

"He that will not reason, is a bigot; he that cannot, is a fool; and he that dare not, is a slave."

THE SOUTHERN TELEGRAPH

IS EDITED AND PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY BY THOMAS B. PALMER.

AT FIVE DOLLARS per year, in advance, or SIX at the expiration of the year.

No paper discontinued until all arrears are paid, unless at the option of the editor.

No Subscriptions received for a shorter period than one year.

Terms of Advertising.

Per square of ten lines or less, for the first insertion, One Dollar; for each additional insertion, Fifty Cents.

Longer ones, ten cents per line for the first, and five cents per line for each additional insertion.

To those who advertise by the year, a liberal discount will be made.

POETRY.

From the Knickerbocker.

AN INCIDENT IN THE NEW YORK FIRE.

"Yet were there crowds, whose god-like actions claim

A bright exemption from the list of shame;

Who toil'd untired, who risked their lives unfeared,

Winning from grateful hearts their hallowed meed.

And one, (I would I knew his honest name,

'T would pierce the noblest on the scroll of Fame)

A son of ocean, whom the wind and foam

Had nerv'd and harden'd in his floating home,

But left the heart that storm-chaf'd breast uncon-

cern'd!

Soft as an infant's breath its rugged shield,

Heard, as he stroll'd among the quaking throng,

A woman's shriek, convulsive, wild and long;

'T was the heart's wail, uncentered tone;

A thousand echoes answer'd in his own,

As, with an oath, which, if translated true,

Would read a blessing, to the spot he flew.

There, scarce restrain'd within the friendly grasp

Of twenty hands, and writhing in their clasp,

With starting eyes, her lips with horror white,

And arms outstretch'd toward the wreathing light

That round her home in spiral eddies coil'd,

A mother raved: "Oh, give me way!—my child!

Monsters! he perishes?—But help was nigh:

Unspoken blessing, shout, his hat on high;

The gallant woman sprang, to save or die—

With a firm step, the half-charr'd beams he trode,

He scald'd the stair, that quiver'd as he trode.

For one wild instant, agonized suspense

Notionless held that concourse vast and dense;

The next burst forth from 'neath the molting roof,

(Unscath'd his form, by Heaven made danger-proof)

The generous Tar!—and on his arm up-borne

A smiling infant, from the fire-tomb torn:

The sobbing mother clasp'd her rescued prize,

Unspoken blessing, raising from her eyes;

And shouting hundreds—thus to nature true—

Lauded the deed not one had dar'd to do.

But he whose pasture 'twas to strive with death,

Struck with a blush from Adulation's breath;

And ere those hearty plaudits died in air,

He whom they greeted was no longer there."

J. BARBER.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Saratoga Sentinel.

BATTLE OF SARATOGA.

The following graphically simple narrative,

from the personal recollections of an eye-witness and participator, of the glorious

series of events immediately preceding and attending the capture of Burgoyne—forming

what we must regard as the brightest page in American History—is from the pen of

E. MATTOON, Esq., of Amherst, Mass., an officer in the Revolutionary Army of the

North—one of the few yet spared to invigorate the patriotism and inspire the reverent

gratitude of the existing and rising generations. The circumstances which awakened

and drew forth these reminiscences are best explained by the letter itself:

Amherst, Mass., Oct. 7, 1835.

PHILIP SCHUYLER, Esq.

Sir—Yours of the 17th ult., requesting me to give you a detailed account of the

battle of Saratoga, surrender of Gen. Burgoyne, &c. was duly received.

When I left home on a visit to my friend Frost, at Union Village, it was my intention

to have visited the ground on which the army of Gen. Burgoyne was met, and com-

pelled to surrender. But the absence of Mr. Frost prevented. Had I known, how-

ever, that a descendant of that venerable patriot and brave commander, Gen. Schuy-

ler, was living on the ground, I should have found means to pay him my respects.

General Gates, indeed, obtained the honor of capturing Burgoyne and his army; but

let me tell you, sir, that it was more through the wise and prudent counsels of your

brave and distinguished ancestor, and the energy and intrepidity of Generals Lincoln

and Arnold, than through the ability and foresight of Gates.

In my narrative, I shall confine myself to what transpired from the 7th to the 17th

October, 1777, both days included. This will necessarily lead me to correct the state-

ment of Gen. Wilkinson, and a Mr. Boel in your neighborhood, respecting the fall of

Gen. Frazier. By confounding the two ac-

tions of the 19th of September and 7th of October, neither of them is correctly de-

scribed.

The action of the 19th of September com-

enced about ten o'clock, A. M., and con-

tinued during the day, each army alternately

advancing and retreating. On that day,

Col. Morgan posted a number of his riflemen

to take off the officers as they appeared out

of the woods; but no such posting of rifle-

men occurred on the 7th October, Gen. Wil-

kinson to the contrary notwithstanding.

On the 7th of October, the American

army was posted with their right wing rest-

ing on the North river, and their left extend-

ing on to Bomis' Heights; Generals Nixon

and Glover commanding on the right, Lin-

coln the centre, and Morgan and Lart rest-

ing on the river, commanded by Philip;

their centre by Gen. Redheisel, and

about, and retreat with a quicker step than

they advanced.

The firing had now principally ceased on

our left, but was brisk in front and on the

right. At this moment, Arnold says to

Col. Brooks (late Governor of Massachusetts)

"Let us attack Balcarra's works." Brooks

replied "No. Lord Auckland's detach-

ment has retired there; we can't carry

them." "Well, then, let us attack the Hessian

lines." Brooks replied, "With all my

heart." We all wheeled to the right, and

advanced. No fire was received, except

from the cannon, until we got within about

eight rods, when we received a tremendous

fire from the whole line. But few of our

men, however, fell. Still advancing, we re-

ceived a second fire, in which a few men

fell, and Gen. Arnold's horse fell under him,

and he himself was wounded. He cried

out, "Rush on, my brave boys." After re-

ceiving the third fire, Brooks mounted their

works, swung his sword, and the men rush-

ed into their works. When we entered the

works, we found Col. Bremen dead, sur-

rounded by a number of his companions,

dead or wounded. We pursued them slowly,

the fire, in the mean time, decreasing.

Night-fall now put an end to this day's

bloody contest. During the day, we had

taken eight cannon, and broken the centre

of the enemy's lines.

We were ordered to rest, until relieved

from the camps. The gloom of the night,

the groans and shrieks of the wounded

and dying, and the horrors of the whole scene

bafile all description.

Under cover of this night (the 7th) the

British army changed their position, so that

it became necessary to reconnoitre the

ground. While Gen. Lincoln was doing

this he was severely wounded, so that his

active services were lost to the army, during

that campaign. A powerful rain commenced

about 11 o'clock, which continued without

abatement till the morning of the 9th. In

this time, information came that Gen. Bur-

goyne had removed his troops to Saratoga.

At nine o'clock, A. M., of October 8th,

Capt. Furnival received orders to march to

the river, to cross the floating bridge, and

repair to the fording place, opposite Saratoga,

where we arrived at dusk. There we

found Gen. Bailey, of New Hampshire, with

about 900 men, erecting a long range of

fires, to indicate the presence of a large

army. The British troops had covered the

opposite heights with their fires.

In the early part of the evening, Col.

Moseley arrived with his regiment of Massa-

chusetts militia, when our company was di-

rected by Gen. Bailey to make a show of

our field-pieces at the river. We soon ex-

tinguished their lights. Then we were or-

dered to pass the Battenkill river, and erect

works there during the night. In the morn-

ing, we perceived a number of officers on

the stairs, and on the east side of the house,

on the hill, a little north of the Battenkill

river, apparently surveying our situation

and works.

My captain being sick at the time, I lev-

elled our guns, and with such effect as to

disperse them. We took the house to be

their head-quarters. We continued our

fire till a nine or twelve-pounder was brought

to bear upon us, and rendered our works

useless! Next we were ordered to repair

in haste to Fort Edward, to defend the for-

ding place. Colonel Moseley's regiment ac-

companied us. Some slight works were

thrown up by us; and while thus employed,

a number of British officers appeared on the

opposite side of the river. We endeavored

to salute them according to their rank.

They soon disappeared.

During this day (the 10th) we captured

50 Indians, and a large number of Cana-

dians and Tories. We remained at Fort

Edward till the morning of the 13th. Being

then informed of the armistice which had

been agreed upon, we were ordered to re-

turn to our position on the Battenkill, and

repair our works. Here we remained till

the morning of the 17th, when we received

orders to repair to Gen. Gates' head-
quarters on the west side of the river.

As we passed along, we saw the British

army piling (not stacking) their arms; the

piles of arms extending from Schuyler's

creek northward nearly to the house on the

hill before mentioned. The range of piles

ran along the ground west of the road then

travelled, and east of the canal, as I am in-

formed, it now runs.

Just below the island we passed the river,

and came to Gen. Gates' marke, situated on

a level piece of ground, from 135 to 150

rods south of Schuyler's creek. A little

south and west of this, there is a rising

ground, on which our army was posted, in

order to appear to the best advantage. A

part of it was also advantageously drawn

up on the east side of the river. About noon

on the 17th, Gen. Burgoyne, with a number

of his officers, rode up near to the marke,

in front of which Gen. Gates was sitting, at-

tended by many of his officers. The sides

of the marke were rolled up, so that all

that was transacted might be soon. Gen.

Burgoyne dismounted and approached Gen.

Gates, who rose and stepped forward to

meet him. Gen. Burgoyne then delivered

up his sword to Gen. Gates, who received it

in his left hand, at the same time extend-

ing his right hand to take the right hand of

Gen. Burgoyne.

After a few minutes' conversation, Gen.

Gates returned the sword to Gen. Burgoyne,

who received it in the most graceful and

gentlemanly manner. The rest of Bur-

goyne's officers then delivered up their

swords, and had them restored to them like-

wise. They then all repaired to the table,

and were seated; and while dining, the

prisoners were passing by.

After they had all passed by, a number

of us went in search of a gun which was

upon a carriage the day previous to the

17th, near what was called the Hessian

burying ground. But the tracks of the car-

riage were so confused, and the stench

from the dead bodies was so offensive, that

the search was discontinued.

Thus I have replied to your inquiries, as

far as my recollection extends. I should be

very happy to meet you, and spend a day

or two in walking over the battle-ground,

and entering into other particulars concern-

ing that engagement, which, however, are

of minor importance.

With much esteem, I am, dear sir, your's,

E. MATTOON.

From the Portland Advertiser.

BROOKS' LETTERS.

THINGS IN SWITZERLAND.

PAVENS, Sept. 1, 1836

This place is Payerin in French, and Pö-

teringen in German—and as the people,

the peasantry about here and beyond here,

speak neither French nor German, but a

confusion of both, a horrid patois, I am deaf

again, deaf than ever—and deafness and

dumbness are one and the same thing in the

matter of language, I am very sure. I have

to use my fingers and hands, and do them

up in the form of a cup and flourish them

about my mouth, before I can get even a

drink of water. After all, there is not so

much use in the tongue, remembering what

a trouble it is at times