

## WIFE OF A BRITISH SOLDIER RECOUNTS THE SURRENDER AT SARATOGA



We were halted at six in the morning...Gen. Burgoyne ordered the artillery to be drawn up in a line...This gave much dissatisfaction, as a few marches more would have ensured our safety...an hour had elapsed, before the army was halted, because the enemy was in sight. They were but two hundred in number, who came to reconnoiter, and who might easily have been taken, had not Gen. Burgoyne lost all his presence of mind...The savages had lost their courage, and they walked off in all directions...We reached

Saratoga about dark...I asked Gen. Phillips, who came to see how I was, why we did not continue our retreat...My poor lady," said he, "you astonish me...you have so much courage...What a pity it is that you are not our commanding general..."

...About 2 o'clock, we heard...muskets and cannon, and there was much alarm and bustle...My husband sent me word, that I should immediately retire into a house which was not far off. I got...with my children, and when we were near the house, I saw, on the opposite bank of the Hudson, five or six men, who aimed at us with their guns...Soon after our arrival, a terrible cannonade began, and the fire was...directed against the house, where we had hoped to find a refuge... Eleven cannonballs passed through the house...A poor soldier, who was about to have a leg amputated, lost the other by one of these balls. All his comrades ran away at that moment, and when they returned, they found him in one corner of the room, in the agonies of death...

On the 17th of October, the surrender was carried into effect. The generals waited upon the American General Gates, and the troops surrendered themselves prisoners of war and laid down their arms...At last, my husband's groom brought me a message to join him with the children. I once more seated myself in my dear calash, and, while riding through the American camp, was gratified to observe that no body looked at us with disrespect, but, on the contrary, greeted us, and seemed touched at the sight of a captive mother with three children. I must candidly confess that I did not present myself, though so situated, with much courage to the enemy, for the thing was entirely new to me. When I drew near the tents, a good looking man advanced towards me, and helped the children from the calash, and kissed and caressed them: he then offered me his arms, and tears trembled in his eyes. "You tremble," said he; "do not be

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Battle of Saratoga

alarmed, I pray you." "Sir," cried I, "a countenance so expressive of benevolence, and the kindness which you have evinced towards my children, are sufficient to dispel all apprehension." He then ushered me into the tent of General Gates...