

victims to the elements and the American round-shot and bullets. The deluges from the clouds were not more pitiless than the iron and leaden hail poured in by the encompassing enemy. With his sweetheart, Burgoyne was having a joyous time and wasting the hours, when the last chance of escape vouchsafed like a rift in the rack of the storm,—the brief interval of sunshine—was gradually closing up again to end on “the field of the grounded arms,” on the opposite shore, at the point which was the site of the old Fort Hardy. War in those days for the professional officer was not the grim reality that our poor fellows found it in the Rebellion and still recognize it on the Plains.

If Burgoyne was “Burgoyned” as was Stanhope at Brihuega, in 1710, or Dupont at Baylen, in 1808, or Pemberton at Vicksburg, in 1863, and the embryo of the independence of these United States ushered into being, and the Stars and Stripes, “Old Glory,” flung to the winds at Saratoga, the British general was “Burgoyned,” in 1777, on the one hand by his own faults and errors, and on the other by the prescience, constancy, patriotism, and capacity of Philip Schuyler.

“ And through the centuries let a people's voice  
 In full acclaim,  
 A people's voice,  
 Attest the great [New Yorker's] claim,  
 With honor, honor, honor to him,  
 Eternal honor to his name!”

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