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From the New York Evening Post

REMINISCENCES Of the American Revolution.

BY SEVENTY-SIX.

NO. 11.

SURRENDER OF BURGOYNE.

In 1775, General Grant, a member in Parliament, proposed asking the King to give him five regiments for the American service, to enable him to march from one end of the continent to the other. This boasting found favor with the Ministry, and met the general sentiments of the people. Under this influence, Burgoyne was furnished with ten thousand men.—The popularity of the expedition induced six members of Parliament to join his army, expecting to find it a mere past time, and several of the officers took along their wives and children.

As soon as the army reached fort Edward, their distress became very severe. Their pack horses, baggage, artillery and infantry, extended twelve miles on the march, which was frequently through forests, and over streams and mountains, or high hills. In the meantime, the Americans had resolved upon his capture and had faith in doing it. Within twenty miles of his route, almost every man turned out, and hung upon his flank, either single or in companies. My informant remembers going to a funeral in a village on the Hudson river, and seeing none in attendance except very old men and women. Every man, capable of carrying arms in the village, had gone to the army.

Indeed it would have been disreputable for an able man to have been found at home, when Burgoyne *was* to be taken!—Before Burgoyne had time to intrench his camp at Saratoga, the Americans had surrounded him in numbers exceeding twice his force.

Gen. Frazer, his main reliance and the second in command was mortally wounded, and carried into the tent of Madame De Reisdell; whose husband was Major General of the German Troops. He was informed that his wound was mortal, and that there was only time for him to communicate his dying requests. He exclaimed, "O fatal ambition! Poor Gen. Burgoyne!" Recovering himself he sent a message to Burgoyne, requesting that his body might be buried on the side of a mountain, at the going down of the sun. In the morning he died—the British army was under a full retreat—but halting towards evening to meet the dying request of Frayer. His grave was dug on the spot his fancy had dictated. Burgoyne determined to give him a military funeral.—The procession moved with the body—Gates mistaking the object of this movement, opened upon it, a severe cannonade. The clergyman stood over the grave, reading the funeral service, while the dirt was thrown over him from the ground, torn up by the American cannon. Burgoyne himself received a shot that tore his waistcoat, and officers and men were falling all around. As soon as this painful ceremony was over, Burgoyne resumed his retreat, after which Gates, discovered that it was a funeral, when he sent in a flag, with an apology, stating, that, had he understood the case no firing should have been allowed.

Arnold at this time had no actual command, but hearing the cannon he became excited and rushed into the battle like a perfect fury. During the last assault he exposed his person; and led on the troops in the most dangerous manner. His horse was killed under him and his leg severely wounded. Stark had been ordered by Washington to join Gates, and Morgan also, Gates having slighted Morgan after the battle—the latter notwithstanding determined to postpone his duty, and ask no favors. The following day, Gates was dining with several British officers, when Morgan had occasion to call upon him officially. The British officers understanding the feelings between Gates and Morgan, left the table, followed Morgan into the front yard, and begged to make his acquaintance, at the same time, loudly declaring, that his name in battle, had been their greatest terror. This reduced the consequence of Gates, curtailed his vanity, and improved his manners.

After the surrender, the British officers often hired an American colonel to mend their boots. They had gold, and the colonel at home was a shoemaker, and gold with him was a rare article.

Burgoyne had the highest respect for Washington—who sympathized with him in his misfortunes in the following language: "Viewing you in the light of an officer, contending against what I conceive to be the rights of my country, the reverses of fortune you experienced in the field cannot be to me unacceptable—but, abstracted from considerations of national advantage, I can sincerely sympathize with your feelings as a soldier, and unavoidable difficulties of whose situation forbade his success, and as a man, whose lot combines, the calumny of ill-health, the anxiety of captivity, and the painful sensibility for a reputation, exposed where he most shrinks to the assaults of malice and detraction."

Burgoyne was free to acknowledge every noble and lofty sentiment. He replied to Washington: "I beg you to accept my sincere acknowledgements; I find the character which I before knew to be respectable, is also perfectly amiable—and I should have few greater private gratifications in seeing our melancholy contest at an end, than that of cultivating your friendship."

In the surrender Gates stipulated that Burgoyne might go home to England on parole. Congress, for some time, on account of misunderstanding in relation to exchange of prisoners, hesitated in consummating this arrangement until Washington's influence induced them to confirm it. Burgoyne become very irritable under the delay, and loudly complained of it as a breach of the convention. Washington urged the matter upon Congress, on the ground that duty as well as policy required their sanction, as he was clear in the opinion that Burgoyne would, on resuming his seat in parliament, give new light to the ministry upon the American war. This expectation would have been realized had not the King and ministry been among those who are so blind that they cannot see. Burgoyne made his defence, and proved to every unprejudiced mind, that he had lost the army, not by his own judgment, but by following his instructions.—The mortification of his superiors at this defeat, under the severe lash of those who opposed the war, made it necessary to shift the responsibility from the shoulders of the government on to their Commanding General, and Burgoyne was actually ordered to return to America by the King, to resume his captivity. This cruel treatment to one of their generals shortened his days. His return was not insisted upon, but he was obliged to resign all his offices and emoluments which were very considerable.

He was, under a previous election, still returned to Parliament, and joined in the opposition to the continuance of the war, warmly contending that all the power of England could never conquer America. In 1783, as soon as peace was concluded, he lived a retired life till August, 1792, when he died by his own hand, a prey to disappointment and injustice of his country. There never arose a man in England, who, during so short a time, was held in higher favor. His death was announced in the ministerial papers as from gout in the stomach, but I have it from reliable authority as above stated.

Major Gen. De Reesdell of the German troops, with his family came to America, via London. The Queen gave audience to his lady, and every attention was showered upon them, as upon all others who were going to aid in subduing the rebellion. On their return from America the tune was changed, and Burgoyne, who asked no preferment for himself, had the additional mortification to discover that he had no influence with the King in securing justice for others.

When Burgoyne and his army marched out to lay down their arms, the Americans retired from the sight of this humiliating spectacle of their British brethren. This deeply affected the British officers, among whom were many noble men. On their return to England, whenever the American character was assailed, they pointed to the surrender, and defied the world to equal such magnanimity.

BEAUTIFUL EXTRECT.

Go out beneath the arched heavens in night's profound gloom, and say if you can "There is no God!" Pronounce that dreadful blasphemy, and each star above you will reproach your unbroken darkness of intellect; every voice that floats upon the night winds will bewail your hopelessness and despair! Is there no God?—Who, then unrolled that blue scroll, and threw upon its high frontispiece, the legible gleaming of immortality? Who fashioned this green earth, with its perpetual rolling waters, and its wide expanse of island main? Who settled the foundations of the mountains? who paved the heavens with clouds and attuned, amid the banners of storms, the voice of thunders, and unchained the lightnings that linger, and lurk and flash in their gloom? Who gave to the eagle a safe eye where the tempests dwell and beat the strongest; and the dove a tranquil abode amid the forests that ever echo to the minstrelsy of her moan?—Who made thee, oh, man, with thy perfect elegance of intellect and of form? Who made the light pleasant to thee, and the darkness a covering and a herald to the first beautiful flashes of the morning? who gave thee the matchless symmetry of sinew and limb? that regular flowing of blood, those impressible and daring passions of ambition and of love? No God! and yet the thunders of heaven and the waters of the earth are calm! Is there no lightning that heaven is not avenged? Are there no floods that it is not under a deluge?—They remain—but the blow of reconciliation hangs out above and beneath them. And it were better that the limitless waters and the strong mountains were convulsed and commingled together—it were better that the very stars were conflagrated by fire, or shrouded in gloom, than that one child should be lost, while mercy kneels and pleads for it beneath the altar of intercession!

Incident in the Life of Washington.

* * As the barge gained the opposite banks one of the rowers leaped ashore, and made it fast to the root of a willow which hung its broad branches over the river.—The rest of the party then landed, and uncovering, saluted their commander, who respectfully returned their courtesy. "By ten o'clock you may expect me," said Washington. "Be cautious—look well that you are not surprised. These are no times for trifling. "Depend upon us," replied one of the party. "I do," he responded, and bidding them farewell, he departed along the banks of the river.

That evening a party was to be given at the house of one of his old and valued friends, to which he, with several others American officers, had been invited. It was seldom that he particapated in festivity, more especially at that period, when every moment was fraught with danger; nevertheless, in respect to an old acquaintance, backed by the solicitation of Rufus Rungsdale, he consented to relax from the toils of military duty, and honor the party for a few hours, with his presence. After continuing his path for some distance along the river's side he struck off into a narrow road, boarded thickly with brush-wood, tinged with a thousand dies of departed summer—here and there a gray crag peeped out from the foliage, over which the green ivy and scarlet wood bine hung in wreathy dalliance; at other places the arm of the chestnut and mountain ash met in leafy fondness and cast a gloom, deep almost as night. Suddenly a crashing among the branches was heard, and like a deer, a young Indian girl bounded into the path and stood full in his presence. He started back with surprise and laid his hand on his sword—but the Indian only fell on her knee, placed her finger on her lips, and by a sign with her hand, forbid him to proceed." "What seek you, my pretty flower?" said the general. She started to her feet, drew a small tomahawk from her belt of wampum and imitated the act of scalping an enemy—then again waving her hand as forbidding him to advance, she darted into the bushes, leaving him lost in amazement.

"There is danger," said he to himself, after a short pause, and recovering from his surprise. "That Indian's manner betokens me no good, but I trust in God; he has never yet deserted me;" and resuming his path, he shortly reached the mansion of Rufus Rugsdale. In the midst of the hilarity, the sound of a cannon burst suddenly upon the ear, startling the guests and suspending the dance. Washington and the officers looked at each other with surprise, but their fears were quickly dispelled dy Rugsdale informing them it was only a discharge of ordinance in honor of his distinguished visitors. The joy of the moment was resumed; but the gloom of suspicion had fallen upon Washington, who sat in moody silence, apart from the happy throng. A slight tap on his shoulder at length roused him from his abstraction, and looking up, he perceived the person of the Indian standing in the bosom of a myrtal bush close to his side. "Ha! again here," he exclaimed with astonishment, but she motioned him to be silent, and kneeling at his feet, presented him with a boquet of flowers. Washington received it and was about to place it in his breast, when she grasped him firmly by the arm and pointing to it said in a whisper, "snake snake!" and the next moment mingled with the company, who appeared to recognize and welcome her as one well known and esteemed.

Washington regarded the boquet with wonder; he saw nothing in it to excite suspicion; her words and singular appearance had, however sunk deeply into his heart, and looking closer upon the nosegay to his surprise he saw a small piece of paper in the midst of the flowers. Hastily he drew it forth, and confounded and horror-stricken read—"Beware! you are betrayed!"

It was now apparant that he was within the den of the tiger, but to quit it abruptly might only draw the consummation of treachery the speedier upon his head. He resolved, therefore, to disguise his feelings and trust to the power which had never forsaken him. The festivities were again renewed, but almost momentarily interrupted by the sound of the cannon. The guests now began to regard each other with mistrust, while many and moody were the glances cast upon Rugsdale, whose countenance began to show symptoms of uneasiness, while ever and anon he looked from the window out upon the broad green lawn which extended to the river, as if in expectation of some one's arrival.

"What can detain them?" he muttered to himself." "Can they have deceived me? At that moment a bright flame rose from the river, illuminating for a moment the surrounding scenery showing a small boat filled with persons, making rapidly towards the shore.

"All's well he continued; in three minutes I shall be possessor of a coronet, and the cause of the republic be no more."—Then turning to Washington he said, Come General, pledge me the success of our arms."

The eye of Rugsdale at that moment encountered the scrutinizing look of Washington, and sank to the ground, his hand trembled violently—even to so great a degree as to partly spill the contents of the goblet. With difficulty he conveyed it to his lips, then retiring to the window, he waved his hand, which action was immediately responded to by a third sound of the cannon, and at the same moment the Britsh anthem of God save the king, burst in full volume upon the ear, and a band of men attired in British uniform, with their faces hidden by masks, entered the apartment. The American officers drew their swords; but Washington, cool and collected, stood with his arms folded upon his breast, quietly remarked to them, "Be calm, gentlemen; this is an honor we did not anticipate." Then turning to Rugsdale, said—"speak, sir; what dose this mean?"

"It means," replied the traitor, placing his hands upon the shoulder of Washington, "that you are my prisoner. In the mame of King George, I arrest you!"—Never!" exclaimed the General. We may be cut to pieces, but surrender we will not. Therefore, give way!" he waved his sowrd to the guard, who stood with their muskets levelled, as if ready to fire, should they attempt to escape. In an instant were their weapons reversed, and dropping their masks, to the honor of Rugsdale, and the agreeable surprise of Washington, his own brave party, whom he had left in charge of the barge, stood before him. "Seize that traitor!" exclaimed the commander. "In ten minutes from this moment, let him be a spectacle between the heavens and the earth.' The wife and daughter clung to his knees in supplication, but an arrevocable oath had passed his lips, that never again should treason receive his forgiveness, after that of the miscreant Arnold. "For my own life," he said, while tears rolled down his noble countenance, at the agony of the wife and daughter, "I heed not; but the liberty of my own land—the welfare of millions—demands this sacrifice—for the sake of humanity I pity him; but by my oath and now in the presence of Heaven, I swear I will not forgive him."

Sayings of the New York Dutchman.

CLERGYMEN'S WIVES.—Somehow or other, people have an idea that when they hire a minister they hire the minister's wife also. From the day she enter's the parish she is a marked woman. Her dress is to be expected of the most saintly pattern. The color of the ribbon may endanger the peace of the whole community, and sporting a feather would call for the service of an ecclesiastical council. She must be the best woman in the world, the head of the benevolent enterprises, Sunday schools, ladies fairs for procuring flannel shirts for Hottentots, sewing circles, Bible classes, &c. She must be the politest woman in the world, receiving calls at all times and visiting from house to house, and making herself generally agreeable. She must be the most exemplary woman in the world, never laughing above the prescribed key. In short, she must be the paragon of all excellence, and possess a constitution like a horse, patience like an ox, and good nature like a puppy, to meet the wishes of what Carlyle would probably call the expectation Epoh in the Sublime Cosmos. And why? Simply because her husband has agreed to christen babies and save ingrates for so much a month.

CONCLUSIVE EVIDENCE.—A witness in an English cause was asked by the counsel whether a certain person heretofore connected with the affair in question was living.

"No," said the witness, "hiz not living."

"How do you know that?" asked the counsel.

"Why, you must know, your honor," said the witness, "that I be a bit of a carpenter, and 'twas I that made his coffin.

"Well, suppose you did?" said the counsel, "yet that is not conclusive evidence that the man is dead."

"Oh, your honor, you would be wondrous hard to believe, but I'll take my hopily oath before his worship o' here, (meaning the chairman,) that I not only made the coffin, but screwed the old boy down, and I'll be bound if I'd the screwing of your honor down, that you wouldn't be axing me such out-of-the-way questions."

☞ The ordinary mode of churning butter in Chili, is to put the milk in a skin—usually a dog's skin—tie it on a donkey; mount a boy on him with rowels to his spurs about the length of the animal's ears, and they run him four mile heats.

☞ Alderman Bangs remarked to his wife one day—"I can't imagine why my whiskers turn grey so much sooner than the hair on my head." "Oh, la," said Mrs. Bangs, it is because you have worked so much harder with your jaws than your brains."

☞ An India rubber omnibus is about being invented, which, when jam full, will hold a couple more.

☞ A Cincinnati editor in dunning his subscribers, says he has *responsibilities* thrown upon him he is obliged to *meat*.

☞ There is no face so pleasant to behold as the face that loves us.

Massacre of the Crews of two English Ships.

Advices were received at Lloyd's March 17th, communicating the details of two most frightful events at sea—the massacre of the commanders and portions of the crews of the British ships Victory, of London; and Herald, of Leith.

The Victory was the property of Messrs. Cook and Wilson, shipowners, of Dockhead, Bermondsey. She was a bark, of 570 tons burden, commanded by Mr. Wm. Lennox Mullens; and having sailed to some Chinese port was chartered to convey Coolies to Callao. It appears that on the 6th of December she sailed from Cumsingroon with upwards of 300 Coolies on board and a general cargo. On the afternoon of the 10th, between 3 and 4 o'clock, the Coolies made a rush into the cabin, and with little difficulty possessed themselves of the ship's arms. The slaughter was then commenced. At that moment Mr. Mullens was walking the poop, and, in order that he should have no opportunity of defeating their object a party of them was sent to seize him. One of the crew, a brave fellow of the name of Henry Watt, seeing the defenceless position of the master, made towards him and endeavored to protect him. The effort, however, quickly ended in his life being taken. Several of the wretches rushed at him with merciless fury, and having despatched him threw the mutilated body overboard. Mr. Mullens got up into the mizen rigging. He was followed by one of them, armed with a cutlass, and eventually the master slid down one of the topmast backstays. The moment he had reached the deck, a number of infuriated Coolies began cutting at him with heavy iron bolts, and, finding that they had accomplished his death, they dropped his remains overboard.

Resistance was useless. Mr. Fagg, the chief mate had gone aloft on the foretopsail-yard, looking out for land, but the second mate, James Arason, and the cook, Edward Bailey, encountered the Coolies somewhere in the forepart of the ship, and were murdered by them. Believing that they had overcome all probable resistance, they espied Mr. Fagg, and beckoned him to come down. He did so, and some of the Coolies who had taken an active part in the massacre led him to the wheel, and by signs directed him to steer for the land, on pain of being put to death if he disobeyed. The mate shaped a course for Point Kambojo, and on reaching the coast a few of the fellows put off to the land, but reporting it uninhabited they returned on board. They then endeavored to beat up the coast to Cohin China, but that being difficult, they bore away for Pulo Ubi, where the ship was ultimately brought to an anchor. During this cruising they took every precaution of avoiding detection.—Obtaining the ship's papers and the log-book, they tore them up, and, finding a convenient place on the coast where they had brought up, they went ashore, carrying on with them a considerable amount of the cargo. They then deserted the ship, and, Mr. Fagg subsequently obtained some aid, she was got to Singapore in the latter part of January.

The Herald, under the command of Mr. Lawson, left Shanghai for Leith in the course of last October, and in addition to the master and his wife, Mrs. Lawson, there were on board two European mates, a steward, carpenter, a cook, a Portuguese seaman, 12 Manillamen, and a Manilla boy. Some four or five days after the Herald had left Shanghai the crew was put upon the customary allowances. This seemed to annoy the Manillamen. They began to be dissatisfied, and before the vessels had made Angeer they had gone to the captain some four or five times, and demanded more, which was refused. The Manillamen then appeared to have planned a scheme for the purpose of destroying the whole of the Europeans on board, and in the hope of enlisting the Portuguese sailor in their ranks, with a view, no doubt, of more effectually accomplishing their murderous design, they acquainted him with their project. In order that the Europeans might adopt means of defence, the Portugese endeavored to persuade them not to resort to such violent means, and offered, with a view, apparently, of pacifying them, to carry the Europeans off by mixing poison in their food. This was attempted, although in a small quantity.—Some was mixed with the powdered sugarcane which was used for the coffee, and of which Mr. Lawson and his wife partook. They suffered from the effects of the poison, but they quickly recovered.

While this was going on the Portugese had contrived to inform Mr. Lawson of the plot the Manillamen had arranged. The master then directed the chief officer to muster them every night, and to take their knives from them. He also directed the officers to always keep themselves armed, so as to be ready to act at the moment of any sudden attack. About the 25th day of the voyage, during the whole of which time the European portion of the crew were kept in a state of painful suspense as to the movements of the Manillamen, Angeer was sighted, but there being sufficient water and provision on board to last them, as it was thought, until they reached the Cape of St. Helena, the Herald was not brought to an anchor, but continued the voyage. This more exasperated the men, and early on the morning of the 26th the Portuguese sailor was alarmed by hearing his name called in a loud voice. He ran on deck, and, meeting some of the Manillamen, they told him that they had plenty of water and provisions at their own pleasure, as they had sent the captain and his officers to the other world. The Portuguese was sent to assist in clearing the cabin, when he discovered the bodies of Mr. Lawson, the carpenter, and officers, who, with the exception of the chief mate, were quite dead. Mrs. Lawson, the wife of the deceased captain, was seen near the corpse of her husband crying bitterly.—The villains then attached heavy weights to the legs of the bodies, and, taking them on deck, threw them overboard. The poor mate had not breathed his last when bro't on deck, and was heard to say, "Good God!" One of the Manillamen, a gunner, then took the command, and appointed two of his companions as first and second officers.

In the course of five or six days the wretches recommenced the slaughter.—The steward, the cook, and the Portuguese were tied up and told that their last hour had arrived. The steward, it would seem, made an appeal to them for mercy, when the fellow who acted as chief mate split open his head with a hatchet, and, to render his death more certain, ran a long knife through his body. The Portuguese and the cook, who was a native of the coast, contrived to move the wretches to spare them and they were eventually released, but enjoined to keep the greatest secrecy. On that day it was determined to leave and scuttle the ship. The boats were got ready, and Mrs. Lawson hearing of their contemplated abandonment, appealed to the Manillaman who had the command, to take her ashore, and not to leave her behind. The villain unheeded all her entreaties, however, and stated that his companions would not permit him to do so. She then implored them to allow her a spar to cling to, but this was denied. Indeed, so determined were the villains that she should have no chance of saving herself, that before they deserted the ship they secured the unfortunate lady in one of the cabins, where she would have no chance of escaping. About 10 o'clock at night, they, with the Portuguese, cook, and Manilla boy, quitted the vessel in one of the large boats, and shortly afterwards she was seen to founder. Early on the following morning the boat reached Java; the murderers landed at Sjilankang, but the authorities hearing of the horrible occurrence, no time was lost in arresting them, and, being secured they were sent on to Batavia, to await the operation of the law. The Portuguese seaman, the cook, and boy have also been secured, in order to give the necessary evidence against them.

A third vessel was likely to have had a similar tragedy on board. The Carcyra, Mr. Paterson, commander, manned by a Javanese crew, was proceeding from Macassar to Sanghai, when the men revolted. The second mate was murdered, but the other officers succeeded in overpowering the rascals, and the ship was got into Hongkong.

☞ An extract of a letter from General Appleton of Portland, Maine, has been published, which describes the operation of the Maine Liquor law in that state as much more satisfactory than its friends anticipated. Among those who approve of the law are many moderate drinkers, and others notoriously intemperate, but who are glad that the temptation is out of their reach. Crime, taxation, and poverty have decreased and the best interests and happiness of all classes are promoted. This is good testimony in favor of the law, which, as an experiment, is interesting to every community. If it be established that such effects as these follow its operation, nothing can prevent its universal adoption.

☞ The following anecdote was told of a very clever fellow who had been somewhat frolicksome, but who had recently joined the Sons of Temperance:—After becoming a "Son," he went to Mobile on business, and was taken ill there. The physician was called, and after examining him, pronounced him in a dangerous position, and prescribed brandy. The sick man told him he could not take it. The doctor insisted that it was the proper remedy, but the patient told him he would not take it. The doctor said he must, or he would have spasms. "Well," said the Son of Temperance, "I will try a *couple of spasms* first!" He did not take the brandy, nor did he have the spasms, but went on his way rejoicing.

☞ A cheerful temper joined with innocence will make beauty attractive, knowledge delightful, and wit good-natured. It will lighten sickness, poverty and affliction; convert ignorance into an amiable simplicity, and render deformity itself agreeable.

☞ The Chinese have a saying, that an unlucky word dropped from the tongue cannot be brought back by a coach and six horses.