

he had tempted to this fool-hardy enterprise, by offering them twenty-five louis d'or: they afterwards landed at Cheda-Bouctou, and after encountering great privation, fatigue, and divers perilous adventures, he arrived at Ford Cumberland, when after a short rest he continued his journey on foot, having worn out his strength and his snow-shoes. The Temiscouata portage brought him subsequently to the lower parishes, then to Kamouraska; and the night he spent at the Manor of St. Jean Port-Joli is graphically described in the *Canadians of Old*. He arrived at Quebec on the 23rd February, laid an account of his shipwreck before General Murray, and left for Montreal to see General Gage. This man of iron winds up his Journal by stating that the fatigues, dangers and starvation he was exposed to were very great—that the circuitous road he followed led him to believe he must have walked at least 1650 miles in the severest season in the year, and unprovided with any succour. "I used to see my guides and companions, the Indians and Acadians, giving out after eight days' marching, and often less. During all this time, I enjoyed excellent health, had no dread of the consequences, and fortunately withstood so much fatigue; had I had guides as vigorous as myself, I would have eaved one hundred and thirty pounds which it cost me, and I would have arrived earlier." General Jeff. Amherst, then at New-York, wrote to the chevalier a feeling letter, dated 28th March, 1762, condoling with him on this melancholy shipwreck.

We have no hesitation in saying that this feat of human endurance, this journeying during a Canadian winter through forests,—over bays in a frail bark canoe and frozen snow on snow-shoes, some seventeen hundred miles, is almost without a parallel in modern times, and that we would be very unwilling to accept it as the truth, were it less authentically recorded.

The loss of family and friends, as previously stated, seems to have changed entirely the future plans of the chevalier: he bid adieu to La Belle France, and made up his mind to live in Canada—a British subject. We fail for a few years to trace clearly what occupations were followed by this singularly hardy man; probably, with his compeers, the Rocheblaves, DeKouvilles, St. Ours, Deschambault, DeBellectre, De Lotbinière, he took part in politics. At the arrival of General Burgoyne, LaCorne again, although close on seventy years of age, headed the militia and the Indian tribes which Sir Guy Carleton sent to assist the newly-arrived General. LaCorne was present at several engagements during the war of independence, and probably would have rendered important services to the English General, but Burgoyne neither understood nor took any pains to understand the character of his Indian allies. Matters went on tolerably well so long as the English commander met with success, but with reverse, discontent got to such a pitch in a short time that the Indian tribes and the small number of Canadians soon absolutely refused to be led on by a general about as fit to handle this arm of the service as the Baron Dieskau had shown himself twenty years before. The disgraceful capitulation of the English army at Saratoga to General Gates was the crowning feat. In vain Burgoyne, (1) on his return to England, and from his seat in Parliament, supported by a host of powerful friends, tried to explain off the shame he had brought on his brave army by accusing others; his violent, artful charges called forth a spirited letter from the Chevalier LaCorne, which appeared at the time in the English papers. It being, doubtless, new to many English readers, a translation of this letter from old memoirs may prove acceptable:—

LE CHEVALIER DE ST. LUC TO GENERAL BURGUYNE.

"Quebec, 23rd October, 1778.

"Sir—I cannot say whether this letter will reach you; if it should, it is written to express my surprise at your lack of memory concerning myself and also concerning my companions-in-arms, the Canadians and Indians.

"I am at a loss to guess your motive, unless it be to bury my name,

(1) John Burgoyne, an English general officer and dramatist, connected with this country in the former capacity, was the natural son of Lord Bingley, and entered early in the army. In 1762 he commanded a force sent into Portugal for the defence of that kingdom against the Spaniards. He also distinguished himself in the first American war by the taking of Ticonderoga, but was at last obliged to surrender with his army to General Gates at Saratoga. For this act he was much censured and condemned by all the English people. He was elected into the English Parliament for Preston, in Lancashire, but refusing to return to America pursuant to his convention, was ignominiously dismissed the service. He endeavored to exonerate himself, but without avail, in some pamphlets he published in defence of his conduct. As an author, he is more distinguished for his three dramas of the *Maid of the Oaks*, *Bon Ton*, and *The Heiress*, all in the line of what is usually called genteel comedy, they forming light and pleasing specimens.—M. B. L.

with your own, in obscurity—an achievement beyond your power. I was known long before you had attained the position which furnished you the opportunity of ruining one of the finest armies which my country ever saw.

"You say, sir, that I was unable to afford you any information; I am glad you should be the means of informing the public that you never sought advice from me. Allow me, however, to tell you that I have served under general officers who honored me with their confidence; men worthy of the position,—able to maintain their dignity,—distinguished by their abilities.

"You also charge me with having withdrawn from the army. You will permit me to inform you, sir, that those who, like myself, left it, did not, more than you, dread the perils of war. Fifty years' service will dispose of this charge. You, sir, better than any, know who made me leave the army—it was yourself.

"The 16th August, 1777, the day of the Bennington affair, you sent me, through Major Campbell, an order to hold myself in readiness to start on the morning of the 17th, with the Canadians and Indians, ahead of General Fraser's brigade, to post ourselves at Stillwater. But that same day M. de Lanaudiere informed you of the defeat of Lieut.-Col. Baum's detachment, and of that of Lieut.-Col. Breyman, who had advanced to support the latter. He apprised you that these two detachments had lost at least seven hundred men. You appeared to put little faith in his statement, and you told me the loss did not amount to one hundred and fifty men, although the real figure showed that the first report was exact. Counter orders were then issued to the whole army which had intended to march on that day, and the next day we were made to cross North River, and, with General Fraser's brigade, to camp at Battenkill. The Indians, startled by your grand manoeuvres, to which they were not accustomed, had noticed that you had sent no force either to collect the remnants of the corps dispersed at Bennington (some of whom, to my knowledge, returned to your camp five days after), or to succour the wounded, of which a portion were dying. This conduct of yours, sir, did not convey a very high idea of the care you would take of those who might fight under you. The indifference you exhibited to the fate of the Indians concerned in the Bennington encounter, to the portion of one hundred and fifty, had disgusted them very much; a good number of them had fallen there together with their great chief, and out of the sixty-one Canadians forty-one only had escaped.

"Bear in mind, sir, so that you may not form an erroneous opinion of this matter, what passed in council, when you represented our loss as trifling. I told you, on behalf of the Indians, whose interpreter you had made me, that they were very deserving. They said many things which it would have been useless to repeat; amongst others, that they wished to speak their sentiments to you in plain terms. I warned you of what would be the final result. Finally, sir, their discontent became such that they left on the spot, although you refused to allow them provisions, shoes and an interpreter.

"Two days subsequently, you had seen your error; Brigadier Fraser had anticipated what would be the consequences of your acts towards the Indians. You then sent for me, and I had the honor to meet you in the tent of the brigadier, when you asked me to return to Canada, the bearer of despatches to General Carleton, to induce His Excellency to treat the Indians kindly and send them back to you. I did so, and I would have rejoined the army, if the communication had not been cut off. After that, of what use could I have been, I, whom you had represented as good for nothing, and as one of the Indians who left the army. Ah! sir, having ceased to be a General, do not at least cease to be a gentleman! On the latter point I am your equal. You bear the rank of a General, and I may not be your equal in talent, but I am your equal in birth, and claim to be treated as a gentleman.

"Be that as it may, sir, notwithstanding my advanced age (67 years), I am ready to cross the sea to justify myself before the King, my master, and before my country, of the unfounded charges you have heaped on me, but I am quite indifferent as to what you personally may think of me."

A Legislative Councillor of Canada, in 1784, we find this sturdy old soldier at the ripe age of 74, equally ready in camp and in council,—manfully battling for the right of his countrymen to enjoy all the privileges of British subjects, and siding against the old family compact,—remonstrating loudly but respectfully, and holding forth in the resolutions he proposed, in favor of the constitution of 1774. When the stern old Roman died does not appear; he seems to have attained a very great age.

In a measure, are we not justified of saying of him what Clarendon wrote of Hampden, "that he was of an industry and a vigilance not to be tired out or wearied by the most laborious, and of parts not to be imposed on by the most subtle and sharp,—of a personal courage equal to his best parts?"—*Maple Leaves*.

J. M. LEMOINE.