

and strong arms were gathering around its banners.

Near Bemis' Heights, the forces met upon equal ground and in equal combat. Charges and counter-charges piled the field with heaps of slain, until with sheer exhaustion the roar of conflict ceased, and the mantle of descending darkness shut out the scene of carnage from the eyes of men. For some days victory hung in the balance, till the hand of God turned the scale toward liberty and progress. Gallant Frazer, the soul of the British army, was slain in the forefront of battle. And when his cheering voice and waving sword were missed along the line, the day was won for freedom. Instead of the royal pennant waving to the breeze at Albany, Burgoyne saw his shattered army hurled back through rain and mire, bearing their tattered standards to the heights of Saratoga, with the enemy in full retreat. There the way was blocked with sturdy patriots. Retreat to Canada was cut off, and the road to Albany had been already tried.

A victorious enemy is pressing upon all sides. Burgoyne's army reduced to about four thousand men, with only three days' provisions, is hemmed in by one of nearly twenty thousand, full of the animation of victory. Storms of iron hail are sweeping his camp. His headquarters has become a target for the field guns of the enemy. Soon it is cut to pieces and his council board dispersed. Then come wounds and thirst, and the white flag sues for terms. The commanders meet. The sword is delivered. The bronzed and hardy veterans of many a campaign on the Continent, file out and pile their arms, and the long train of prisoners starts for Boston between the