CHAPTER V - CANADA

LET us now have a mouthful of some warming cordial and go north and consider Our Lady of the Snows and the Sneezes, the coldest jewel in the British Crown. I remember reading as a boy in some such book as "Little Arthur's History of England," or perhaps it may have been "Geography without Sobs," that the name Canada had the following origin. Some old circumnavigator, having lost his way on the Ocean or Trackless Deep, landed upon its shores and asked the first "savage man" he saw, "What country is this?" Probably he did it by signs, pointing an inquiring finger to the horizon, assuming a more vacant and idiotic look than usual, and perhaps remarking, "Me not know whereabouts. You likee Rum? You tellee me." The savage, whose breakfast of raw blubber had probably disagreed with him, sourly told the mariner where to go in one expressive word, "Canada!" And, whether this is true or not, so it has remained ever since, though the French had a prettier name for it or part of it in Acadie.

England owes much to Canada. In the old days it sent us furs and cod-liver oil; in more modern times we have had from it apples, cheese and Lord Beaverbrook. And above all, Canada sent us those fine fighters who made Vimy Ridge as immortal a name as Wolfe and his men did Quebec.[1] But in 1775 the Canadian *habitants* do not seem to have been particularly anxious to fight for anything or anybody. The Home Government had just passed the Quebec Act. So far as it is possible to understand any Act of Parliament, with its notwithstandings, contrariwises, schedules and the rest of it, it appears to be quite a nice and amiable act and certainly made, for the day, one very great concession. "For the more perfect security and ease of the minds of the inhabitants"—those who were Roman Catholics were graciously permitted to exercise their religion without let or hindrance. This created a storm in England, for Englishmen, apparently, have never been able to forget "Sister Mary, nicknamed Bee."[2] And it also called forth loud protests in Philadelphia. The

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[1] There are two odd poetical associations with this victory. As Wolfe came down the river on the ebb to the heights of Abraham, he recited Gray's *Elegy,* and a prize was offered for the best poem on his death. I do not know which was the best, but I think the worst must have been that which included the lines:

He marched without dread or fears
At the head of his bold Grenadiers.
And what was very remarkable, nay very particular,
He climbed up rocks which were perpendicular.

And, had this bard lived nowadays, I feel sure he would have added the line

How much easier his task had there been a Funicular.

[2] Sister, of course, of red-headed Eliza, as the poet-courtiers used to call Good Queen Bess; and "Bee" is short for "B-y."

General Congress there sent an address, signed by the President, Henry Middleton, to its "Friends and Fellow-subjects" in Quebec, showing what a preposterously rotten Act this was. The British Ministry is alluded to as "insolent" and "profligate," [1] and the Act itself has a "tinselled out Side" (just like a Pantomime Queen). Henry Middleton appears to have been a scholar, for he quotes "the celebrated Marquis Beccaria," and "your countryman the immortal Montesquieu." But as most of the French Canadians could neither read nor write, these stirring words left them as cold as their climate. The address also casually remarked, "Military men belong to a profession which may be useful, but is *often* dangerous." This is the old Standing Army Bugaboo which has so often squeaked and gibbered both in England and the United States. It has had this untoward result that whenever America or Great Britain has been confronted with war, both countries have invariably been unprepared for it and have been compelled to improvise armies at very short notice.

But it was not much use for either Henry Middleton or Sir Guy Carleton, the English Governor in Quebec, appealing to the Canadians to fight. In spite of their climate, or perhaps because of it, they were Laodicean. They showed "backwardness."[2] Agents were sent from Philadelphia to try to stir them up. A contemporary account says, "The Yankees have had their Emiceres among the French and made them thus lukewarm to Government besides it appears that a twelve years peace has Extinguished their martial spirit and that together with the Sweets of British Government makes them desire to live in Quiet." But some of them appeared to have listened to the "Emiceres," though they could hardly have understood them, for the prevailing idea among the French Canadians was that "the people of Boston are fighting merely to prevent the return of the Stamps which they seem to think a matter of great politeness and do not wish to see them disturbed in so good a work[3] The Americans, satisfied if only the Canadians would remain neutral, invaded Canada, Montreal was captured by Montgomery and Arnold was within an ace of capturing Quebec and probably would have done so but for the climate and Carleton, by far the ablest British General in North America.

Among Montgomery's troops were "The Green Mountain Boys," rioters and lawless fellows, and among the American officers was a typical backwoodsman, that picturesque character Ethan Allen, whom Carleton described as "a horse-jockey." He started a little expedition on his own with a delightful letter to the

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[1] Perfectly true of them as individuals, with the exception of Dartmouth, who was known in the Clubs as "The Psalmsinger." He belonged to an evangelical sect called, delightfully, "Lady Huntingdon's Connection."

[2] Wolfe had a very poor opinion of the Canadians. He called them "vermin."

[3] They were very simple folk. Benedict Arnold's men were linen-clad, "vêtu en toile": many of the Canadians thought this was "vêtu en tole" or sheet-iron, a kind of crusaders, in fact.

Indians. “I always love Indians and Have Hunted a Great Deal with them and know how to shute and Ambush, just like Indians and want your Warriors to come and see me and help me fight Regulars.” But if they were inclined to fight on neither side, he would still continue to love them and invite them “to come and Hunt in our Woods and Pass through our Country in the Lake and come to our Joust and have Rum and be Good Friends.” Allen was a native-born strategist and captured Ticonderoga in a very strategical manner, quite unthought of by Clausewitz and Jomini and the rest of the dull old bores. He went to the commandant, Captain de la Place, an old hunting friend, borrowed thirty of the garrison to help him—so he said—transport goods across the lake, made them gloriously drunk, and gave them enough money to get the rest of the garrison in the same pleasant frame of body. He then demanded the surrender of the fort “in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress.” A pious man, or he would have put the Continental Congress first. When he was captured Prescott shook his cane at him. Ethan Allen retaliated by shaking his fist and replied in a phrase which would have won Burgoyne's approval that his (Allen's) fist would prove “the beetle of mortality for Prescott if he offered to strike.” The British officer replied in the same strain, “You shall grace a halter at Tyburn.”

Allen was sent to England in chains and when he was landed, still in chains, at Falmouth, he was much pleased with the interest his appearance aroused among the Cornish folk. He was kept a prisoner in that historic and charming castle, Pendennis, which has given its name to one of the most delightful books in the English language. He does not appear to have been badly treated while in captivity. He became known as an oddity and visitors would call upon him and give him bowls of punch.

But his capture of Ticonderoga had one very important result: some of the guns taken there were dragged through_ the woods and across country to Dorchester Heights, where they commanded the British fleet and had much to do with Howe's evacuation of Boston. Montgomery, who was killed in action, did not think very highly of his men from New England. They “melted away”: the officers had no authority over them. His New Yorkers he described as “the sweepings of the streets.” Which is very much what the Duke of Wellington said of the “scum” who helped him to beat Napoleon's marshals and then Napoleon himself.

The state of affairs in Canada naturally caused great stir in England, and Burgoyne was called in to advise. He seized the opportunity and his pen-always handy: and drew up some “Reflections upon the War in America.” He suggested that two armies should advance, one from the North in Canada, and

one from the South, join at some given point, and cut the colonies in half. He makes some very interesting remarks on the Americans as soldiers.

"Accustomed to felling of timber and to grubbing up trees, they are very ready at earthworks and palisading, and they will cover and entrench themselves wherever they are for a short time left unmolested with surprising alacrity. . . . Composed as the American army is, together with the strength of the country, full of woods, swamps, stone walls, and other enclosures and hiding-places, it may be said of it that every private man will in action be his own general, who will turn every tree and bush into a kind of temporary fortress, from whence, when he hash fired his shot with all the deliberation, coolness, and certainty which hidden safety inspires, he will skip as it were to the next, and so on for a long time till dislodged either by cannon or by a resolute attack of light infantry. In this view of the American militia, rebels as they are, they will be found to be respectable even in flight. Light infantry, therefore, in greater numbers than one company per regiment, ought to be an essential part of the general system of our army."

All this is very sensible. In military matters Burgoyne, like other commanders, never failed-on paper. In February he was appointed to act as Second in Command to Carleton in Canada and in March, 1776, he sailed with some Brunswick troops as reinforcements for Quebec. Lord George Germain, in making arrangements for Burgoyne's departure, wrote him a letter saying that Captain Pennel, R. N., commanding the *Blonde,*[1] would receive him with pleasure on board his ship, and added the very odd remark, "It seems he is rich and you need not fear putting him to expense." Probably this ended in the Captain and the General having many a pleasant game at cards on the voyage, just as if they had been at White's.

On arriving at Quebec, Burgoyne was placed in command of a column which advanced against Forts Chambly And St. John. His men, fresh from board-ship, were not in very good trim, but the Americans evacuated both forts, and Burgoyne issued a General Order: "The expedition on which Lieutenant-General Burgoyne has had the honour to be employed being finished by the precipitate flight of the rebels, he shall think it his duty to make a faithful report to His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief[2] of the zeal and activity shewn in the officers and men under his command, to surmount the difficulties of the march and come into action." This is Gentleman Johnny all over, giving his men credit in simple, soldierly, if slightly ungrammatical, language for what they had done. But it is also typical of him that he could not refrain from

[1] It was, I believe, an eighteenth century saying, "Soldiers and sailors prefer blondes."

[2] Carleton.

adding the grandiloquent phrase: “Those are principles that cannot fail to produce the most glorious effects whenever the enemy shall acquire boldness enough to put them to the proof.”

Burgoyne had one talent which some of the greatest generals have never been able to acquire, that of winning the affection of his men. Wellington never achieved this, although his men respected him hugely. There is a story of two privates in the Peninsula, when things were not going well. One said to the other, “Well, Jack, we're in a hell of a scrape,” and, as the Duke came cantering up, as though going to a meet, he added “And there's the long-nosed—[1] who is going to get us out of it.” But Burgoyne's officers and men loved him. His good looks and his reputation for being by no means an anchorite had a good deal to do with it. Soldiers, and indeed all of us, ladies—most particularly—included, like a good-looking, well set-up man and a *bon viveur*. The grouch is never popular. He hates himself. Is it therefore astonishing that people hate him?

Lieutenant Digby, of the 53rd Foot, who served under Burgoyne at this time, compares him with Carleton, a far more able general.

“General Carleton is one of the most distant, reserved men in the world, he has a rigid strictness in his manner which is very unpleasing and which he observes even to his most particular friends and acquaintances. . . . He was far from being the favourite of the army. General Burgoyne alone engrossed their warmest attachment. From having seen a great deal of polite life, he possesses a winning manner in his appearance and address (far different from the severity of Carleton), which caused him to be idolized by the army, his orders appearing more like recommending subordination than enforcing it. On every occasion he was the soldier's friend well knowing the most sanguine expectations a general can have of success, must proceed from the spirit of the troops under his command. The manner he gained their esteem was by rewarding the meritorious when in his power, which seldom failed from the praise which they received to cause a remissness in duty to be regarded as odious and unmanly and a desire of emulation soldier-like and honourable.”

“On every occasion he was the soldier's friend.” This is praise which I imagine every general in any army would be proud to receive. Exactly the same words were used—by a private—of the Duke of York, second son of George III, who, though like Burgoyne not a success in the field, had with the officers of the army and the rank and file a popularity, nay, more, an affection which Wellington never won, nor, indeed, tried to win. There are other striking

[1] “Term of endearment amongst sailors” (Johnson).

resemblances between John Burgoyne and Frederick Augustus, Duke of York and Albany, who was, in the word of Sir John Fortescue, "the best Commander-in-Chief who ever ruled the British army." They both were devotees of cards, racing, gambling, wine, song and (last but not least) women, like most of us, I suppose, though some of us will not admit it.

The Americans, driven back from Quebec, had retreated to Ticonderoga, that frontier fort so famous in the old days [1] but now (I suppose) unknown, save as a place of pilgrimage. Burgoyne and Major-General Phillips urged Carleton to attack it. The place had been greatly strengthened by Kosciusko (whose fall caused Freedom to emit a piercing shriek) and Carleton, probably wisely, decided not to do so. Phillips, an officer of the artillery, who had won great distinction at Minden and Warburg, in a letter to Burgoyne, October 23, 1776, speaks pretty strongly about "the sloth and changes of this atmosphere." At the Camp at Crown Point, whence he wrote, there was, he says, "neither reconnoitring post nor scout sent forward, but as the whim of a drunken Indian prevails: I have endeavoured in vain to form a small detachment to feel the pulse of the enemy, the answer is that it is wrong to teach these rebels war." And he says definitely, "I think the army should have moved forward and a trial made at Ticonderoga; had we failed in a strong feint we could but have retired, and I must think there are good chances of success from the very strong panic which has taken the rebels. But it is the humour here to suppose that it is no disgrace to retire if it is not done in the face of the enemy."

I think Phillips, who had come out with Burgoyne and was new to the country, was in the wrong. Gates at Ticonderoga had nine thousand effectives, and a boom of heavy logs had been thrown across the narrows to prevent vessels passing. Moreover light regiments of militia were on their way from New England to join him and the cold weather was setting in. It is difficult not to conclude that Carleton was right in breaking off operations. But, in his kindness of heart, he made one great mistake, and that was in his humane treatment of the American prisoners. General Waterbury, who had fought in six campaigns against the French, was treated by him, not as a prisoner but as a guest. The rest, amounting to one hundred and ten officers and men, on signing an agreement not to bear arms again unless formally exchanged, were allowed to go free. They were provided with shoes, stockings and waistcoats, and Carleton made them a friendly little speech: "My lads, why did you come to disturb an honest man in his government, that never did any harm to you in his life? I never invaded your property, nor sent a single soldier to distress you. Come, my boys, you are in a very distressing situation, and not able to go home with any comfort; I must provide you with shoes, stockings and good warm

[1] When it was known by the musical name of Carillon.

waistcoats. I must give you some good victuals to carry you home. Take care, my lads, that you do not come here again, lest I should not treat you so kindly." So enthusiastic were the released prisoners about the treatment they had received, that Gates would not let them join the garrison at Ticonderoga, but sent them to their homes. But to the Ministers in London all Americans were rebels, and Carleton got into hot water for this.

Burgoyne, who returned home early in November, before the St. Lawrence was closed by ice, was icily received by Germain, who coupled him with Carleton, for whom he had a personal dislike,[1] for the failure to attack Ticonderoga. But few could resist Handsome Jack, and before long he was seen riding in Hyde Park with George III, and he submitted to him his *Thoughts for Conducting the War from the Side of Canada.* This is a very important document, as the plan of campaign for 1777 was based upon it. Burgoyne sent it to Germain for transmission to the King from his house in Hertford Street, February 28, 1777, after spending two months in Bath[2] as his physicians had pressed him to do and which he found "requisite to my health and spirits." Which, no doubt, meant the waters for his health, and a little genteel gambling for his spirits.

Let us now consider his *Thoughts*. He assumes that the enemy will be in great force at Ticonderoga, where the works can accommodate twelve thousand men; he will also have a large naval force on Lake George, to assure his retreat, and will block the roads from Ticonderoga by Skenesborough to Albany, by felling trees, breaking bridges, by other impediments—which is exactly what Schuyler did—and by fortifying strong positions. This will necessitate the King's army "carrying a weight of artillery with it." He suggests, too, that the invading army should consist of at least eight thousand regulars, artillery as proposed by General Carleton, a corps of watermen, two thousand Canadians and one thousand or more "savages." He proposes that three thousand troops should be left in Canada. Provisions and stores should be collected at Crown Point; this he regards as "one of the most important operations of the campaign because it is upon that that most of the rest will depend." This, and the recruiting of "savages" and Canadians, will, naturally, be the work of the Governor (Carleton) and it is to be "presumed that the general officer employed to proceed with the army will be held to be out of reach of any possible blame till he is clear of the province of Canada and furnished with the proposed supplies." This is perfectly natural, but it shows that Burgoyne had anticipated that Carleton might be annoyed—as indeed

[1] Some historians say that this was due to Carleton having borne testimony against him at the Minden court-martial. This was not so, for Carleton was not a witness on that occasion. The ill-feeling was probably due to the fact that a bad man on general principles dislikes a good man; another reason was that Carleton would not promote protégé of the Minister.

[2] Or rather "The Bath" as it was then called.

Who would not?—at being superseded in the command of the expedition. He then says that Ticonderoga would in all probability be taken early in the summer, and should then be used as a base ("place of arms") in lieu of Crown Point.

Now we come to the important part. He assumes that the chief purpose of the invading army is to *effect* a *junction with General Howe at Albany*. He lays stress upon this in two successive paragraphs. He also suggests the idea of an expedition, at the outset of the campaign, by Lake Ontario and Oswego to the Mohawk River as a "diversion." And finally he brings in a word, which he was to use constantly later on, viz., that the general in charge of the operations, that is to say himself, should have a "latitude." By this he means that he should be at liberty to act as he may think fit, in view of possible contingencies and stress of circumstances that it is impossible to foresee so far ahead. In other words, he should be given a free hand, if necessary, and not bound by hard and fast instructions. King George approved the *Thoughts* in principle and wrote in so many words, "As Sir William Howe does not think of acting from Rhode Island into Massachusetts, *the force from Canada must join him at Albany*."

It is curious that the most sensible suggestion in Burgoyne's *Thoughts* should make a mere casual appearance at the end of them. This was that the troops in Canada should be sent by sea to join Howe. He was not enthusiastic about this idea, and remarked that it ought not to be contemplated except "upon positive conviction of necessity." George III firmly rejected it with the words: "I greatly dislike that idea." The reason no doubt was that an invasion *from* Canada, as proposed, would prevent another invasion of Canada. It was not so very long since Wolfe had won it from the French; to take troops away from it by sea would, so it was argued, expose it to attack.

Germain wrote on March twenty-sixth to Carleton. He begins with the interesting statement that a letter of his dated August second in the preceding year (1776) was entrusted to Captain Le Maitre, who, "after having been three times in the Gulph of St. Lawrence, "had the Mortification to find it impossible to make his passage to Quebec and therefore returned to England with it."* This alone ought to have convinced this blunderer that he might as well have been in the moon as in Whitehall so far as the conduct of operations in North America was concerned. He then says he has "had the Mortification to learn that upon your repassing Lake Champlain a very considerable Number of the Insurgents, finding their presence no longer necessary near Ticonderoga, immediately marched from thence and joined the Rebel Forces in the Provinces of New York

*When Haldimand "took over" from Carleton in July, 1778, he wrote home, "There have been no accounts from Great Britain for nine or ten months, except but what were conveyed by Rebel Newspapers."

and Jersey," and had been worrying Sir William Howe. He then notifies Sir Guy as to the number of troops to be sent under Burgoyne and of those to be left in Canada, and says in so many words that it has become "highly necessary that the most speedy junction of the two Armies* should be effected." At the end of the letter he says, "I shall write to Sir William Howe by the first Packet."

Sir Guy Carleton answered this on May twentieth. His letter is what soldiers call a "snorter," and I will quote bits of it, as it shows clearly what an incompetent ass Germain was. Carleton suggests that "any officer entrusted with supreme command, ought upon the spot to see what was most expedient to be done better than a great general at three thousand miles distance." The man broke for cowardice at Minden a "great general" Splendid! He points out that Germain, snug in Whitehall, knows nothing whatever about the rigors of the winter in Canada, and as for the charge that his failure to attack Ticonderoga has set free troops to annoy Howe, he says, "If your Lordship means the affair of Trenton, a little military reasoning might prove the rebels required no reinforcement, from any part, to cut off that corps, if unconnected and alone; the force they employed upon that occasion clearly demonstrated this. Without my troubling your Lordship with any reasoning upon the matter, a little attention to the strength of General Howe's army will, I hope, convince you that, connected and in a situation to support each other, they might have defended themselves, tho' all the rebels from Ticonderoga had reinforced Mr. Washington's army." He rubs this point in so forcibly that even Germain must have been able to see it.

He says of the operations of the previous autumn:

"In spight of every obstruction a greater marine was built and equipt; a greater marine force was defeated than had ever appeared on that Lake (Champlain) before; two Brigades were taken across and remained at Crown Point till the 2nd of November, for the sole purpose of drawing off the attentions of the Rebels from Mr. Howe and to Facilitate his victories (during) the remainder of the campaign. Nature had then put an end to ours. His winter quarters, I confess, I had never thought of covering: it was supposed, 'tis true, that was the army favoured by your Lordship, and in which you put your trust, yet I never could imagine, while an army to the southward found it necessary to finish their campaign, and to go into winter-quarters, Your Lordship could possibly expect Troops so far North should continue their operations, lest Mr. Howe should be disturbed during the winter, if that great army near the sea-

*i.e., Burgoyne's and Howe's. Washington, with extraordinary prescience wrote, July 4, 1776, "It seems beyond question that the enemy will attempt to unite their two armies, that under General Burgoyne and the one arrived here"- i.e., in New York

coast had their quarters insulted [i.e., assaulted] what could Your Lordship expect would be the fate of a small corps detached into the heart of the rebel country in that season? For these things I am so severely censured by Your Lordship."

Sir Guy then proceeds to add that Burgoyne shall have every possible assistance that he could give him. He waives the manner in which he has been treated and says that his one wish is "for the prosperity of the King's Arms." In his next letter of May twenty-second Sir Guy dots the *i*'s. He has been treated with "Slight, Disregard and Censure." This he attributes to Germain's "private Enmity."

In his reply of July twenty-fifth, "Geo. Germain," as he always signed himself, takes shelter behind the King. He is only a mouthpiece. It was the King's wishes that Burgoyne should have the command. "It would ill become my situation to enter into an ill-humoured altercation with you. . . . I think it proper to assure you that whatever reports you may have heard of my having any personal dislike to you are without the least foundation."

It is not necessary to quote any more. Briefly, Lord George had treated Sir Guy very scurvily and, when taxed with it, wriggled like the worm he was. No doubt in all countries and at all times soldiers have been so treated, when things went wrong, by the civilian ministers at home.

Burgoyne, as stated above, assumed that the chief object of this expedition was to "effect a junction" with Howe. And Germain in his letter of March twenty-sixth to Carleton said that he was going to write to Howe to this effect "by the first Packet." Howe, who saw a copy of this letter, said in a Committee of the House of Commons, "the letter intended to have been written to me by the first packet and which was probably to have contained some instructions, was never sent." The anonymous author of *Letters to a Nobleman,* obviously one of Germain's creatures, if not Germain himself, definitely charges Howe with neglecting Lord George's instructions to support the Northern Army and adds that "by that neglect he sacrificed a British army and involved his country in a degree of disgrace it never before had experienced." Howe, in answering this charge in his *Observations* upon the *Letters to a Nobleman,* repeats his denial that he ever received any such instructions. He certainly did not receive any. It is true that a despatch giving detailed instructions to Howe was duly written, but it was not sent by the first packet, or any other packet. Why?

Well, this remained a mystery until it was elucidated by Lord E. Fitzmaurice in his *Life o f Lord Shelburne.* He quotes a memorandum by Lord Shelburne who wrote that, though it "might appear incredible," the explanation was as follows: "Lord George having among other peculiarities a particular

aversion to be put out of his way on any occasion, had arranged to call at his office on his way to the country in order to sign the despatches; but as those addressed to Howe had not been 'fair copied' and he was not disposed to be balked of his projected visit into Kent, [1] they were not signed then and were forgotten on his return to town."

Sir George Trevelyan thinks that what with secretaries and clerks it is not possible that this should have happened. But the same story is told, in a slightly different form, in the Knox Manuscripts. William Knox was Under Secretary in the Colonial Department. When Burgoyne, on his return after Saratoga to England, demanded an investigation, Knox, who was told off to make the best case he could for his chief, Lord George, wrote, "There certainly was a weak place in Lord Sackville's[2] defence which was the want of an official communication to Howe of the plan and Burgoyne's instructions, with orders for his co-operation." After Burgoyne had been appointed and the necessary documents were being drawn up, he goes on: "When all was prepared and I had them to compare and make up, Lord Sackville came down to the office on his way to Stoneland, when I observed to him that there was no letter to Howe to acquaint him with the plan or what was expected of him in consequence of it. His Lordship stared and D'Oyly [3] started but said he would in a moment write a few lines. 'So,' says Lord Sackville, 'my poor horses must stand in the street all the time, and I shan't be to my time anywhere.' D'Oyly then said he had better go, and he would write from himself to Howe and enclose copies of Burgoyne's instructions which would tell him all that he would want to know and with this his Lordship was satisfied as it enabled him to keep his time, for he would never bear delay or disappointment." This, it will be seen, is practically an elaboration of Lord Shelburne's memorandum. Lord George should have waited five minutes, for it is pretty obvious that D'Oyly forgot all about it. Howe, as we have seen, definitely denied that he had ever received any such letter, and when the question of the Inquiry came up, Knox urged D'Oyly to get a copy from Howe, "who had the original." But D'Oyly would not ask Howe for a copy, obviously because he knew that the original had never left Whitehall.

So my Lord George Germain, who ruined the chances of a magnificent British victory at Minden by *not* being in a hurry to advance against the enemy, also ruined any prospect Burgoyne might have had of being successful *by being* in a hurry—to spend a week-end in Sussex. We have some statues in London which it is hard to justify. There is one-if you want a good laugh, you should go and see it—in Camden Town of that great, that noble character, Mr. Cobden,

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[1] Sussex, not Kent.

[2] The title which he got later as a reward for his blundering.

[3] Deputy Secretary.

who heartily approved of child-labor in factories because it was good for competition and kept the children out of mischief. There is another, in the Embankment Gardens, of Sir Wilfrid Lawson, who made very bad jokes in Parliament and wanted to make England dry. But we have in London no statue of Lord George Germain. He did so much to lose the American War that surely there ought to be one of him in the United States, with emblematical figures of Cowardice and Stupidity on either side of him as supporters, and a frieze showing the British Cavalry awaiting the order to advance. On second thoughts, no. I apologize. For nobody would like to erect a memorial to a Poltroon.

Burgoyne before he sailed for Quebec was offered by King George a knighthood, that of the Bath. He wisely refused it. He was also given some very sound advice by his old friend in the House and at the gaming-table, Charles James Fox. When Gentleman Johnny remarked at Arthur's that he hoped to bring America to her senses before he returned, Fox is reported to have said, in a very Cassandra-like manner, “Burgoyne, be not over-sanguine in your expectations: I believe when next you return to England you will be a prisoner on parole.”

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