CHAPTER IX – SARATOGA

"THE army must not retreat." So Burgoyne had said, and it is very evident, if you look at any portrait of him in profile in the books of his day, why he would not retreat. He has the jowl of a prize-fighter, he is a regular Gentleman Jackson. The painter Ramsay was right to take a front view of him; in that charming portrait there is little hint of the set and dogged jaw that you see in the old prints.

So on September fourteenth Burgoyne and his army crossed the Hudson by a bridge of boats and encamped "on the heights and in the plains of Saratoga." In short, as the old saying is, he burned his boats, and definitely committed himself to an advance at all costs. It was just before this date that Mrs. General Riedesel observed with surprise that the wives of the officers were beforehand informed of all the military plans. Like Corporal Brewster she adds: "This would not have done for the Dook," her duke being Ferdinand of Brunswick, under whom her husband had served in the Seven Years' War.

The Americans were at Stillwater. Let us now briefly consider General Gates. He was, in two words, an intriguer and a humbug. Also, he wore spectacles. A godson of Horace Walpole—hence his name, Horatiohe—had served under Prince Ferdinand, was with Braddock (who carried military pride to such heights that he (thought it cowardly to take cover) and, having married an English lady of fortune, bought an estate in Berkeley County, Virginia, which he called (it sounds rather like a road-house) "Traveller's Rest." But Mrs. Gates did little to make it so. Charles Lee describes her, with some acerbity, as "a tragedy in private life, a farce to all the world." He also pleasantly alludes to her as a Medusa. Gates got great credit,* which should have been Schuyler's and Arnold's, for the operations which led to the Convention of Saratoga, but in later life he lost his military reputation. At Camden, when the militia broke and fled, he exclaimed, with burning indignation, "I will bring the rascals back with me into line." He pursued the rascals, and such was his zeal that he is said not to have drawn rein until he was over sixty miles from the battle-field. The best that can be said for him as a soldier is that he had some considerable insight into Burgoyne's character. Writing of him on October fourth to the American General Clinton, he said: "Perhaps Burgoyne's despair may dictate to him to risque all upon one throw; he is an old gamester, and in his time has seen all chances. I will endeavour to be ready to prevent his good fortune, and, if possible, secure my own."

**e.g.*, in a contemporary British epigram:

"Burgoyne, alas, unknowing Future Fates
Could force his way through woods, but not through Gates."

SARATOGA

To be able to read your opponent's character has ever been one of the marks of a good general. The classic case is that of General R. E. Lee, of whom it was well said, “Lee read McClellan like an open book.” Before the European War the German Staff had character sketches of all the generals it was likely to meet in the field. Some of these pen-portraits would have been interesting reading—to the subjects of them.

Gates owed his appointment to succeed Schuyler to intrigue and to the fact New England did not like New York, which was too aristocratic; Vons and Vans always are. He arrived on August nineteenth with a commission in his pocket making him Commander-in-Chief of the Northern Department and he seems to have treated Schuyler with a certain hauteur; Schuyler, a true patriot and a thorough gentleman, took no notice of it. At the same time there arrived Benedict Arnold, a far better fighting general than Gates (although indeed a “Damaged Soul,” to quote Mr. Gamaliel Bradford), and Morgan's Riflemen, the most famous corps of the Continental Army, all of them crack shots.

Burgoyne’s troops were beginning to feel the pinch. Food for the men and forage for the horses were running short, and the soldiers were lightly clad, their winter clothing having been sent back to Ticonderoga in anticipation of a walk-over to Albany. It was at this time that Major Acland and his wife, Lady Harriet, were nearly burned to death, owing to a “restless” Newfoundland dog—the British camp, quite apart from Mrs. Commissary, was full of pets—upsetting a candle in their tent.

The first of the Saratoga battles took place on September nineteenth. It is known as Freeman's Farm, Bemis's Heights or Bemus's Heights. Other variants are “Bemmus” and “Braemus.” The Baroness goes bravely for “Bimese’s.” The American position, chosen by Arnold, had been fortified by Kosciusko. Wilkinson, Gates’s aide-de-camp, says that the battle was an accident, and that neither general contemplated an attack. This is wrong. Burgoyne knew where Gates’s camp was—four miles away—and deliberately advanced upon it in three columns, leading the center himself, the right wing being commanded by Fraser, the left and the artillery by Riedesel and Phillips. Gates wanted to stay in his earthworks, in the rear of which he had the baggage-wagons all packed ready for the retreat which he evidently anticipated. It was the Damaged Soul, Arnold, who was all for action.

There was heavy fighting from two in the afternoon to sunset. On the British side the 20th, 21st and 62nd Regiments, immediately under the command of Burgoyne, particularly distinguished themselves. Each side went at it, hammer and tongs. “Such an explosion of fire,” writes Digby, “I never had any idea of before, and the heavy artillery joining in concert like great peals of

Map of Bemis Heights, October 7, 1777

From Avery's "History of the United States

thunder, assisted by the echoes of the woods, almost deafened us with the noise." And in addition to the usual battle din could be heard Morgan's "turkey-call," the instrument normally used to decoy turkeys, but employed by him to collect his riflemen, who, perched up in trees, did deadly work as snipers, picking out the British officers by their uniforms. Burgoyne ended his despatch to Germain: "Just as the light closed, the enemy gave ground on all sides, and left us completely masters of the field of battle, with the loss of about 500 men on their side, and, as supposed, thrice that number wounded."* He wrote to Brigadier-General Powell at Ticonderoga : "We have had a smart and very honourable action ,and are encamped on the front of the field, which must demonstrate our victory beyond the power of even an American newspaper to explain away."

As a matter of fact, gallantry apart, it was, as a victory, nothing to write home or to Ticonderoga about. The youthful Digby puts it better when he calls it "a dear-bought victory, if I can give it that name as we lost many brave men." Wilkinson uses a picturesque phrase; writing on the twentieth, he says: "The enemy have quietly licked their sores this day." He adds the very, interesting statement, which he says he got later from General Phillips: "Burgoyne had intended to renew the attack on the 20th, but Fraser, saying that the grenadiers and light infantry wanted a rest, persuaded him to put it off." It is enormously to Burgoyne's credit that, Fraser being dead, he never said a word of this when he was defending himself against those who attacked him, with more than Indian craft, at home. Meanwhile Clinton's letter that he intended to move against the highlands arrived, and Burgoyne decided to wait. Wilkinson was of opinion that, had he attacked at once, he would probably have obtained a decisive victory.

During the action Gentleman Johnny was in the thick of it, thoroughly enjoying it, we may be sure. "General Burgoyne during this conflict behaved with great personal bravery. He shunned no danger; his presence and conduct animated the troops, for they greatly loved the General. He delivered his orders with precision and coolness and in the heat, danger and fury of the fight maintained the true characteristics of the soldier, serenity, fortitude, and undaunted intrepidity." This is a fine testimonial from a soldier (Lamb), and Digby says much the same: "General Burgoyne was everywhere and did everything that could be expected from a brave officer." The men were half-frozen and "sleep was a stranger to us, but we were all in good spirits and ready to obey with cheerfulness any orders the general might issue before morning dawned." Burgoyne never got his Order of the

*It is curious that Creasy, who rightly includes Saratoga in his *Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World,* though he devotes many pages to the previous operations, dismisses this action in four lines.

Bath, but this love of his men for him for his gallantry is far better than any distinction or decoration.

Clinton's letter was dated September twelfth. In it he said that in ten days he intended to attack Fort Montgomery. Burgoyne received it on September twenty-first. In his despatch he says: "I continued fortifying my camp and watching the enemy whose numbers increased every day. I thought it advisable on the 3rd of October to diminish the soldiers' ration in order to lengthen out the provisions, to which measure the army submitted with the utmost cheerfulness. The difficulties of a retreat to Canada were clearly foreseen, as was the dilemma, should the retreat be effected, of leaving at liberty such an army as General Gates's to operate against Sir William Howe.''

The following paragraph is significant.

"This consideration operated forcibly to determine me to abide events as long as possible, and I reasoned thus. The expedition I commanded was evidently meant at first to be *hazarded.* Circumstances might require that it should be *devoted.* A critical junction of Mr. Gates's force with Mr. Washington might possibly decide the fate of the war; the failure of my junction with Sir Harry Clinton, or the loss of my retreat to Canada, could only be a partial misfortune."

Some historians have argued that it was Burgoyne's vanity which now operated to dissuade him from giving the order for a retreat to Canada. This is not altogether fair. Obstinacy, a regular John Bullish obstinacy, perhaps. But we must remember that, as he so often said himself, there was no "latitude" in his instructions. Had he retreated to Canada—probably the best course he could have taken—Germain, that authority on not advancing, would have pounced upon it. Burgoyne's orders were to get to Albany and he thought it his duty, at all hazards, to try to do so. He knew by now that St. Leger had failed, and he must have realized that there was no likelihood of Howe advancing to Albany to meet him. And the word he uses, "devoted," or, as we would say nowadays, "sacrificed," shows pretty clearly that he understood that, if the Government at home wanted a scape-goat, they would look for it, not in Whitehall, which has never produced one, but in the woods on the banks of the Hudson River. Generals and admirals may—in the eighteenth century—have made mistakes, but ministers—why, the very idea is preposterous. Which is evident from the fact that it was Byng and not Newcastle who faced the firing-party. You can always get a new general or a new admiral: statesmen are rare.

On the twenty-seventh of September Burgoyne had sent Captain Scott, and on the following day Captain Campbell, with letters in duplicate to Clinton, urging him to cooperate with him. Campbell arrived on the fifth of October,

Scott on the ninth. Clinton sent home to Whitehall an account of his "Conversation with Captain Campbell sent by General Burgoyne to me."

"He said he was desired by General Burgoyne to tell me that the General's whole army did not exceed 5,000 men; that the consequences of the battle on the 19th were the loss of between five and six hundred men; that the enemy were within a mile and a half of him; that he knew not their number for certain, but believed them to be twelve or fourteen thousand men; that there was besides that a considerable body in his rear. That he wished to receive my orders whether he should attack, or retreat to the lakes; that he had but provisions to the 20th of this month; and that he would not have given up his communications with Ticonderoga, had he not expected a co-operating army at Albany. That he wished to know my positive answer, as soon as possible, whether I could open a communication with Albany, when I should be there, and [whether] when there keep my communication with New York; that if he did not hear from me by the 12th instant he should retire.

"To which I returned the following answer by Capt. Campbell, viz. That not having received any instructions from the commander-in-chief [Howe] relative to the Northern Army, and [being] unacquainted even of his intentions concerning the operations of that army, excepting his wishes that they should get to Albany, Sir H. Clinton cannot presume to give any orders to General Burgoyne. General Burgoyne could not suppose that Sir H. Clinton had an idea of penetrating to Albany with the small force he mentioned in his last letter. What he offered in that letter he has now undertaken: cannot by any means promise himself success, but hopes it will be at any rate serviceable to General Burgoyne, as General Burgoyne says in his letter answering the offer, 'that even the menace of an attack would be of use.' "*

There is very poor comfort in this.

Clinton also sent home an account of the verbal report given him by Captain Scott, which is much the same as Campbell's, except that Scott put it in rather stronger language that "General Burgoyne begs that Sir Henry Clinton will give him an answer, conveying the plainest and most positive meaning how he should act for the good of his Majesty: whether he should proceed to Albany or make good his retreat to Canada."

The two armies were now engaged in fortifying their respective positions, but Burgoyne's army was growing smaller and smaller as the Indians responded to the "call of the wild"—farther back—and the Canadians found themselves

*For the actual reply sent to Burgoyne, which he never received, see page 123.

unable to resist the temptation to go home. Gates's army was getting larger every day. The discomfort in the British camp was intense. “Many bodies not buried deep enough in the ground appeared (from the great rain) as the soil was a light sand and caused a most dreadful smell.” About eight hundred sick and wounded were in tents and roughly-constructed huts, dignified with the name of hospital; it was necessary to be on the alert night and day, and supplies were running out like the sand in an hour-glass. It must have been a queer life for the ladies, the Baroness, Lady Harriet and Mrs. Commissary, for there were grave inconveniences to which the Baroness, who does not mince matters, from time to time specifically alludes. The one for whom most sympathy should be felt is Mrs. Commissary. For it is to be feared that even in all their danger, dirt and distress, the skirts of Lady Harriet and the Baroness were never so muddy and bedraggled as not to be drawn on one side, lest they should be contaminated by touching those of the General’s favorite.

On the fourth of October Burgoyne held a small council of war, Riedesel, Phillips and Fraser being present. Burgoyne proposed that two hundred men should be left in the camp to defend it and that the rest should march out and attack the enemy in the rear. Riedesel suggested a retreat to Fort Edward, which Fraser approved. Phillips would not give an opinion. As so often happens in Councils of War, there was plenty of talk, but no decision.

Meanwhile, what of Sir Harry Clinton? He had come up the Hudson with three thousand men and captured Forts Montgomery and Clinton. Here he rested on his oars and wrote Burgoyne a letter, which the latter never received. The bearer of it had it in a hollow silver bullet: blundering into the American General Clinton's camp, and perceiving his mistake; he promptly and loyally swallowed it. A “severe dose of tartar emetic” recovered it, but perhaps it was as well that it never reached Burgoyne, for it would not have brought much comfort to that distracted general. It ran as follows:

“Fort Montgomery, October 8, 1777.

"*Nous y voici*, and nothing now between us and Gates. I sincerely hope this little success of ours may facilitate your operations. In answer to your letter of the 28th September, by C. C.,* I shall only say I cannot presume to order, or even to advise, for reasons obvious. I heartily wish you success.

"Faithfully yours,
H. CLINTON."

Sir Harry reminds me of that Scandinavian young woman whom Lear has immortalized:

*i. e., Capt Campbell. See page 121.

SARATOGA

There was a young lady of Sweden
Who went by the slow train to Weedon,
When she reached Weedon Station
She made no observation
But returned by the next train to Sweden.

He returned with his whole force to New York. His letter to Burgoyne lacks only one thing, an appreciation of the autumn tints on the trees along the banks of the Hudson.[1] His defense in his letter of December sixteenth from New York to Burgoyne is not convincing. He feared that when his force was "removed out of the power of co-operating with you," Burgoyne might be overwhelmed, but he had hoped that Howe would get possession of Philadelphia and be able to send him reinforcements so that he might "try something in your favour." He goes on: "Could you with reason my dear friend expect that I should form the most distant idea of penetrating to Albany? Had I thought that with the small number I could spare from hence I should have been equal to forcing the highlands, I should not have conceived myself justified in detaching part of my garrison further, without extraordinary motives." And he ends in a somewhat Joseph Surface-like strain: "I feel for you as a friend and will not look amiss upon anything that passed when you had so much to perplex and distress you." It is really rather difficult not to agree with the opinion expressed at home that Clinton was jealous of Burgoyne.

On the sixth a rum ration[2] was served out to the British troops and on the seventh Burgoyne led out some fifteen hundred men, with ten guns, "to discover whether there were any possible means of forcing a passage should it be necessary to advance," that is to say it was a reconnaissance in force. The movement was perceived and reported to Gates, who said, "Order out Morgan to begin the game." The game began, and a bloody one it proved. "There was a very sudden and rapid attack of the enemy on our left." Arnold, who was in the American camp with no position and no authority, was here, there and everywhere. He and Gates had quarrelled over the question of the command of Morgan's corps. Arnold complained bitterly that he was "huffed in such a manner as must mortify a person with less pride than I." But he forgot all his grievances in the thick of this fight. Wilkinson, not an unbiased witness where Arnold is concerned, says that he "had been drinking freely" and "behaved like a madman"; possibly, but a very heroic and courageous madman. When talebearers reported that Grant drank, did not Abraham Lincoln want to know, for the benefit of his other generals, what brand of whisky it was?

---

[1] He might have written what Wilkinson actually wrote: "The weather in the autumn of 1777 on the Hudson's river was charming and the time glided away without any notable occurrence." Rather like "All quiet along the Potomac" and the *"Nichts neues* vor Paris" of the Franco-Prussian War.

[2] Which in our time, according to a British army doctor giving evidence before a committee, had much to do with the winning of the European War.

On the British side Fraser and Sir Francis Clark were mortally wounded; Acland was shot through both legs and taken prisoner; Burgoyne got one shot through his hat while another tore his waistcoat. The British were driven back into their camp, against which Arnold led a desperate attack, in the course of which he was wounded. "The intrenchments of the German reserve, commanded by Lieut.-Col. Breymann, who was killed, were carried and, although ordered to be recovered, they never were so, and the enemy by that misfortune gained an opening on our right and rear. The night put an end to the action." As a matter of fact, the Germans did not behave well, or rather they behaved very badly. After Breymann's death, writes Lamb, "The Germans retreated, firing until they had gained their tents in the rear of the entrenchments, but, supposing that the assault was general, they gave one discharge, after which some, retreated to the British camp, but others surrendered prisoners."

In short it was a British defeat, the credit of which was entirely due to Arnold, for Gates spent the greater part of the action having what began as an academic, but ended in being a very hot, discussion on the merits of the Revolution with Sir Francis Clark, who, taken prisoner after his wound, was lying upon the American commander's bed. Sir Francis, before he died (which he did with an *insouciance* that one can not but admire) left a legacy in the shape of a written promise to Gates's servant maid,* who had treated him with the greatest care and tenderness. After the Convention she presented her claim to Captain Money, the British Deputy Quartermaster-General. Money, who should have been ashamed of so mean an act, paid it in continental bills. This came to the ears of Gentleman Johnny, and this and the Henley, business are the only occasions on which it is recorded that he lost his temper, for Parliamentary tempers are generally Pickwickian. He sent for the girl and asked her to keep the paper money, and then sternly told Captain Money to "pay the legacy in hard guineas of British coinage without reference to the sum he had already paid." Burgoyne well deserved his nickname.

Baroness Riedesel's account of this eventful day is so vivid that it is worth quoting.

"I had just sat down with my husband in his quarters to breakfast. General Fraser and, I believe, General Burgoyne were to have lunched with me on that same day. I observed some commotion among the troops. My husband told me there was to be a reconnaissance. On my way home [*i.e.*, to the rear of the camp where all the women were collected] I met some Indians in their war-paint armed with guns. I asked where they were going and they cried out 'War,

*Another account calls her the matron of a hospital.

War.'[1] This upset me very much. When I got back I heard skirmishing and firing which grew louder and louder until there was a terrible noise. I was more dead than alive. About 3 o'clock in the afternoon instead of the guests who were to have had food with me they brought poor General Fraser upon a litter mortally wounded. The dining-table all ready prepared was taken away and a bed placed there for the General. I sat in a corner trembling. The noise got louder and louder and I feared lest they should bring in my husband also wounded. The General said to the surgeon, 'Do not hide anything from me. Am I going to die?' The ball had gone through his bowels, just as in the case of Major Harnage. Unfortunately the General had had a heavy breakfast, and his bowels were distended so that the bullet, the surgeon said, had not, as with Major Harnage, gone between them but through them. I heard him often, between his groans, exclaim, 'Oh bad ambition! Poor General Burgoyne! Poor mistress Fraser.'[2] Prayers were read to him and he sent a message to General Burgoyne asking that he might be buried on the top of a hill which was a kind of redoubt."

Burgoyne himself has given us a fine, if in the peroration slightly stilted, account, of the funeral.

"About sun-set the corpse of General Fraser was brought up the hill, attended by the officers who had lived in his family. To arrive at the redoubt, it passed within view of the greatest part of both armies. General Phillips, General Riedesel, and myself, who were standing together, were struck with the humility of the procession; they who were ignorant that privacy had been requested might construe it neglect. We could neither endure that reflection nor indeed restrain our natural propensity to pay our last attention to his remains. The incessant cannonade[3] during the solemnity; the steady attitude and unaltered voice with which the chaplain[4] officiated, though frequently covered with dust, which the shot threw up on all sides of him, the mute but expressive mixture of sensibility and indignation upon every countenance; these objects will remain to the last of life upon the minds of every man who was present. The growing

[1] Surely what they really did was to grunt "Waugh, Waugh," which the baroness mistranslates as *Krieg, Krieg.*

[2] What he probably really said was "Damned ambition! Poor Burgoyne! My poor wife!"

[3] Colonel Kingston said: "The enemy in this instance were I thought very defective in point of humanity: they pointed a gun or two at that very redoubt, and kept up a brisk cannonade during the whole of the
funeral service, which was performed with great solemnity, and very deliberately by Mr. Brudenell, the chaplain. I never saw so affecting a sight" I have not formed a very high opinion of General Gates, so it is very pleasant to be able to add that the "brisk cannonade" was really minute guns, which the American general ordered to be fired as soon as it was perceived that it was a funeral which was taking place on the redoubt. War is hell, but it has always had its courtesies.

[4] Mr. Shaw, by the way, has included Chaplain Brudenell in The *Devil's Disciple.*

duskiness added to the scenery, and the whole marked a character of that juncture that would make one of the finest subjects for the pencil of a master that the field ever exhibited[1] To the canvas and to the faithful page of a more important historian, gallant friend! I consign thy memory. There may thy talents, thy manly virtues, their progress and their period, find due distinction and long may they survive-long after the frail record of my pen shall be forgotten."

Gentleman Johnny was undoubtedly sincere in writing this tribute to General Fraser, and the allusion to the "frail record of my pen," is due, not to that pride which apes humility, but to the fact that it was impossible for him to refrain from what used to be called "fine writing." General Gates also treated Lady Harriet Acland with the greatest courtesy. She had followed the army and her husband in "a two-wheel tumbril,[2] which had been constructed by the artificers of the artillery, something similar to the carriage used for the mail upon the great roads of England." When her husband was wounded and taken prisoner she asked Burgoyne's leave to follow him.

"I was astonished," writes the General, "at this proposal. After so long an agitation of the spirits, exhausted not only for want of rest, but absolutely want of food, drenched in rains for twelve hours together, that a woman should be capable of such an undertaking as delivering herself to the enemy, probably in the night, and uncertain of what hands she might first fall into,[3] appeared an effort above human nature. The assistance I was enabled to give was small indeed; I had not even a cup of wine to offer her, but I was told she had found, from some kind and fortunate hand, a little rum and dirty water. All I could furnish to her was an open boat and a few lines,[4] written upon dirty and wet paper, to General Gates, recommending her to his protection."

Accompanied by the chaplain, Mr. Brudenell, and her husband's servant, who had been wounded like his master, she crossed the Hudson and reached the

---

[1] There is, as a matter of fact, a very fine print entitled *The Burial of General Fraser*.

[2] The Baroness followed the expedition in a caléche, which was rather like the Victorian dog-cart.

[3] I think he remembered that there were still a few Indians with him.

[4] They ran as follows:

"sir,

"Lady Harriet Acland, a lady of the first distinction of family, rank and personal virtues, is under such concern on account of Major Acland her husband, wounded and a prisoner in your hands, that I can not refuse her request to commit her to your protection. Whatever general impropriety there may be in persons in my situation and yours to solicit favours, I can not see the uncommon perseverance in every female grace and exaltation of character of this lady, and her very hard fortune, without testifying that your attention to her will lay me under obligations.

"I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"JOHN BURGOYNE."

American camp, after spending eight hours in the boat, the American sentries, not unnaturally, refusing to allow it to approach before daylight. Gates received her with the greatest kindness, and wrote of her to his wife, “She is the most amiable, delicate piece of quality you ever beheld.”[1]

On the eighth, leaving the so-called hospitals, full of wounded, with a letter[2] recommending them to Gates’s Sympathy, Burgoyne fell back to Schuylerville, where it was found necessary to burn General Schuyler's house, storehouses and mills.[3] It was on the evening of the ninth that, according to the Baroness, Burgoyne entertained his lady friend at supper.[4] Gates and his troops had come hot in pursuit and by the eleventh the British Army was completely surrounded; “their cannon and ours began to play on each other: it was impossible to sleep from the cold and rain and our only entertainment was the report of some popping shots heard now and then from the other side the great river.” The British horses and live stock were living on the leaves of trees as for the army itself, let us again quote from the Baroness: “The greatest misery and confusion prevailed; the Commissaries had forgotten to distribute provisions; there were plenty of cattle but none had been killed. More than thirty officers, driven by hunger, came to me. I had tea and coffee made for them and shared my food with them.” She then proceeds to represent herself as *a dea ex machina;* she sent for (!) Burgoyne, talked to him like a Dutch uncle, or rather aunt, and, according to her account, he thanked her with emotion for having shown him what was his duty. The Baroness had, as her countrymen would say, too much ego in her cosmos. She remarks on another occasion that Phillips said to her he wished she was in command of the expedition instead of Burgoyne. She wrote her book some time after the war and here and there probably her memory may have misled her. On this particular occasion Burgoyne was probably excessively courteous and excessively sorry, and no doubt that was all.

---

[1] Some sentimentalist has recorded that Lady Harriet, on the death of the Major, married the Chaplain. This is not true.

[2] As follows:

“Sir,

“The State of my Hospital makes it more advisable to leave the Wounded and Sick Officers, whom you will find in my late Camp, than to transport them with the Army. I recommend them to the protection which, I feel, I should show to an Enemy in the same Case.

“I am, Sir,

"Your most Humble Servant,

"J. BURGOYNE.

“Major General Gates.”

(From The Papers Respecting the Convention Troops in The Papers of the Continental Congress, vol. 57.)

[3] It was done in the interests of the British artillery, its line of fire being blocked by them. Schuyler, later, told Burgoyne that is his position he would have done the same himself.

[4] See page 91.

On the whole the Riedesels had no great cause to grumble, for the General saved quite a lot of money when in North America. The Baroness was so fond of the continent that of two daughters born there one was christened "Canada" and the other "Amerika"[1]. How lucky that she was not more definite just suppose one of them had been born at Oshkosh!

It was at this date that, according to a news item in a contemporary *New York Gazette and Weekly Mercury,* Burgoyne sent what few Indians were left with him, under the command of Captains McAlpine and McKay, with the military chest back to Canada. Some of the party were captured, but the money got through safely to Carleton.

On the twelfth of October a council of war was held on the Heights of Saratoga, "Burgoyne, Riedesel, Phillips and Brig.-Gen. Hamilton being present." Burgoyne put the case very clearly to his council. They were practically surrounded; the provisions might hold out to the twentieth, but "there is neither rum nor spruce beer."[2] There were four possible courses of action, or inaction.

1. To wait the chance of favorable events.
2. To attack.
3. To retreat, repairing the bridges for the artillery.
4. To retreat by night, leaving the artillery and the baggage.

The fourth was chosen, but, scouts being sent out, it was reported that it would be impossible to move without the march being immediately discovered.

And so on the thirteenth another council of war was held, all the general officers and field officers and captains commanding corps being present. Burgoyne behaved like a gentleman—and a scholar. He began by stating that he himself, and he alone, was responsible for the situation in which they found themselves, as he had asked no officer for advice, but had given instructions which were to be followed. He then, the scholar part of him coming to the surface, asked whether in military history any army in similar case had capitulated. (Here, I feel sure, some of the younger officers must heartily have wished, probably for the first time in the expedition, that they were somewhere else.) The next questions were, whether they were in such a situation that there was nothing left but to capitulate, and whether such a capitulation would be dishonorable. The answer of the council to the first was yes, and to the second no. While this

---

[1] One of these daughters married a numerical nobleman, count Heinrich Reuss the 44th.

[2] A local and indifferent brew. Young Captain Evelyn writing home from Boston in October, 1774, remarked: "Nothing would be more acceptable than a cask of porter, as our only liquor for the table here is a stuff they call spruce beer." In that comic-opera campaign, the Crimean War, the authorities insisted that the Guards should have their porter.

council was sitting a cannon-ball whizzed over the table in the tent where they were collected. Burgoyne must have been reminded of La Lippe's practical exposition of gunnery in Portugal.

There is a detailed account of the negotiations in a War Office manuscript volume, *Capitulations.* On the thirteenth Burgoyne wrote to Gates that he was desirous of sending a field officer to him "upon a matter of high moment to both Armies." Gates agreed that the field officer should be received "at the advanced post of the Army of the United States" at ten o'clock the following morning, from whence he would be conducted to Headquarters. On the fourteenth Major Kingston was entrusted with the following message to General Gates; one can not but admire the bravado of its beginning:

"After having fought you twice, Lieut.-Gen. Burgoyne has waited some days, in his present position, determined to try a third conflict against any force you could bring to attack him.

"He is apprised of the superiority of your numbers, and the disposition of your troops to impede his supplies, and render his retreat a scene of carnage on both sides. In this situation he is impelled by humanity, and thinks himself justifiable by established principles and precedents of state, and of war, to spare the lives of brave men upon honourable terms. Should Maj.Gen. Gates be inclined to treat upon that idea, General Burgoyne would propose a cessation of arms during the time necessary to communicate the preliminary terms by which, in any extremity, he and his army mean to abide."

Gates's aide-de-camp, young Captain Wilkinson, "a youth in a plain, blue frock, without other military insignia than cockade and sword" (but with, so it appears from his book, an uncommonly good opinion of himself) met Major Kingston,* "a well-formed, ruddy, handsome man *who expatiated with taste and eloquence on the beautiful scenery of the Hudson's river and the charms of the season."* I love this meeting: it is only equaled by that historic encounter in the heart of Central Africa when Stanley, seeing a strange white man, advanced with outstretched hand and said—there being no other white man within hundreds and hundreds of miles—"Dr. Livingstone, I presume?" Good old Anglo-Saxon, pokerface phlegm! Whether in the United States, or in England, like Phyllis in the charming old ballad, it "never fails to please." Darn all foreigners with their bows, and their scrapings and their caperings and their kisses.

*Kingston, before he entered Gates's camp, was, naturally, blindfolded or as they called it then "hood-winked."

We now come to Gates's preliminary “Propositions.” These were:

1. General Burgoyne's army being exceedingly reduced by repeated defeats, by desertion, sickness, etc., their provisions exhausted, their military stores, tents and baggage taken or destroyed, their retreat cut off and their camps invested, they can only be allowed to surrender as prisoners of war. Bulldog Burgoyne replied to this: “Lieutenant-General Burgoyne's army, however reduced, will never admit that their retreat is cut off, while they have arms in their hands.”

2. The officers and soldiers may keep their baggage belonging to them, the generals of the United States never permit private individuals to be pillaged.

3. The troops under his excellency, General Burgoyne, will be conducted by the most convenient route, to New England, marching by easy marches and sufficiently provided for by the way.

4. The officers will be admitted on parole, may wear their side arms, and To this Burgoyne replied—can you not hear his quill pen spluttering with indignation? “There being no officers in this army under, or capable of being under, the description of breaking parole, this article needs no answer.”

5.All public stores, artillery, arms, ammunition, carriages, horses, etc., must be delivered to commissaries appointed to receive them.

Answer: "All public stores may be delivered, arms excepted."

6. These terms being agreed to and signed, the troops under his excellency's, General Burgoyne's, command may be drawn up in their encampment, when they will be ordered to ground their arms and may there upon be marched to the river side to be passed over on their way toward Bennington.

The cold and severe answer to this was: “This article inadmissible in any extremity. Sooner than this army will consent to ground their arms in their encampment, they will rush on the enemy determined to take no quarter.”

7. A cessation of arms to continue till sunset to receive General Burgoyne's answer.

It was the sixth article which was the crux. Kingston was instructed to give Wilkinson a verbal answer “If General Gates does not mean to recede from the 6th Article the treaty ends at once. The Army will to a man proceed to any act

of desperation rather than submit to that article." According to Wilkinson, at one moment Burgoyne said the truce must end in an hour and he says that he and the British General "set watches." Turning to Colonel Sutherland, Wilkinson said: "You will not only lose your fusee[1] but your whole baggage," and goes on to explain "this fusee Col. Sutherland had owned for thirty-five years and had desired me to except it from the surrendered arms and save for him as *she* was a favourite piece." Another difficulty was that Burgoyne had received intelligence that "a considerable force has been detached from the Army under the command of General Gates during the course of the negotiations": this he argued was "not only a violation of the Cessation of Arms but subversive of the principles on which the treaty originated, *viz*., a great superiority of numbers in General Gates's Army." He even "required" that two of his officers should have ocular proof of this, to which Gates briefly replied that no violation of the treaty had taken place on his part. In addition rumors that Clinton was at hand had reached both Burgoyne and Gates.

Another British council of war was held and it was decided that "should General Clinton be where reported, yet the distance is such as to render any relief from him improbable during the time our provisions could be made to last." Gates, on his side, gave better terms than he would otherwise have done, and "after many flags passing and repassing the terms were at last mutually agreed to," though Burgoyne insisted that it was to be a convention and not a capitulation. The convention[2] contained thirteen articles. They were as follows:

ARTICLES OF CONVENTION
between
Lieut-General Burgoyne
and
MajorGeneral Gates.

1.

The Troops under Lieut-Genl. Burgoyne, to march out of their Camp with the honors of War, & the Artillery of the Intrenchment to the Verge of the River where the Old Fort stood, where the arms & Artillery are to be left. The arms to be piled by word of command from their own officers.

2.

A Free Passage to be granted to the Army under Lieut. Genl. Burgoyne to Great Britain, upon condition of not serving again in North America, during the present Contest; and the Port of Boston is Assigned for the Entry of Transports to Receive the Troops whenever General Howe shall so Order.

[1] See page 176.

[2] Signed by Gates on the sixteenth of October; "mutually signed and exchanged" the following day.

3.

Should any Cartel take place by which the Army under Lieut. General Burgoyne, or any part of it, may be exchang'd, the foregoing Article to be void as far as such exchange shall be made.

4.

The Army under Lieut. Genl. Burgoyne to March to Massachusetts Bay by the Easiest, Most Expeditious, & Convenient Route, and to be quartered in, near, or as convenient as possible to Boston, that the march of the Troops may not be delay'd when Transports arrive to receive them.

5.

The Troops to be Supplied on the March & during their being in Quarters with Provisions by Genl. Gates's Orders, at the same rates of Rations as the Troops of his own Army, & if possible the Officers Horses, & Cattle are to be Supplied with Forage at the usual Rates.

6.

All officers to Retain their Carriages, Bat Horses, & other Cattle, and no Baggage to be molested or searched; Lieut. Genl. Burgoyne giving his honor there are no public Stores contained* therein. Major General Gates will, of course, take the necessary measures for the due performance of this Article. Should any Carriages be wanting during the March for the Transportation of officers' Baggage, they are, if possible, to be supplied by the Country at the usual Rates.

7.

Upon the March and during the time the Army shall remain in Quarters in the Massachusetts Bay the officers are not, as far as Circumstances will Admit, to be separated from their Men. The officers are to be Quartered according to Rank, and are not to be hindered from assembling their Men for Roll-calling & other purposes of Regularity.

8.

All Corps whatever of General Burgoyne's Army, whether compos'd of Sailors, Batteau-men, Artificers, Drivers, Independant Companies, & followers of the Army of whatever Country, shall be included in the fullest sense and utmost extent of the above Articles, and comprehended in every respect as British Subjects.

9.

All Canadians & Persons belonging to the Canadian Establishment consisting of Sailors, Batteaumen, Artificers, Drivers, Independant Companies, & many other followers of the Army who come under no particular Description are to be permitted to return there; they are to be conducted immediately, by the Shortest Route to the first British Post on Lake George, are to be supplied with

*Thus in the *London Gazette:* other versions have the word "secreted."

provisions in the same manner as the other Troops, and to be bound by the same condition of not serving during the present Contest in North America.

10.

Passports to be immediately granted for three officers not exceeding the Rank of Captains, who shall be appointed by Lieut. Genl. Burgoyne to carry Dispatches to Sir William Howe, Sir Guy Carleton, & to Great Britain by the way of New York; and Maj. Gen'l Gates engages the Publick Faith that these Dispatches shall not be opened. These officers are to set out immediately after receiving their Dispatches and are to Travel by the Shortest Route & in the most expeditious manner.

11.

During the stay of the Troops in the Massachusetts Bay the officers are to be admitted on Parole, and are to be permitted to wear their side Arms.

12.

Should the Army under Lieut. General Burgoyne find it necessary to send for their Cloathing & other Baggage from Canada, they are to be permitted to do it in the most convenient manner and the necessary, Passports granted for that purpose.

13.

These Articles 'are to be mutually Signed & Exchanged tomorrow at 9 o'clock; and the Troops under Lieut. Genl. Burgoyne are to march out of their Intrenchments at three o'clock in the afternoon.
Camp at Saratoga, October 16, 1777.

On the seventeenth, early in the morning, Burgoyne called all his officers together and "entered into a detail of his manner of acting since he had the honour of commanding the army; but he was too full to speak." Digby goes on in a simple and very moving strain "About 10 o'clock we marched out, according to treaty, with drums beating and the honours of war, but the drums seemed to have lost their former inspiriting sounds, and though we beat the Grenadiers' march, which not long before was so animating, yet then it seemed by its last feeble effort as if almost ashamed to be heard on such an occasion." He adds, and he echoed the feeling of every officer in the expedition: "Thus was Burgoyne's Army sacrificed to either the absurd opinions of a blundering ministerial power, the stupid inaction of a general* who, from, his lethargic disposition, neglected every step he might have taken to assist their operations,

*1 need not add that he means Mrs. Loring's friend.

or lastly, perhaps, his own misconduct[1] in penetrating so far as to be unable to return."

Burgoyne "in a rich royal uniform"[2] and Gates in a plain blue frock met at the head of Gates's camp "when," writes Wilkinson, "they had approached nearly within swords' length they reined up and halted: I then named the gentlemen and General Burgoyne raising his hat said, 'The fortune of war, General Gates, has made me your prisoner,' to which the conqueror, returning a courtly salute, replied, 'I shall always be ready to bear testimony that it has not been through any fault of your excellency.' " Riedesel gives exactly the same words in his account of this historic scene.

An artist has pictured it. Part of it, perhaps, is not very much like what really happened, but the air of Noble Affability with which Gentleman Johnny is endowed—he looks as if he were condescendingly bestowing some order of knighthood upon Gates—is undoubtedly the real thing. Also, his position in the center of the stage in the last act of the drama, right in the limelight, is the only place for a hero.

Wilkinson, the Master of the Ceremonies, deserves a few words. His subsequent career was not a success, and he came to sad grief in the expedition against Canada in 1813. For his conduct then he was court-martialed, one of the charges being the very singular one that "on or about 1st November 1813, in the vicinity of Ogdensburgh, he damned the army, the expedition, and himself." He had a fine and flowery style. On one occasion he wrote to Gates, "The perfidy of mankind truly disgusts me with life, and if the happiness of an amiable woman was not unfortunately too dependent on my wretched existence, I should think I had lived long enough, nor would I wish more to breathe the common air with ingrates, assassins and double-faced villains."

Gates wrote, with pardonable pride, to his wife: "The voice of fame, ere this reaches you, will tell how greatly fortunate we have been in this department. Burgoyne and his whole army have laid down their arms, and surrendered themselves to me and my Yankees. Thanks to the Giver of all victory for this triumphant success. . . . Major-General Phillips, who wrote me that saucy note last year from St. John's, is now my prisoner, with Lord Petersham, Major Acland, son of Sir Thomas, and his lady, daughter of Lord Ilchester, sister to the famous Lady Susan, and about a dozen members of

[1] By which he means, of course, miscalculation.

[2] One of the Brunswick officers wrote that "he wore a hat with. streaming plumes and had bestowed the greatest care on his whole toilet, so that he looked like a man of fashion rather than a warrior."

Parliament, Scotch lords, etc. I wrote to T. Boone. . . . I could not help, in a modest manner, putting him in mind of the *fête champêtre*[1] that I, three years ago, told him General Burgoyne would meet with if he came to America. If Old England is not by this lesson taught humility, then she is an obstinate old Slut, bent upon her ruin."

Gates then branches off from the general to_ the particular, and, like a good husband, expresses a hope that his wife may get "ruffles to her apron." Though he behaved with gross insolence to Washington,[2] to whom he only casually mentioned Burgoyne's surrender in a letter dated so late as November second, Gates treated Burgoyne with great dignity and magnanimity. He could afford to be generous.

Letters received in London all spoke of his courtesy and the care he took to relieve the wants of the rank and file[3] as well as their officers. Burgoyne, his generals and his staff were entertained by Gates at dinner, and a regular camp dinner it was. The table was formed by two planks laid across two empty beef-barrels, the menu was a ham, a goose, some beef and some boiled mutton; *vins* New England rum and cider; there were only two glasses, which were allotted to the two Generals, the rest of the company drank out of "small basons" Gates filled a bumper to His Britannic Majesty's health, Gentleman Johnny, not to be outdone, proposed that of General Washington. Phillips when called on to give a toast, thinking it well to steer clear of politics, "bluntly gave a certain toast which is often drunk in this country even before his Majesty's health and which is sure to meet with the hearty approbation and concurrence of *every good man*." You must decide for yourselves what this toast was. But perhaps the most kindly thing that the American general did was to allow the British troops to pile[4] their arms, at the word of command of a British officer, and out of

---

[1]A palpable hit See page 204.

[2]Washington administered a well-deserved snub. He wrote to Gates (October 30th) congratulating him on his "signal success" but adding "I cannot but regret that a matter of such magnitude and so interesting to our general operations, should have reached me by report only, or through the channel of letters, not bearing that authenticity, which the importance of it required, and which it would have received by a line under your signature, stating the simple fact."

[3]Mr. Wilson, a surgeon in Burgoyne's army, wrote home: "If our wounded live to return to England Chelsea Hospital will indeed be an; Invalid-Hospital, for there never were such shocking spectacles seen as some of them represent." The Baroness gives a ghastly account of an operation on a soldier, just before the Convention. He had been laid in a, gimcrack house, on a table to have a leg amputated, when a cannon-ball took off the other leg as he was lying there.

[4] It is in connection with this that we get the only mention made of Burgoyne in Boswell's *Johnson.* "It was asked why piling their arms was insisted upon as a matter of such consequence when it seemed to be a circumstance so inconsiderable in itself." Johnson: "Why, sir, a French author says *Il y a beaucoup de puérilités dans la guerre.*"

sight of the American troops.[1] And when Burgoyne presented his sword to him, Gates re turned it. On the seventeenth and eighteenth the British troops, now prisoners of war, crossed the Hudson on their way to Boston.

The Baroness draws a delightful picture of the kindness and courtesy with which the British were treated by their conquerors. She writes "In the passage through the American camp, I observed with great satisfaction, that no one cast at us scornful glances. On the contrary, they all greeted me, even showing compassion on their countenances at seeing a mother with her little children in such a situation. I confess that I feared to come into the enemy's camp, as the thing was so entirely new to me. When I approached the tents, a handsome man came toward me, took the children out of the wagon, embraced and kissed them, and then with tears in his eyes helped me also to alight. 'You tremble,' said he to me, 'fear nothing.' 'No,' replied I, 'for you are so kind, and have been so tender toward my children, that it has inspired me with courage.' He then led me to the tent of General Gates, with whom I found Generals Burgoyne and Phillips, who were on an extremely friendly footing with him. Burgoyne said to me, 'You may now dismiss all your apprehensions, for your sufferings are at an end.' I answered him that I should certainly be acting very wrongly to have any more anxiety, when our chief had none, and especially when I saw him on such a friendly footing with General Gates. All the Generals remained to dine with General Gates. The man, who had received me so kindly, came up and said to me, 'It may be embarrassing to you to dine with all these gentlemen; come now with your children into my tent, where I will give you, it is true, a frugal meal, but one that will be accompanied by the best of wishes.' 'You are certainly,' answered I, 'a husband and a father since you show me so much kindness.' I then learned that he was the American General Schuyler. He entertained me with excellent smoked tongue, beef-steaks, potatoes, good bread and butter. Never have I more enjoyed a meal. I was content. I saw that all around me were so likewise; but that which rejoiced me more than everything else was, that my husband was out of all danger. As soon as we had finished, he (Schuyler) invited me to take up my residence at his house, which was situated at Albany, and told me, that General Burgoyne would be there also. I sent and asked my husband what I should do. He sent me word to accept the invitation; and as it was two days' journey from where we were, and already five o'clock in the afternoon, he advised me to set out in advance, and to stay over night at a place distant about three hours' ride."

Here she has an adventure. In the house in which she spent the night she found a French doctor looking after a mortally wounded Brunswick officer. The

[1] One of whom, by the way, said that Burgoyne ought to be made to stand on his head on one of his empty beef-barrels and in that position recite his Putnam Creek Proclamation.

Baroness, though she may not have appealed to the Bristolians, was a very pretty woman and the doctor very quickly developed what is I believe technically called "a crush." "He made all kinds of sweet speeches and was very impertinent: he urged me to stay with him for it was better to be with the conquerors than with the conquered." He actually so far forgot himself as to press her to share his room with him, a proposal which she indignantly set aside, though perhaps in her heart of hearts she was flattered. Fortunately the Baron turns up and this chartered libertine of a Frenchman "looked very sheepish." The next day they arrived at Albany where:

"we were received in the most friendly manner by the good General Schuyler, and by his wife and daughter, who showed us the most marked courtesy, as also, General Burgoyne, although he had—without any necessity it was said—caused their magnificently furnished houses to be burned. But they treated us as people who knew how to forget their own losses in the misfortunes of others. Even General Burgoyne was deeply moved at their magnanimity and said to General Schuyler, 'Is it to me, who have done you so much injury, that you show so much kindness!' 'That is the fate of war,' replied the brave man, 'let us say no more about it.' We remained three days with them, and they showed us they were reluctant to let us go. Our cook had remained in the city with the baggage of my husband, but the second night after our arrival, the whole of it was stolen from us, notwithstanding an American guard of ten or twenty men who had been deputed for its protection. Nothing remained to us except the beds of myself and children, and a few trifles that I kept by me for my own use—and this too, in a land where one could get nothing for money, and at a time when we were in want of many things; consequently my husband was obliged to board his adjutant, quartermaster, etc., and find them in everything. The English officers—our friends as I am justified in calling them, for during the whole of my sojourn in America they always acted as such—each one gave us something. One gave a pair of spoons, another some plates, all of which we were obliged to use for a long time, as it was not until three years afterwards, in New York, that we found an opportunity, although at great cost, to replace a few of the things we had lost. Fortunately I had kept by me my little carriage, which carried my baggage. As it was already very late in the season, and the weather raw, I had my calash covered with coarse linen, which in turn was varnished over with oil; and in this manner we set out on our journey to Boston, which was very tedious, besides being attended with considerable hardship."

Burgoyne, the soul of courtesy and kindness himself, appreciated these qualities in others. Later in Parliament he said that General Schuyler "was one of the first persons he met in the American camp, and when he attempted to

make some explanation or excuse for his act in destroying his property, the general begged him not to think of it, as the occasion justified it, on the principles and rules of war."

"He did more," Burgoyne added, "he sent an aide-de-camp to conduct me to Albany, in order, as he expressed it, to procure better quarters than a stranger might be able to find. That gentleman conducted me to a very elegant house, and, to my great surprise, presented me to Mrs. Schuyler and her family. In that house I remained during my whole stay in Albany, with a table of more than twenty covers for me and my friends, and every other demonstration of hospitality."

De Chastellux, in his *Travels in America,* gives some interesting details of Burgoyne's sojourn at the house of General Schuyler.

"The British commander," says he, "was well received by Mrs. Schuyler, and lodged in the best apartment in the house. An excellent supper was served him in the evening, the honors of which were done with so much grace that he was affected even to tears, and said with a deep sigh, 'Indeed, this is doing too much for a man who has ravaged their lands and burned their dwellings.' The next morning, he was reminded of his misfortunes by an incident that would have amused any one else. His bed was prepared in a large room; but, as he had a numerous suite, or family, several mattresses were spread on the floor, for some officers to sleep near him. Schuyler's second son, a little fellow about seven years old, very arch and forward, but very amiable, was running all the morning, about the house. Opening the door of the saloon, he burst out a laughing on seeing all the English collected, and shut it after him, exclaiming, 'You are all my prisoners!' This innocent cruelty rendered them more melancholy than before."

Burgoyne had gaily boasted that he would eat his Christmas dinner at Albany, as a conqueror. His fate was different.[1]

For the sake of convenience let us here look ahead a few weeks, and turn our attention to London. News traveled slowly in these days but toward the end of November London[2] was beginning to get uneasy. Walpole, writing so early as October twenty-sixth, said "Burgoyne is said to be beaten." And on

---

[1]From The *Life and Times of* Philip Schuyler, Benson J. Lossing. . New York, Sheldon & Company, 1873.

[2]One says London advisedly. The Sir Tunbelly Clumseys of this date were so busy chasing village maidens round haycocks and drinking port that they took little interest in public affairs outside their own parish and its pump. It is, amazing to read that the town of Frome, concluding from his name that Burgoyne was a Frenchman, "made great rejoicings on his being taken prisoner."

November third Horace said definitely: “Arnold has beaten the vapouring Burgoyne and destroyed his magazines. Carleton, who was set aside for General Hurlothrumbo, is gone to save him the remains of his army if he can.” This of course was a baseless rumor. On the eighteenth of November Lord Shelburne, speaking in the House of Lords, said: “The issue of Mr. Burgoyne's expedition is too melancholy to be made a subject of conversation his army, by every appearance, is destroyed,” and he proceeded savagely to criticize Germain as “a man who has so great a confidence in his military talents as to think he can command an army and ensure victory in his closet[1] at three thousand miles distance from the scene of action.” The Duke of Richmond was equally contemptuous of the strategy of the campaign: “Supposing, which is most improbable, that Mr. Burgoyne has got to New York, what has he effected? He has lost several thousand men and he might have arrived at New York two years ago by sea from England without any loss at all.” The Duke, though he did not say so in so many words, knew the value of sea power. Definite news of the surrender reached London, by way of Quebec, on December second.*

On the third Colonel Barré in the House of Commons “called upon Lord George Germain to declare upon his honour what was become of General Burgoyne and his brave troops and whether or not he had not received expresses from Quebec informing him of his having surrendered himself with his whole army prisoners of war?” Germain shuffled. The news certainly had arrived, by deserters via Ticonderoga to Quebec. It was not authenticated. He hoped the House would suspend judgment, both on the General and on ministers. Barré rose again and said he was “shocked at the cool easy manner in which the noble Lord related the fate of the brave Burgoyne. Nobody could say that Burgoyne had failed through his own misconduct. The minister who had planned the expedition was to blame, it was “an inconsistent scheme, an impracticable one, unworthy of a British minister, and rather too absurd for an Indian chief.” Edmund Burke followed: ‘Ignorance had stamped every step taken during the course of the expedition, but it was the ignorance of the Minister for the American department, not to be imputed to General Burgoyne of whose good conduct, bravery and skill he did not entertain the shadow of a doubt.” He then put his finger on the weak point in any defense that Germain might concoct. “The intended measure was a conjunction between Howe and Burgoyne, it was to be produced in the strangest way he had ever heard of : the armies were to meet—yes: Howe was travelling southward, and Burgoyne in the same

---

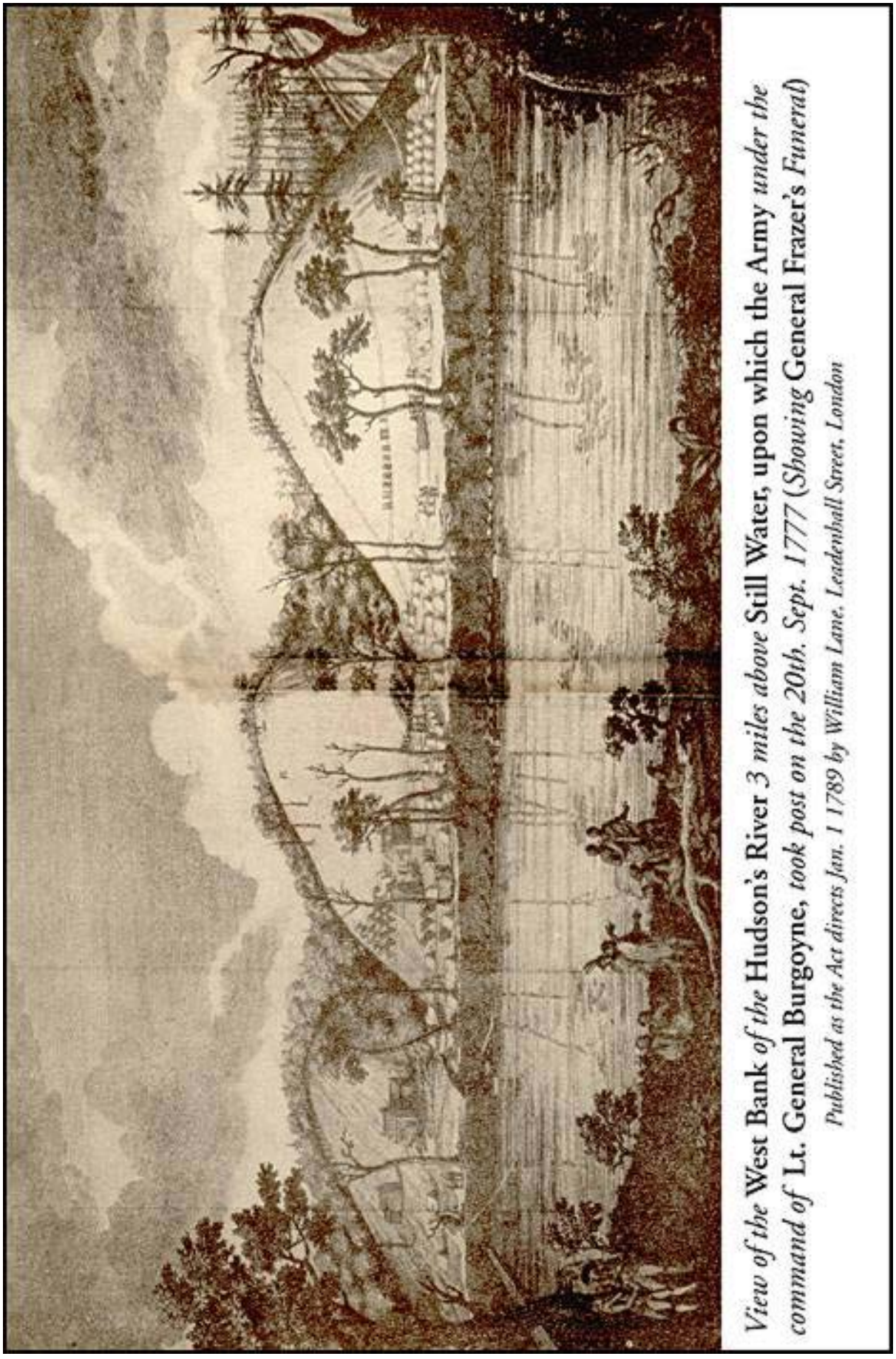
[1] *i.e.,* his study or library. In the eighteenth century a dull play would be dismissed with the words “more suitable for the closet than, the stage.”

[2] Burgoyne's despatch did not reach Whitehall until December 15th.

direction!" Fox was even stronger in his attack: "An army of 10,000 men destroyed through the ignorance, the obstinate, wilful ignorance and incapacity of the noble Lord, called loudly for vengeance. . . . A gallant general sent like a victim to be slaughtered, where his own skill and personal bravery would have earned him laurels, if he had not been under the direction of a blunderer, which circumstance alone was the cause of his disgrace, was too shocking a sight for humanity to bear unmoved. The General and the House had been imposed on and deceived: Burgoyne's orders were to make his way to Albany, there to wait the orders of Sir William Howe and to co-operate with him; but General Howe knew nothing of the matter, for he was gone to a different country, and left the unhappy Burgoyne and his troops to make the best terms for themselves."

The House of Lords was equally emphatic. On December fifth Chatham paid high compliments to the courage, zeal and abilities of Burgoyne. The plan of campaign he condemned as a "most wild, uncombined and mad project." And on the same date the Earl of Shelburne denounced "the Pall Mall planners of the expedition," and prophesied that if Burgoyne's instructions were laid before the House they would display the incapacity of ministers in the most glaring colors. He returned to the charge on December eleventh: "Mr. Burgoyne is directed to march to New York or to effect a junction with Mr. Howe. Mr. Howe goes aboard his ships and, after beating to the southward, gets on the other side of Philadelphia. If I do not hear full and sufficient reasons for this extraordinary conduct I protest I think Mr. Howe would deserve to be brought home in chains." Instead of which, when he did go home, he had his Mischianza first.

And all this time Germain must have felt as uncomfortable as he did upon that heath near Minden, with honest old Colonel Sloper exclaiming contemptuously, "You see that man."



View of the West Bank *of the* Hudson's River *3 miles above* Still Water, upon which the Army *under the command of* Lt. General Burgoyne, *took post on the 20th. Sept. 1777* (*Showing* General Frazer's *Funeral*)

Published as the Act directs Jan. 1 1789 by William Lane, Leadenhall Street, London

SARATOGA