

he refers to him in the following language: "General Schuyler possessed the highest order of talents. * * * * He was a profound mathematician, and held a powerful pen; his industry was unexampled; his business habits were accurate and systematic, acquired under the discipline of General Bradstreet, of the British army, who was a distinguished friend of his family. Having extensively travelled and mingled with the first circles of society, he was eminently refined in his sentiments and elegant in his address.

"Had Providence blessed Philip Schuyler with the equanimity of mind and self-control which distinguished Washington, he would have been his equal in all the elevated moral and military attributes of his character. America owed to Schuyler a vast debt of gratitude for his distinguished services, both in the Cabinet and in the Field. * * *

"To the consummate strategic skill, and the wise Fabian policy of Schuyler, we were indebted for the conquest of Burgoyne. At the moment in which he was about to reap the fruits of his sacrifices and labors he was superseded. When the laurels he had so well earned were almost within his grasp they were cruelly wrested from him. He was sacrificed by a spirit of intrigue and insubordination in his army, cherished probably by the mutual animosity which existed between him and the men of New England. The idea generally prevailed in those states that Schuyler fostered a hereditary prejudice against them, while the stern and arbitrary measures which at times marked his military career, and had probably been imbibed in the discipline of the British army, did violence to their sentiments of equality and independence."

If the anecdote which Mr. Watson relates to demonstrate the idea of discipline among the New England troops with whom he came in contact, was generally, and still prevalent in 1777, there is little wonder that such as these and a real soldier could not agree. The narrator having been born within rifle shot of the "Blarney Stone of New England," Plymouth's "consecrated rock," he can scarcely be charged with prejudice against his brethren. "While passing through the camp" (at Cambridge), says he, "I overheard a dialogue between a captain of the militia and one of his privates, which forcibly illustrated the character and condition of this army. 'Bill,' said the captain, 'go and bring a pail of water for the mess.' 'I shan't,' was the reply of Bill; '*it is your turn now, Captain, I got the last.*'"