

ment of Germans who had made a circuit into Vermont, after the reduction of Ticonderoga, had been defeated in a battle at Bennington, and now with great difficulty rejoined the army, diminished in numbers, deprived of their commander who had been killed, and stripped of their baggage and artillery. Another excursion under St. Leger had been but partially successful; and as the result of both these unfortunate episodes, Burgoyne found himself short of one sixth part of his troops. While he was sending his baggage-waggons to Lake George, moreover, the American army, now recruited to a force of ten thousand men, began to come back from Mohawk, desirous of bringing him to an engagement. It would have been prudent, perhaps, had he fallen back upon Skenesborough, and awaited further supplies from Canada; but *vestigia nulla retrovertuntur* is a pardonable motto for the pride of an English general. As soon as he was able, therefore, he set forward; crossed the Hudson on a bridge of boats; foraged on the estates of General Schuyler, and burned his seat at Schuylerville, and so advanced to Stillwater where he drew up his line before the American entrenchments on the 18th of September. The next day a manoeuvre of some of the troops seeking a better position, was mistaken by General Gates for an intended assault. A counter movement was made by the Americans, which produced a collision, and the engagement soon became general. It was desperately maintained, and continued through the day, the battle ending where it had begun, when it was too dark to see. Burgoyne claimed a victory, and the American general, Wilkinson confesses a drawn game; but it was such a victory as rendered another battle almost sure defeat. 'It was one of the largest, warmest, and most obstinate battles,' says Wilkinson, 'ever fought in America.'

Burgoyne found himself weakened by this conflict, but Gates was daily receiving new accessions to his strength. The decisive action was postponed, on both accounts no doubt, till the 7th of October. In the afternoon of that day a strong detachment of the British troops, advancing towards the American left wing with ten pieces of artillery, for the purpose of protecting a forage party, was furiously attacked, and the action almost immediately involved the whole force of both armies. The right wing of the English was commanded by General Frazer, the idol of the army, and admired by none more heartily than by his foes. The first shock of the battle was sustained by him, and by the grenadiers under Colonel Ackland, who was terribly slaughtered, while the colonel fell dangerously wounded. Frazer, exposing himself in the hottest of the fight, and conspicuously mounted on an iron-gray, seemed the very soul of the battle, and showed himself every where, bringing his men into the action. His extraordinary efficiency, and the enthusiasm with which he inspired the ranks was noticed by the Americans; and Colonel Morgan, of the Virginia riflemen, to whom he was immediately opposed, smitten with the incomparable generalship of his antagonist, is said to have resolved upon his fall. Drawing two of his best marksmen aside, he pointed to his adversary and said, 'Do you see yonder gallant officer? It is General Frazer. I admire and esteem him, but it is necessary that he should die: take your places, and do your duty.' In a few minutes he fell from his horse mortally wounded.

Burgoyne commanded the whole line in person, directing every movement, and did all that valor and heroism could do to supply the brave officers whose destruction he observed with anguish. Twice he received a bullet, either of which might have been fatal—one passing through his beaver, and the other grazing his breast. The Earl of Balcarras distinguished himself in rallying the disheartened infantry; and Freyman, commanding the German flank, fell dead on the field. The Brunswickers scattered like sheep, before a man of them had been killed or wounded, and some German grenadiers, who served with more spirit behind a breast-work, were driven from their stockade at the point of the bayonet. The American general remained in camp, overlooking the field; but his officers fought bravely, and none more so than Benedict Arnold, who hated him, and was smarting under disgrace. This hot-brained fellow, however, had no business to be there. He was not only disobeying orders, but actually at this time had no command in the army; and yet, being in rank the first officer on the field, he flew about issuing orders, which were generally obeyed. Gates, indignant at his presumption, despatched a messenger after him; but Arnold, understanding the design, evaded the message by dashing into a part of the fight where no one would follow him. He seemed to court death, acting more like a madman than a soldier, and driving up to the very muzzles of the artillery. It is singular that to this execrable traitor, as he afterwards showed himself, was owing the whole merit of the manoeuvre which closed the day, and decided in favor of America a battle upon which her destinies hung suspended. Flourishing his sword, and animating the troops by his voice and reckless contempt of danger, he brought them up to the Hessian intrenchment, carried it by assault, and, while returning into the early port, received a shot in his leg, which killed his horse upon the spot. It was this crowning exploit that forced Burgoyne back to his camp; from which, during the night, he made a creditable movement: of his troops to higher ground without further loss. In the morning the abandoned camp was occupied by the Americans, who played upon his position with an incessant cannonade.

The anecdotes of this battle are full of interest, and some of them worthy of perpetual remembrance. Soon after the decisive turn of the action, Wilkinson, the American officer whom I have already quoted, was galloping over the field to execute some order, when he heard a wounded person cry out—'Protect me, sir against that boy.' He turned and saw a British officer wounded in both legs, who had been carried to a remote part of the field, and left in the angle of a fence, and at whom a lad of about fourteen was coolly aiming a musket. Wilkinson was so fortunate as to arrest the atrocious purpose of the youngster, and inquiring the officer's rank, was answered—'I had the honor to command the grenadiers.' He of course knew it to be Colonel Ackland and humanely dismounted, helped him to a horse, and, with a servant to take care of him, sent him to the American camp.

In his own narrative, Burgoyne did ample justice to the rest of this story; but it will bear to be told again to another generation. The Lady Harriet Ackland, as I have already said, was in the British camp. She had accompanied her husband to Quebec, and in the campaign of 1775 had followed him to a poor hut at Chambly, where he had fallen sick, and there exposing himself to every fatigue and danger had assiduously ministered to his comfort. She was left at Ticonderoga, under positive injunctions to remain there; but her husband receiving a wound in the affair at Castleton, while pursuing St. Clair, she again followed him, and became his nurse. After this, refusing to return, she was transported in such a cart as could be constructed in the camp, to the different halting places, of the army, always accompanying her husband with the grenadiers, and sharing the peculiar exposures of the vanguard. At Stillwater she occupied a tent, adjoining the house in which Frazer expired, and which was the lodge of the Baroness Reidesel, who with a similar fidelity had followed the fortunes of her husband, accompanied by her three little children. Lady Ackland is described by Burgoyne as one of the most delicate, as well as the most lovely, of her sex. She was bred to all the luxuries and refinements incident to birth and fortune, and while thus enduring the fatigues of military life, was far advanced in the state in which the hardest matron requires the tenderest and most particular defence.

If, notwithstanding the inconveniences of such a presence, the residence of those ladies in the British camp had thrown additional radiance on the sunniest days of hope and success, it may well be imagined that they seemed as angels in the eyes of wounded and dying men, to whom they ministered like sisters or mothers. The baroness herself has left a touching account of the scenes through which she passed, in that rude shed on the Hudson. 'On the 7th of October,' she says, 'our misfortunes began.' She had invited Burgoyne, with General Philipps and Frazer, to dine with her husband; but, as the hour arrived, she observed a movement among the troops, and some Indians, in their war finery, passing the house, gave her notice of the approaching battle by their yells of exultation. Immediately after she heard the report of artillery, which grew louder and louder, till the skies seemed coming down. At four o'clock, her little table ready, instead of the cheerful guests for whom she had prepared, General Frazer was brought in helpless and faint with his wound. Away went the untasted banquet, and a bed was set in its place, on which the pale sufferer was laid. A surgeon examined the wound and pronounced it mortal. The ball had passed through the stomach, which was unfortunately distended by a bountiful breakfast. The general desired to know the worst, and, on learning his extremity, simply requested that he might be buried on the hill, beside the house, where a redoubt had been erected, at the hour of six in the evening; the baroness afterward heard him sigh frequently—'Oh, fatal ambition—poor General Burgoyne—oh, my poor wife!' The wounded officers were continually brought in, till the little hut became a hospital. General Reidesel came to the house for a moment, towards night-fall, but it was only to whisper to his wife to pack up her movables, and be ready at any moment to retreat. His dejected countenance told the rest. Soon after, Lady Ackland was informed of her husband's misfortune, and that he was a prisoner in the American camp.

Consoling her distressed companion and ministering to the wounded gentlemen—hushing her little ones lest they should disturb General Frazer, and collecting her camp-furniture for the anticipated remove—thus did the fair Reidesel spend the long dark night that followed. Towards three in the morning, they told her that the general showed signs of speedy dissolution; and, lest they should interfere with the composure of the dying man, she wrapped up her little ones and carried them into the cellar. He lingered till eight o'clock, frequently apologizing to the lady for the trouble he caused her. All day long, the body in its winding-sheet lay in the little room among the sufferers, the ladies moving about in their charitable ministries, with lamentable sighs before them, and the dreadful exhalation incessantly in their ears. General Gates, now in possession of the British trenches, was awaiting the new position of the troops, which, with the house occupied by the baroness, was becoming every hour more untenable. Burgoyne had decided upon a further retreat; but, magnanimously resolved to fulfil General Frazer's request, to the letter, would not stir till six o'clock. This was the more noble, as the enemy was now advancing, and had set fire to a house not far off, which

was building for the better accommodation of the Reidesel. At the hour, the corpse was brought out, amid these impressive scenes of fire and slaughter, and under the constant roar of artillery. It was attended by all the generals to the redoubt. The procession not being understood, and attracting the notice of the American general, was made the mark of the cannon, and the balls began to fall thick and heavy around the grave. Several passed near the baroness, as she stood trembling for her husband at the door of the lodge. Burgoyne himself has described this remarkable funeral, to which, owing to the intrepidity of the priest, the rites of the church were not wanting. The balls bounded upon the redoubt and scattered the earth alike upon the corpse and the train of mourners; but 'with steady attitude, and unaltered voice,' says Burgoyne, the clergyman, Mr Brudenel, read the burial service; rendered doubly solemn by the danger, the booming of the artillery, and the constant fall of shot. The shades of a clouded evening were closing upon that group of heroes and they seemed to be standing together in the shadow of death; but some good angel waved his wing around the holy rite, and not one of them was harmed.

That night the army commenced its retreat, leaving the hospital, with three hundred sick and wounded, to the mercy of General Gates, who took charge of them with the greatest humanity. Lady Ackland demanded to be sent to her husband; but Burgoyne could only offer her an open boat in which to descend the Hudson, and the night was rainy. Nothing daunted, she accepted the offer to the astonishment of Burgoyne, who, on a piece of dirty wet paper scrawled a few words, commending her to General Gates, and suffered her to embark. What a voyage, in the storm and darkness, on those lone waters of the Hudson! The American sentinel heard the approach of oars, and hailed the advancing stranger. Her only watchword was—a woman! The sentinel may be forgiven for scarce trusting his senses, and refusing to let such an apparition go on shore, till a superior officer could be heard from; but it was a cheerless delay for the faithful wife. As soon, however, as it was known that Lady Ackland was the stranger, she was welcomed to the American camp, where, 'it is due, to justice,' says Burgoyne, 'to say that she was received with all the humanity and respect that her rank, her merits, and her fortunes deserved.'

The Hudson girdled the forlorn intrenchments to which the British general now retired, and its floods were all in possession of the American forces. By means of these fords they had regained the forts on Lake George, and the road to Skenesborough, and all retreat was cut off—even the desperate retreat which Burgoyne had proposed, of abandoning artillery and baggage, and carrying nothing away but bodies and souls. Yet for six days his proud soul stood firm, unable to endure or even face the thought of surrender. The American batteries were constantly at play upon his camp. Blood was the price of the water which they were forced to bring from the river. The house which contained the Baroness and her children, hiding in the cellar, was riddled with shot. A soldier, whose leg was under the knife of the surgeon, had the other carried off by a ball as he lay upon the table. After six such days, even Burgoyne saw that there was no hope. He signed 'the articles of convention,' and the next day surrendered in the field of Saratoga. 'From that day,' says a British writer, 'America was a nation.'

After the surrender, the Baroness Reidesel went to join her husband in the American camp. Seated in a calash with her children, she drove through the American lines, presenting such a picture of female virtue, as awed even the common soldiers, and moved them to tears as she passed along. She was met by a gentleman who had once enjoyed the command of the army in which she thus became a guest; one whose patriotism no injury from his country could disaffect, and whose gallantry and politeness no severity from his foes could disarm. Taking the children from the calash, he affectionately kissed them, and presenting his hand to their mother, said pleasantly—'You tremble, madam! I beg you not to be afraid.' She replied—'sir, your manner emboldens me; I am sure you must be a husband and a father!' She soon found that it was General Schuyler; and he afterwards had the happiness of entertaining both her and General Reidesel, with Lady Ackland, her husband, and Burgoyne himself, as his hospitable mansion in Albany, 'not as enemies,' says the baroness, 'but as friends.' While thus entertained, Burgoyne said one day to his host, 'You show me much kindness, tho' I have done you much harm.' 'It was the fortune of war,' answered Schuyler; 'let us say no more on the subject.' The author of *Hochelega* adds the following painful story, with reference to Colonel Ackland. On a public occasion in England, he heard a person speaking of the Americans as cowards. 'He indignantly rebuked the libeller of his gallant captors; a duel ensued the next morning, and the noble and grateful soldier was carried home a corpse.'

O poor General Burgoyne, we have partially anticipated the subsequent history. His military career closed with this defeat; and though, on his return to England, he took a seat in Parliament, his chief business, as a senator, appears to have been his own defence against repeated assaults from his enemies. Though he is said to have carried to his grave the appearance of a discouraged and broken man, he amused himself with literary pursuits and in 1786 was the popular author of the successful play, entitled the 'Heiress.' About six years later he was privately committed to his grave in Westminster Abbey.

At this distance of time, I see no reason why the field of Saratoga may not be regarded by Englishmen as well as by Americans, with emotions as near akin to pleasure as the horrors of carnage can allow. It is a field from which something of honor flows to all parties concerned, and in the singular history of which even our holy religion, and the virtues of domestic life, were nobly illustrated. On the one side was patriotism, on the other loyalty, on both sides courtesy. If the figures of the picture are at first fierce and repulsive—the figures of brethren armed against brethren, of mercenary Germans and frantic savages, Canadian rangers, and American ploughmen, all bristling together with the horrid front of war—what a charm of contrast is presented, when among these stern and forbidden groups is beheld the form of a Christian woman moving too and fro, disarming every heart of every emotion but reverence, softening the misfortunes of defeat, and checking the elation of victory. The Americans may justly tread that battle ground with veneration for the achievement which secured to his country a place among the nations of the world, but not without a holy regard for the disasters, which were as the travail-throes of England in giving her daughter birth. And the Briton acknowledging the necessity of the separation as arising from the nature of things, may always feel that it was happily effected at Saratoga, where if British fortune met with a momentary reverse, British valor was untarnished; and where history, if she declines to add the name of a new field to the ancient catalogue of England's victories, turns to a fairer page, and gives a richer glory than that of conquest to her old renown, as she records the simple story of female virtue, heroism, fidelity and piety, and inscribes the name of LADY HARRIET ACKLAND.

From the Christian Treasury.
HINTS TO MOTHERS.

MY MOTHER IN HER CLOSET

Nothing used to impress upon my mind so strongly the reality and excellence of religion as my mother's counsels and prayers. Very frequently she retired with her children to a private room; and after she had read the Bible with us, and given us some good instruction and advice, kneeled down with us and offered a prayer, which, for apparent earnestness and fervour, I have seldom known equalled. These seasons were always pleasant to us, and sometimes we looked forward to them with impatience. My mother seemed to me almost an angel; her language, her manner, the very expression countenance, indicating great nearness to the throne of grace. I could not have shown levity at such times. It would have been impossible. I felt then that it was a great blessing to have a praying mother, and I have felt it much more sensibly since. Those counsels and prayers time will never efface from my memory. They form, as it were, a part of my very constitution.

EMPLOYMENT BETTER THAN SCOLDING.
Great unkindness and injustice is often done to little children, by treating them as mischievous, and scolding them for being troublesome—when the truth is, the little creatures are either weary for want of employment, or else the love of knowledge or curiosity, has induced them to examine the inside of something they ought not to have meddled with. Find them something to occupy them—work such as they can do, or innocent amusement—and they will not trouble you with mischievousness.

It is said that the mind of a child is as active as that of a statesman. This must be acknowledged, since it is admitted that a child learns more the two first years of its life than in any six subsequent ones. And only think what the little creatures have to acquire! They have to learn a language—and one may almost say two, if we take into account the unintelligible jargon that some use when talking to infant children. Then they have to learn the use of everything around them, and the various characters of the persons they meet with.

A father tells us, while he was working in his garden, his little son was very desirous to help him; the hoe, shovel, and rake were each in turn put into requisition, and, as might have been expected, he did more harm than good; and the father was under the necessity of arresting him several times, by saying: 'Little boy, you must not do that; you you must not do so.' At length the little fellow said: 'Well, what may I do?'

THE ALMOND BLOSSOM.

'Dear mamma' said a lovely little girl to her mother, as they were walking together in the garden, why do you have so few of those beautiful double almonds in the garden? You have hardly a bed where there is not a tuft of violets and they are so much plainer! what can be the reason?—'My dear child,' said the mother, 'gather me a bunch of each. Then I will tell you why I prefer the humble violet.' The little girl ran off, and soon returned with a fine bunch of the beautiful almonds and a few violets. 'Smell them, my love,' said her mother, and see which is the sweetest. The child smelled again and again; and could scarcely believe herself, that the lovely almond had no scent; while the plain violet had a delightful odour. 'Well my child which is the sweetest?' Oh, dear mother, it is this little violet!—'Well, you know now, my child, why I prefer the plain violet to the beautiful almond. Beauty without fragrance, in flowers, is as worthless, in my opinion, as beauty without gentleness and good temper in little girls. When any of those people who speak without reflection