to Harlem, July 29, to Fishkill, August 29, where it held various short sessions until February 11, 1777, when it adjourned to Kingston. It met at the latter place, March 6, and having formed a State Constitution, the convention was finally dissolved May 13, 1777. The convention had established a temporary government by electing a Council of Safety, with power to act in all cases under the new constitution until the new government should be elected.

During the recesses of the Colonial Congress, its powers, or those assumed by it, were exercised by Committees of Safety. These bodies took upon themselves all the powers and duties inherent in the people. They raised troops and issued commissions to their officers, they collected and disbursed the taxes, they defined and punished offences against the government, including treason; they, by resolutions, defined offences against society and their punishment. The members of these Colonial Congresses were in the main great and good men, and they conscientiously executed the trusts conferred upon them by the people.

In the summer of 1777, the people elected their Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, Senate and Assembly, and then the government of the Empire State was set in motion. That good man, George Clinton, who was then in the field at the head of the New York militia,

found himself elected both Governor and Lieutenant-Governor. After *due* consideration he chose the former, and was in office from 1777 to 1795, and 1801 to 1804, and died while vice president of the United States.

Abraham Yates, Jr., who signed General Herkimer's commission, was a delegate from Albany in the four Colonial Congresses. At several times in 1775 and 1776 he was president, *pro tem.*, and was president of the convention from August 28 to September 26, 1776.

John McKesson was secretary until after the adoption of the Constitution of 1777. More than forty years afterwards the son of Mr. McKesson was enabled, from his father's memoranda and minutes, to furnish to our State its only authenticated official copy of our Constitution of 1777, and two pages of that copy were supplied from a printed edition.

GENERAL HERKIMER'S COMMISSION.

IN CONVENTION OF THE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE STATE OF
NEW YORK.

TO NICHOLAS HERKERMER, ESQUIRE, GREETING:

We resposing Especial trust and Confidence in your Patriotism, Valor, Conduct and Fidelity *Do* by these presents Constitute and appoint you the said Nicholas Herkermer Brigadier General of the Brigade of Militia of the County of Tryon Embodied for the defence of American Liberty and for repelling every Hostile Invasion thereof, you are therefore carefully and dilligently to discharge the duty of Brigadier General by doing and performing all manner of things thereunto belonging, and we do strictly charge and Require all officers and Privates under your Command to be Obedient to your Orders as Brigadier General.

And you are to observe and follow such Orders and directions from time to time as you shall receive from the presert or any future

Congress of the United States of America, or from this or any future Convention of the Representatives, or future Executive Authority of this STATE, or from the Commander in Chief, for the time being of the Army of the United States, or any other your superior officer, according to the Rules and Discipline of War, in pursuance of the Trust Reposed in you. *Provided* such orders and directions of the said commander in Chief, or of such superior officer be grounded on the Authority of the present or any future Congress of the United American STATES, or the present or any future Convention of the Representatives, or other Executive Authority of this STATE, Or their Respective Committees of Safety. This Commission to Continue of force until Revoked by this or a future Convention of this STATE.

Given at Fish Kills the Fifth day of September in the year of our Lord One thousand Seven hundred and Seventy-Six.

By Order,

ABM. YATES, JUNR., *President.*

Attest, JOHN MCKESSON, *Secretary.*

The exercises at this stand were closed by the reading of the poem, written for the occasion by General DePeyster, of New York:

P O E M .

BY GENERAL J. WATTS DEPEYSTER.

Old Seventeen Hundred and Seventy-seven,
Of Liberty's throes, was the crown and the leaven.
Just a century since, August Sixth, was the day
When Great Britain's control was first stricken away.
Let us sing then the field where the Yeomen of York
Met the Lion and Wolf on their slaughterous stalk;
When Oriskany's ripples were crimson'd with blood;
And when strife fratricidal polluted its flood.
Oh, glorious collision, forever renowned!
While America lives should its praises resound,
And stout Harkeimer's name be the theme of the song,
Who with Mohawk's brave sons broke the strength of the
strong.

To relief of Fort Stanwix the Yorkers drew nigh,
To succor stout Gansevoort, conquer or die;
And if unwise the counsels that brought on the fight,
In the battle was shown that their hearts were all right.
If their Chief seemed so prudent that "subs" looked askance,
Still one shout proved their feeling, their courage—"Advance!"

Most unfortunate counsel! The ambush was set,
Leaving one passage *in*, but none *out* of the net,—
Of outlets not one, unless 'twas made by the sword
Through encompassing ranks of the pitiless horde.
Sure never was column so terribly caught,
Nor ever has column more fearlessly fought:—
Thus Harkeimer's Mohawkers made victory theirs,
For St. Leger was foiled in spite of his snares.

The loud braggarts who had taunted Harkeimer so free,
Ere the fight had begun, were from fight first to flee;
While the stalwart old Chief, who a father had proved,
And his life offered up for the cause that he loved,

Mid the war-whirl of Death still directed each move,
 'Mid the rain from the clouds and from more fatal groove
 Of the deadlier rifle,—and object assured,
 To him Palm, both as victor and martyr, inured.

Search the annals of War and examine with care
 If a parallel fight can discovered be, there,
 When eight hundred green soldiers beset in a wood
 Their assailants, as numerous, boldly withstood;
 And while Death sleeted in from environing screens
 Of the forest and underbrush, Indians and “Greens”—
 'Gainst the circle without, took to cover within,
 Formed a circle as deadly—which as it grew thin
 Into still smaller circles then broke, until each
 Presented a *round* that no foeman could breach,
 Neither boldest of savage nor disciplined troops:—
 Thus they fought and they fell in heroical groups—
 But though falling still fighting they wrench'd from the foe
 The great object they marched to attain, and altho'
 The whole vale of the Mohawk was shrouded in woe,
 Fort Stanwix was saved by Oriskany's throe.

No New Birth, no advance in the Progress of Man,
 Has occurred since the tale of his sufferings began,
 Without anguish unspeakable, deluge of blood.
 The Past's buried deep 'neath incarnadine flood.
 So, when, at Oriskany, slaughter had done
 Its fell work with the tomahawk, hunting knife, gun;
 From the earth soaked with blood, and the whirlwind of fire
 Rose the living's reward and the fallen's desire,
 Independence!

For there, on Oriskany's shore,
 Was fought out the death-wrestle deciding the war!

If our country is free and its flag, first displayed
 On the ramparts of Stanwix, in glory's arrayed;
 If the old “Thirteen Colonies” won the renown
 “*Sic semper tyrannis;*” beat Tyranny down;
 There, there, at Oriskany, the wedge first was driven,
 By which British Invasion was splintered and riven,
 Though at Hoosic and “Saratog” the work was completed,
 The end was made clear with St. Leger defeated;
 Nor can boast be disproved, on Oriskany's shore
 Was worked out the grim problem involved in the war.

APPENDIX.

GENERAL HERKIMER MONUMENT ASSOCIATION.

This association was organized in Herkimer county, August 18, 1877, and the following plan and appeal for the accomplishment of its desirable object was adopted and issued. The chief officers are SAMUEL EARL, of Herkimer, President; A. H. GREENE, of Little Falls, Secretary, and EZRA GRAVES, of Herkimer, Treasurer.

TO THE PUBLIC:

The organization of the General Herkimer Monument Association has been completed, and for the information of the public the executive committee begs leave to state in brief the object of the association and its plan for raising funds. It is proposed by this association to erect a suitable monument to the memory of General Nicholas Herkimer, the heroic leader in one of the most important battles of the war for our national independence, and as this tribute to his memory and patriotism has been too long delayed, principally because no persons have ever been appointed, whose special duty it should be to undertake the work, this organization has been effected, and will, if the funds be provided, perform the sacred duty so long neglected of rearing a monument which shall commemorate the services and sacrifices of General Herkimer and of the brave men who fought and died by his side. It is expected that the greater part of the funds necessary to perform this duty will be raised through memberships to this association, which are fixed at one dollar each, though the committee solicit and expect subscriptions from the wealthy and liberal-hearted beyond the mere fee for membership. Every person paying one dollar will become a member of the association and be entitled to a voice in all its proceedings, and will receive a certificate of membership. A record in alphabetical order will be kept of all the members of the association, and a record also will be kept of all sums of money paid or received for the use of the association, and by whom paid. The executive committee will from time to time publish the names of persons becoming members, and the gross amount of moneys received, in order that the public may know what progress the association makes in raising funds; and they appeal to every patriotic man and woman to become members of the association, and they suggest to parents to make their children members also.

Let there be prompt and generous reponse in all parts of this and adjacent counties, in order that the committee may be enabled to accomplish the object of the association.

S. EARL, HERKIMER.

E. M. BURROWS, MIDDLEVILLE.

J. SHULL, GERMAN FLATS.

J. R. STEBBINS, LITTLE FALLS.

H. LEWIS, SCHUYLER.

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AT UTICA.

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[*From the Magazine of American History, November, 1877.*]

THE HISTORICAL SIGNIFICANCE OF THE BATTLE OF ORISKANY.

BY S. N. DEXTER NORTH.

On the sixth of August the citizens of the Mohawk Valley commemorated at Oriskany, with appropriate exercises, the whole series of events which made that valley so famous and so ill-fated during the Revolution. One hundred years ago on the day and the place of this celebration was fought the most singular battle of the Revolution. But the Battle of Oriskany, in spite of its singular features and its important relation to the campaign of 1777 in Northern New York, is one of which history has thus far barely taken cognizance. It was fought on the uttermost borders of the wilderness by rural soldiers; and the brave commander of the Americans died of his wounds before he had time to write an official account of his victory. But for the industrious zeal of such local historians as Stone, Simms, Campbell and Benton we should have lost all clew to its details. It is remarkable that we have to go to British historians for the most comprehensive summary of its effects.

In recalling the forgotten or overlooked importance of the Battle of Oriskany, I have the authority of Burgoyne on the one hand and of General Philip Schuyler on the other, for the inference that without the successful defense of Fort Stanwix there could have been no Saratoga. The whole result of the Revolution may therefore be said to have turned upon the campaign against St. Leger, in the Mohawk Valley.

The historians of that year have failed to catch and dwell upon this fact. The English historians have more generally appreciated the importance of the St. Leger campaign than our own. This is natural, for in the Whitehall councils of Lord George Germain, where every detail of the expedition was carefully arranged the year before, it was understood that the success of the three-sided campaign against New York might turn upon the success of this branch of it; and Burgoyne, in his defense, did not hesitate to hint that he might have been saved the necessity of capitulation had he received the expected succor of St. Leger. On the other hand, the Continental Congress from first to last manifested an incomprehensible indifference to the defense of the Mohawk Valley. Neither its deliberations nor its preparations indicate realization of the fact that it was the key to Albany and the Hudson. The valley was left to its fate. At the last moment, when Schuyler, apprised of St. Leger's advance and the Oriskany battle, insisted upon detaching the army of relief under Arnold, he was accused by his council of officers of thick-headedness and treason.

The miscarriage of St. Leger's expedition was due to the miscalculation of the home government which planned it. The force under his command was a picked one, but altogether too small. There were three good reasons to excuse and explain this blunder. First, St. Leger's advance was through an unprotected country and against undisciplined forces; second, it was expected, upon the positive assertions of Sir John Johnson, that at every step of his progress his army would be swelled by a rising tide of Mohawk Valley loyalists, until it should reach Albany an irresistible force, sweeping all before it and cutting off the last retreat of the army which held the sources of the

Hudson against Burgoyne; third, the alliance of the warlike tribes of the Six Nations was relied upon as insuring a sufficient augmentation of forces and a terribly effective co-operation.

Never did a brilliant plan more miserably miscarry. Each of these three expectations failed in turn. British authorities are silent at the chagrin of the Government over this miscarriage, for it was due almost wholly to the bad judgment of the Government. St. Leger did every thing in the power of a single man to carry out his instructions. At no point in his conduct of the campaign was he open to the criticism of his superiors. The people of the Mohawk Valley execrate the memory of Sir John Johnson with hearty Dutch hatred. But they are nevertheless indebted to his over-sanguine representations and his blinded judgment for the slight preparation made to subdue their valley. The most interesting study which this subject presents may be found in the reasons why these three expectations proved to be false.

Oriskany was the first battle of the Revolutionary War in which an untrained militia proved its prowess and availability. I have been much interested in tracing the antecedents of the eight hundred men who rallied to the call of General Nicholas Herkimer, followed him into the ambushade at Oriskany, stood their ground when assailed by an invisible and savage enemy, and fought for five hours until the field was theirs. History made no record of the names of these men; but from family records and local chronicles we know that the army of General Herkimer consisted of four regiments of the militia of Tryon county, containing barely a hundred men each, and reenforced by a motley crowd of volunteers, among whom were many members of the Committee of Safety, physicians, law-

yers, and at least one member of the Legislature. Officers and privates were civilians, though some had tasted of war in the French invasion of '58. With but few exceptions they were farmers, and were chiefly the descendants of the Palatines, who had moved up the valley shortly after the immigration of 1709. The privates were almost to a man land owners or sons of land owners. Frequent Indian raids had rendered the Tryon county farmers familiar with the use of arms. When called together by the proclamation of General Herkimer, July 17, they were harvesting their hay—a war process in itself. In each locality the farmers assembled in bodies, and cut and housed the hay of the farms in routine order, part of the men standing guard with muskets loaded and cocked against a sudden foray of Indians or Tories as the case might be.

In the midst of this martial agriculture came the news that Fort Stanwix was invested. They knew that if they did not succor it their crops would be housed for the benefit of the enemy. They all went. Every loyal farm house was denuded of men. Among the militia at Oriskany were many old men of sixty and young men of sixteen. They went in platoons of families. There were nine members of the Snell family in the battle, of whom seven were buried on the field. There were five Waggoners, five Wollovers, five Bellingers, four Foxes, four Durckells, five Seebers, four Petries, and so through all the list. Grandfathers, fathers, brothers, sons, fought side by side and died together. When this little army, marching haphazard like farmers through the woody defiles that skirted the Mohawk river, found itself suddenly surrounded and cut in two, and heard the forest resound with the savage war whoop, it neither ran nor faltered. Picked troops never found themselves in a situation quite so terrible.

When the fate of Napoleon hung upon the household troops of France they charged an enemy that was neither hidden nor savage, that neither fought with horrid yells nor scalped every man who fell. If history afforded any parallel to this feat of a handful of green levies, we might forgive her for having so slighted the Battle of Oriskany. It is not surprising that Lord George Germain did not include the Tryon county militia in his calculations of the chances, for had he been a better student of history than he was he would have found no record like that of Oriskany.

Again, the Battle of Oriskany was the first intimation, couched in such terms as to make it unmistakable, of the vast error the British Government was making in its reliance upon the tory element among the colonists for the subjugation of the revolted provinces.

Not before had it become thoroughly clear that the revolt was something more than a desultory struggle. The force assigned to Barry St. Leger for the expedition from Oswego was ridiculously disproportionate to its hazard and importance, save upon the single theory that it was to serve merely as a nucleus, to so attract the loyalists that they would roll down the river like an avalanche. His troops were detachments of the 8th and 34th regiments, a body of Hanau Chasseurs, and a company of "Greens," 133 strong, raised by Sir John Johnson from the very country to be invaded, and his witnesses to the tory sentiment of the valley. In all there were 1,700 soldiers, swelled to nearly three times that number of men by Indians and Canadian axemen.

But the error of judgment was not unnatural. Four hundred tories were with Burgoyne, and each one reported his neighbors only waiting a more favorable opportunity to join the King's ranks. Regiments of loyalists were raised without difficulty in the southern

part of the State. Sabine boldly asserts that the tories were in an actual majority in the New York Colony at the outbreak of hostilities. It is not surprising that the ministry should have so believed, for the sympathies of two-thirds of the men of wealth and the landed proprietors were certainly with the Crown. It was natural to suppose that the baronial lords of New York could control the political opinions of their tenantry. And so they often did. In the center of the Mohawk Valley lay the vast estates of the Johnsons. Around their fortified manor house clustered a large tenantry of English and Scotch, who were loyalists almost to a man. It is one of the unwritten traditions of the Mohawk Valley that Sir William Johnson died of a broken heart; that the struggle in his own mind, where generous instincts were many, between loyalty to the king who had made him all he was, and sympathy with the colonists in a revolt against a tyranny he knew to be odious, was so severe that life gave way under the strain. Whether this tradition be true or not, it is certain that no such scruples troubled the sons and sons-in-law of the royal Superintendent of Indians. No sooner had the estates descended than vigorous measures went on to repress the disloyal element in the valley. The local chronicles bear evidence that there were five or six hundred tories in this Mohawk district where the Johnsons resided, and more than a hundred whigs never got together against them. But above this district, towards the head of the valley, England had planted the colony of the Palatines—not unselfishly as many historians write, but to serve as a human wall of protection for the English settlers against the incursions of the French and Indians. Already the homes and crops of the Palatines had been once destroyed. They had no special reason to be loyal to Eng-

land. Unbiased by ties of blood or affection for a mother country, they judged the crisis upon its merits, and almost to a man they cast their lot with the colonists. Thus it was the Palatines who saved the Mohawk Valley. There were exceptions even among them. As Gouverneur Morris had a brother, Staats, and a brother-in-law, Dr. Isaac Wilkins, so General Herkimer had a brother, Han Yost, and a brother-in-law, Rosecrants. One was a bitter tory, and the other, like a great many of the reverend gentlemen of the Revolution, was a neutral with royal sympathies. History has taken a most unphilosophical view of a scene which occurred while Herkimer's little army was marching to the relief of Fort Stanwix. The General was for delay. He seems to have had a premonition of the ambushade that was already prepared for him. But his officers at once suspected his good faith, and bluntly said so. They were thinking of Han Yost and the reverend brother-in-law. The charge of disloyalty was wiped out by Herkimer's blood not many hours after it was made. As a matter of historical fact there was hardly a man in that little band of militia who did not suspect that he was marching between two traitors. At that early stage of the valley-war universal suspicion was a military necessity. There had been no test of an individual sentiment as yet. Oriskany supplied one which lasted. After that the Council of Safety wrote no more letters complaining of the disloyalty of Tryon county, and the Johnsons wrote no more letters to the home government predicting an "uprising" in the Mohawk Valley; and I think I am justified, in view of all the attendant circumstances, in the opinion that if the Battle of Oriskany had not been fought, or had terminated differently, the expected tory "uprising" in the valley would have occurred, and the whole situation of 1777 have been reversed.

In the third place, the Battle of Oriskany was the first intimation to the British that their Indian alliance was not to be effective in a regular war. They entertained, not unnaturally, an extravagant estimate of the prowess of the Six Nations. They reckoned them as even more effective than regular British troops in a campaign in a new country, with whose topography and perplexities they were familiar. The whole force of Indians who accompanied St. Leger from Oswego, upwards of one thousand in number, was at Oriskany, and the burden of the battle was upon them. They were led by Thayendanegea—Joseph Brant—chief of the Mohawks, the ideal Indian, with the quickest wit, the strongest arm, the bravest heart of any chief in the traditions of the Six Nations. They entered the battle with the understanding that no limitations were to be set to their peculiar methods of warfare. For every scalp of a Mohawk Valley farmer brought from the field, the savage at whose belt it hung was to claim and receive a reward.

The English could make no complaint of the valor displayed by their Indian allies during the earlier stages of the battle. The English themselves were to blame, because at the crisis the red men suddenly fell into a panic, sounded the "Oonah" of retreat, and scampered off into the woods. They had been told that these "Dutch Yankees" from the valley were "pudding faces," who would permit themselves to be scalped and robbed with impunity. I am compelled to the conviction that the doughty warriors of the Six Nations much preferred this sort of an antagonist. A dozen of their chiefs were slain at Oriskany, and something less than a hundred of their warriors. It was too much of a loss for Indian equanimity. To the end of the war the Indians were never again persuaded to

attack an organized force, or to make a stand against an army.

But Oriskany taught the English that the Indians were not only unreliable, but actually dangerous as allies. St. Leger endeavored to terrorize the garrison of Fort Stanwix into surrender by threats that a longer resistance would exasperate his Indian allies into a general massacre of the defenseless people of the valley. He professed his inability to hold them in check when once their natural passions were fully aroused. He was nearer right than he thought. They were already in a panic, and their fear was as far beyond control as their barbarity or their cupidity. His demand for surrender had hardly been rejected before they compelled him to break camp and retreat, as he himself confesses, "with all the precipitation of a rout." Once beyond the danger, the fear of the Indians again gave way to cupidity. Deprived of the promised plunder of the garrison and the valley, they turned to and plundered their friends. The evidence is conclusive that the regular troops suffered severely in that retreat from the unrestrainable avarice and ferocity of the Indians. A scalp was a scalp in Indian ethics, no matter what were the political opinions of the brain beneath it. Johnson had over-estimated his personal influence with the red men. It was strong enough to induce them to violate their treaties of neutrality, but it was powerless to put into them that capacity for regular war which they never possessed. In due time King and Parliament were officially informed that the Indians "treacherously committed ravages upon their friends;" that "they could not be controlled;" that "they killed their captives after the fashion of their tribes;" and that "they grew more and more unreasonable and importunate." Indeed, the influence of the Indians over their allies

was much stronger than any the latter exerted. From the disastrous expedition against Fort Stanwix Sir John Johnson emerged a full fledged Indian in his instincts, the leader of a band of assassins, attacking the defenseless homes of his old neighbors at midnight, and murdering their dwellers in their beds. He made two incursions upon the Mohawk Valley during the remainder of the war, and the Indians who accompanied him were not more expert than he in devising ambuscades or more relentless in their inhuman revenge.

If I have not placed too much importance upon these three facts which the Battle of Oriskany established, the historians of the Revolution have failed to give to the engagement that position to which it is entitled. Many of them barely allude to it in passing hurriedly over the preliminaries of the Burgoyne campaign. Most of our own historians concede the claim of a British victory there, without undertaking the examination of the slender grounds upon which that claim has rested in security. Irving intimates that "it does not appear that either party was entitled to the victory;" Lossing passes it by as "the defeat of Herkimer," and Dr. Thacher as "the victory of St. Leger." There was no official report of the Battle of Oriskany in behalf of the Americans there engaged, and in the absence of such a report the whole matter has been permitted to go by default. The impudent letter in which St. Leger boasted of his victory to Burgoyne has been permitted to harden into history. Fortunately it is not too late to estimate Oriskany by its results. The technical evidence of their victory resides in the fact that the Tryon county militia held the field, from which their enemies fled, and carried off their wounded at leisure. The substantial evidence is that they were marching to the relief of Fort Stanwix, and the raising of the siege

of that fort was the direct result of the battle. It was the demoralization of his Indian allies which compelled St. Leger's precipitate retreat a week later, and it was Oriskany which created the demoralization. It was Oriskany which protected the rear of Gates' army. It was Oriskany which prevented a tory uprising that might not have been confined to the Mohawk Valley. It was Oriskany which convinced the patriots that their raw troops were not a hopeless defense against the trained soldiers of England. It was Oriskany which, in the words of Washington, "first reversed the gloomy scene" of the opening years of the Revolution.

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MEMOIR
OF THE
CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION

OF
Burgoyne's Surrender,

HELD AT SCHUYLERVILLE, N. Y.,

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE SARATOGA MONUMENT ASSOCIATION,

On the 17th of October, 1877.

PREPARED BY
WILLIAM L. STONE,
Secretary of the Association.

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

ALBANY:
JOEL MUNSELL.

1878. 4

NOTE.

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

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CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION
OF THE
SURRENDER OF BURGOYNE.

NARRATIVE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Among the public buildings thus decorated were the new school building, the engine-house and the churches of St. Stephen and of the Visitation. The Dutch Reformed church wreathed garlands of the red, white and blue around its doric pillars, and the Methodists also expressed their patriotism by a fine display of flags and streamers. The Goldsmith and Gaily Houses were profusely hung with bunting and colored lanterns, and the Schuylerville House presented a picturesque front with its heavy festoonings of evergreens interwoven with the red berries of the bay. Suspended over the main street at a prominent point was a pictorial representation of the surrender. Burgoyne was painted in the act of handing his sword to Gates, while underneath the scene was inscribed the British general's remark: "The fortune of war, General Gates, has made me your prisoner." At a number of points, from newly erected flag-staffs, American colors were floating¹; and here and there one saw now a

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

portrait of George Washington, and again one of Philip Schuyler, Morgan or some other old hero in a frame of evergreen. Nor was this kind of work confined to Schuylerville. Standing near the site of the monument the eye took in, for miles around, flags waving from poles set up for the nonce before innumerable farm-houses. In the distance, snugly nestled among the lower spurs of the Green mountains, the pretty villages of Greenwich and Middle Falls looked like two fleets riding at anchor, their tall masts flying gaily colored pennants as if for some great naval victory. Saratoga and Washington counties seemed in very truth to have hung their banners upon the outer walls. Indeed, as it was well said at the time, "What, with the vivid hues of autumn upon the trees, and the vivid hues of patriotism upon the houses, the village and its vicinage looked as gay and attractive as did the splendid army of Burgoyne, as it sailed up Lake Champlain in June 1777, when the sun shone on the scarlet coats of British grenadiers, and on the bright helmets of the German dragoons¹."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Saratoga Centennial Cavalry, Major T. S. Hassett commanding, brought up the rear. This company numbered upward of eighty horsemen, and attired in the attractive uniform of Gates's Centennials, they elicited much praise from the bystanders whenever they appeared. This cavalcade formed the escort, or rather the rear guard, to the orators, poets, officers of the day, members of the Saratoga Monument Association and invited guests, who, seated in open carriages, formed the civic portion of the procession. In one of the carriages were Horatio Seymour, George William Curtis and Alfred B. Street, each wearing on his breast, not the gorgeous insignia of the courts of kings, but — typical of Republican simplicity — a silk badge, on which was attached a plain rosette made of the dry leaves of the palmetto.¹ Among the most honored guests were ex-Senator Foster, of Connecticut, whose father was in both battles of Bemis's Heights, and George L. Schuyler, of New York, a grandson of Gen. Philip Schuyler. In another carriage, also, rode Albert Clements, aged² ninety-six, George Strover, eighty-six,

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

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

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

The procession was more than a mile in length, and

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

¹ *Harper's Weekly.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

It had been the intention to close the celebration with a brilliant military spectacle representing the surrender of Burgoyne to the Continental troops. It was, however, almost dusk when the speaking was finished; and, accordingly, Judge Lester, in dismissing the audience, stated that the Connecticut boys² refused to surrender, and that the exercises would therefore be brought to an end by a dress parade. By a curious coincidence both Judge Lester and Col. Ritchie closed the exercises at the two stands by announcing an adjournment until the next centennial in 1977. Although these gentlemen seemed to have little faith that many of their auditors would be present at the second centennial of the same great event, it is to be hoped that they will be mistaken in this instance; and if such should be the case, we trust they may be among the number of those who shall be spared to see that joyous day.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

OFFICERS OF THE DAY.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 17th, 1877.

PRESIDENTS OF THE DAY:

HON. CHARLES S. LESTER, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

GEN. EDWARD F. BULLARD, “ “ “

VICE-PRESIDENTS AT LARGE:

GEORGE L. SCHUYLER, New York City.

PHILIP SCHUYLER, “ “ “

HON. CHARLES O'CONNOR, New York.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, “ “

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

HON. HAMILTON FISH, New York.
 EX-GOVERNOR HOFFMAN, " "
 HON. FREDERICK DEPEYSTER, Pres. N. Y. Historical Society.
 HON. GEORGE W. CURTIS, New York.
 MANTON MARBLE, " "
 HENRY B. DAWSON, " "
 HON. ELLIS H. ROBERTS, Utica.
 HON. WILLIAM J. BACON, "
 E. F. DELANCEY, New York City.
 THOMAS W. OLCOTT, Albany.
 JOEL MUNSELL, "
 J. V. L. PRUYN, "
 HON. ROBERT S. HALE, Elizabethtown, N. Y.
 O. H. MARSHALL, Buffalo, N. Y.
 HON. HILAND HALL, Bennington, Vt.
 C. M. BLISS, Sec. Bennington Mon. Ass'n, Bennington, Vt.
 GILES B. SLOCUM, Trenton, Mich.
 JAMES MCFARLAND, New Jersey.
 ETHAN ALLEN, New York.
 WM. H. THOMAS, Bergen, N. J.
 HON. JOHN H. STARIN, Fultonville.
 PARKER HANDY, New York.
 JOHN F. SEYMOUR, Utica.
 HON. B. W. THROCKMORTON, Bergen, N. J.
 HON. HENRY G. ROOT, Bennington, Vt.
 MAJ. A. B. VALENTINE, " "
 HON. M. S. COLBURN, Manchester, Vt.
 EX-GOV. JOHN B. PAGE, Rutland, "
 LT. GOV. REDFIELD S. PROCTOR, Rutland, Vt.
 LT. GOV. E. J. PHELPS, Burlington, Vt.
 EX-GOV. JOHN W. STEWART, Middlebury, Vt.
 HON. FREDERICK E. WOODBRIDGE, Vergennes, Vt.
 WM. H. CLEMENT, Morrow, Ohio.
 PRESIDENT POTTER, Union College, Schenectady.
 CLARENCE BATE, Louisville, Ky.
 COL. JOHN HAY, Cleveland, Ohio.
 GENERAL STEPHEN D. KIRK, Charleston, South Carolina.

SARATOGA COUNTY.

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

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

Ballston — G. G. SCOTT, N. GILMOUR.

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

Clifton Park — J. PECK, H. PARKER.

Corinth — E. EDWARDS, N. M. HOUGHTON.

Day — I. W. GUILLES, E. DARLING.

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

Galway — DR. PRESTON, I. BROCKETT.

Hadley — C. ROCKWELL, A. PALMER.

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

Malta — CAPT. ROGERS, J. TRIPP.

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

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

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

Providence — W. B. CLARK, P. MEAD.

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

Waterford — J. B. ENOS, D. T. LAMB.

Wilton — B. B. GRIPPEN, C. BOYCE.

WASHINGTON COUNTY.

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

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

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

Sandy Hill — J. DWYER, A. L. ALLEN.

Fort Ann — J. HALL.

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

Granville—R. C. BETTS.

Argyle—A. BARKLEY, H. DODD.

Hartford—M. J. INGALSBEЕ, J. M. NORTHUP.

Salem—J. GIBSON, JR., S. W. RUSSELL.

Cambridge—J. S. SMART, H. GORDON.

WARREN COUNTY.

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

Luzerne—B. C. BUTLER.

RENSSELAER COUNTY.

Schaghticoke—J. A. QUACKENBUSH, J. KNICKERBACKER.

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

ALBANY COUNTY.

Albany—MAYOR BANKS, J. W. SMITH, C. E. SMITH, A. A. KEYES, L. THOMPSON.

Cohoes—C. H. ADAMS, D. J. JOHNSON.

SCHENECTADY COUNTY.

C. SANFORD, EX-MAYOR HUNTER.

MONTGOMERY COUNTY.

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

CLINTON COUNTY.

S. M. WEED.

SECRETARIES:

W. L. STONE, Secretary Monument Association New York.

E. W. B. CANNING, Cor. Sec. Saratoga Monument Ass'n.

D. F. RITCHIE, A. S. PEASE, E. J. HULING, Saratoga Springs.

H. L. GROSE, W. S. WATERBURY, Ballston Spa.

R. L. PALMATEER, Waterford.

H. C. MORHOUSE, Greenwich.

H. D. MORRIS, Salem.

H. T. BLANCHARD, Fort Edward.

J. L. McARTHUR, Granville.

J. H. CUSHMAN, Bennington.

GRAND MARSHAL.

GEN. W. B. FRENCH, Saratoga Springs.

ASSISTANT MARSHALS:

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

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

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

Greenwich — DR. GRAY.

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

Albany — GEN. DICKERMAN.

Troy — GEN. CARR.

Sandy Hill — GEN. CHARLES HUGHES.

Luzerne — COL. B. C. BUTLER.

COMMITTEES:

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

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

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

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

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

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

Military — D. S. POTTER, A. WELCH, J. S. DILLINBECK, C. H. McNAUGHTON, S. McCREEDY, P. S. WHEELER.

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

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

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

ORDER OF THE DAY.

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

FIRST DIVISION.

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

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

SECOND DIVISION.

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

THIRD DIVISION.

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

ROUTE OF MARCH.

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

FIRST GRAND STAND.

MUSIC, DORING'S BAND.

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

MUSIC.

Introductory address by the President of the Day,

HON. CHARLES S. LESTER.

MUSIC.

Oration by EX-GOVERNOR HORATIO SEYMOUR.

Oration by GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

MUSIC.

Poem, by ALFRED B. STREET,

Read by COL. E. P. HOWE.

MUSIC.

Address by HON. LAFAYETTE S. FOSTER.

SECOND GRAND STAND.

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

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

MUSIC.

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

MUSIC.

Historical address by WILLIAM L. STONE.

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

MUSIC.

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

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

Ode by GEN. J. WATTS DEPEYSTER,

Read by REV. D. K. VAN DOREN.

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

Read by WILLIAM L. STONE.

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

Read by COL. D. F. RITCHIE.

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

GRAND BANQUET.

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

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

BY THE

Grand Lodge of the State of New York.

CORRESPONDENCE.

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

NEW YORK CITY, Sept. 7, 1877.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

NEW YORK, Sept. 14, 1877.

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

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

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

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

Very respectfully yours,

J. J. COUCH,
Grand Master.

LAYING OF THE CORNER STONE.

The ceremony of placing the corner stone into its position was conducted by M. W. J. J. Couch, Grand Master of Masons of the state of New York. He first recited the invitation to the Grand Lodge to perform the ceremony, and then called up the Grand Lodge¹ by saying:

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

INVOCATION BY THE GRAND CHAPLAIN.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The grand master then spread the cement upon the stone.

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

The grand master then seating the lodge proceeded as follows:

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

D. G. M. — The square.

G. M. — What does it teach?

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

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

(Done.)

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

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

S. G. W. — The level.

G. M. — What does it teach?

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

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

(Done.)

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

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

J. G. W. — The plumb.

G. M. — What does it teach?

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

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

(Done.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The grand marshal presented the architect, saying :

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

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

The grand master then said :

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

Benediction.

The grand marshal then made the following proclamation :

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

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

ADDRESS OF GRAND MASTER, J. J. COUCH.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ADDRESS OF HON. HORATIO SEYMOUR.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

INFLUENCE OF THE TOPOGRAPHY OF OUR COUNTRY.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

INDIAN ALLIES.

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

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

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

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

INFLUENCE OF BURGOYNE'S SURRENDER.

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

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

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

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

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

GENERAL SCHUYLER.

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

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

SARATOGA MONUMENT.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS'S ORATION.

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

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

“ The light that never was on sea or land. ”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

At evening the British army was before Ticonderoga. The

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

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

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

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

While this wild panic and alarm swept through the country,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ALFRED B. STREET'S POEM.¹

READ BY COL. E. P. HOWE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* * * * *

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* * * * *

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

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

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

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

* * * * *

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

* * * * *

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

* * * * *

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

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

* * * * *

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

* * * * *

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

EX-SENATOR FOSTER'S ADDRESS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

WILLIAM L. STONE'S HISTORICAL ADDRESS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Mr. Bancroft ascribes this delay to the fact that Burgoyne

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

of great use to the Americans, who were now enabled to transport troops across the river at pleasure, and re-ënforce the posts on the road to Fort Edward. Every hour the position of the British grew more desperate, and the prospect of escape less. There was no place of safety for the baggage, and the ground was covered with dead horses that had either been killed by the enemy's bullets or by exhaustion, as there had been no forage for four days. Even for the wounded there was no spot that could afford a safe shelter while the surgeon was binding up their wounds. The whole camp became a scene of constant fighting. The soldier dared not lay aside his arms night or day, except to exchange his gun for the spade when new entrenchments were to be thrown up. He was also debarred of water, although close to Fish creek and the river, it being at the hazard of life in the daytime to procure any, from the number of 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 reënforced by a strong detachment of the Americans, he further proposed to cross the river four miles above that fort, and continue the march to Ticonderoga through the woods, leaving Lake George on the right — a plan which was then feasible, as the road on the west bank of the river had not yet been occupied by the enemy. This proposition was approved, and an order was issued that the retreat should be be-

gun by ten o'clock that night. But when every thing was in readiness for the march, Burgoyne suddenly changed his mind, and postponed the movement until the next day, when an unexpected maneuver of the Americans, made it impossible. During the night the latter, crossing the river on rafts near the 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 Indian and Canadian allies,¹ and the losses in killed and wounded, had reduced his army one-half ; there was not food sufficient for five days ; and not a word from Clinton. Accordingly, on the 13th, he again called a general council of all his officers, including the captains of companies. The council were not long in deciding unanimously that a treaty should be at once opened with General Gates for an honorable surrender, their deliberations being doubtless hastened by several rifle-balls perforating the tent in which they were assembled, and an 18-pound cannon-ball sweeping across the table at which Burgoyne and his generals were seated.

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

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

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

They provided that the British were to march out with the honors of war, and to be furnished a free passage to England under promise of not again serving against the Americans. These terms were not carried out by congress, which acted in the matter very dishonorably, and most of the captured army, with the exceptions of Burgoyne, Riedesel, Phillips, and Hamilton, were retained as prisoners while the war lasted. The Americans obtained by this victory, at a very critical period, an excellent train of brass artillery, consisting of forty-two guns of various calibre, 4,647 muskets, 400 sets of harness, and a large supply of ammunition. The prisoners numbered 5,804, and the entire American force at the time of the surrender, including regulars (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 the Fish creek, at its junction with the Hudson. Here they left their cannon and small-arms. With a longing eye the artillery-man looked for the last time upon his faithful gun, parting with it as from his bride, and that forever. With tears trickling down his bronzed cheeks, the bearded grenadier stacked his musket to resume it no more. Others, in their rage, knocked off the butts of their arms, and the drummers stamped their drums to pieces.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE FIELD OF THE GROUNDED ARMS, SARATOGA.

WRITTEN IN 1831 BY FITZ GREENE HALLECK.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

B. W. THROCKMORTON'S ADDRESS.

SUBJECT, ARNOLD.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Conscience does make cowards of us all."

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

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

A very old couplet runs thus :

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[B. W. T.]

N. HAVEN, *June*, 1875.

"DEAR BROTHER:

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

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

Your affectionate sister,

HANNAH ARNOLD."

H. L. GLADDING'S ADDRESS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“The man who once did sell the lion’s skin
While the beast lived, was killed with hunting him.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Upon this one hundredth anniversary of the great event which

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

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

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

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

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

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

A. A. YATES'S ADDRESS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

And who are these who march between the lines ?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

GENERAL J. WATTS DE PEYSTER'S ODE,

Read by REV. D. K. VAN DOREN.

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

Brothers, this spot is holy! — Look around! —

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

Like a destroying angel, Burgoyne's host

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

And how he bore it, now, at length, we know;

How steadfastly he damm'd the crimson tide;
Baffled and stopp'd the five-fold stronger foe;²

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

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

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

O mighty soul! — by envious souls decried ;
 New York's great son in giant height now stands ;
 Argus to watch, Ulysses to decide,

Gath'ring resources with Briarean hands,
His the victorious field Harkheimer made
 St. Leger's foil, stopp'd Johnson's tiger raid ;
 Fort Stanwix sav'd, the Mohawk valley sav'd —
 Was all his work, who coward counsels brav'd ;
 Stak'd honor, fortune, all, upon the throw,
 So by the cast he beat his country's foe ;
 Oriskany is due to New York's son ;
 Likewise to Schuyler's *brain* is Bennington,
 Fought on our own state soil, on Hoosic's hill,
 Vict'ries that yet the nation's pulses thrill.

At length Burgoyne, the haughty, brought to bay

At Saratoga knew our country's might ;

At Freeman's Farm saw triumph fade away ;

Saw Hope itself take wings on Bemis Height.

Barr'd, baffled, beaten, crippled, short of food,
 In vain his craft, his vet'ran multitude,
 Caught in the toils through which he could not break,
 Chain'd like a victim to the fatal stake
 Just where we stand — thanks to Sabbath's Lord
 Boasting Burgoyne gave up his vet'ran sword.

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

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

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

All was decided here, and at this hour
 Our sun leap'd up, though clouds still veil'd its power.
 From Saratoga's hills we date the birth, —
 Our Nation's birth among the powers of earth.
 Not back to '76 New Yorker's date:
 The mighty impulse launched our "Ship of State"
 'Twas given here — where shines our rising sun
 Excelsior! These hills saw victory won.
 This vale the cradle where the colonies
 Grew into states — despite all enemies,
 Yes, on this spot — Thanks to our Gracious God
 Where last in conscious arrogance it trod,
 Defil'd as captives Burgoyne's conquer'd horde;
 Below² their general yielded up his sword
 There³ to our flag bow'd England's, battle-torn.
 Where now we stand⁴ th' United States was born!

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

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

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

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

NOTE BY THE EDITOR TO THE PRECEDING POEM.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

READ BY WILLIAM L. STONE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

READ BY COL. D. F. RITCHIE.

BENSON J. LOSSING'S LETTER.

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

William L. Stone, Esq. :

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The destruction of his property to the amount of \$50,000, his mansion and mills at Saratoga, did not draw from Schuyler a word of complaint. When Burgoyne, who had caused that destruction, was entertained at Schuyler's table, in Albany, after the surrender, and spoke feelingly of the event, the patriot replied : " Don't speak of it ; it was the fortune of war." And two days before the surrender, when tidings of negotiations to that effect had reached Schuyler, he wrote to Colonel Varick (Oct. 15, 1777) : " The event that has taken place makes the heavy loss I have sustained set quite easy upon me. Britain will probably see how fruitless her attempts to enslave us will be. I set out to-day."

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

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

Yours, with sentiments of high esteem,

BENSON J. LOSSING.

MRS. WALWORTH'S LETTER.

SARATOGA SPRINGS, Sept. 4th, 1877.

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

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

Colonel John Hardin was born in Fauquier county, Virginia, Oct. 1st, 1853. Martin Hardin, his father, moved from Fauquier county, to George's Creek, on the Monongahela river, when John was about twelve years old. This was a new settlement on the frontier, and Martin Hardin thought it was in Virginia, but when the state line was drawn, it was found to be in Pennsylvania. In their new situation, hunting was an occupation of necessity. Young Hardin, with his rifle, traversed the vales, crossed the hills and clambered the mountains in search of game until he became one of the most perfect hunters of his time. The rapidity and exactness with which he used his rifle (a weapon still preserved in the family), made him what is called a "dead shot."

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

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

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

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

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

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

Very truly yours,

ELLEN HARDIN WALWORTH.

GILES B. SLOCUM'S LETTER.

TRENTON, WAYNE CO., MICH.,

Oct. 10th, 1877.

William L. Stone, Esq.,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

With much esteem,

Very truly yours,

GILES B. SLOCUM.

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF
STEPHEN D. KIRK'S LETTER.

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

William L. Stone; Esq.,

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

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

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

With much respect,

Yours most cordially,

S. D. KIRK.

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE LETTERS. ¹

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

HAMILTON FISH.

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

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

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

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

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

Respectfully yours, GEORGE L. SCHUYLER.

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

SAM'L OSGOOD.

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

S. S. Cox.

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

E. A. MERRITT.

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

MANTON MARBLE.

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

Yours very respectfully, JOHN H. STARIN.

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

ETHAN ALLEN.

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

Yours truly,

DAVID M. STONE.

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

BAYARD TAYLOR.

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

R. S. STORRS.

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

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

PARKER HANDY.

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

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

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

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

WM. M. EVARTS.

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

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

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

D. M. KEY.

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

CHARLES DEVENS, *Attorney General.*

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

C. SCHURZ.

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

T. H. SHERMAN, *Secretary.*

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

JOS. P. BRADLEY.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Very truly yours, S. G. ARNOLD.

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

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

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

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

JAMES B. ANGELL.

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

O. H. MARSHALL.

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

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

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

JAMES B. M. KEAN.

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

R. G. INGERSOLL.

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

I remain, Yours most respectfully. COL. CLARENCE S. BATE.

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

ROB. S. HALE.

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

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

R. D. HUBBARD.

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

G. H. CAMPBELL, *Private Secretary.*

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

JAMES B. MCCREARY.

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

J. F. HARTRANFT.

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

W. R. MILLER,
Governor of Arkansas.

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

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

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

JOHN M. REIGART, *Private Secretary.*

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

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

CHAS. C. VAN ZANDT,
Governor.

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

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

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

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

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

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

S. F. CHADWICK,
Governor of Oregon.

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

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

Yours with respect, H. LUDINGTON.

Governor of Wisconsin.

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

S. B. PACKARD.

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

JAMES L. KEMPER.

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

SELDEN CONNOR,
Governor of Maine.

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

HORACE FAIRBANKS,
Governor of Vermont.

APPENDIX.

ARCHITECT'S STATEMENT.

To the Building Committee of the Saratoga Monument :

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

J. C. MARKHAM, *Architect.*

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

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

COLLECTED BY SAMUEL WELLS OF SCHUYLERVILLE, N. Y.

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

Samuel Wells,	<i>Schuyler</i>	<i>ville, N. Y.</i>
Oliver Brisbin,	“	“
George Stover,	“	“
James H. Dillingham,	“	“
Samuel St. John,	“	“
Gorden Van Valkenburgh,	“	“
Charles Van Valkenburgh,	“	“
David Crane,	“	“
William H. McCreedy,	“	“
Peter G. Gillett,	“	“
Marcus Carey,	“	“
Alanson Welch,	“	“
Lorenzo D. Welch,	“	“
Nathan Welch,	“	“
Dudley Welch,	“	“
P. Curtis,	“	“
C. Curtis,	“	“
George McCreedy,	“	“
William McCreedy,	“	“
John McCreedy,	“	“
Samuel McCreedy,	“	“
V. W. Ostrander,	“	“
W. S. Ostrander,	“	“
Cornelius B. Winne,	“	“
Valorus Winne,	“	“
S. H. Winne,	“	“
Douw F. Winne,	“	“
Seward Winne,	“	“

ROSTER OF THOSE OF THE GOVERNOR'S FOOT
GUARD OF HARTFORD, CONN., WHO WERE PRE-
SENT AT THE BURGOYNE CENTENNIAL CELE-
BRATION.

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

Sergeants.

1st John D. Tucker.
 2d James C. Pratt.
 3d C. C. Strong.
 4th T. J. Lewis.

5th L. N. Hillman.
 7th T. C. Naedele.
 8th Thomas Hewitt.

Corporals.

C. B. Lenourd.
 W. W. Bronson.
 Samuel Allen.
 W. D. Main.

E. M. Quigley.
 J. A. Downing.
 J. Robt. Dwyer.

Privates.

John H. Allen.
 W. S. Andrews.
 Samuel J. Bidwell.
 Frank C. Burr.
 J. M. Boyle.
 Robert Boyce.
 P. T. Bolton.
 E. T. Bowers.
 W. G. Cowles.
 J. P. Collord.
 D. D. Donovan.
 R. J. Dwyer.
 W. S. Dwyer.
 H. E. Easterly.
 A. H. Embler.
 Thos. Fox.
 Chas. U. Frazier.
 A. W. Gleason.
 T. H. Goodrich.
 C. E. Gilbert.
 J. J. Goodacre.
 C. G. Goodell.
 Jas. Hull.
 J. P. Haff, Jr.

John H. Hale.
 L. A. Hitchcock.
 Frank Halloner, Jr.
 Thos. H. Hewitt.
 Augustus Loomis.
 Horace G. Lord.
 Thos. Moran.
 J. H. Mannix.
 R. D. McMannus.
 G. A. J. Naedele.
 F. D. Newell.
 Jas. Officer.
 Thos. Oakes.
 John Propson.
 Edwin Smith.
 E. D. Sessions.
 Jacob Stern.
 Frank Stone.
 William B. Wells.
 Alfred Williams.
 Geo. H. Williams.
 H. O. Whitney.
 Frank G. Wells.

VETERAN CORPS.

George B. Fisher, *Captain*.

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

SUBSCRIBERS TO THE MEMOIR.

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

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

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

ERRATA.

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

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BURGOYNE.

A POEM

WRITTEN FOR THE

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION

AT SCHUYLERVILLE,

ON THE

17th of October, 1877,

OF

BURGOYNE'S SURRENDER.

BY

ALFRED B. STREET.

ALBANY:

WEED, PARSONS AND COMPANY.

1877.

Mr. STREET was appointed by the "Saratoga Monument Association" the Poet of the late Centennial Celebration of the Surrender of Burgoyne. The Poem grew to such length that a portion only was delivered at the Celebration. The whole Poem is here given.

BURGOYNE.

WHEN fell Rome's fabric, dire the ruin wrought ;
With spectral twilight the whole earth was fraught ;
A few stars shone that twilight to illumine
Where Superstition groped in Gothic gloom.
To cloistral walls fled Learning in affright,
Missals to blazon, mystic scrolls indite.
What though breathed music in Provençal bowers,
And Architecture wreathed its fadeless flowers ;
Built the dim church, with painted panes aglow,
And arched the abbey on its pillars low ;
Though Painting, of all Nature's hues the heir,
Enameled canvas into jewels rare ;
The loftiest virtues of the soul lay dead,
Right, swordless, crouched to Wrong's crowned, conquering
tread.
And though grand Freedom's essence never dies,
It drooped, despairing, under despot-skies.
If aught it asked, Darius like, the Throne,
At its awed look, in wrathful lightnings shone.
Its food the acorn and its home the cell,
Its only light but showed its manacle ;
Until its eye, at throned Oppression's foot,
Saw slavery's towering tree, its heart the root,
Cast Upas shadow o'er one common grave,
~~With~~ with ~~power~~ power ~~but~~ but ~~its~~ its ~~own~~ own ~~soul~~ soul ~~its~~ its ~~life~~ life ~~to~~ to ~~save~~ save.

And then it rose ; up with one bound it sprung ;
Thunder from a clear sky, its war-shout rung ;
Out flashed its falchion with a sunburst wide,
And wakened thousands sought its warrior side.
As the mist streaming from some towering crag,
It spread the blazon of its glittering flag ;
In savage gorges which the vulture swept,
In lonely caverns where the serpent crept,
Close where the tumbling torrent hurled its spray,
And shadowy cedars twined a twilight day,
Clutching its sword and battling on its knee,
Still Freedom fought ; and though the swelling sea
Of cruel Wrong yet drove it, struggling, higher,
It could not quench its pure, celestial fire ;
From peak to peak it rose, until the height
Showed it but heaven wherein to take its flight.
Round flew its glance, it saw its myriad foes
Following, still following, rising as it rose ;
Following, still following ! was no refuge nigh ?
Naught on the earth, and only in the sky ?
Round flew its glance, it pierced beyond the wave !
Ha ! the New World emerges ! — shall it save ?
Hark, a wild cry ! — it is the eagle's scream !
See, a broad light, the far league-conquering stream
Linking all climates, where it reaching flows,
Its head the snow-drift and its foot the rose.
Mountains rise there that know no tread of Kings ;
Blasts that waft liberty on chainless wings ;
Lakes that hold skies, the swallow tries to cross ;
Prairies, earth-oceans ; woods, a whirlwind's toss
Would seem a puny streak ; and with one tongue
All thundered “ come ! ” the welkin, echoing, rung
“ Come ! ” and it went ; it took its Mayflower flight.
Fierce raged the blast, cold billows hurled their might,

Winter frowned stern, he pierced to Freedom's heart ;
White spread the strand, and Hunger reared his dart ;
The tree-crouched panther met, by day, its sight,
The wolf's eye starred the window-pane at night ;
Though Winter entered in its heart, he braced
With strength its frame ; its feet the forest traced,
Despising hardship ; by the torrent rocked
Its bark canoe ; the wild tornado shocked
Way through the prostrate woods and, grazing, sent
No dread, as by its roof the horror went ;—
From choice it climbed the dizzy cliff to glance
Over its realm's magnificent expanse.

There the vast forest stood, the free, the green,
The wild, a tangled, thronging, vaulted scene.
In mantling emerald stretched its wavy floor
Carpets of moss and vines rich spreading o'er ;
There, the white cohosh, furzy sumac, gems
Of the wild allspice, grass and clover stems,
And strawberry, the curious Indian pipe,
The creeping pine that lays its fringy stripe
Beside the running hemlock ; higher stood
Oak, beech and maple sprouts, a brotherhood
Twin-leaved ; the branchy fern and feathery brake ;
Still higher, the dense bushes wreathed, that make
A sea waist-deep ; the saplings higher still ;
Then loftier leaves that, one twined ceiling, fill
The eye ; and towering over all, the pine
And hemlock, whose green crowns forever shine
In light, or frown in gloom, and feel the breath
Of every wind ; while, motionless as death,
The depths below ; through this cleft roofing, pries
The sunshine ; vistas open where the skies
Admit the grass to grow and bird to build,

The flowers to flourish and the sunlight gild.
 Through ambush green the little mole-rill tells
 Its burrowing by its purl along the dells;
 Mounds in the soft, black mould proclaim the dens
 Of woodchuck, fox and rabbit; ready fens
 Bristle; vast swamps of laurel spread around
 In pools where trees dead, spectral, stand; the ground
 Sodden with wet, yields rank, green slime and moss
 To old, black logs and branches fallen across;
 In hideous contrast to the lovely green
 And living things of the surrounding scene.
 Here glance the graceful deer; the panther prowls;
 The big, black bear jolts round; the gaunt wolf howls;
 The small, red tribesmen of the woodland swarm,
 Live their glad summer lives, and nestle warm
 In their close winter haunts; the eagle claps
 His pinion here; the famished vulture flaps
 In searching flight; the pigeon of the wood
 Colors the green with blue; her downy brood
 The partridge hides at danger's sign; the quail
 Chequers the vista's gold; its nightly wail
 The whippoorwill repeats; till Autumn's sad
 Katydid dirge proclaims that all things glad
 Are leaving; then October's sunset glows
 And Winter's twilight brings the choking snows.

Broadening the picture, here, grand rivers rolled
 Grand mountains rose; and in their numbers bold,
 Wild foemen thronged with tomahawk and knife
 Ready to whelm in most unequal strife,
 But what of these! a stalwart heart and arm
 Freedom upbore, the danger owned a charm,
 And in the forest with bold tread it trod
 Waging the contest for itself and God.

And soon blithe harvests waved where forests frowned ;
Roofs studded rivers ; and in gladdening sound
The song of Peace and Industry arose,
Where burst the war-whoops of unsparing foes ;
And church-spires pointed where up towered the pine ;
And Freedom planted sure its ever-living shrine.

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

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

Stately the sight, Recording History shows
When the red walls of our Republic rose !
Reared in deep woods, beneath a scarce-known sky,
In puny strifes that hardly claimed the eye

Of lands still trembling with the thundering track
 Of Saxe and Marlborough ; where startling, back
 Russia's black Eagle had the Crescent hurled,
 Threatening so late to dominate the world.

In a grand age our Nation opened eye !
 A dazzling sunshine bathed the mental sky ;
 Voltaire his keen bright darts of wit still sent ;
 Rousseau his tender moonlight sentiment ;
 Napoleon's star was rising to absorb
 All space in grandeur of his fierce, wild orb ;
 Painting wore garland that Sir Joshua wreathed ;
 Promethean life Canova's marble breathed ;
 Cowper was shedding his soft gentle strains
 Over old England's rustic fields and lanes ;
 Burns, lyric lark ! whose nest was by the plow,
 Forming his song-pearls for his Scotia's brow ;
 At Garrick's art the Drama laughed and grieved ;
 In Dibdin's sailor-songs, pleased Ocean heaved ;
 Johnson was building up his pomp of words ;
 White hearkening speech from animals and birds ;
 Goldsmith had just, by death, from his resort
 Been freed, his picturesque, cracked, clothes-lined court ;
 Linnæus was yielding language mute to flowers ;
 Gibbon re-rearing Rome's majestic towers ;
 Herschel, with daring clutch, was making prize
 Of God's grand secrets in the startled skies ;
 Burke shedding round his rich auroral gleams ;
 Pitt weaving Britain in a web of schemes ;
 While Cook, his far away sea-bird wing unfurled,
 Searching Pacific's dim, mysterious world
 Weltering round isles where Fancy reared her throne,
 In scenes to Learning's utmost lore unknown.

Mid all this affluence of deed and thought
 With which this age of majesty was fraught,
 Two war-cries rung on a new nation's breath,
 This from the warm South, "Liberty or Death!"
 This from the cold North, both stern shouted thence,
 "Nothing for tribute, millions for defense!"
 Up sprung a Land with weapon bared for use,
 Like Pallas bounding from the brow of Zeus.

The Revolution, our Heroic Age!
 Its deeds, its times should every heart engage!
 Not in the mist of mythic doubt it lies;
 Its fingers touch us and it fills our eyes.
 The household antlers hold the musket yet
 Which rang at Concord;—that bent bayonet
 Glittered at Yorktown;—yea, but few years back,
 The grand-sire lingered who had seen the track
 Of famed Burgoyne a century ago,
 Who bowed his haughty head before his generous foe.

Yea, a Heroic Age! athwart the breast
 Of many a battle-field, its seal is prest;
 In woods, still sighs the pine for many a lost;
 Fields in thick waves, by many a grave is crost;
 Many the deeds that dear Tradition keeps;
 Many the heart with household fame that leaps;

The dead that perished! many and many a shrine
 Is strewed around where tenderest memories twine;
 In gloomy gorges where the eagle wheels,
 Under the storm-cliff where the thunder peals,
 In grassy dingles where the wild-bird sings,
 By the bright streamlet where the cowslip swings,
 In rocky glens where cascades whiten down,

In chasms where hemlocks cast eternal frown,
 In woods where wail the winds without a break,
 In lonely clearing and by sail-white lake,
 There sleep the brave; we reap the seed they sowed!
 Cherish their memories then, while memory holds abode.

On Concord green, the rustic king's arm woke;
 And Bunker donned his battle helm of smoke;
 Clubbing his musket, on he strode to where
 His footstep led him through the Lion's lair;
 The Union Flag, with crosses of St. George
 And Andrew, and the stripes in Freedom's forge
 Wrought like hot steel's white-crimson hues, appeared
 At Cambridge-camp, by Washington up-reared;
 (The crosses sign of our yet loyalty;
 The stripes significant we would be free);
 The foe was swept from Boston, but his tread
 Was o'er the Excelsior City's humbled head;
 Washington, printing Jersey with his blood,
 Fled from the foe; then o'er the icy flood
 Of Trenton sent the King his Christmas-dole
 Launched in fierce lightnings from his wrathful soul;
 And then his New-Year greeting, where the height
 Of Princeton gleamed in victory's gladdening light.

The Crown surveying thus the varying tide
 Of conquest, towering in its haughty pride,
 In close debate, at last its plan evolved,
 And on one final crushing blow resolved.

New England, east of the Excelsior State,
 In its stern hills and rocky vales, the great
 And teeming camp for freedom's battles, formed;
 West, the wild lakes with savage nations swarmed,

That struck the war-post for their sire, the King;
Could Britain's arm, in one grand effort, swing
A blow to cleave the Excelsior State beneath;
New England's blade were powerless in its sheath;
Their portals spread, the Great Lakes would outpour
Their fierce red floods to whelm the region o'er,
The struggling, hopeless South, then, part by part.
Would yield, till freedom left the nation's heart.

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

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

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

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

A deep stern sound! the starting signal-roar!
 And up Champlain Burgoyne's great squadron bore.
 In front, his savage ally's bark canoes
 Flashing in all their bravery wild of hues;
 Their war-songs sounding and their paddles timed;
 Next the batteaux, their rude, square shapes sublimed
 With pennon, sword and bayonet, casting glow
 In penciled pictures on the plain below:
 Last, the grand ships, by queenly Mary led
 Where shines Burgoyne in pomp of gold and red;
 And then in line, St. George, Inflexible
 And radeau Thunderer, dancing on the swell
 The glad wind made; how stately shone the scene!
 June in the forests each side smiling green!
 The graceful chestnut's dark green dome was fraught
 With golden tassels; ivory, seeming brought

From winter lingering in the Indian Pass,
Mantled the locust ; as in April grass
Rich dandelions burn, the basswood showed
Its bells of yellow ; while the dogwood glowed
In a white helmet thickly plumed atop ;
The earlier cherry let its sweet pearls drop
With every breeze ; the hemlock smiled with edge
Fringed in fresh emerald ; even the sword-like sedge,
Sharp mid the snowy lily-goblets set
In the nooked shallows like a spangled net,
Was jeweled with brown bloom. By curving point
Where glittering ripples umber sands anoint
With foamy silver, by deep crescent bays
Sleeping beneath their veil of drowsy haze,
By watery coverts shimmering faint in film,
Broad, rounded knolls one creamy, rosy realm
Of laurel blossom with the kalmia-urns
Dotted with red, the fleet, as sentient, turns
The winding channel ; in tall towers of white
The stately ships reflect the golden light
Dazzling the lake ; the huge batteaux ply deep
Their laboring, dashing pathway ; fronting, keep,
With measured paddle-stabs, the light canoes
Their gliding course ; the doe, upstarting, views
And hides her fawn ; the panther marks the scene
And bears her cubs within the thicket's screen ;
The wolf lifts sharpened ear and forward foot ;
Waddles the bear away with startled hoot
As some sail sends a sudden flash of white
In the cove's greenery, slow essaying flight
The loon rears, flapping, its checked, grazing wings,
Till up it struggling flies and downward flings
Its Indian whoop ; the bluebird's sapphire hue
Kindles the shade ; the pigeon's softer blue

Breaks, swarming, out; the robin's warble swells
 In crumply cadence from the skirting dells;
 And restless rings the bobolink's bubbly note
 From the clear bell that tinkles in his throat.
 Thus stately, cheerily moves the thronging fleet!
 On the lake's steel the blazing sunbeams beat;
 But now a blast comes blustering from a gorge;
 The white caps dance; it bends the tall St. George
 And even the Thunderer tosses; the array
 Breaks up; canoe, bateau, grope doubtful way
 Through the dim air; in spectral white, each sail
 Glances and shivers in the whistling gale;
 All the green paintings of point, bank and tree
 Vanish in black and white, and all but see
 A close horizon where near islands lose
 Their shapes, and distant ranks of forest fuse
 Into a mass; at length the blast flies off
 Shallows stop rattling, and the hollow cough
 Of surges into caves makes gradual cease
 Till on, the squadron glides, once more in sunny peace.

So in some blue-gold day white clouds up-float
 In shining throng, and next are dashed remote
 By a fierce wind, then join in peace again
 And smoothly winnow o'er the heavenly plain;
 Or so some fleet of wild fowl on the lake,
 Dipping and preening, quiet journey take,
 Till the sky drops an eagle circling low
 For the straight plunge; wild scattering to and fro
 They seek the shed of bank, the cave of plants,
 Tunnel of stream, wherever lurk their haunts,
 Until the baffled eagle seeks again
 His sky, and safety holds, once more, its reign.

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

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

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

The grassy vista with its grazing deer ;
The lone loon oaring on its shy career ;
The withered pine-tree with its fish-hawk nest ;
The eagle-cyrie on some craggy crest ;
The rich white lilies that wide shallows told ;
Their yellow sisters with their globes of gold
At the stream's mouth ; the ever changeful Lake ;
Here, a green gleaming, there, a shadowy rake
Of scudding air-breath ; here, a dazzling flash
Searing the eyeball ; there, a sudden dash
Of purple from some cloud ; a streak of white
The wake of some scared duck avoiding sight ;
The dogwood plumed with many a pearly gem,
Was a bright queen with her rich diadem ;
An oak with some crooked branch up pointing grand,
A monarch with his sceptre in his hand ;
A rounded root a prostrate pine-tree rears
A slumbering giant's mighty shield appears ;
A long-drawn streak of cloud with pendent swell
Of hill, a beam with its suspended bell ;
In some gray ledge, high lifted up, he sees
An ancient castle looking from its trees ;
Some mountain's rugged outline shows the trace
Of the odd profile of the human face ;
A slender point tipped with its drinking deer
Seems to his soldier eye a prostrate spear ;
In the near partridge-pinion's rolling hum,
He hears, with smiles, the beating of the drum ;
And in the thresher's tones with music rife,
The stirring flourish of the whistling fife ;
And thus his fancy roams, till twilight draws
Around the fading scene its silver gauze.

A golden, lazy summer afternoon !

The air is fragrant with the scents of June

Wintergreen, sassafras and juniper,
Rich birch-breath, pungent mint and spicy fir
And resinous cedar ; on Carillon's walls
The sentry paces where the cool shadow falls ;
His comrad sits, his musket on his knee,
Watching the speckling gnats convulsively
Stiching the clear dark air that films some nook.
He hears the dashing of the Horican brook
Loud at the West — that curved and slender chain
By which the Tassel hangs upon Champlain —
It chimes within his ear like silver bells,
And the sweet jangling only quiet tell ;
In front he sees the long and leafy points
Curving the waters into elbow-joints
Of Bays ; a crest beyond the old French Lines,
Domes the flat woods ; east, opposite, inclines
Mount Independence, its sloped summit crowned
With its star-fort, with battery brest-plate bound,
The floating bridge between, the massive boom
And chain in front, and in the rearward room
A group of patriot craft ; and sweeping thence
The forest landscape's green magnificence.
Southward the Lake a narrowed river bends
With one proud summit where the brook suspends
Horican's tassel to King Corlaer's crown,
Close to Carillon's dark embattled frown.

Sunset its arrows through the fortress shot ;
In velvet softness shone the warlike spot ;
Gold filled embrasures, walls in rich array
Stretched betwixt bastions ; shadows crawled away
To nooks and angles, or slept cool and dark
Within the ball-coned corners ; many a spark
The cannon glanced, their grim mouthes bright in sheen,
With muskets yoked to pyramids between.

A group of soldiers, where the wall looked North,
Stood by a cannon ; one was stretching forth
A deer-skin pouch of bullets ; with quick snap
One tried his lock ; a third was in his cap
Fastening a medal stamped in brass ; two more
Were glancing downward on the curving shore.
A coat of butternut swathed one, patched, worn,
And striped with bullet pouch and powder horn ;
A white slouched hat stooped sidewise on his head
Plumed with a sable feather tipped in red.
The next a coarse gray jacket wore with black
On cuff and collar, braided breast and back
In sable cord ; with cap of leathern gloss
A brazen plate in front, which in a cross
A sword and trumpet showed, a swallow-tailed
Artillery coat of blue, with skirts that trailed
Near to the foot, darned neat, and newly vamped,
With rows of big brass buttons deeply stamped
With the spread eagle, front, cuff, collar, bright
In gold-laced red, a black chapeau pinched tight
At either end, a fourth displayed ; a fringed
Green hunting-shirt, in portions frayed and tinged
With brown, a flapped, red hat upon his brow
Disclosed a fifth ; as he had left the plow,
The next showed coarse white sleeves, and, oddest sight !
A bear-skin helmet of preposterous height
And weight, surmounting brows that scarce sixteen
Fresh summers had smoothed over with their sheen.

All weapons wore ; a kings-arm, one, of weight ;
A rifle one ; a sword, that seemed in date,
A century, one ; the next, a bayonet ground
To keenest edge ; a sickle which had found
A hickory handle, held the fifth ; the last

Owned the steel-pointed spear beside him cast.
Sudden one starts! around the northward curve,
Turrets of white, in stately motion, swerve,
With blocks, like giant beetles, stretched in rank,
Canoes, batteaux and boats; and either bank
In gleam and flash with moving spots of red,
Telling the coming foeman's landward tread;
While hovering in the front, like ducks, in nooks
Of the bent banks and coves of entering brooks,
In the wreathed liliated shallows, mid the drift
Of brush-wood bays, white rapids shooting swift,
Or threading some low brink's impending arch,
The patriot watch-boats warn the approaching march;
The flashing shores, the moving fleet between,
Making a picture of the sunset scene.

Through roused Carillon quick the story flies;
Guns change to groups and loopholes stare with eyes.
Up glides the flag, defiant shouts outbreak;
Soon would Burgoyne his backward pathway take!
Swift will Carillon's thunder hurl his doom
Even ere he splintered on the barrier-boom!
Ah false belief! ah mocking cheer! but stay!
Let sad experience the fell truth display!

Twilight creeps grayly forth; the French Lines Crest
And Sugar Loaf in dreamy blue are drest;
Glimmers the Lake; the sails, in dusky white,
Seem ghosts half merged within the pallid light;
Peace with her soft, warm stars, breathes o'er, till soon
Rosy and roundly lifts the whitening moon.

A silver painting now the scene displays;
The forests glitter and the waters blaze;

Carillon's black is turned to tender white
Where the moon enters with transforming light ;
Bastions are sleeked, grim curtains smoothed, and loops
Dart streaks of pearl o'er ball and musket-groups ;
The hostile sails are brightened into snow ;
The woods seem slumbering in the mantling glow ;
The French Lines summit surges on the sky ;
Peaceful and soft and quite to the eye
Looks towering Sugar Loaf ! could Carillon's sight
Have pierced the distance, what a shuddering fright
Had seized his heart ! there, struggling groups of men
Clambered rough rocks ; the torrent of the glen
Sprinkled strained ropes that lifted cannon up
From tree to tree ; the hollow's ferny cup,
The cavern's lichened ledge, the panther's lair,
The wolf's close haunt, the chamber of the bear,
Felt trampling throngs all fighting toward the top ;
The moonlight mountain, as they climbed, let drop
Its varied sounds ; its ear had never before
Hearkened such tumult ; thus the night hours bore
The chequered pictures to the tints that make
Day-break cartoons of forest and of lake.

The scene now glimmers with the frescoes drawn
By the gray pencil of the rising dawn ;
Then the white pictures painted by the mist ;
Then the east's rim by living radiance kissed ;
Sugar Loaf glitters in the crimson hues ;
Not those the glances that the moon diffuse !
Like a dense curtain up the mist is rolled ;
The Lake expands in point and headland ; bold
The woods stand forth, the vessels whiten out ;
And a fresh summer sunrise smiles about.
Carillon gazes ; those rich tints now here

Now there, gleam brokenly and disappear ;
Is that a banner-flash ? that brassy glow
Cast by a cannon ? yes ! it is the foe !
Carillon shudders ; there he naked stands
His vain-drawn weapons useless in his hands ;
Certain destruction threatens from on high ;
Naught can avert, like lightning from the sky.

On the warm ledges of the mountain's crest
Starred with blue harebells o'er the velvet breast
Of fringy moss, the red-coat sentry sees,
As sunset glitters through the goldened trees,
Carillon quiet, with his sullen frown,
Seeming in slumber ; Night with pearly crown
Follows ; what glare bursts sudden forth ! the sheen
Startles to fierce, wild, crimson life, the scene !
It shows dark masses through the floating bridge
Streaming where Independence rears its ridge,
Streaming from bared Carillon ; on the Lake
A fleet of patriot boats and galleys take
Their upward path ; Mount Hope, the French Lines crest —
Named by the foe to mark the joyous zest
Its capture gave — sends Fraser, battle-famed,
In quick pursuit ; while Mount Defiance — named
From Sugar Loaf to show his scorn — yields too
Its throngs exultant, eager to pursue.
Within the eastward woods they plunged, in rear
Of the retreating foe ; by moonlight clear
And mottled gloom, the rough road led them on ; —
O'er zigzag rails the elder blossoms shone
Like silver lanterns ; on the banks, in spots
The foxfire glared ; the yager over knots
Of roots groped slow, his spatterdashes soaked
In the fern's dew, his bayonet frequent yoked

With branches ; the chasseur's huge helmet now
 Cleaved the low leaves like some aerial plow,
 And now the grenadier of Barner crushed
 His sharp cap on some ledge as by he brushed.
 Dawn its gray glimmer through the gloom distils ;
 Then morning glitters on the Pittsford Hills.
 At Hubbardton the patriot foe makes pause,
 And Battle, for the first his falchion draws.
 But stay not Song thy fairy sandal here !
 Thy lyre is mute at whistle of the spear !
 Let but one cadence, brief and mournful, tell
 How Fraser triumphed and how Francis fell.
 While on, St. Clair through wilds, torn, bleeding, passed
 Until Fort Edward refuge gave at last.

Meanwhile, Burgoyne pursued the patriot fleet
 Up the curved narrowing Lake ; the glittering sheet
 Showed now their path, and now, where high banks wound,
 Hidden the way ; Morn flings her jewels round
 Where the lake's head sweeps, crescent-like, about,
 And Skenesboro' stands with store-house and redoubt ;
 Moored, there, the patriot-craft ; but soon War claims
 His horrid spoil ; the spot is wrapt in flames
 Waked by the patriots and Burgoyne ; at night
 Brave Long, with his Carillon force in flight,
 Threads a blind pathway tunnelled through the trees
 To where Wood Creek Fort Anne's earth-rampart sees.

All night, a stump or bush, along their road,
 Like a crouched savage lurking for them, showed.
 Or flashes of some hunter's camp-fire looked
 Like red-coats ; with a log, beside them nooked,
 Seeming a cannon to dispute their way ;
 So on they struggled till the rich moon's ray

Shrank in the rosy brilliancy of day.
Haste, likewise, from this spot, oh Song! thy lyre
Too frail for thunder-tones; the battle-fire
Makes its gold strings too hot for thy soft touch;
In the bright spear thou seest the wretched crutch
Of the maimed soldier; in the trumpet's twang
Thou hear'st the orphan's cry; yet if the clang
Of war could joy thee, well thy tones could ring
Here, where the Lion felt the Eagle's wing
Cut keen and deep; but as thy tones expire,
Haste! scenes more grateful claim thy jewelled lyre.

Face to the foe brave Schuyler down retreats;
Fort Edward's ruined bastions now he greets;
His thin ranks thinning with the thickening days
Now Saratoga meets his longing gaze.
In vain! no refuge! on! till Mohawk's smile
Welcomes the wanderer to her safety-isle.

Days roll along; at length Burgoyne begins
His downward march, but progress brief he wins.
Schuyler, with prescient, patient toil, had wrought,
Till the wide pathway of the foe was caught
Within a web of levelled woods, of streams
Bridgeless, paths choked, tangles of broken beams,
Smooth avenues beckoning to quick-sand swamps,
All shackling every step; war's glittering pomps
Turned to a huddling, struggling, writhing mass
Striving with wild, convulsive strength, to pass.

Thus, the wroth region flings itself across
The invader's path; the pines and hemlocks toss
Their mighty arms, ask hoarse through windy leaves
"Why comes he here!" the towering windfall weaves

Its torturing net ; the bog its treacherous length
 Clutching the footstep, wearying down the strength,
 Spreading its Indian plumes in crimson glow
 As if to warn him of the blood to flow ;
 The streamlet, hid in nooks of sunken logs
 And marshy reeds, the ponderous cannon clogs ;
 Vainly the gallant Jones swift plies his scourge,
 His buried battery-wheels can scarce emerge ;
 The hoof of Fraser's stout grey warhorse sinks
 In flowery mire ; Riedesel's sabre clinks
 On the prone trunk his barb essays to scale ;
 Low boughs the flag, wrapped round its staff, assail ;
 Order was lost ; the sword of the chasseur
 Jostled the drum ; the trail the moccasin wore
 The musket widened to a path ; o'er hill
 Through vale, beside the little lyric rill,
 Over ravines by prostrate trees, they wend
 From morn till evening's blurring shades descend.

Here, zigzag breast-works, left so late, the print
 Of leaving feet shows fresh ; the crushed down mint
 There, telling where the gun was hauled away
 From the embrasure ; pickets in array
 With none to man them ; on, thus, on, they go,
 Weary with seeking a dissolving foe.

The Kingsbury marshes shine one blushing hue
 Of rarely absent Indian plumes ; in blue
 Of moose-heads, glow the streams ; warm mulberry tints
 Display the rushes in wet nooks ; a chintz
 Of lovely tinges in the glossy browns
 Of piny knolls their own hue nearly drowns
 In flowery dyes ; and in green dells is spilt
 A mass of color like a brindled quilt.

The running-hemlock's drops of ruddy wax,
The hanging honeysuckle's streaky sacks,
The yet scarce aster, and the golden rod
Whose curling plume begins to light the sod,
Kindle their path with all the wealth of flowers
That Summer summons to her forest bowers.

At night, the camp-fire's mighty eyeballs glare
In flashing rings; the trees around them stare;
The grenadier's red coat shines one fixed blush;
The Hessian's crimson cap takes livelier flush;
Here, gleams a buckle; there, a feather-plate;
A brazen clasp; in all his painted state
The Indian stands and edges by the glow
Anew his hatchet for the coming foe.

As on, Burgoyne — Fear flies before, around,
With ear erect to catch the faintest sound,
And eyes wild starting every sight to see;
Is that a red-coat glancing from a tree?
Or sunset's straggling beam? that sound, the tramp
Of the approaching foe? the hunter's camp
Cowers lonely in the woods; the settler's hut
Has lost its latch-string, and its door is shut.
The ambushed trap lurks baitless by the creek;
The deer treads fearless to the pearly lick;
The cattle-group have left the rubbing-tree,
In far away coverts they roam wild and free;
The ripened rye lies matted round the stumps;
Through whitening buckwheat bold the rabbit jumps,
Among the graining corn beneath the moon
Nibbles, unmarked, the seated, shy raccoon;
The back-log blackens where the kettle sung;
The cat stalks ghostly where the clock-tones rung

To merry household groups ; and dust pearls now
 The fringed asparagus, whose mounded bough
 Filled the wide hearth-stone ; in the yard, the axe
 Lies in the chips late showering from its hacks ;
 And the dry grindstone hangs its wheel of gray
 Stirless ; and but half-pitched, stands by its loft, the hay.

War's red romance now claims the sorrowing lyre !
 Love's victim ! let the trumpet-tones expire !
 No dulcet strain beneath the moonlight sky ;
 The mournful cadence breathes but one long sigh.
 Ah, hapless maiden ! ah, poor Jennie McCrea !
 The Wyandotte Panther grasps his hapless prey !
 Ah, savage heart ! he aims—she falls ! the sweep
 Of glorious tresses, black as midnight, heap
 The wampum belt ! ah, lovely, lovely head,
 By the unsparing knife so foully shred !

But let the minstrel of the period tell
 How that dark deed, that murder base, befell.
 The mill his muse, its great throb beat the strain
 Of the poetic measure in his brain ;
 Its gliding straps the lines in smoothness wrought ;
 Its hoppers, reservoirs of stirring thought ;
 The wheat wove golden pictures as it poured ;
 The tireless millwheel music as it roared ;
 And all the region round, with blended will,
 Hailed as the minstrel, Robbie of the Mill.
 This ruthless slaughter claimed his tuneful tongue,
 Though shudderings shook his soul, and thus he sung :

List all you good people my sorrowful lay,
 While I sing the sad doom of poor Jennie McCrea.

She waited her lover, her lover to join,
As near came the forces of British Burgoyne.

He came, the fierce savage preceding his path
As the cloud with the lightning red launching its wrath.

She waited her lover, instead of him came
The Wyandotte Panther with eyeballs of flame.

He seized her, and bearing her up on his way,
From her steed shot the maiden, poor Jennie McCrea!

Another fierce savage, as demon-like, shred
The long glossy-locks from her beautiful head.

Weep, souls of soft pity! weep over this woe!
Swear, hearts of stern vengeance! to strike back the blow!

Let us peal forth the shout, as we rush to the fray,
The loud, wrathful war-shout of "Jennie McCrea!"

For as sure as God lives, will he deeply repay
The dark, bloody deed of poor Jennie McCrea.

With soldier songs down treads the exultant foe,
Down, with the region showing wild its woe.
"Britons retreat not," boasts Burgoyne; and down,
Still down, his buoyant march. Can fortune frown
On such a host, rebellion foul to crush
With courage burning, and with conquest flush?
But, while he boasts thus, bright with fortune's sun,
"Never despair," rings out from Washington.
In his wild Highland "Clave" he fixes gaze
With dauntless spirit, and the scene surveys.

As some grand eagle poising in the sky,
 Sees the wide prospect with unwavering eye ;
 Clouds roll around him, veiling all the light ;
 Yet through the darkness, penetrates his sight
 To where the sun is waiting forth to spring,
 And o'er all Nature gleams of gladness fling.
 So he, and on his heart, amid the storm,
 He upward bore the Nation's fainting form.

Turn we to other scenes ! In beauty bright
 The Mohawk Valley claims our wandering sight
 Veined by its river ; loveliest landscapes smiled
 On every side, the rural and the wild.
 Here, shone the field in billowy gold, and there,
 The shornless forest twined its leafy lair.
 Here, the red homestead weltering in its wheat ;
 There, the rude shanty in its green retreat ;
 Where the plow paused, the trapper hid his trap ;
 The kinebell mingled with the rifle's clap ;
 The league-long sable-line stretched on, where ceased
 The farm-lane with the frequent hay cart creased,
 The jutting, loop-holed block-house standing guard
 O'er the rude hamlet by its pickets barred.
 Along the river, poled the heaped bateau ;
 O'er the rough roads the wagon jolted slow ;
 And civilization reared her school-house, where
 The skin-clad hunter lately slew the bear.

At the green valley's head Fort Stanwix stood,
 Its bastions, half restored, ringed close with wood.
 Smooth meadows, southward to the Mohawk led
 North, De-o-wain-sta's mile-long portage spread
 To wild Wood Creek which linked beneath its screen
 With Lake Oneida's rich transparent green.

Opening that region where a fringe of lakes
Hangs from a skirt of wilderness that makes
A sylvan border to the southern flow
Of the grand inland sea, Ontario ;
Those watery pendants not disordered flung,
But seeming as in measured spaces hung
To ornament Ontario's emerald dress
With tassels of pure, diamond loveliness.

A band of boats spots dark Oswego's breast ;
St. Leger's corps, Fort Stanwix to invest ;
Where foamed the Falls, they plunge within the woods
In battle-order ; the wild solitudes
Glitter with knife and musket ; massive boots
Tear through the thickets, stumble over roots ;
Here, the lithe Indian's light, elastic bound,
There, the slow yager's tramp ; the Ranger found
His old hacks on the trees when other days
Saw him a trapper ; and the sylvan maze
Welcomed the Royal Green whose erewhile tread.
Tracked, as the hunter, where the runway led.
Oneida shines between the stems ; again
They launch their barks upon the grass-hued plain ;
They fright the wild duck from her haunt, they rouse
The fish-hawk from her pine-built nest ; they mouse
Around some lurking bay ; they penetrate
Tunnels of branches where the shores create
Roofs of dim, watery caves ; when daylight fades,
The Indians, tramping through the forest shades,
Kindle their camp-fires like great panther-eyes,
And dance their dances ; the flotilla plies
Dabbling, still upward, till the boats they beach
At the Creek's mouth, and soon Fort Stanwix reach,
Where gallant Gansevoort and brave Willett stand,

To hurl defiance at the coming band.
 Gansevoort, the young, the gallant, with a soul
 That only knew bold duty for its goal.
 What though the walls were incomplete! behind
 Uptowered a heart no abject fear could bind!
 To the foe's threat his fort-made flag he reared,
 Sustained by patience, and by courage cheered;
 When came demand to yield, he calm replied
 With firm refusal, and the worst defied.

Down the green valley fly the tidings; swift
 The Germans spring; the living torrents drift
 To the Fort's aid; by day, the thronging trees
 Are freckled with quick glints; steel glitterings seize
 Upon the leaves and change them to white gems;
 By night the camp-fires dance along the stems,
 Turn green to ruddy gold, and black to red,
 Build crimson roofs and floors of carmine spread.
 Bold Herkimer has left, to lead the band,
 His hearth, half fortress and half house, to stand
 Defenseless on the Mohawk; many a roof
 A rustic manor-house, walls bullet proof,
 Stately in terraces and shrubbery,
 Old oaks, green walks to dingle, statued tree
 Eagle-shaped thicket, bushes carved to deer
 And wolf, and whose huge hearth glared red with cheer,
 Fragrant with woodland feasts, is left to breeze
 And sunshine and protecting walls of trees,
 While the roused dwellers march with Cox the brave,
 And Paris, their loved sylvan soil to save
 From the invader's tread; the farm-house, too,
 With broad piazza, dormer windows, hue
 Of red, and native poplars belted round,
 Whose leaves in hot days yield a cooling sound,

With the vast barn of stone, a fort at need ;
And pastures where sleek cattle, frequent steed
And flock luxuriate, also sends its throngs
Wild to avenge the invaded region's wrongs
And smite the foe ; the hamlet, likewise, set
At grassy cross-roads, where the rude church met
The ruder Inn, in whose broad, straggling streets
Neighbor, with news of humblest import, meets
With neighbor, where the learned surveyor dwells
Who chains wild lots, and where the Justice spells
The law to litigants, the hunter claims
Bounty for wolf-scalps, fighting fallow-flames
The settlers strive with handspike and with axe,
Seeing their buckwheat-plats and meadow-stacks
Melting, sends freemen to drive back the foe,
Their sluggish bosoms warmed to patriot-glow.
And the lone dingle, where the shanty's shape
Juts from the windfall's orb — a jaw agape —
With pan and kettle under the propped lid
Of the rough bob-sled, where the spring is hid
By the sunk barrel, and on hemlock-fringe
The inmate sleeps, but up at daylight's tinge
For trap or runway, lone the shanty sees
As the wild dweller, groping by blazed trees,
Wades his dim way to join the patriot band
Summoned to drive the foeman from the land.
Together blent at last, the gallant throng
Down the rough road, unmindful, streams along ;
A hollow lies in front ; the patriots reach
Its causeway ; with a sudden burst and screech
Of rifle shots and warwhoops, savage forms
Rise from the marshy borders ; hissing storms
Of bullets rain upon the broken ranks
That strive to rally ; from the deadly banks

Blazes swift death ; the painted warriors dash
 Wild in the whirling midst ; knives, hatchets flash
 And foes mad throttle ; Indian, German, close
 In grapple ; Ranger, neighbor, meet as foes
 Bosom to bosom ; as speeds fierce the fray
 The Germans form in circles and repay
 Carnage with carnage ; Herkimer has dropped
 But still directs the furious conflict propped
 Against a friendly stem ; a flashing wakes
 Fiercer and redder, a loud tumult breaks
 Grander and sterner than the deadly scene,
 The battle of the skies ! its mightier mien
 Of loftier anger checks the lesser strife,
 But as it marches off, the fight for life
 Rages anew with fiercer, wilder burst,
 For now the Royal Greens, friends, neighbors erst
 Yea brothers of their foes, have joined the fight
 And Havoc greets them with renewed delight.
 Here, the clubbed rifle, there, the thrusting spear
 And plunging knife ; Cox, Paris fall ! career
 The steeds of slaughter through that awful dell
 Till baffled, beaten, the cowed redskins swell
 Their shrill retreating cries, and quick the form
 Of battle strides away, as strode the storm
 From the red dell ; down, quiet settles sweet ;
 The bobolink gurgles, and the yellow feet
 Of the checked partridge print the neighboring scene,
 But Nature to itself consigns the dread ravine.

During the sky's fierce onslaught, at the Fort
 A whirlpool raged of strife ; the sallyport
 Sent Willett forth to Johnson's camp at hand,
 And drove him headlong ; evening's air-breaths fanned

The sylvan Fort in its renewed repose,
While night closed sad on its disheartened foes.

Down to Fort Edward, now Burgoyne has passed.
Want gnaws his forces; his red allies fast
Forsake his darkening path; but full supplies
At Bennington are stored, war's welcome prize
Of food and steeds. Hoosic's green landscapes sound
With Baum's approach; its rustic roads are ground
With cannon-wheels; the red-coat grenadier
And green chasseur trudge on, the promised cheer
Brightening their brows; but lion-hearted STARK
Stands with his rural ranks before the mark.

A picturesque, rude church its little bell
Tinkles one sabbath morn; wild hills up swell
About a hamlet with its palisade.
Meadows of grass stretch out and fields arrayed
In ripening grain; bold Parson Allen mounts
The rustic pulpit, and with fire recounts
How boastful, vain Burgoyne has hither sent
Baum's fierce dragoons on schemes of plunder bent.
"Rouse men of Berkshire, I will lead you! meet
"The red-coat foe!" all spring upon their feet:
The hunter leaves, within the hamlet-square,
The frowning carcass of the sable bear;
The trapper slings his traps upon his back;
The settler cuts his latch-string; to his stack
The farmer ropes his ox; the sawmill sings
No longer to its dam; the slider brings
No more the prone log to the severing saw;
The steed stamps idly the locked stable's straw;
The miller brushes from his coat the meal,
And his white rafters hear no more the wheel;

All flock, with Parson Allen at their head,
 Down the wild hills; the heavens their torrents shed,
 But on they stream to where with his platoons,
 Stark waits the coming of the Baum dragoons.

For days along the dim and rainy scene
 Had glimpsed the red-coat host; but now serene
 Glitters the summer day; Walloomsac's banks
 View in their rude array the patriot ranks.
 Stark mounts the meadow fence; "see men," says he,
 "The red coats! ours by sundown they must be
 Or Molly Stark's a widow!" words that claim,
 Though quaint, the tongue of everliving Fame.
 The golden quiet of the afternoon,
 The forests sleeping and the fields in tune,
 Is broken by the battle; twice the throat
 Of War roars forth its fierce and fiendish note;
 In vain the Hessian battery hurls its death!
 Up climbs the foe albeit no blasting breath
 Of canon aids them; up, still up! they sweep
 The Tory ranks away; like panthers leap
 Over the breast work; vain the weighty sword
 Of the chasseur! as sunset's gold is poured
 Along the scene the Hoosic woods ring out
 Freedom's great thunder-voice, her grand victorious shout.

On glide the days; the Lion Banner droops
 Over Fort Edward's walls. Burgoyne still stoops
 His ear for Clinton's hoped approach; instead
 Oriskany and Bennington with dread
 Seize on his heart and paralyze his strength;
 And thus time drags along its lazy length,
 The chasseur sees the leafy Deadman's Point
 Drowsing in noon's hot haze; the dews annoint

The Balm of Gilead at the water-gate
That lately reared its green and three-trunked state,
With honey dew for bees whose murmurings fill
The drummer boy with sleep ; on Jennie's Hill
Beside the rustic breastwork overgrown
With brambles by rich, ripening raspberries strown,
The hunter pauses with his hound to look
Down in the Fort ; within some shady nook
He sees the grenadier in coarse, red cap
Playing with dice ; upon some grassy lap
The green-garbed Hessian mends his spatterdash,
The Sergeant crooks his chevron, and his sash
The ensign twines ; all speak of peaceful day ;
And as the limping partridge lures away
The hunter from her brood, on Panther Hill
He meets the trapper who, with hearty will
Says Schuyler calls all patriots to his side,
And toward Cohoes both speed with willing stride.

On Rogers' Island, lazy red-coats stray
Among its shades to pass the summer day ;
Or seek the Griffin House where cattle browse
In stumpy pastures, for a night's carouse ;
Tramp the Old Lumber Road where, on its creek
The ruined saw-mill yields no more its click ;
Where blackened shingles and prone logs stripped nude
And broken stone-boats, all around are strewed ;
Or wander the Old Military Road,
Where stares for hours the unmolested toad ;
Wade through the marsh to gather Indian plumes,
Or seek the Foot-path full of chequered glooms ;
Hang on the wreck of Bagley's Bridge athwart
Fort Edward's creek, whose pools are the resort

Of poisoning trout ; or, Black Tom roping slow,
Cross McCrea's ferry in his rough batteau.

Others along the Ritchfield Plains would wend,
Between Forts Anne and Edward, at the bend
Of Hudson's bed where the Great Carrying Place
Began, and the batteau its poling pace
Ceased for the wagon's jolt whose canvas cave
Was piled with rustic goods and blankets brave
For settler and for savage, or jerked slow
O'er stony roads, with swinging pail below
And trotting dog, its four great steeds with stalk
Stately, and shrill bells jangling in their walk ;
Pausing at roofs where buyers could be found,
And stores with shelves of cloths and dangling round
With bacon, loaves, whips, lanterns, in dim nooks
Hogsheads and barrels, and with blinking looks
Ranges of cutlery, and bringing up
By night, at small, rough, wayside Inns, to sup
And lodge, then on, repeating day by day
The life ; o'er these smooth Plains they oft would stray
Sheeny with flowers, where roads all courses led,
Vocal with frogs from swamps at each side spread
Or rolled in dells and knolls of pine-trees tanned
With their brown fringe, and veined with silver sand ;
Or in some dimpling dingle would they rest
Playing at cards upon a prone tree's breast
Pearled with white lichen, rough with glossy spines
Crimsoned with moss or fringed with fairy pines.
The striped ground squirrel cantered by their side
Brush lifted like a gun ; the wood chuck tried
To leave his den but shrank back as they looked ;
And the rare black fox from his burrow crooked ;
The quail gazed at them, and a movement quick

Betrayed the bell-owl in his covert thick
Wakened from sleep ; the breezes flitting brief
Would plant white stars on every wavering leaf ;
The flying squirrel, bird and brute combined,
Would shoot askance, until the arbors twined,
Thickened in evening's shades of India ink
And from the skies the silver stars would wink.

Beneath a bridge above some shrunken stream
Where bent the arch, or stretched the web-like beam,
On the ridged earth they oft would crouch and hear
The frog's hoarse bellow echoing on their ear
Like a far gun-roar ; cool the shadows lay
With here and there the gold dart of a ray
From chink and knot-hole ; on the bits of sod
Stood spears of grass and tufts of golden rod ;
And, now and then, a robin would look in
And chirp to see the scarlet colors win
Gleams from the dusk ; below, the waters dark
Shone like gilt ebony, or shot a spark
Bright as a toad's eye ; cool and sweetly damp
The sheltered spot until they sought the camp.

Or in some gravel-pit where bushes clung,
And merry music from the insects rung,
On the warm gravel they their length would lay
Helmet cast down and musket laid away,
And think how sweetly they could slumber here
With naught but crickets chirping to their ear
Instead of reveille and quick tattoo
Or march to time their tread, and naught to view
But moonlight stepping on her tender feet
Straying around as if their eye to greet
Free from the tent's close folds ; till glowing red
On the pit's rim would tell that day had fled.

Or by some half-full brook with pebbly isles
 And broken banks where blue the aster smiles,
 And the rich sunflower lifts its golden star,
 With here and there mossed rock and sandy bar
 And sparkling water-breaks like little lutes
 That match the bluebird's and the robin's flutes ;
 They watch the snipe that leaves its tiny prints
 On the soft margin, and the velvet tints
 Of the brown rushes as the heron gray
 Struts tall among them, and the silver play
 Of light on the wet sands where pictures shine,
 As in a looking-glass, of wreathing vine
 And feathery foliage fringed along the edge,
 And bayonet pointing reed and dirk-like sedge
 Mingled with moosehead hues, till, sunset gilds
 The towering turrets that Day, leaving, builds,
 And, the breeze clinging, fluttering, to their ears,
 Upon their winding trail the camp appears.

Or by some fractured stump they oft' would pause
 To mark the life and tints, the clefts and flaws
 Of that small world ; the moss shows golden blots ;
 The lichen, scalloped scales ; in little grotts,
 Dart in and out black beetles ; busily knots
 The spider his white hammock over chinks ;
 And sinking, falling, in quick, loosening links
 Twitch the gray gnats ; in its cracked ebony
 The hollow where the camp-fire whirlingly
 Dropped its live embers, soft and cindery
 Shows its charred opening ; there, the bumble-bee
 Furls his white murmurous mist, and finds his gold
 Tarnished with black ; thus, on the time is rolled
 In careless pleasure, till the loud tattoo,
 Rattling among the trees, tells idling through.

Changing the scene, Burgoyne his camp would trace
Round the Red House at the Great Carrying Place ;
There when the sun is bright, the sentry sees
Madame Riedesel dining under trees.

As the chasseur beholds her gliding round
Off flies his bear-skin helmet, to the ground.
His carbine slides ; the bronze-browed grenadier
Lifts his red cap and smiles with honest cheer,
For the glad vintage of the father land
Lives in her presence ; through its mountains great
Winds the loved Rhine ; the forests melt away,
Cot, wife and children smile ; all shines one happy day.

Now like a sun blot in the circling camp
Her sandled specks the lumbering yager's stamp ;
In the rain-rumbling barn, now, round rough boards
Sitting, with spades by plumes and scythes by swords ;
Under the loft stuffed full of fragrant hay
Where the mustachioed weasel prowls for prey ;
Where pronged the pitchfork, the strawcutter showered
Its glittering dots, and the wheelbarrow cowered
With the grey grindstone, and the resting plow
By the tall ladder leading to the mow
Rustling with insects like a trickling brook ;
And the ash-barrel rounded from the nook.

Burgoyne too, often, brings his epaulets
In the dusk barn when rain the landscape wets ;
His scarlet coat upon the straw would gleam ;
His snowy plumes beneath the rafters stream ;
And when he left it seemed as if the place
Relapsing dim had lost a gliding grace.

Still restless, he Fort Miller's walls would seek
Where at the spreading ford, the rapids wreak

Their foam on sloping rocks; their ceaseless tongue
 Soothed his vexed ear, and when rich film was flung
 By the soft south wind upon the mellow air,
 His glittering greenduke bait would dimple where
 The whirling pebble-stones of Bloody Run
 Had scooped deep pools; his fowling piece would stun
 Some cedar cavern where the quail had sought
 Refuge; or he would rouse his tuneful thought
 To poesy amid the glorious scenes
 Of forest gorges, dingles and ravines;
 Or, with pleased smile would watch the timid doe
 Hiding her fawn too young to flee, as slow
 He trod some grassy aisle; or as his hound
 Treed the scared partridge, echo would rebound
 To his loud shout, while the poor brindled thing
 Too faint with fright to spread delivering wing
 Would cower among the leaves; and thus the hours
 On led his steps through mingled thorns and flowers.

As sunset glows, up Horican's pure tides,
 A battery-corps of Phillips slowly glides
 In large batteaux; as ripple their fronts along,
 The boatmen wake the echoes with the song
 Of their wild, frontier life; the mounted brass
 In the low light gleams golden; black the mass
 Of shade from point and curve of bank; the lake
 Reflects the scarlet coats; the pennons shake
 In the light puffs of air; they pass Burnt Camp
 As the first breeze of sunset winnows damp;
 Then Bosom Bay allures their wandering eyes
 In the rich coloring of the western skies;
 Sabbath Day Point in streaks of brilliance glows
 And its black picture paints the Lake's repose;
 By the bold grandeur of famed Rogers' Slide

Shining in varied tinge, they sluggish glide ;
Past Prisoner's Island rich in sunset-stains ;
Juniper Island now their pathway gains ;
Past green Slim Point ; Bluff Point is now before ;
Buck Mountain rears its crest along the shore ;
Sugar Loaf Mountain glows in tender red ;
On Battery Island, softest tints are spread ;
Over the water breathes the birch's scent
The mint's and pine's in balmiest fragrance blent ;
The golden beauty of the evening lies
Round like a blessing ; the flotilla plies
Up past Tongue Mountain where the wood-duck oars
Her flight of terror, and her ducklings shores ;
The heavy battery-wheels, stout traces, chains,
Thick massive collars, tough but pliant reins,
Large saddles studded with big nails of brass,
And stalwart, stamping steeds, all upward pass.
Balls are coned round ; great powder-bags and swabs
Lean in the nooks of trunnions and of knobs,
With rammers ; men stand, sit, at full length lie ;
They shout and whistle, gaze on earth and sky,
Wrestle in sport and fisticuff in joke,
Their limbs they dangle, and their pipes they smoke,
Rehearse old war-scenes, fondly hope for new,
Discuss commanders, pass in swift review
The late events, and laugh derisively
At such rude rustics fancying to be free.
Darker and darker grow the spreading shades,
Till twilight's glamor the wide scene pervades.
The sparkling isles all round them looked confused,
And the whole scene in lonely silence mused.
Heaves Shelving Rock in front ; they pass it now
The jeweled Dipper beaming on its brow.
They mark the lovely tints of evening play

On the calm surface of Ganouskie Bay ;
And now Dome Island in mid sight appears,
And toward it each bateau, loud rippling, steers
Here lies the goal until the morning sheen
And soon the camp-fires glitter on the scene.
Large as a cannon-wheel, the rosy moon
Rises ; the Lake begins its nightly croon,
Ripple on bank, rustle of circling leaves,
All the soft sounds that summer silence weaves,
Some wakeful bird's note, the loon's startling whoop,
The myriad, differing cadence in one group
Filling the ear. Morn dawns in gorgeous tints ;
The flashing deep the rude flotilla prints ;
Soon Diamond Island's glossy shade is spread
Upon the water's gemmy gold and red ;
Next, close adjoining, sits Long Island green
With leafy beauty, rich in dewy sheen ;
On the batteaux ; Phelp's Bay, upon the east,
Yields to their gazing sight a dazzling feast ;
Along the west, they pass the Rattlesnake
Lifting its crest above the glittering Lake,
Where the glad lustre twines its golden wreath
Upon the trees in the ravine beneath ;
Artillery Cove, with its one cedar isle,
Sends o'er the sparkling flood, its sylvan smile ;
And now the ramparts of a ruined Fort
Rise on the shore, and there, they all resort.
They haul their cannon and they hoist their stores ;
They scale cracked walls and traverse broken floors,
Planting their loads ; Fort George, that late was mute
In forest silence, save the wavelet's flute,
The bobolink's bugle, robin's flageolet,
And frog's bassoon, now buzzed with rush and fret
Of busy life ; and there, for many days

Horican viewed the scarlet banner blaze ;
Till the rough road that linked Fort Edward, saw
Thither the train its jolting progress draw.
Along the base of wild French Mountain, slow
They plunge and crunch ; its summit shines aglow
With sheen, but shaded winds the road ; beyond
They cross the stream of neighboring Long Pond ;
Still on they jolt ; they pass the old stockade
Of the French War ; at night their bivouac made
Within Fort Amherst, at the Half-Way Brook.
And when morn glowed, again their pathway took
Along the forests chirping either side,
Until they hailed the Fort at eventide.

Meanwhile, the tidings of Oriskany
And Bennington careered ; and glad and free
Hope spread white pinions ; throngs to Schuyler pour
Swelling his ranks, all abject terror o'er.
Poor Jennie's mournful doom had roused an ire
Wrapping the region with consuming fire.
The boy strode downward in his rustic sleeves,
His coarse frock fragrant with the wheaten sheaves ;
The brassy buttoned, blue, artillery coat
Trod by the hunting-shirt from wilds remote ;
The scythe, sword-handled, met the king's arm red
In rust ; the plumed cap touched the shaggy head ;
Hid away hamlets, far away farms sent out
Their patriot throngs ; the hunter's startling shout
No longer checked the flying deer ; at dusk
The fireflies saw the trap whose snaring musk
Allured the mink, snap on its gasping prey
With no rough hand to bear the fur away ;
Unseen by prying eyes the otter slid
Down the smooth bank and in the streamlet hid ;

From grassy hamlets and from forests wide,
 From lakes like oceans, and from river-tide,
 From streaks of fresh-blazed trees where sable-lines
 Ran leagues, from watery dungeon-nooks where shines
 The Indian Plume's rich torch ; where slender reeds
 Point by the cabin, bright in pickerel-weeds,
 From the green cross road soft with school-house hum,
 From tumbling milldams, and from dingles dumb
 Save to the whistling bird ; from all points, came
 High patriot hearts, shrines bright in freedom's flame,
 Crowding the camp where Schuyler, lingering, lay,
 His strength increasing each succeeding day.
 As when the spring tide brings the roaring rains
 And the swollen Mohawk from its winter chains
 Dashes in fury down the broad Cohoes
 And wakes the forests from their calm repose,
 So came the living torrents to the scene
 Where Freedom's banner shone in beckoning sheen.

Back to Fort Stanwix. As Time onward stepped,
 Closer St. Leger's threatening parallels crept.
 In the near meadow at the Scalping Tree,
 The patriot saw the red-skin in his glee
 Wield the keen knife in token of the hour
 When his hot head would feel its horrid power.
 Oft did he see too in the evening glow
 St. Leger's swarthy face and huge chapeau
 By the wild, painted Brant, or Johnson bluff,
 As he surveyed the Fort that in its rough
 Half finished form still showed defiant teeth
 At the thronged foe its sylvan walls beneath.

At last a night of scowling tempest saw
 Willett and Stockwell from the fortress draw

Their snaky lengths through slumbering foes ; they grope
Through the black wilds until their blinding scope
Is kindled by the sun ; then on they steer,
The brook and blackberry their only cheer,
Till down the valley on their flying steeds
They Schuyler seek ; their summons warm he heeds ;
And Arnold tracks Fort Dayton's valley-trail
And sends on Hon Yost with his cunning tale.

Along the Fort's rough road that led to where
Fort Stanwix stood, a man with slouching air
And wandering glance moved swift on ponderous feet ;
The noontide sunbeams in his pathway beat
A thread-like trail that through the forest wound
And scarce mid thickets faint existence found.
Now the trail vanished in some windfall vast ;
And now he vaulted o'er the pine tree cast
By the tornado, rearing frequent bulk ;
Now waded some slow stream with snaky skulk
Oozing through rotten mould till one loose bog
Wallowed about ; his large splay foot would clog,
And stumble o'er the blind and sketchy trail
Touching along ; 'twas Hon Yost with his tale
Apt to his tongue to tell the savage foe
Of Arnold striking his o'erwhelming blow.

About the Scalping Tree, the red skins form
In solemn council ; the debate is warm —
After wise Hah-wen-ne-yo's aid was sought —
Whether to leave at once the war-path fraught
With such dire evil as Oriskany,
Or follow still the King, their Father ; free
Flows their fierce, guttural talk ; their minds in doubt
Waver ; a figure at a warning shout
Bursts on their rows ; 'tis Hon Yost ! “ red men fly !

The white man comes to slay ! his hosts are nigh
 Thick as the leaves ! " he shouts ; they start, recoil ;
 The Council breaks ; they flee in wild turmoil ;
 In vain St. Leger hurls his wrath, and storms
 The furious Johnson ; quick retreating forms
 Fill all the portage toward Wood Creek ; and soon
 The golden quiet of the afternoon
 Steeps the wide landscape ; field and stream and tree
 Restored once more to soft tranquillity.

All round the sylvan Fort as sunset shone
 Settled the forest stillness, and alone,
 Instead of wild, fierce prowling forms, it sees
 The steadfast columns of the peaceful trees :
 Instead of flitting red-coats gleaming rich
 In the gold rays from battery, wall and niche
 Of breastwork, it beholds the sweep of leaves
 Gorgeous in all the pomp that sun-down weaves.
 Left even the bombardier in slumber cast,
 And the hung kettles for the eve's repast.
 The low light bathes the empty meadows spread
 Along the Mohawk, trampled with the tread
 So late of foes ; as silver twilight falls,
 And umber thickens on the forest walls
 The landscape hears, instead of sounds that fright,
 The murmured music of the quiet night.

As here scenes change, in Schuyler's island-camp
 At the famed Sprouts, Night hangs her diamond lamp,
 Day his nectarean dome ; it sees the fall
 Of dark Cohoes ; watches the drowsy crawl
 Of the batteau up Mohawk's branching blue,
 The noseless periagua, the canoe
 With paddle-foot, for De-o-wain-sta's belt

Where the sweet valley-river's sources melt
In spongy mosses and in bubbly ooze,
Until all trace the lurking trickles lose.

Upon the rocky isle, like wintry drifts
Tents ridge the scene; a zigzag breastwork lifts
Now, the flat shore; a loop-holed curtain, now,
Joins bastions; a bomb-battery rears its brow
Betwixt low rocks; embrasures skirt the scene;
War darkening frowns in nature's smiling green.
Here Gates, the reins of battle's crouching steeds
Seizing from Schuyler's guiding grasp, succeeds
To that wise hero's post within the car
Whose wheels still wait on fortune's fickle star.

Fronting, in whirling, flashing, plunging shocks,
Cohoes comes dashing down its bridling rocks;—
Comes like a warrior whooping on his path,
His hatchet glittering in his tameless wrath.
Thence the broad Mohawk, dark in eddying flow,
Steals to the Hudson's broader wave below.
In the calm, wrinkling flood, the patriot-camp
Stands on its island, one of four that cramp
The waters to the Sprouts that, smiling, bring
Their crystal jewels to the River-King.

Now their adieu, the days of Summer bid,
And cool September brings her catydid.
Gates, roused to action, takes his upward way
To meet Burgoyne who, waked from his delay,
Is marching downward, with his earthward ear
Keen sharpened, Clinton's hoped-for tread to hear.
The forests glint with patriot steel; the air
Echoes and glitters with the stamp and glare

Of foot and weapon ; dead leaves turn to mire
 At trampling feet ; the air, one sounding lyre
 Of fife and drum ; the old oak's leafy speech
 Says " on " not " back ;" the compass of the beech
 By its moss-hands points north ; the hemlock thinned
 With austral blasts says " up ;" the maple skinned
 By the lodged fir, creaks " come ;" and glad the ranks
 Obedient track the Hudson's upward banks.

His fife within his hand, the fifer-lad
 Tramped on ; the baggage-driver whirled his gad ;
 The cannonier, beside his gleaming gun,
 His crunching, pounding, plunging pathway won ;
 Vaulting the prostrate log, the snare-loosed drum
 Jarred by the bound, gave out a sullen hum ;
 The king's arm clanked upon the buckle ; rang
 The sword against the rock ; with bell-like clang
 The brass-plate of some plumed cap struck a branch
 Drooped low ; the steel-tipped flagstaff, flashing launch
 Made to the arch the weeping elm o'erhung,
 While in some gust the dangling bugle sung.
 The rifleman's red hunting-shirt yields fringe
 To the thorn's clutch ; the mould's black, smirchings tinge
 Laced leggings ; farm-boys in their butternut,
 Find how the sedges like keen knives can cut ;
 And soaked boots rumble as they toiling tread
 The deep morass with yielding mosses spread.
 They trace the deer-path round the swamp and seize
 The meaning of the blaze-hacks on the trees
 Traced by the trapper for his figure-four,
 Or dead-fall with its death-pole slanting o'er
 Couched in the bush ; even guided by the scent
 Of the pierced bait for its furred prey, they went.
 But fronting heights now meet the wandering eye

Where river-flats in meadowy smoothness lie
In crescent green ; the army halts, and day
By day, the spot assumes war's stern array.
Breastworks crown knolls ; and point the bristling spears
Of sharp abatis ; now, a wall careers
Over some marsh ; and an embrasure, now,
Runs through a panther-lair ; the hillock's brow
Bears the strong battery ; while in ranks of snow
The tents their many lanes and alleys show.

Thy skill, oh ! noble Kosciusko ! wakes
These warlike-looks ! thy peerless genius breaks
Over this scene in wily webs that sent
Freedom's brave sons to strife ; so subtly blent,
So closely hidden, with such caution traced
That the foe knew not where they lurked, till placed
In contract by surrender, and thus made
To fight but with an enemy arrayed
In battle-order ; gladly History keeps
Enshrined thy name, while proud her bosom leaps
O'er thy bright fate, to fall in conflict grand
Oh ! hero, patriot, for thy fatherland.

Flashes of steel and frequent spots of red
Through the dense foliage o'er the landscape spread
Tell of the Foe ; His downward step is stayed,
And here at last He draws his battle-blade.

Upon thy heights, oh ! Bemis ! let us stand
And view the landscape beautiful and grand.
Northwest, in hue that robes the heather-bell,
The velvet tops of Horican upswell.
Downy in distance, sheeny in the sun,
East, domed in blue, the height of Bennington,

Where likewise those grand peaks, in glimmerings blent,
 Show the Green Mountains, Freedom's battlement.
 That rounded summit, too, in purple drest
 Proclaims where Willard's Mountain rears its crest.
 South, the soft range that gray the horizon breaks
 Tells where its way the Hudson Valley takes ;
 While west, the hills of Saratoga belt
 The raptured eyesight, and in azure melt.

Oh! War, thou frightful fiend, from thy red deep
 Why dost thou spring, dread carnival to keep !
 Hast thou not spoiled this earth enough, that thou
 Must still unveil the terrors of thy brow ?
 Wreathed roses scent the summer air to-day,
 To morrow stoops the raven to his prey ;
 At morn, the sun on life sheds gladdening boon,
 At night, looks down on death, the sorrowing moon.
 Nature abhors thee ; on the battle-field
 She hastes her healing, eager aid to yield.
 On bony fragments twines the peaceful flower ;
 O'er sword and musket bends the grassy bower ;
 Where wheeled platoons and deadly volleys rolled,
 The kinebell chimes, the plowshare curls the mould ;
 In the burst bomb-shell rounds the robin's nest ;
 Where bullets struck, the fern waves feathery crest ;
 But still red Battle wields his scorpion scourge
 And their fierce, maddened flight his fearful coursers urge.

And yet, thy presence casts one smiling ray
 When Patriot Valor piles thy slaughtering way.
 In fire divine, thy altar stands arrayed
 When fatherland calls man to draw his blade.
 Fragrant breathes War's fierce gory blossoms then ;
 A sacred light bathes mountain, field and glen ;

And memory bends a mourner o'er the grave
Where man has died his native soil to save.

And thus, oh Bemis, on thy leafy heights
Did Freedom strive to guard her heavenly rights!
Her voice the torrent and her arm the pine
Dashing and swinging and man's heart her shrine.

And so on that September morn, the hosts
Met in fierce grapple; Poesy that boasts
Celestial birth! not thine the laurel torn
From hideous Battle, but the bay leaf born
From lovely Peace! thy song is not the clank
Sounding, rebounding from the serried rank;
Thy glance resides not in the cannon's flash;
Thou shudderest at the conflict's thunderous crash;
Haste to thy sylvan haunt, to thy green home!
Let not thy fairy, flowery sandal roam
To scenes of war! there, shines heaven's delicate blue;
The robin's warble greets the sunset dew;
The stream's soft silver glides in sunny dells;
Thy soul-bright eye on naught but beauty dwells;
Yet, though thou shrinkest, patriot voices call;
The trumpet's clangors must not all appal!
Loved country beckons thee thy haunt to leave
For scenes that fire the spirit while they grieve.
Come then on tiptoe, glowing yet aghast,
Thy wild locks streaming on the battle-blast,
Thy form recoiling even while pressing on,
Thy soft eye glittering though thy cheek be wan;
Strip the gold strings of music from thy lyre,
And streak its graceful frame with iron wire
Flinging fierce flashes like the musket's own;
Ringing stern crashes like the cannon's tone;

Sing how brave Arnold dared death's fiercest frown,
 And Morgan's rifle won a new renown ;
 How Poor and Scammel dipped their swords in red ;
 Cilley and Learned marked their path with dread ;
 How Phillips thundered, Ackland faced the foe ;
 Riedesel sallied, Fraser showered his blow ;
 Ranks withered, sunk platoons ; on Havoc ploughed ;
 Live streaks of fire shot arrowy through the cloud ;
 The bayonet glittered, gleamed the frequent sword ;
 The musket rattled and the cannon roared ;
 The Heights like Sinai spoke with glare and peal,
 Battle the Moses and the tablets steel ;
 And long as Fame her pen of power shall hold,
 Thy earth, oh Bemis ! shall be changed to gold !
 Piled to a pyramid, Time's sunset beam,
 In living lustre, there, shall lingering stream ;
 Thy name be sculptured in eternal rock
 And told among the beats of Time's unceasing clock.

The night sinks down, but sparkles red betray
 Where tireless arms still carry on the fray.
 Cap-plate and match-box in the battle-flame
 The foes respective, breast to breast, proclaim,
 Till Carnage ceases from his crimson tread,
 And the drear scene but holds the dying and the dead.

The Patriot Chieftain, wakeful, dreads the light,
 Lest the fierce Lion should renew the fight.
 The sable grains where lurk death's lightnings, naught ;
 Ah ! with what danger Freedom's life is fraught !

Burgoyne too, wakeful, stoops once more his ear ;
 Ah ! loitering Howe ! thy succor ! is it near !
 On torturing waves his struggling heart is tost ;
 A conflict like the last, and all is lost.

The morning dawns ; the Lion from the scene
Hath sought his lair within the walled ravine
And height embattled ; sylvan Freeman's Farm —
That late resounded with wild war's alarm ;
Where dashed the battle in its swinging flow,
Like grappling billows rolling to and fro ;
Or a majestic pendulum is urged ;
Where the red ranks and where the patriot surged ;
Where gallant Jones, his scarlet coat aglow
With redder hues, hurled thunders on the foe,
And died at last beside his cannon hot
With their live lightnings ; — ah that sylvan spot
How dire the scenes it knew — shines fresh and bright,
With Nature smiling in the morn's delight.
Unscared, the meadow-lark soars warbling up
As the dew domes the aster's starry cup ;
The robin pipes his clarionet and blinks
At the round button like an eye that winks
On the prone red coat ; while the squirrel eyes
The prostrate garb of home-spun, its dull dyes
Like the brown store he gathered for his cave ;
From his leaf-hammock with his sable glaive
To pierce the flower, the bee drones on his way
His silver bag-pipe misty with its play ;
All speak of peace, the living and the dead ;
And thus the hours speed on with golden tread.

Days roll along ; the patriot picket sees
The red platoons rich glimpsing through the trees.
The grenadier surveys the rustic foe
Pitching the quoit, or drilling to and fro
The new recruits ; the nightly watch-fires glance
Upon the Indian's circling, stamping dance
To the bowl-drum's dull beat ; the hut of boughs

Wreathed by the patriot farm-boy from where browse
 The cattle in the barn-yard, views him fit
 The handle of the hoe within a bit
 Of sharpened steel, and lo! a spear to pierce
 The cannonier when up he gallops fierce
 To hurl his bolts; the drummer-boy that wore
 His drum until its skin the bullet tore
 Turns it into a cage to prison there
 The captured squirrel; near, with patient care
 Some rustic makes the scythe into a sword,
 Perchance to strike, when battle's torrents poured,
 The grand Burgoyne himself, as hand to hand
 Sickle to bayonet, pitchfork warding brand,
 Whirls the blind chaos; arms that wield the flail,
 Heap up the cider-press and build the rail
 Strike deep; and thus September goes, her breath
 Dimming the greenery, like day's twilight death
 Filming the landscape, and October comes.
 The pine sighs Summer's dirge; the hemlock hums
 Its winter prophecy; Burgoyne perceives
 The hectic crimson on the maple leaves
 And thinks how like his hopes their green was sign
 And now when evil fortune makes decline
 The red announces doom; then how the blue
 Unchanging cedar wore the fadeless hue
 Of smiling Freedom's hopes; the birch's gold
 His vanishing glory as a warrior told;
 The oak's rich purple, of the gore that stained
 His path, and, oh despair! what, what remained!

 At length he reared once more his wavering front
 To blindly dare the battle's fickle brunt.
 Again he dashes from his camp as breaks
 A long stayed cataract; Slaughter fiercely shakes

Anew his pinions. Poesy upsprings
From the green dingle where the sunshine flings
A gold black chequer, and in quiet she
Couched in the blossom swung within the tree
With bee and bird songs in her shell-like ears
Building her fairy thoughts; and, shuddering, hears
Again the shout of battle; slow her tread
Toward the fierce scene where Carnage reigns in dread
From where the dew condensed its sparkling swell
In silver cupolas along the dell.

Her soft eyes start, her golden hair again
Streams like a sunlit torrent; jars the strain
Her pearly lyre; black scowls the sulphury cloud
Red with the streaks of death; War shouts aloud
In fiendish glee; foes grapple; ranks melt; earth
Shakes with the cannon-thunder; this thy mirth,
Accursed Demon! oh ye beauteous trees,
That rang so sweetly to the minstrel breeze!
How your soft bark — the tricky beetle's home
And all the murmurous wings whose twilight roam
Turns air to music — by fierce, cruel balls
Is tortured! as they strike, what glittering falls
Of tiny shapes! what showers of rainbow leaves!
But vain the sorrow! Battle, ceaseless, weaves
His awful web; "on patriots! charge once more!"
"Back, rebels!" reeks with red the forest floor!
Five times a British gun is won and lost
By Britain and by Freedom, and is tost
By the war's wave to Freedom's hand at length; —
Bold Cilley mounts and dedicates its strength
To Freedom's cause, and hurls its thunders loud
With red-coat charges on the red-coat crowd.

Oh gorgeous Banner, rent but waving still!
Oh Flag of ages! with what warrior will

Thy folds have shadowed realms! no craven arm
 Hath ever borne thee! fortune's smiling charm
 Hath made thee bright! ah, Lion Flag what now
 Darkens thy radiance! Freedom's glorious brow
 Blasts thee with splendor born of lightning spray
 Flashed by wild torrents, born of tameless blasts
 Whirling round chainless crags, of boundless skies
 Of endless woods, where freest mountains rise;
 Oh trophied Banner, doth thy Lion droop
 Yea shiver and shrink, yea, shiver and shrink and stoop
 Down toward the dust! on Flag! one struggle more!
 Think of thy glories! let the blood outpour!
 Strike, warriors strike! ah, Flag of high emprise!
 Bold Ackland falls! low noble Fraser lies!
 In vain, alas in vain, thy sons brave death!
 Faint is the strength and wailing is the breath
 Around thee now! but, facing still the foe,
 Thy tread is faltering, waxing weak thy blow!
 Facing the foe, not onward points thy track!
 Facing the foe, but reeling, reeling back!
 The Flag of Freedom follows! bright, with sun,
 Borne by TenBroeck, Poor, Glover, Livingston;
 Borne by brave Nixon, Learned, scorning dread;
 Fierce Arnold leading, Morgan in his tread;
 In vain, Burgoyne plants firm his step to stay,
 Ragged with balls! in vain, in vain, away.
 The chief is swept, whose watch-word was the boast
 "Britons retreat not," swept now by the host
 He scorned; our Banner, brightening as it goes,
 Careers o'er piles of dead, o'er struggling foes;
 Shout! Freedom shout! hurrah! on, on its path!
 On over breastwork, sharp abatis! wrath
 Glares from the Lion's eye! shout, Freedom, shout!
 On, Banner, on! the Lion turns in rout,

The boasting Lion! shout! hurrah! he flees!
 Brave Breyman dies! triumphant Freedom sees
 The Lion flying from the field! hurrah!
 No grander sight, grand Freedom ever saw!
 Waving her flag, she plants it on its throne,
 Shout! rend the skies! hurrah! shout! victory is her own!

Again the morning, but no Lion's glare
 Reddens the field; in sullen, dark despair
 He crouches in his den upon the height;
 While Freedom spends the day in songful, wild delight.

The wrathful sunset lights a sorrowing scene
 In which a warrior train with mournful mien
 Consigns the gallant Fraser to his rest
 Within the "Great Redoubt," upon the crest
 Of that mailed hill where stands Burgoyne to pay
 Friendship's last tribute to the much-loved clay.
 Hiss the fierce, patriot cannon-balls around
 The grieving group, as rise in sacred sound
 The funeral words; but changed at length to tolls
 Of minute-guns whose solemn homage rolls
 Over the twilight landscape darkening grave
 In reverence, likewise, for the noble brave.

As the rain blinds the night, on Hudson's flow
 A boat is tossing; valiant in her woe,
 The tender Ackland seeks her wounded lord
 Within the patriot-camp; the wild blast roared
 O'er the black waves; though bitter rain-sheets chilled,
 Feelings of heaven that throbbing bosom filled,
 And soon her husband's suffering couch she gained,
 Whose pangs she soothed and languor she sustained.

As the rain streams, Burgoyne his sullen tread
 Turns to the North; no hope remains; his head
 Bows low! and yet—if Horican's free wave
 Receives his conquered host, retreat might save
 Surrender — on! the Night weeps bitter tears,
 But on! this one sole hope, though glimmering, cheers
 His fainting spirit! on! the Lion stoops
 In the black air, but on! in straggling groups
 His tired and hungry ranks grope slow along;
 Oh! how unlike the gay and gladdening song
 Of their advance! “Britons retreat not!” now
 Shame clogs the step, dejection loads the brow;
 But on! the morning dawns! still on! the height
 Of Saratoga hails the pallid light
 Of closing eve, and here, at last, the weighed
 And weary step of poor Burgoyne is stayed.

Gates follows after; from the jeweled isles
 Of Horican; the stately rocky piles
 Of blue Luzerne, where the majestic crags
 Of Potash Kettle change the clouds to flags;
 Where the Green Mountain blasts to thunders call
 In stately challenge; foams the waterfall
 Of the Great Spirit; where expands the plain
 Of the rich “Healing Waters!” where in vain
 Centuries gnaw the buckler on the breast
 Of Wallface, and Tahawus scowls with crest
 Of scorn upon his vassal peaks; in throngs
 The patriots sally, fiery with their wrongs
 And hopeful of their rights, to Freedom's side
 Now marching forward with victorious stride.

Shrinking from ceaseless showers of patriot balls,
 Madame Riedesel, in those cellar walls

Hallowed by her grand heart, makes bright the gloom
With fond devotion ; at her touch, the bloom
Of roses glows from ashes ; suffering's bed
Hears the sweet music of her gentle tread ;
She cools hot fever's brow, and with her smiles
The weary hours of tossing pain beguiles.
Thy horrors, War, are tinged with transient glow
By souls like her's, one joy to myriad woe !

Within a ball-swept tent, Burgoyne sits now
In counsel with despair upon his brow.
Curtains of scowling blackness fold him round ;
Closed is the net, and he is firmly bound.
Turns he toward Horican ? the foe is there !
East, Fellows' cannon-lightnings scorch the air ;
West, the live forest but his coming waits ;
And in his rear the frowning front of Gates.

At last wakes dallying Howe, and Hudson reels
Under the upward rush of British keels.
Many a brown hamlet on the river shore
At British broadsides, finds its quiet o'er ;
And many a stately manor house withdrawn
In its old groves, upon its shrubbery lawn,
Feels the hot cannon-ball ; — where roll the heights
Of the wild Highlands, and in stately sights
Nature rejoices, curving, now the Stream
To seeming lakes, then narrowing till its gleam
Is lost in blackness from the swelling breasts,
At either hand, of the encroaching crests, —
Standing like islands in an emerald sea,
Frown stern, Forts Clinton and Montgomery.
In vain they hurled their thunders, still in vain
Reliance placed they on the massive chain

Linking the shores ; the struggling Forts were swept,
 The chain was snapped, and up the vessels kept
 Their devastating way ; — still on, still on !
 Their broadsides roaring while their torches shone,
 Round many a dwelling slumbering in its trees,
 Wakening to fires wild streaming on the breeze
 At midnight's helpless hour ; at length in flames
 Grassy Esopus sees its rustic frames ,
 But northern tidings tell that hope is vain,
 And Vaughan and Wallace seek Manhattan's spires again.

On Saratoga's height, Song's weary wing
 Now folds a space, her glances round to fling.
 From " Gravel Hill " gleams down upon her view
 Hudson's bright flood ; that fragment of soft blue
 Tells the Green Mountains, and it smiles upon
 The scene of glad and glorious Bennington
 Upon the river bank rise dome-like hills ;
 Downward a rich and varying landscape fills
 The gladdened eye ; where sunset fires the skies,
 The dreamy peaks of Saratoga rise.
 Horican's mountains, like the purple down
 Of the ripe plum, the North horizon crown ;
 Up, Battenkill yields Hudson's breast her charms
 Clasping a fairy daughter in her arms
 South, the sweet Fish Kill links, too, like a bride
 Her sparkling beauty with his lordly tide ;
 Outspreads the space of erst Fort Hardy, nigh ;
 And here Song fastens her exultant eye.

A pearly, creamy Indian summer day !
 Glorious the scenes October's tints display.
 Golden the birch, in red the maple glows,

Orange the beech, the oak its purple shows,
While bits of rainbow, every jewel's hue
Blossom and bird, and shell, seem draining through
Upon the woodland mould, so rich and bright
Thicket and herbage flash upon the sight.

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

The second scene ! stretched down the rustic road
On two long patriot lines the sunlight glowed.
Each musket shouldered, every flag unwreathed,
Each cannon pointed, every sword unsheathed,
A picture grand of flags and swords and guns,
There stand the States in persons of their sons.
Virginia's Morgan proudly there ; erect
New York's brave Livingston ; in gladness decked,
Learned of Massachusetts ; Valiant Poor
Of grand New Hampshire ; oh, ye brave ! secure
In this your triumph ! well might ye rejoice !
Do ye not hear within your hearts the voice
The trumpet voice of Freedom ? hail all hail,

Ye heroes ! for your courage did not fail
 In trial ! but ye nobly strove and now
 The star of victory beams on every brow.

They come, the conquered hosts ! the grenadier,
 Whose veteran heart has never known a fear ;
 Bare his laced shoulder, bare of musket, worn
 To polish with its weight ; the Hessian, torn
 From his loved hamlet by the Rhine, to fight
 Uncaring in another's cause whose right
 He knew not ; mingling in his train, the bear
 The graceful deer, the furred raccoon, his care
 Has tamed ; and cowering in the midst, oh sight
 Of woe, ah saddening sight, that Flag of might
 That Lion Banner which had, conquering, climbed
 Abraham's proud Heights ! and with its folds sublimed
 By Wolf's grand death, had felt the dying sighs
 Of brave Montcalm — while streaming in the skies
 Blazoned in triumphs, bright in victory's burst
 The Stars and Stripes, unfurled now for the first —
 (Ah, glorious flag the symbol of the Free
 What heart so cold that does not warm to thee !
 Born in the throes of War, on land and sea
 What heart so high that does not bend to thee !
 Crimson with patriot blood, what caitiff knee
 In Freedom's realm that does not sink to thee !)
 Waved, proudly, grandly, gloriously, waved
 Above the Lion, deeply now engraved
 By its first victory, with all hearts all round
 Thrilled in the blithe and rapid-tripping sound
 Of our loved air whose measure to our tongue
 Will cling while think the old and act the young.

As passed the conquered troops, from out the tent
 Of Gates whose hospitable folds had bent

O'er the two chiefs at meat, Burgoyne, in pride
 Of gold and scarlet, plumage streaming wide,
 And Gates, in plain, blue garb, appeared, surveyed
 The moving scene; the first then bared his blade
 And, bowing, gave it to the other's hand
 Who swift returned it with a gesture bland.

Off march the conquered hosts; the distant hills
 Hide them; again the wide encampment fills
 With patriot troops; sweet quiet reigns once more;
 And Saratoga's last, grand, glorious scene is o'er.

Up rose our sun from this great battle's height;
 Swift flew the clouds and all the sky was bright.
 Up soared our Eagle, onward she careered;
 Her wing cast radiance and her presence cheered.
 Wide flew our Eagle; France unsheathed her sword
 And sought our side; and Spain and Holland poured
 Their smiles upon us; wide our Eagle flew!
 Cowpens, Kings Mountain, saw glad Victory strew
 Her flowers beneath their tread; till Yorktown wreathed
 Our land with laurel; War his falchion sheathed;
 And Glory smiling on her WASHINGTON
 Led FREEDOM to her Throne; OUR HERITAGE WAS WON.

Hail, noblest WASHINGTON! thy soul sublime
 Towers with the loftiest from the earliest time
 Great Alexander trampled on a world,
 Yet to the cup, inglorious banner furled;
 Majestic Cæsar with the earth beneath
 Sought but to hide his baldness with his wreath;
 Bacon, whose thoughts were stars, his mind a sky,
 His rich, bright ermine stained with venal dye;

Marlborough, grand Achilles of the sword!
Lived the mean slave to gold that he adored;
Napolcon, pulse of prostrate Europe's heart,
Shook with weak fear at Fortune's threatening dart;
Alone, blent WASHINGTON all hues to white
Harmonious radiance of transparent light;
Stern, and yet meek, no change of fate disturbed;
His a swift courage by slow caution curbed;
In danger calm, ambitious but in good;
In trial strong, temptations all withstood;
In darkness, breaking out a cheering sun;
No trouble bowed him and no pleasure won;
Fixed in resolve, yet bending patient ear;
In action prompt, in deep disdain of fear;
He drew his sword when country asked his aid,
And when need passed, serene returned the blade
Hiding the wreaths the grateful nation twined
Where green Mount Vernon all his joys enshrined.
A rocky column he, shaft, brow and base,
Of flowery sculpture, and Corinthian grace;
A stalwart oak, with smiling tendrils wreathed;
A pointed spear, in loving roses sheathed;
A mountain, towering in its state aloft,
Builded of granite, but with verdure soft;
Holding alike the blossom and the pine,
The storm cloud's shadow and the noontide's shine;
Now, the bird warbling in the dell, and now,
The eagle pealing from the craggy brow;
Hail, patriot Chief, all hail! Historic Fame
In purest gold, hath traced thy glorious name!
Earth has Niagara, the sky its sun,
And proud mankind its only WASHINGTON.

Hail, Saratoga, hail! the whole broad land
 Should peal thy triumph in one pæan grand.
 Nature yields homage; each recurring year
 Honoring thy mighty deeds which rendered clear
 The truth our nation should at last be free,
 October shows its leafy blazonry.

For in our clime alone those gorgeous dyes
 Vie with the splendor of its sunset skies.
 All hail! may thy proud glories heavenward burn
 Till to a cinder Time the sun shall turn.

And now our Banner! oft its hues it changed;
 Through many varying shapes its aspect ranged;
 The elm of Massachusetts and the oak
 Of Carolina into being woke
 The Tree of Liberty; (how strangely shows
 This patriot union of such after foes!)
 Till a new Constellation starred its blue;
 And red and white their deep, striped colors drew;
 Blue, red and white, like tints that quiver and reel
 Over the velvet rich of red hot steel.
 Wide streamed that Banner! as its folds flashed free
 Auroral splendors flashed in sympathy;
 Until the patriot saw the earthborn dyes
 Reflected in the Standard of the Skies.
 Oh, while those splendors beam upon the sight,
 May that broad Banner glow in living light!
 Oh, may its trophies wave in pomp sublime
 Till melts the midnight of departing Time.

Loudly may laurelled Saratoga claim
 A granite tribute to her splendid fame!
 In the grand chariot which her warsteeds drew
 She first placed Freedom, pointing to her view

The glorious goal. Shall pagan Egypt bid
The heavens be cloven with her pyramid?
Shall Greece shrine Phidias in her Parthenon
To live till fades the stars and dies the sun?
Rome with her mighty Coliseum whelm
The earth with awe, a peerless wondrous realm?
And our free nation meanly shrink to write
With lasting finger in the whole world's sight
Grand Saratoga's glory? sound aloud,
Song thy wide trumpet! let the heavens be bowed
With Love of Country's wrathful thunders, till
A reverent people, with united will
Shall bid the Monument in sculptured art
Rise, Freedom's visible form, our Land's embodied heart.

