CHAPTER XIII – ENGLAND, HOME AND BEAUTY

WE HAVE already seen what scurvy treatment Burgoyne received from Ministers and officials on his return to England where he arrived in May, 1778. And after such treatment it is not surprising that he should have thrown himself into the arms of the Opposition. Fox met his old friend at Hounslow on his way from Portsmouth to London. He had little difficulty in persuading him that Germain would accuse the soldier in order to save the ministerial skin, and that the King's mind had been poisoned against him. Fox was knocking at an open door, for Burgoyne had realized that he was to be "devoted," that is to say sacrificed as a scapegoat by ministers. Temple Luttrell's championship of Burgoyne led to a scene in the House of Commons. He roundly said that had the General "receded from his colours, disobeyed the commands of his superiors and hid himself from danger, such conduct would have given him pretensions to the honours and emoluments of the American Secretaryship." Even Germain could not swallow this without comment. He challenged Luttrell to a duel. But nothing came of it. In the words of Horace Walpole "Lord George Germain grasped his sword—and then asked pardon for having been grossly affronted." Burgoyne himself appeared in the House on this occasion—May twenty-sixth—(see also page 151) when Mr. Vyner moved that "this House will now resolve itself into a Committee of the whole House" to consider the state of the army which had surrendered and also how it was that Burgoyne had been released and had returned to England. Wilkes seconded the motion. He wanted to go further and to get information as to the conduct of the campaign which had been withheld by Ministers. And then, as was his wont, he waxed warm. "Unhallowed feet" had been set in America; there had been a disgraceful capitulation; savages had been employed; houses had been burned. Burgoyne had shown great personal bravery, but why had he issued that unhappy proclamation?

Burgoyne replied, as he would have said himself *ore, rotundo.* He had always regarded the Indians as a necessary evil. He pointed out that in 1776, when in Canada, he had at a great meeting of the Indians, refused the pipe of war when he might "by a single whiff of tobacco have given flame and explosion to a dozen nations!" And during his past campaign the case of Miss "Mecree" was pure accident.

He then delivered a slashing attack on St. Luc who had formerly been "instrumental in scalping many hundred British soldiers upon the very ground where he was this year employed." St. Luc, he added, had been closeted with Lord George and had complained that he (Burgoyne) had discharged the Indians. This was not quite right. He had not discharged them—they had deserted, St. Luc at their head. Regarding the charge of burning houses, the only

instance was that of General Schuyler's property. This had been a military necessity and General Schuyler had said that he would have done the same thing in Burgoyne's place. (See page 139.)

He then touched upon the condition of the army at Cambridge where they had undergone hardships severe, though of a different nature, as any they had experienced while in the field. He explained his personal position, his return on parole, and read to the House Washington's letter which has already been quoted. He gives one interesting piece of information, that between five or six hundred of the Convention Troops[1] had deserted, and he called this an "honourable desertion," that is to say that most of them had tried to make their way through the woods in order to join the armies under Sir William Howe and Sir Henry Clinton. Then he tackled Germain. Germain had laid papers before the House, including a private letter from Burgoyne written in 1776 which had been used to endeavor to prove that the writer had intrigued against Sir Guy Carleton regarding the command of the expedition. Germain might have produced other private letters showing that there was not a word of truth in this charge, but had not done so. Burgoyne admitted that the plan of campaign was largely based upon his *Thoughts*. But, and it was an important but, his *Thoughts* had been changed and garbled. The "latitude" that he should act, if he thought fit, against New England had been struck out, nor was his proposal that, if necessary, the junction with the southern army should be made by sea,[2] allowed to stand. Much had been made of the phrase at the end of his Instructions,
"You are to act as exigencies may require." That is to say it was argued from this that he should not have crossed the Hudson. Burgoyne reasoned, and rightly, that this saving clause referred to exigencies that might arise upon his arrival at Albany. Regarding the passage of the Hudson, Germain had spread the report that both Phillips and Fraser had remonstrated against it. "That is a direct and abominable falsehood." Here he received unexpected corroboration. Lieutenant-General Fraser, a relation of Burgoyne's Fraser and a Member of the House, said that he had received confidential letters from his relative written at the time of the crossing of the Hudson, and there was no word in them of disapprobation but "on the contrary Brigadier General Fraser spoke his opinion in the strongest terms in favour of General Burgoyne and his measures." Gentleman Johnny ended his speech with elegant extracts from Roman history which appear to have made Wilkes yawn prodigiously. Germain then rose

[1] In the Amherst Papers at the Public Record Office there is a "General Return of the Troops of the Convention of Saratoga as they left the Province of Massachusetts Bay 15th November 1778" signed by Phillips: The totals (all ranks) are 2,340 British and 1,949 Germans. At the surrender at Saratoga they numbered British, 2,442; German, 2,198. A certain number, of course, had been taken prisoners before the surrender.

[2] But we must remember that he had only put this forward as a *pis aller*. See page 72.

and explained the presence of Burgoyne's private and confidential documents among the official papers. It was an accident. And a very convenient accident for Germain. The rest of the debate is as dull as most debates except for a speech by Lord George Gordon (of the Riots) who, his usual bee buzzing loudly in his Scotch bonnet, attributed the disaster at Saratoga to the fact that the Government had, by the Quebec Act, countenanced Popery in Canada. Saratoga was not so much a disaster as a "heavenly interposition of the Divine Providence."

Burgoyne was not, as already stated, allowed to see the King, was not allowed a court-martial, and when he got his Committee (see page 146, etc.) Parliament was suddenly prorogued and the Committee was thus prevented from reporting, and, on the evidence, there can be little doubt that Germain would have got his deserts. But he did not—instead, he got a peerage. And there was an interesting debate upon the question whether an officer who had been cashiered for cowardice was fit to be a member of the House of Lords. The moral of the whole story of course is that, in the eighteenth century at all events, if a soldier fell foul of a minister he was doomed. The soldier fought with his bare hands, the hand of the minister grasped a knuckle-duster.

One is rather glad that Gentleman Johnny's wife did not live to see this dismal eclipse of a military career which had begun with such a blaze of splendor in Portugal. Lady Charlotte must have been a delightful creature. In the Duke of Argyll's *Intimate Society Letters o f the Eighteenth Century (1910)* there are two letters written by her to the Duchess of Argyll which are as gossipy, and therefore as interesting, as anything in Horace Walpole. She writes from Kensington Palace of the recent fray at Vauxhall, of her saunterings in the Gardens (where, it will be remembered, Mr. Hutchinson met her), of Mrs. L.'s adventures with the gentlemen of the road at Kensington Gore, of her Loo parties, of the wintry August weather, of Miss P. who lost two thousand pounds at cards in two successive nights, of the *most passionate* letters written by the Duke of Devonshire, (who must have forgotten the family motto *cavendo tutus*) to Lady Charlotte Spencer, and finally of that never-failing source of gossip, the Duchess of Kingston, that remarkable lady who from the date of her first love-affair at the age of fifteen to her death in 1788 entertained the town with one mad escapade after the other. Lady Charlotte notes the odd fact that the Duchess figures in the Duke's will as "my dearest wife Elizabeth Duchess of Kingston *alias* Elizabeth Chudleigh *alias* Elizabeth Hervey." Horace Walpole also noted this and, writing about the same date as Lady Charlotte, adds, "Did you ever hear of a Duchess described in a will as a street-walker is indicted at the Old Bailey?"

It is a very pleasant picture that Lady Charlotte sketches in these letters of the life in Kensington Palace then both in spirit and in atmosphere as remote from St. James's and Westminster as Hampton Court Palace now is. But one can not help thinking that Gentleman Johnny must have found Loo with ladies just a little bit lacking in that excitement which was no doubt necessary for a politician spending daily many dreary hours in a dreary House of Commons.

The banks of the Hudson are more picturesque and more romantic than those of the Thames at Westminster, or of the Liffey, and the rest of Burgoyne's public career is, to tell the truth, not so interesting as the years he spent in North America.

But he had not entirely done with the United States. He had, as it were, in his pocket a return ticket to Boston, and he was not sure when he might not be called upon to use it. Congress had not forgotten him. On April 3, 1781, on the motion of Mr. Thomas Bee, seconded by Mr. Thomas McKean, it passed a resolution recalling him, and on the sixteenth Washington wrote to Clinton pointing out that late exchanges had released all officers absent on parole except Burgoyne, whose return was required.

This led to the very interesting letter from the famous Edmund Burke to the equally famous Benjamin Franklin. He writes from Charles Street, August 15, 1781, on a matter in which he has “no small concern.” He has learned with astonishment that Congress has made an application for the return of his friend General Burgoyne, “the most opposite interests conspiring in the persecution of a man formed by the unparalled Candour and Moderation of his Mind to unite the most discordant parties in his favour.” He attributes this to “some unusually artful management” by which, of course, he means some intrigue of Germain’s. He gives Gentleman Johnny a fine testimonial, and that coming from Burke was worth having. He has always “behaved with the Temper which becomes a great Military Character that loves nothing so much in the profession as the means it so frequently permits of generosity and humanity.” He has made great sacrifices “piqued to the resignation of so much rank and emoluments both so justly earned.” His native land in fact had treated him hardly, as we have seen. “Shall America too,” asks Burke, “call for sacrifices which are still more severe?” And he appeals “not to the Ambassador of America but to Doctor Franklin the Philosopher, my friend and the lover of his species.”

Burke's eloquence and Franklin's benevolence had the desired effect and in due course Clinton suggested to Washington that the American and British Commissaries General of Prisoners should meet and “adjust the exchange” of Burgoyne. These two gentlemen, Major Abraham Skinner on the one side and the Sultana's complaisant husband, Joshua Loring, on the other, threshed the

matter out. The question was ultimately settled February 9, 1782, Burgoyne being exchanged for one thousand and forty-seven officers and rank and file.

Early in November, 1781, North had the King's speech ready for the opening of Parliament, promising a successful and speedy end to the war. He was anticipated. On November twenty-fifth came news of the surrender at Yorktown. “O God! it is all over,” exclaimed the Prime Minister and in due course retired, with a pension of four thousand pounds a year. He was succeeded by Rockingham and there was the usual General Post (Noodle replacing Foodle) and scramble for places. Burgoyne was rewarded with the Commanderin-Chiefship in Ireland, and was made a Privy Councilor. He was also Muster Master General for the Foreign Forces in Canada. In the Haldimand Papers in the Manuscripts Department at the British Museum there are letters from him on the question of cutting down his deputy’s allowance, from twenty shillings to five shillings per day. Though he was in close touch with the Castle he did not like Dublin. There are occasional allusions to him in the Dropmore Manuscripts where we find Earl Temple, the Lord Lieutenant, writing of the Commander-in-Chief's anxiety to get back to England, either on leave or permanently, and his hope to be made Lieutenant-General of the Ordnance. In which hope he was disappointed, as this was given to our old acquaintance Sir William Howe—not the first time that Howe had stood between Burgoyne and the realization of his ambitions.

The Board of Ordnance was of great antiquity, claiming indeed to trace back to an official once responsible for the supply of arrows for crossbows. It had a standing feud with the Secretary at War who finally defeated it after very many years, during the Crimean War when it was abolished. This was, from a Whitehall point of view, the most important victory gained during that campaign.

While Commander-in-Chief in Ireland Burgoyne paid one important visit to London, and that was in 1783. Fox had brought in his celebrated East India Bill the object of which was, practically, to abolish John Company. Burke backed him and told the East India Company what he thought of them, and those of the directors who were present at the bar of the House of Commons must have felt very uncomfortable. Gentleman Johnny came rushing across the Irish Channel: in his own words he “came over directly from a country in which he had the honour to hold a high post, crossed the sea and travelled 300 miles post” in order to support the bill. He was very stern. The reports on the table “exhibited the face of Tartarus itself.” The nabobs who amassed fortunes in “Indostan” could only be compared with some scoundrels whom AEneas met when he went down to Hell, and here the General quoted half a dozen lines from Virgil which he had first learned in his old school a few hundred yards

away (not from Hell, but from the House of Commons). It is curious that although other speakers in this debate drew on Shakespeare and Milton for images, Gentleman Johnny was the only one to go to the classics for an illustration. On his visits to London he kept the Lord Lieutenant, Lord Northington (who had succeeded Temple) posted up as to politics at Westminster. These letters are in the British Museum (Add. MSS. 33,100) and some of them are interesting. Thus on November 28, 1783, he writes to the Lord Lieutenant praising "Charles" (i. e., Fox) who in attacking the East India Company dealt so convincingly with figures and accounts that "it would have made strangers believe he had been educated in the Bank."* But on December fifteenth he writes of "a juncture of imminent confusion and pregnant with consequences that every Lover of his Country must shudder to look to." All this because George III had said to Lord Temple that Fox's East India Bill was unprecedented, unparliamentary and subversive of the Constitution, adding that if it were to pass, "I am no more a King." Though the bill got through the Commons, Temple in the Lords hinted that it was most distasteful to the King, and it was thrown out. The East India Company continued to misgovern (and incidentally to add largely to the Empire) and the pagoda tree went on shaking like an aspen in a gale.

But the most interesting letter of Burgoyne's to Lord Northington is that dated "December 22nd 1783, 9 at night." The subject-matter is not important, dealing with his possible resignation. But the handwriting is most significant. He mentions casually that he has been "in our friend Charles's company" and it is very evident from the blots and erasures what Charles and Gentleman Johnny had been doing. It seems to me that they must have spent the whole day "setting them up" and keeping the "drawer," or as we should say wine-steward, very busy. Just as, on an historic occasion Mr. Pecksniff was unaware that he had "muffin on his knee" so our old friend can not have realized that his signature looked not so much like J. Burgoyne as J. Gargoyle. (As a rule his handwriting is very free, flowing and legible: he was evidently never at a loss for a word—a long word for choice.)

In 1782 he was given the colonelcy of the 4th Foot. One reads with horror in Wraxall's *Memoirs* that there had been previously some question of Eliott being recalled from Gibraltar and Burgoyne sent out in his place. Fortunately, this was not done. Burgoyne was evidently not happy in Ireland, and all the time was longing to get back to England, Bath and Beauty as

*If "Charles" ever added up his debts he must have been a pretty useful arithmetician.

represented by Miss Susan Caulfield,[1] an opera singer of some gifts with whom he had, in the phraseology of the day, “formed a connection” a few years previously. Such alliances were not rare at this—or any other—date between the Army and the Stage. There was such an one, for instance, between Tarleton, who had also fought in North America and “Perdita,” Mrs. Robinson, the first of George IV's many fancies. This Tarleton liaison lasted for sixteen years and a contemporary gossip says, in a very tantalizing way, “on the circumstances which occasioned its dissolution it is neither necessary, nor would it be proper to dwell.”

An additional reason for Gentleman Johnny's anxiety to get home was that Susan presented him with a son. He was baptized in August, 1782, at St. Anne's Soho; Charles James Fox was his godfather, and the little boy was christened John Fox. On Burgoyne's death in 1792, Lord Derby, with the best of intentions and the kindest of hearts, took him (and the later arrivals) from the custody of poor Susan, and saw to their education. Lord Derby had been for some years separated from his first wife, [2] and little John Fox Burgoyne seems to have passed an Esmondish sort of life at the Oaks and at the great mansion in Grosvenor Square. He went to Eton, was fag to Hallam the historian, entered the Royal Engineers and after a distinguished career became Field Marshal Sir John Burgoyne and a baronet, thus winning laurels which Fate, aided by the Minden Man, had withheld from his father. There is a statue of the Field Marshall near the Duke of York Steps: the careless often take it to represent Gentleman Johnny himself.

Burgoyne's “humble request” to resign the command in Ireland, which the King sanctioned in 1784, was couched in his usual Micawberish and flowery, style. Witness this passage:

“At my age, and with a temper that finds no terror in the loss of income, there may be little merit, but there will be solid comfort, in laying up for the close of life this reflection, that at a juncture which I thought a crisis in the fate of my country I took a decided part, and voluntarily, without a complaint of hardship or anger against any man or power, relinquished a splendid, a profitable, and in

---

[1] She was always “his dearest Sue.” There is a pleasant letter in which he tells her he is sending her a pheasant and a brace of partridges (to be kept for a week) and he adds a delightful P. S. "Fie! Fie! to get such colds and pains in the stomach by feasting. If you did but take such care as I do!" Susan was a friend of the talented and famous Miss Farren, the actress whom Lord Derby married on the death of his first wife.

[2]Mrs. Montagu, the Queen of the Blues, writing in December, 1779, of three ladies of illustrious rank against whom divers suits were pending, says of their husbands, Lord Percy was "a nobleman of a most distinguished merit, Lord Carmarthen is the prettiest man in his person, Lord Derby, to be sure, has nothing on his side but the seventh commandment" But you can not expect a blue-stocking to have much in common with a patron of the turf: to Mrs. Montagu a betting-book would most emphatically have been *a biblion abiblion*.

many respects a pleasing, professional station, to pursue my parliamentary duty in connection with those men, and in support of those principles, by which alone I believed my country would be redeemed."

Gentleman Johnny, for all his pomposity, was such a good fellow that one hates to laugh at him, but, in order to justify the epithet "Micawberish" I must quote a passage from a letter written by him just after this date. He had, as Mr. Micawber so often had, occasion for a sum of money, five hundred pounds to be exact. He wrote to a friend, Mr. Nathaniel Day* and, granted the inconceivable impossibility that Mr. Wilkins Micawber could ever have possessed a valuable diamond, would he not have written in much the same strain as this?

"I seek not to borrow it, even from a friend, without positive security, but this is of a nature that, however irreproachable to borrower or lender, I would not willingly offer to a stranger. I would take the money for six months certain, or optionally for twelve, and I purpose, besides the common security of a bond, to lodge in your hands my diamond, the gift of the King of Portugal, valued upon occasions when large jewels are in demand at about £1,000, but certainly marketable at any time for much more than the sum proposed—more valuable infinitely to me as a pledge of honour to be transmitted to those who would preserve my memory, and therefore sure to be redeemed, and not to be trusted in any hands where the deposit could not be sanctioned by integrity and confidence."

It is melancholy to think that John Burgoyne should have had to contemplate giving as security that jewel which must have been, from the gallantry which won it, the pride of Lady Charlotte's life. And therefore it is very pleasant to be able to add that Mr. Day was "truly happy" to accommodate his old friend with the sum in question, but expressly stipulated that "it must be accepted without that which you have mentioned." Burgoyne had had, it will be remembered, a little trouble at a previous election, and that of 1784, when he was again elected for Preston, did not pass without incident, in which pistols again figured. A political opponent, a Mr. Elton, handed a valuable watch to Burgoyne's servant and told him to take it to his master and ask him "if he could tell them the time of day." Mr. Elton was playing with fire. Burgoyne put the watch and a couple of pistols on a tray, bade his servant carry it to the taproom and followed him there. He asked the company present to whom did the watch belong, and Mr. Elton, his beer having suddenly turned more sour than vinegar, remained silent. Upon which Burgoyne pleasantly observed, "Since the watch belongs to none of you gentlemen it remains my property," and he

*Day was Commissary General in Canada when Burgoyne started on his expedition. Earlier he had been a cornet in Burgoyne's Light Horse.

handed it to his man with the words, “Take this watch and fob it in remembrance of the Swan Inn at Bolton.” A crushing, and well-deserved snub.

In 1785 King George appointed a board, or as it would be called nowadays a Royal Commission, to consider the Defenses of the Country against a possible foreign invasion. The Duke of Richmond, Master General of the Ordnance, was President and Burgoyne was one of the twenty-three members.It was an industrious and a hungry board. When it visited Portsmouth it sat from six A.M. to four P.M., had a three-hours dinner, and then sat again from seven to ten. Probably it did better work at its morning than at its evening session. These hours did not evidently suit Lord Cornwallis, who was also a member of the board, for he writes of Burgoyne as being the biggest blockhead and sycophant he had ever seen. It was all for fortresses and fortification and proposed to spend enormous sums on the defense of the dockyards. Only three members, John Burgoyne, Earl Percy (whom we last met at Boston) and Sir D. Lindsay were strongly opposed to any such scheme. Burgoyne was in fact many years in advance of his time. He was a member of the Blue Water School long before such a school had come into existence. He said practically

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep,
Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
Her home is on the deep.

In other words he looked to the Navy to defend England from invasion, as it had done in the days of the Spanish Armada, rather than to fortresses which would cost vast sums* to build and which would lock up men to defend them who could ill be spared. In fact he anticipated not only the Blue Water School but what was to be known in recent years as the Fortress Incubus. As usual he was, so far as paper is concerned, perfectly right.

There was published in 1785 A *Short Essay on the Modes of Defence Best Adapted to the Situation and Circumstances o f this Island* “by an Officer” which puts Gentleman Johnny's view so forcibly that I can not help thinking he must have had if not a hand, at least a finger in it. “When the rage of innovation and novelty seizes on the imagination of a projector, reason is sacrificed to fancy, love of country to vanity, and utility to whim.” Except perhaps for the short last word, is not this exactly in the manner of our highfalutin old friend? The Board’s proposals were brought before the House in 1786 and rejected by the casting vote of the Speaker. When Napoleon formed his great camp at Boulogne and when England really was in danger of invasion we took a wiser and cheaper course than that recommended by the Duke of

*Coming to, it was reckoned, about £2,370,000, which if spent on ships would have doubled the strength of the Navy.

Richmond. Martello Towers sprang up like mushrooms all along the South Coast, where many of them still exist and furnish agreeable summer lodgings for young couples. And Volunteers poured in, although it was unkindly said at the time that they expressly, stipulated that they should not be sent out of the couptry—save in the case of invasion.

In 1786 when the question of a pension for the wife and sons of Sir Guy Carleton* came before the House of Commons, Burgoyne warmly supported it, and, as he had done before, spoke with great appreciation of the way in which Sir Guy had done everything he could to help in the preparations for the Expedition from Canada in 1777, in spite of the fact that he felt that he had been unjustly passed over by Germain for the command of it.

When Warren Hastings, like Clive before him, got into trouble for his doings in India, Burgoyne with some of the most famous statesmen of the day, Fox, Burke, Sheridan and Johnson's great friend Windham, was one of the "Managers" set up to conduct the prosecution. How very seriously he took this will be seen in the anecdote told by Miss Burney, quoted later on. In 1788 when tea nearly caused another war, this time with Spain which seemed to think that trade with China was her prerogative, Burgoyne offered his services as a soldier to Pitt in a letter almost as lengthy but not quite so pompous, as his famous Putnam Creek Proclamation. But in spite of the long words and resounding phrases it is obvious that, keen soldier that he was and always had been, his one wish was that if there was any fighting in prospect, he wanted to be in the thick of it. But of course he must express it thus: "I hope it will not be construed a professional rant, or appear in any degree a forced sentiment in an old soldier to say that should his period in the destination of Providence be near, he would rather meet it in the duties of the field than amidst the sorrows and afflictions of a sick bed."

From time to time he spoke in the House, and spoke most sensibly, on Army questions, notably in 1789 when he supported the proposal that there should be a Commander-in-Chief, one of whose duties would be to "bring military merit to the foot of the throne and to draw it forth from the places where ministers now never looked for it—the field of actual service." His last speech in the House of Commons was one of the most sensible he ever made and, once again, he was far in advance of his time. It was proposed to increase the private soldier's pay, a proposal which John Burgoyne, ever the Soldier's Friend, heartily approved. And he added, "I only wish that the situation of the subaltern officers had been considered at the same time: they are still obliged to subsist on their scanty pittance, although every article of subsistence is at least

*Created Baron Dorchester in this year.

30 per cent. dearer than when their pay was originally settled." It took the European War to bring about a real reform in this.

In December, 1790, Boswell put him up for "The Club" but, much to Bozzy's disgust, he was blackballed, a distinction bestowed at the same time upon the Bishop of Carlisle and Sir Charles Blagden. "The ballot is secret," but trust Boswell for finding out, and telling us, that the members who objected to Burgoyne were Sir Joseph Banks the scientist and George Steevens the Shakespeare commentator: the latter may have objected to Gentleman Johnny's mauling of *As You Like It*, to which we shall come in Appendix I.

On the third of August, 1792, John Burgoyne who had always been "enamoured of the stage" as that ornament of it, Mrs. Inchbald, puts it, was at a play in the Little Theatre in the Haymarket.[1] He died the following day in his house in Hertford Street,[2] Mayfair. In his will, which had been drawn up while he was Commander-in-Chief in Ireland he begins, as was sometimes the testamentary custom in those days, by analyzing his own character: "During a life too frequently blemished by the indulgence of one predominant passion, it has been a comfort to me to hope that my sensualities have never injured, nor interrupted the peace of others." On the other hand he pleads Not Guilty to any possible charge of injustice or malevolence.

He left the famous diamond to Lord Derby: the bulk of his property he bequeathed to Miss Susan Caulfield, with reversion to her (and his) son John Fox and three more of their children. But alas! his old habit of getting into debt had clung to him: what little property he left went to satisfy his creditors, and it was Lord Derby who took upon himself the charge of looking after the children. Burgoyne may have made enemies among the Rigbys and the Germains whose names are now completely forgotten, or only remembered with contempt and derision: the names of his friends, Reynolds, Sheridan, Fox, Burke, Windham and Lord Derby belong to history, in the case of Lord Derby, it is true, to the annals of the turf. But in English history there have not from time to time been lacking Prime Ministers, let us hope there never will be, who would far rather win the "Blue Ribbon of the Turf" than any other distinction.

John Burgoyne was buried in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey, near Lady Charlotte. At his own request the funeral was private: he who all his

[1] Where the present Haymarket Theater stands.

[2] Which leads from Park Lane (in Burgoyne's day called Tyburn Lane) to that delightful spot Shepherd Market. This, though only a mashie shot from Piccadilly, is unknown to most people. It is one of the quaintest corners in London, chiefly inhabited by gentlemen's gentlemen, with very rosy faces and gaily striped waistcoats. An agreeable air of beer pervades the atmosphere.

life had been for pomp and circumstance was for simplicity at the last. In the words of the *Gentleman's Magazine* of the day “one coach only attended with four gentlemen: a lady was likewise present whose convulsive agitation showed her to have that within which passeth show.”

One can not but feel very sorry for “My dearest Sue.”