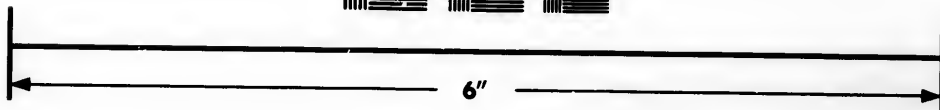
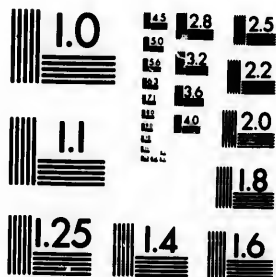


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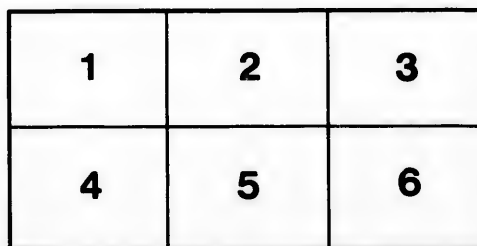
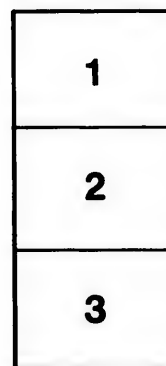
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A
 REFUTATION
 OF THE
 LETTER
 TO AN

Hon^{ble}. Brigadier - General,
 Commander of His Majesty's Forces in *Canada*.

By an OFFICER.

URIT ENIM FULGORE SUO.

THE FOURTH EDITION.



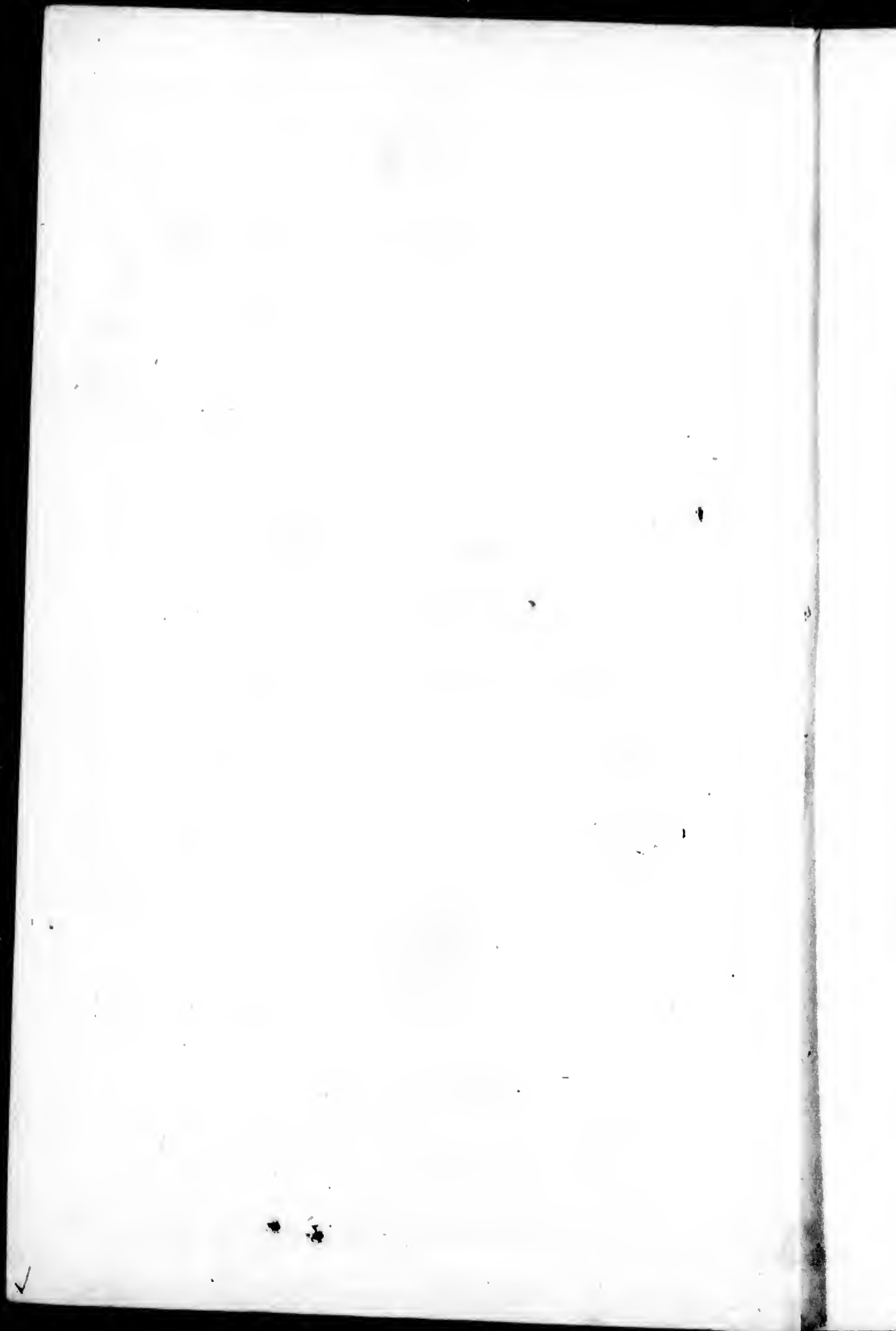
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A

REFUTATION, &c.

AS Detraction and Envy are ever attendant on, and the certain Criteria of true Merit, so the inconsistent and illiberal Pamphlet, now under our Observation, gives a most glaring Proof thereof; it betrays in the Author a Mind full fraught with the most rancorous Malice; and yet so impotent is his incoherent Malignancy, that he is guilty of strange Wanderings from the honourable Subject he would fain stigmatize: but outrageous Envy commonly defeats that very End which it had proposed to itself.

What an odd Idea must every dispassionate Reader conceive of a Writer, who thus sets out; ‘ In my religious Doubts I apply to Doctor *Whitfield*; in any theatrical Difficulties, I consult the canonical Criticisms of a certain right Reverend; and in my polite Misadventures, the Physician of *Ludgate-hill* is my *celer atque fidelis, secret and speedy*.” A Person who should

B 2

act

act as here proposed, might, without straining matters in the least, be charitably supposed not to enjoy a thorough Sanity of Mind. What follows, contains more of a Compliment than a Sneer, when duly considered, although undoubtedly it was intended for the latter: ' To whom therefore
' shall I appeal in any military Doubts, but
' to the Man, whom Fortune, that never-
' erring Judge of Merit, in one short
' Campaign made a Colonel, a General,
' and a Commander in Chief ?'

The Writer, whom we suppose not to be an unletter'd Man, must doubtless have read or heard of the great *Roman*, who from reading, and private Application alone, display'd at his first Appearance in the Field, all the Abilities of a most consummate General; and without having had even the Experience of one short Campaign to make him so.

The Insinuation in page 2, relative to the Title of Brigadier-General is puerile and mean, and the Tack to it absolutely false, ' although he might prudently chuse
' to stay at Home, when he received it,' (the Title.) A Man must have a Forehead unusually embronzed, to be able to let slip such an Untruth.

Not

Not only the noble Officer's Friends, but the Public in general were of Opinion, that ' he might prudently chuse to stay at ' Home,' considering his high Pretensions by Birth, as well as Family-endearing Ties, in Quality of a Husband and a Father.

Let it be remembered, that he had a Brother in the same distant and disagreeable Service, who fell in the Field fighting for his Country. Surely then, a Family that thus devotes itself to the Service of the public Weal, in the Senate and the Field, deserves our warmest Thanks; and all Attempts to misrepresent and vilify such extraordinary Deserts, must excite Indignation in the Bosom of every honest Man, every Lover of our Constitution, and of true *British* Glory.

This abusive Writer's Phraseology is so wildly scattered, and digressionary, that it is but seldom one can grapple with any Thing like a Meaning. As often, however, as an Occasion for Animadversion may present itself, it shall not be let to escape; for it is resolved to trace him through all the Meandrings of his not very coherent Brain. A bad Head is a bad Thing; but a bad Heart is still worse; with an awkward Air of triumphant Irony he thus flounders along.

' The Goddess of Blindness and Caprice
 ' had certainly no Share in the Capitulation
 ' of *Quebec*. Ardent in the Pursuit of
 ' Glory, and the Applause of your Coun-
 ' try, You generously violated the Rules of
 ' War; You risked the resentment of
 ' your superior Officer; You signed the
 ' Articles of Capitulation without his
 ' Knowledge; and, anxious for the Pre-
 ' servation of your Conquest, you appointed
 ' the Staff of the Garrison, without even
 ' asking his Consent. He might, indeed
 ' suspect the Friendship you had long pro-
 ' fessed for him, but with the Spirit of an
 ' old Roman, the Love of our Country;
 ' *omnes omnium caritates complectitur*. He
 ' might have ordered you into Arrest for
 ' such an Outrage to his Authority. He
 ' was not insensible of the Indignity, but
 ' you asked his Pardon, and languishing
 ' under his Wounds, he accepted your Sub-
 ' mission.'

It is most certain, that neither the God-
 des of Blindness nor Caprice, had any
 Share in the Capitulation of *Quebec*, it was
 the dictate of Prudence, and happily con-
 cluded in the very critical Minute; for
 had the Town, by the harshness of Terms
 proposed, been driven to desperate Reso-
 lution of holding out till such time as *Bou-*
quainville, then not far off, should arrive
 with

with his Reinforcement, who knows what might have been the Event of that Day?

It is a sufficient Answer to the Remainder of this rhapsodic charge to know, that General *M—n* was so dangerously wounded as not to be able to act; that moreover, the Time was too precious, and the Exigence of Affairs too urging to admit of any Delay: The Writer's Evidence in this Case is very opposite here, inasmuch as his own express Terms of the General are 'lan-
'guishing under his Wounds.'

Could a Person in such a Situation, be self-collected enough to direct or super-intend? However a Complaint of this Kind would come with a better Grace from General *M—n*, than from any other Person. It is likewise apprehended, that this Allegation is here promulged, not so much in the Behalf of *M—n*, as with a sinister View of bespattering *T—d*.

The winding up of this Paragraph is very curious. 'Thus you carried your Point. 'You received into your protection the 'Capital of an Empire, larger than half 'the Roman Conquests; and though you 'had formerly entered your Protest against 'attacking the place, you alone enjoy the 'Honours of its being taken.'

To

To carry one's Point, is the great End of all human Actions ; *Cæsar* and *Alexander* could do no more. It is, however, strongly believed that the Author in Question, will not be able to carry his Point, which is to degrade so valuable a Member of Society, in the Judgement of his Fellow-Subjects : by whom he is for the most Part revered.

The Nation is gratefully obliged to him, for having 'received into his Protection the 'Capital of an Empire, larger than half 'the Roman Conquests,' without wantonly exposing the Troops under his Care (already very much harrassed) to any farther Fatigue, and unnecessary Effusion of Blood ; which might have been productive of dangerous Consequences : nay, perhaps the reverse of that Day's Fortune. For let it be remembered, that *Bougainville* was marching rapidly to the Relief of *Quebec*, with a little Army consisting of fresh Troops ; and that the few *English* Forces had undergone amazing Toils.

It would be an Act of Justice to all impleaded Persons, and one of Respect to the Public, if Authors were to adopt it for a Maxim, never to start any Thing for Fact they were not thoroughly sure of. From the following Words, 'though you had
formerly

‘ formerly entered your Protest against attacking the Place, you alone enjoyed the Honour of its being taken;’ must not every Reader be hereby induced to think, that this traduced Commander protested against the Manner of attacking *Quebec* by which it was taken.

Now if the very contrary has happened, what Reparation can be made to the injured Commander?— In a most infamous Light, the Author of such gross Calumny ought to be held. — That G——l T——d did protest against an Attack planned by General *Wolfe*, is not denied; but what was the Object thereof, and where was it to be made? Why not immediately against *Quebec*, but to attack the *French* in their Entrenchments.

However galant such a Design, and however gloriously *Wolfe’s* martial Spirit was displayed by the Proposal; yet it appeared to G——l T——d and other Officers, who had never flinched in the Hour of Duty, so fraught with Ruin, and so big with dangerous Consequences, as rather to be declined than carried into Execution. The Dissenters on that Occasion were those who proposed attacking *Quebec*, in the unexpected and surprizing Manner by which

it was taken, and which will be admired to latest Posterity.

General *Wolfe*, who had been a little piqued at his Scheme being dissented from, came in at last to that proposed. Having his Country's Interest always uppermost in his Thoughts, he shewed himself always ready to give up the hazardous Event of a *Coup Brilliant*, for less dazzling, and more blood-sparing Expeditions. To have attempted forcing the *French* in their Entrenchments, must have been productive of a horrid Slaughter at least; that People having ever been formidable in such Situations. Now it appears that General *Wolfe*, like a true Patriot, put into happy Execution the Plan of others, by whom he was most vigorously seconded; and that G — I T — d did not protest against the Scheme which reduced *Quebec*; but quite the Reverse.

After a paltry Effort at Humour, Page 4, follow more Assertions equally false with the above-mentioned. ' You discreetly left
' your Regiment, whose paltry Emolu-
' ments you had dearly purchased by your
' one Campaign, and prudently quitted a
' Scene, where Danger would probably be
' too busy. You sagaciously foresaw, that
' the *French* would endeavour to recover
' their Capital, and you were convinced,
' that

‘ that the Place was not defensible. You
 ‘ had not entered, like a desperate Volun-
 ‘ teer, into the Service. You had been
 ‘ pressed into it. You had been nominated
 ‘ without your Knowledge or Consent.
 ‘ You were not therefore engaged by any
 ‘ Point of Honour or Gratitude to continue
 ‘ in it, whenever it became dangerous or
 ‘ disagreeable.’

In the first Place, it cannot be deemed
 an ill-natured Question to ask this Gentle-
 man, what Regiment *G——l T——d* had
 when he set out for *Canada*; and where he
 left it: and if such Things were, if his do-
 ing so proceeded from Cowardice, or a
 mean Sense of shrinking from Danger? It is
 to be hoped that no *English* Writer, how-
 ever warped by Influence, can be so aban-
 doned, so lost to all Shame, and at such
 Enmity with common Sense, as to answer
 in the Affirmative.

G——l T——d must have acted from
 quite other Motives, than the meer Soldier
 of Fortune, who wants to rise in the World;
 and make his Way by the Profession of
 Arms; which was not at all his Case. He
 could therefore have been actuated by no
 other Spirit, than that of patriotic Heroism.
 It was her glorious inspiring to his truly
British Soul, that made him voluntarily (he

not being then liable to any Command) fly from Pomp, Wealth, and domestic Happiness, to encounter Toils, Peril, and Death, under new Aspects, in a remote and barbarous World.

Does such a Conduct indicate a Man, that would 'prudently quit a Scene where 'Danger would probably be too busy?' O Shame on the foul-mouthed Slanderer. On his returning Home, he went with the greatest Alacrity with Admiral *Saunders*, to reinforce Admiral *Howke* against the *French* Fleet then out at Sea. Was this acting like a Man who would 'prudently quit a Scene 'where Danger would probably be too 'busy?'

If G——l T——d is blameable for any Thing, it is for having done too much; more than the Public by his then Situation at going abroad, had a Right to expect from him: and for which his Family might with just Reason rebuke him.

Page 5. The Sneer at the *Militia*, in whose Institution G——l T——d had so principal a Hand, betrays the sore Part of our Writer and his Patron, as well as the following ironical Escape, 'Your *perfect* 'Veneration for the Person of your Royal 'Commander,' *ex pede Herculem*—It is too gene-

generally known for to enter into any Detail here, that a Pique, exasperated perhaps into an Animosity, had subsisted between a certain *British* Colonel, and a Personage of higher Rank, for having given himself too much the Airs of a *German* Prince: Airs (it is to be hoped) will never prevail in our free and virtuous Constitution; that as the *British* Officer could expect no proper Satisfaction from an Offender so privileged, he in a spirited Obedience to the nice Dictates of his Honour, by throwing up his Employment, declined any farther Subordination to ill Usage.

But the huge Cause of his Dissatisfaction being since removed, did ever Man return to his merited Rank in a more gallant Manner? No certainly. Therefore all Opposers to, and Revilers of such national Desert as his, (whether the Public considers him as the chief Promoter of the long-wish'd-for Militia, or the glorious Reducer of *Quebec*) are to be treated with equal Contempt, though hitched in the Cell of a Prison, or a more elevated Lodge.

Page 6, contains very flimsy jargon, meaning nought. This dull Pamphlet-writer would be very comical, if he knew how.

Page 7. ‘ Some malignant Spirits, indeed, were offended at your not having paid one civil Compliment to the Memory of General *Wolfe*, or used even one kind Expression of Esteem or affection with Regard to his Person. Surely, some People are never to be satisfied. Permit me, Sir, in your Name to ask them, whether your warmest Encomiums could have added to that universal good Opinion, which the Public had conceived of Mr. *Wolfe*’s Abilities and Courage; Would they, unreasonable as they are, have had a Gentleman of your Birth and Breeding, imitate the Generosity of Sir *William Johnson*? I have only to regret the Loss of General *Prideaux*. I endeavoured to pursue his Measures, the good Effects of which he deserved to enjoy.’ *

If Gen. *T—d* in his Letter to the Secretary of State ‘ did not pay civil Compliments to the Memory of General *Wolfe*,’ it was not for want of Esteem, but because of the Impropriety to write a Panegyric to a Minister, when nothing but the Situation and Exigence of Affairs were to be mentioned.—Every good Subject has the highest Sense of Sir *William Johnson*’s Merit, and are pleased with the honest Declaration in his Letter.

* Sir *William Johnson*’s Letter to Major General *Amherst*.

But where has this Pamphleteer been to find himself under a Necessity of quoting this Letter? he must not have been in *England* surely; or must not have read the public Papers, in which a little Time after the News of the taking *Quebec*, appeared the annexed funeral Eulogium, (a nobler or a more generous has never been penned) taken from a Letter written by G——l T—d, to a Friend in *London*.

“ I am not ashamed to own to you,
 “ that my Heart does not exult in the
 “ Midst of this Success. I have lost but a
 “ Friend in General *Wolfe*. Our Country
 “ has lost a sure Support, and a perpetual
 “ Honour. If the World were sensible at
 “ how dear a Price we have purchased
 “ *Quebec* in his Death, it would damp the
 “ public Joy. Our best Consolation is,
 “ that Providence seemed not to promise
 “ that he should remain long among us.
 “ He was himself sensible of the Weakness
 “ of his Constitution, and determined to
 “ crowd into a few Years, Actions that
 “ would have adorned Length of Life !”

Page 8; Lord *Granby* and General *Moslyn* are lugged in here in a most unaccountable Manner, and no way apposite to the Point in Debate. Then comes the old false Charge of G——l T—d's having pro-
rest-

tested in Form against General *Wolfe's* last desperate Attempt, and at his being out of the Reach of Danger. As to the former Article about the Protest, let it be observed once for all, that General Officers have a Right to protest, without exposing themselves to any Imputation of Censure or Blame, so they do not refuse to obey, and act in consequence.

M^r Pherfon, the brave old Veteran *Highlander's* Answer to, 'How did G——l *T——d* behave in the Battle?' was, 'Like one who had not such splendid Possessions to return to!' Are there of all the *French* Nobility, who pant after nothing so much as Fame in Arms, any of G——l *T——d's* Rank, who either have, or would voluntarily expose themselves to such a Voyage and such Danger? No. He chose *America*; as the most perilous Scene of Action, and by that Door to return to his former State. Going out, he went but on the Terms of serving only the Campaign against *Quebec*. From that Time he had pre-resolved to return Home to his Family and Friends, the Expedition over; which was their earnest and joint Request. If *France* can boast no G——l *T——d* militating in her *American* World; Ignominy be to all degenerate *Britons*, who would basely attempt to depreciate his Worth.

The

The Pamphleteer having straggled from General *Wolfe*, *T—d*, &c. to Lord *Granby* and *Mosby*; Page 9, he with equal Method and Consistence makes a violent Leap from *North America* to *Minden*; and there is the too much abused, and too much injured, Lord *George Sackville's* Character mangled anew.

However foreign to the Affair of *Quebec* be that of *Minden*, yet since this Rambler in Abuse hath hawled it in by the Head and Shoulders; for Answer to his strange Vagaries, let him read here the Opinion of the Dispassionate and Unbiaffed concerning that Action; delivered with such ingenious Freedom as an *English* Subject is entitled to; nay, provoked to now, when it flagrantly appears that an encroaching Spirit of *Germanism* means to blast every Branch of the *British Oak*.

Having Truth full in View, and keeping within the strictest Bounds of Decency, should any Person or Persons take groundless Offence at us, no Matter.--Before we enter upon so delicate an Enquiry, it will not be amiss to take a retrospective View of the Situation in Life, and of the Characters of the two Personages so much talked of, relative to that Day's Atchievement, *viz.* Prince *Ferdinand*, and Lord *George Sackville*. The

D

following

following Paragraph taken from a Pamphlet published some Time ago, may serve as a very proper Preface to, and a Guide in our proposed Discussion.

‘ It is a ticklish and irksome Situation,
 ‘ (therefore to be avoided) for the Command-
 ‘ ing Officer of Troops belonging to a
 ‘ greater Power to be put under Obedience
 ‘ to the General of a lesser, or a poorer Po-
 ‘ tentate ; for, from the Nature of human
 ‘ Feeling it follows, they seldom, or rather
 ‘ never agree. Because the Former thinks
 ‘ himself degraded to a State, that reflects
 ‘ a Disgrace on the Majesty of the more
 ‘ respectable Power he acts for. Where-
 ‘ fore he is liable to look down on the
 ‘ other ; who, on his Side, goaded with
 ‘ Resentment, will industriously contrive a
 ‘ thousand Stratagems to make the Object
 ‘ of his Pique tired of the Commission he
 ‘ bears, or to commit some *faux pas* : of
 ‘ which he will, with an unnecessary, nay,
 ‘ wanton Precipitation, take Care to diffuse
 ‘ a Knowledge from the highest to the
 ‘ lowest throughout the Army, in order
 ‘ entirely to depreciate him in the Minds of
 ‘ Friends and Foes, and thereby get rid of
 ‘ a disagreeable Yoke-mate.’

Lord *George Sackville* had, from his Birth,
 Rank, and the Places he occupied, Reason
 to

to look upon himself, as one of the most rising young Noblemen in these Kingdoms ; and as one who bid very fair to be in Time at the Head of the *British* Army. These were Motives in a *British* Bosom to bear but with Irksomeness the being under the Command of a foreign Officer, in whom, upon Enquiry, he could find no Superiority of Talents to entitle him to such a Pre-eminence.

Ferdinand, the Son, Grandson, and Brother of a petty Sovereign in *Germany*, has the Title of Prince ; for *German* Princes there are without End : Because if the Father be a Prince, all the Sons are called Princes, which accounts for the great Number of them ; and through that Number for their conspicuous Poverty. So that they are for the most Part necessitated to mercenarily embrace the Profession of Arms, under the several Potentates of Europe.

It has often been a Question started in public Meetings ; if Prince *Ferdinand*, who is neither a born nor a naturalized Subject of *England*, and yet is at the Head of an Army consisting partly (and those the Victory-getters) of *British* Troops, and the whole paid by *English* Treasure, were to commit any Misdemeanor, or worse, in his Post, to what Power is he amenable ? Might

he not with Impunity take Horfe, and riding off, say with a Sneer to us, *Adieu Panniers, Vendanges sont faites.*

Prince *Ferdinand* being one of those professedly militant, and not over-wealthy Princes, saw a fairer Occasion, by being at the Head of the Allied Army, of making a Fortune, than he ever, in all Probability, should meet with in his Life. For effectuating his flattering and golden Prospects, his first Wish was, that he might find in the Commander of the Pay-all, the monied People of *England's* Forces, a docile, pliant Fool, whom he might make to believe whatever he should please, and mould him to all his Views.

But it unluckily fell out, that in Lord *George Sackville*, the Son of an *English Prince*, since so much Stress is laid by some on that Word, (for every Duke of this Realm is stiled *baut et puissant Prince*) he found an *Englishman* actuated with that truly Constitutional Spirit of Independence, that scorns to pay servile Court to foreign Hirelings.

He was found to be a Man that could not be imposed upon in any Article. From an early Dislike to the Plan of *Ferdinand's* Operations, the latter conceived a Dis-
gust

gust for him; which was heightened by Lord *George's* protesting against the rash and imprudent Attack made by *Ferdinand* at *Bergen*, where *Broglio* repulsed him, having made a terrible Slaughter among the Allies. That Affair has never been fairly communicated to the Public; tho' we frequently see very trifling Incidents so minutely and so pompously blazoned out.

The Superiority of Genius, Talents, Education, and Knowledge with which Lord *George* is so uncommonly endowed, made the *German* Leader shrink into a Diffidence of himself, and to avoid as often as he could their being together.

Lord *George* was no Loser; and supported with Dignity the Rank of an *English* Commander. He paid to all Officers under him, as well as those of other Powers; that Politeness which was peculiarly due to them.

Wherever Lord *George* could be omitted upon any Pretext from assisting at the military Councils, he was:— the Designs, if any, *Ferdinand* might possibly have conceived against the *French*, were mostly kept a Secret from him; or let out so sparingly, that nothing very rational or conclusive could be deduced from them.

Ferdinand

Ferdinand finding too severe a Scrutinist (in *Lord George*) of all his Actions, judged it high Time to think of ridding himself of so untoward a Coadjutor. The most efficacious Method pitched on within the secret Council of his Bosom, was, that in the first Action he should so manage in sending Orders to *Lord George*, as to puzzle him in the Execution of his Duty, and make him give into the Trap he should have laid for him.

Without any farther Prelude, let us come to the first that happened, which was on the famous first Day of *August*, 1759. This Matter has been so much canvassed, already *pro* and *con*, that it shall be skimmed over here in as cursory a Manner as possible.

It is thought if *Broglio* had proceeded without halting, he would, notwithstanding the Intelligence given to *Wangenheim's* Corps by the *French* Deserters, have been down time enough to render all Resistance on the Part of the Allies in vain.

That the Army of the Allies was surprized, is notorious. *Kingsley's* and *Waldegrave's* Prudence, and the Bravery of a few *British* Troops, obtained a Victory amazing in its Circumstances. However,
in

in the midst of the general Confusion, the Political *German* was not unmindful of his premeditated Scheme to perplex Lord *George*: for which End, two Expresses were sent almost at the same Instant; the one for him to march down with the Cavalry under his Command; to which, Obedience was paid with all due Dispatch: the second Command (the intended Puzzler) was to bring the *British* Cavalry only.

An order so ungeneral-like, and so unaccountable, caused Lord *George* to stop, (he might have room to suspect the other's Intention of playing him a foul Trick) in order to get as explicit an Explanation as possible from the Gentlemen who brought the Orders. Each being certain of that which he had delivered, induced his Lordship to go to the Prince, (who it is to be supposed was not flunk out of the Way of Danger) to have the Matter set right. *Ferdinand* was quite hurt at sight of him; seeing the Plan to ruin *Sackville* with his Country had in Part miscarried.

Had Lord *George* precipitately rushed on with the *British Cavalry* only, and a Slaughter of them ensued, which might have been very probably the Case—what would have been *Ferdinand's* triumphant Outcry then? Why this, — ‘ How in the
‘ Name

‘ Name of Wonder, my Lord, could you
 ‘ break the Line of Cavalry, and come
 ‘ down with the *British* only? How shall
 ‘ we answer to his *Britannic* Majesty, for
 ‘ the Loss of so many brave Men, and this
 ‘ partial Havock made only among his
 ‘ *British* Subjects?’

Lord *George's* plain Answer to such a Charge would have been—‘ I have acted agreeable to the last Order I received from you.’—‘ The last Order from me! let then the two *Aides du Camp* be called’—would reply *Ferdinand*. It was so contrived, or so fell out, that the *Aides du Camp* could not settle among themselves who came first or last from the Prince.

Each *Aid du Camp* abiding by the differing Order which he had delivered—*Ferdinand* would not fail to exclaim, ‘ Good God! considering the Surprize we were all thrown into, your own Judgment should have directed you, and told you it was impossible I could give any such absurd Order;’—and indeed, to this Hour, no Shadow of Reason can be given for it; nor why, when the whole Cavalry was come down Time enough to annoy and harass the retreating Enemy, instead of Orders for pursuing, they were bid to dismount.

At

At the Interview with the Prince, after the Victory obtained, *Ferdinand* neither expressed nor marked any Signs of Dissatisfaction or Resentment to Lord *George*, but rather seemingly the reverse. He took some Time to brood over a Scheme, then newly thought on, for Lord *George's* Ruin; and which should be derived from the Effect that had been caused by his own differing Orders: which was soon after issued in an unprecedented military Manner among real Heroes. Sure such a strange Letter of Thanks had never been given by a General before. It had all the Air of a Monkish Litany of Saints.

It is surprising how niggardly, on all Occasions, Praise is given to the *Hanoverians*, &c. but most copiously lavished on the *English*. Nor was it less surprising to see a young Nobleman, whose Good-Nature every Body reveres, presumptively praised for what he might have, but had not done; (undeserved Praise is Satire) and another impliedly censured for the Error he was designedly necessitated to:---the Praise of the one, was calculated to soften the Reflections thrown on the other in the Eye of the *English*, as he was to be removed at all Events.

It was farcical, about a Fortnight after the first Legend of Thanks, to see published

lished in the News-Papers, by way of Coadjutor to the discerning *Ferdinand's* Will, a Letter to Captain *M'Beane*, making a Kind of Reparation for having omitted his Merit; which it was impossible his Princeship should know, but by the Information of his Emissaries, *ex post facto*: so entirely ignorant was he of all Transactions during the Battle, and absolutely innocent of the Victory; in which, however, Lord *George* had some Share, in as much as a Battery of his Contrivance greatly annoyed the Enemy.

It is observable, that an *English* Officer could not be guilty of the least Appearance of an Error, to which he was ensnared, but it must be blazoned in the most glaring Colours; yet those Men (because *Hanoverians*, &c.) through whose Neglect or Drunkenness, our whole Army, Natives and Mercenaries, were in Danger of being cut off, are never mentioned; to wit, they who neglected sending timely Notice to Prince *Ferdinand*, of the Intelligence communicated to them by the *French* Deserters, detached perhaps by *Broglio*, in order to defeat *Contades's* Measures, whom he wanted to supplant, and has effectually done it.

In a *French* Letter handed about here, as from Prince *Ferdinand*, were Words to this Purpose, *je ne sçais par quelle fatalit  l'intelligence qui fut donn e a onze heures du soir par des d serteurs au Corps de Wangenheim ne me fut*

fut apporté c que sur les deux Heures du matin.—‘ I do not know by what fatality the Intelligence given to the Corps of *Wangenheim* at Eleven at Night, was not brought to me till between One and Two in the Morning;—then the Enemy was in full march.

Had this Intelligence been forwarded as soon as it ought, there would have been Time enough to have taken all necessary Measures, and probably no Fault would have been committed. Why has Lord *George's* Error been so strictly scrutinized, and no Information given of those (whether a *Wangenheim*, or an *Anbalt Dessau*, or others) who were the Neglecters of the Intelligence? But the *Englisb*, it seems, are to have all the Honour and Blame of this War, and perhaps with equal Propriety.

Upon the implied Censure, Lord *George* returned to *England*; and what happened after, most People know. Those who do not, and are curious of knowing, we refer to his Trial. Dissenting with all Humility from wiser Heads, it appears to us that nothing more can be thence inferred, but that Lord *George* (ready to execute the first Command) was retarded from leading the Cavalry down to the Field of Battle, as soon as he might, by a second (and if not strictly contradictory, at least a differing) Order.

Some Insinuations to evidence against Lord *George's* Courage, would have borne hard upon the great Prince *Turenne*, as good and as brave an Officer as Prince *Ferdinand*; who, it is said, always changed Colour, and was in a kind of Tremor at the Beginning of an Action.--- We also beg Leave not to believe the Man who declares he goes to Battle as chearful as to a Ball.---It is very presumptive to pretend, from the Haviour of any Man's Countenance, to assert his inward Feeling; unless he were a most extraordinary Physiognomist. For instance, one Man's Anger produces a Paleness of Visage; another's a Redness, with Agitations, Tremors, &c. *ad infinitum*.

Captain *M'Beane's* Evidence in behalf of Lord *George's* Conduct is not to be doubted, no more than that of other Gentlemen, notwithstanding the indirect Means made use of to stagger and intimidate them.

Another Paragraph in the abovementioned Letter, betrays the Iniquity of the whole. In order to give some kind of a plausible Plea for the Order of bringing down the *British* Cavalry alone, therein were couched these remarkable Words, *Afin que la Cavalerie Anglaise accourut au plutot*, as near as we can remember; whereby was insinuated,

insinuated, that the Meaning of the Order for the *British* Cavalry was on account of their Swiftness, and that in consequence they might come up the sooner.

When it was observed to certain Gentlemen reading the said Letter with an Air of Triumph in Coffee-Houses, that the above Article was a gross Mistake; and that the Writer of it must have had our *English* Hunters in view, and not our Cavalry, which were famous for their Weight, &c.

Some Time after a Translation of this long-winded and laboured Letter was published in the News Papers; but what was in the original *French* about our Cavalry, entirely omitted. We appeal to all who have read the Original and Translation; and ask if upon the Whole this favours of a fair Proceeding?

Lord *George's* Fate is too recent, and many People, at first prejudiced against him, begin to change their Opinion.—Was ever a General so fortunate as *Ferdinand*? For having been surprized into a Victory, for which he was surprized at himself, he received the farther additional Surprize of a considerable Sum of Money, with a Badge of the first Honour, besides his prior Pension on the *Irish* Establishment!

Now Lord *George* being in a worse Plight (thro' the Precipitancy of our over-

hasty Populace) than the wanton *Machiavelism* of his Antagonist could have at first expected ; let us take a short View of *Ferdinand's* Behaviour in consequence.

He is now at his Mind's Liking ; Elbow free ; disencumbered from any enquiring, troublesome Yoke-Mate. — Snug is the Word. How happy are they all together, the Commander and Commanded ! The Prince gives astonishing Proofs of his Penetration ; he discovers in ***** the greatest Talents he ever met with in an Englishman, for making a consummate General ; which, with his Instructions, he is sure to effectuate.

It is a Pity that the Open, the Honest, the Good-natured, the Generous, and the Personally Brave, should be so grossly played upon, by a High-German Doctor in Generalship ; accidentally raised, not so much by Dint of intrinsic Merit, as by the Infatuation, Mismanagement, and perhaps Perfidy of some of the Commanders he has been employed against.

It is pleasant to see this Dealer-out of Military Fame, like a Sun from the Midst of his System, beam out proportion'd Rays of Glory to all the Officers who concur in his Measures.----No doubt, when he and his Countrymen are privately assembled, they say to each other, *Les Anglais sont bons, il n'y*

n'y à qu'à flatter leur orgueil, vous en pouvez faire ce que vous voulez, et en tirer jusqu'au dernier guiné : "The English are a good Sort of People ; do but flatter their Pride, you may do what you will with them, and draw their last Guinea."

To a certain Degree this Opinion of us is perhaps too true ; but when carried too far, we are apt to spurn at the gross Imposition. An universal Proof of this appeared in all public Places, at hearing the tedious and nauseating Legend of Thanks particularized to the *British* Troops after the Battle of *W--b--b* ; from which Time Prince *Ferdinand* is super-honoured with the Title of *the Thanksgiving Prince*.

In Imitation of his Uncle's Manner of Proceeding, how quaint was the Hereditary Prince's Thanks to the *English* after the Surprize at *E-f--tb* ! It is an easy Truck, to pay off with Thanks for Treasures and Blood.---*B*---*tb* has greatly improved the *thankful* System !

How wonderful is this same Hereditary Prince ? What pompous Accounts are related of his more than *Alexandrian* Intrepidity.---In one Place he runs away with the Frenchmen's Spits and Roast-meat ; at another he knocks down their Pots of Soup-Maigre ; at a third he carries off their Ovens ; and he hardly thinks any other Troops worthy of sharing with him in those
brilliant

brilliant Expeditions, but his Favourites the *English*; for whom he selects every Danger, that they may give new Proofs of their unexampled Courage. What hair-breadth Scapes has he been in! Nay, thrice in Danger of being shot dead! dead! but that at each Time a polite French Officer on coming near, intuitively discovered him to be a Prince; upon which he generously fired his Pistol in the Air, and marched another Way. Sure that was a gallant Deed. One Day he is wounded; and the next he gets a Victory!

A Reader would naturally incline to think that such a Series of high-strained parading Accounts were calculated for recommending him to, and obtaining the Favour of some mighty Potentate's Daughter; and with her Dowry to enrich, and raise his petty Sovereignty. If so; we have no Objection to his succeeding; for as *Dryden* says 'None but the Brave deserve the Fair.'

So much by way of Digression, relative to the Affairs of *Germany*, and setting the present Spirit of the Proceedings there in a clear Light; which sufficiently refutes all the Letter-writer's crude and indigested Assertions. What greater Proof of Unfairness, nay of Nonsense, can there be than his Questions, p. 10. 'Why did he (Lord *George*) put himself at the Head of the *British* Infantry at *Minden*?' for two Reasons;

sons; 1st, It was not his Place. 2d, In the Morning of the first of *August*, the Day of the Attack, the Infantry did not know where was the Cavalry; nor the Cavalry where was the Infantry; nor did the great Commander in Chief know either what the latter was doing, or where the former was.

In the same Page he says, ' Let him (Lord *George*) account, if possible, for Lord *Granby's* making the Cavalry march almost five Miles in less Time than his Lordship took to deliberate, whether he should march at all: the obvious Reply is, ' because he had ' received no varying Orders to retard him ' in his March'----What follows is random Stuff, and flows from a Head that knows nothing of Cavalry Service.-----Suppose, (which was not at all impossible) according to *Contades's* Plan, (no Order of Battle or Preparation having been made on our Side) the *French* Horse had cut their Way through our Infantry; was not Lord *George's* Method of leading on the *English* Cavalry in a Line, and unblown, the properest? Certainly.----We are never to judge from Events, but from the invariable Propriety of Things.

The Letter-Writer is very curious, page 12; ' When I read Lord *Granby's* Account ' of this Engagement; when I see the *British* ' Infantry fainting under *the Heat of the* ' *Weather; over-straining themselves to get* ' *on, through morassy and difficult Ground,*
F
' and

‘ and suddenly dropping down on their March ;
 ‘ when I see his Lordship, in his Impa-
 ‘ tience to enter into Action, putting him-
 ‘ self at the Head of the Cavalry, and ad-
 ‘ vancing towards the Enemy *at a full Trot,*
 ‘ *though the Distance was near five Miles,*
 ‘ I am almost tempted to wish for a
 ‘ *T----d,* or a *S---ille,* who would certainly
 ‘ repress this Adour in our Soldiers ; this
 ‘ Passion, this Madness of fighting.’---And
 what sensible Man would blame a *T——d,*
 or a *S—lle,* for opposing such Extremity of
 Service being specially imposed upon *Eng-*
lishmen ? What was obtained by this mighty
 No-victory of the *British* Infantry, ‘ faint-
 ‘ *ing under the Heat of the Weather ; over-*
 ‘ *straining themselves to get on, through mo-*
 ‘ *rassy and difficult Ground, and suddenly*
 ‘ *dropping down on their March.*’ Strange
 forcing of Service this ! What was obtained
 thereby ? Why truly the *French* gave *Fer-*
dinand the Go-by, and made themselves
 Masters of *Cassel,* which he ought to have
 prevented ; but he is not, it seems, more
 infallible than others.

There is but one Article in this Letter,
 in which we agree with the Writer, and
 that is, the personal Bravery of Lord *Granby.*
 It is, however, astonishing, that relative to
 Lord *George Sackville,* (to misinformed, or
 so wickedly false is he) that in every Arti-
 cle he swerves from the Truth. Page 23,
 he says of him, ‘ He was not born indeed,
 but

‘but he was educated from his earliest Infancy in the House of Royalty;’ the Writer to shew his Learning, gives it after in *Latin, prima ab Infantia educus in domo Regnatrice*; now both in *English* and *Latin* this is an Untruth. Lord *George* was carried over to *Ireland* a Youth, to be entered at the University of *Dublin*, having previously gone through his School Learning in *England*, his native Country. His Father, the Duke of *Dorset*, then Vice-Roy, by so doing meant to pay a Compliment to that University, and it was most gratefully looked upon as such by all its Members. What a Trumpery of Words this Author pours out as Attendants on this false Assertion!

We now bid adieu to Lord *George*, the episodic Hero of this jumbled farraginous Letter, in order to return to the primary one, G——l T——d.—He (like Lord *George*) is abused for a partial Friendship to the *Scots*, and the *Scots* alternately for the same Reason, without any Fact being brought in Proof to support the Allegation.—All National Reflections deserve Contempt and Chastisement, and ought not to be suffered any where. The *Scots* have long rendered themselves conspicuous at the Bar, in the Army, and all Branches of Literature: they are a respectable People, and not to be fleered at by every puny Whipster, who dare not openly avow their Insolence.

In answer to the Charge in Page 18.—

We say, that the Highlanders had done great Service before *Quebec* that Day, as well as they had at the Taking *Cape Breton*. But where (supposing it probable) was the Necessity of the forty-seventh Regiment's entering the Town of *Quebec*, with the flying Enemy? It could but be productive of a still great Effusion of Blood, without which Act of Wantonness the great Point aimed at has been obtained; to wit, the Surrender of the Place, and consequently a Number of Lives hath been saved.— True Generalship displays itself more in prudently saving, than in idly lavishing the Blood of Thousands.

Quibbling upon Terms deserves to Reply; and what the Letter-writer hints at Page 20. deserves only a Shrug of Compassion and a Smile:—‘As you appear, Sir, to have made the Hero of *Minden* your Model of all military Virtue, I would encourage you to emulate his great Example, by marking a Sort of natural Resemblance of Character between you. A Resemblance far stronger, than any in your own Collection of Portraits, tho' his Royal Highness himself, your great *Chef d'oeuvre*, be there.’ Is it then hurt, poor Thing? Is this the sore Place? O the Pity of it! what then it seems it is not *Caricatura*-Proof; and yet were this very Letter-writer to see the principal Piece he alludes to, he must, in the fashionable cant Phrase, allow it to be *immensely* pretty.

His

His Gizzard swells monstrously in Page 22; ‘ And are not you, Sir, this Moment abusing your Interest with that Minister, by leaving, and being so many Months absent from your Command at *Quebec*? If you think you have deserved, or gained any Honour there, do you imagine your walking at the Head of your Militia will maintain it? Are you not paid for the Command of a Regiment in *America*; and is not some Officer now doing, at the Risk of his Life, that Duty, for which you are paid? Is not yours the single Instance of this Kind of Desertion in the Service?’

1st. How is he abusing his Interest with the Minister? 2d. He has gloriously compleated his military Mission to *Quebec*. 3d. His Friends, his Family, his Country, the *British* Constitution, sighed, wished for, nay demanded his Return, in order to see him at the Head of a National Militia, of which he was the great Promoter. What a glorious Example is it to see the Reducer of *Quebec* march at the Head of a Regiment of Militia! 4th. For what End, and at what Time was he named to the Command of a Regiment in *America*? Has he been with it since his Nomination? How then can he be said to have quitted it? Is not his active Spirit relative to the Militia, disagreeable to a certain Quarter? for which Reason their first Plan was to remove so dangerous an Example, as their next, through

through this Letter, is to depreciate him in the Minds of the People, and perhaps of his Constituents, against the next general Election now at Hand.—The Officer who acts in his stead, would not be much less exposed to Danger, were G—l T—d with him in *America*.

Thus runs the last Paragraph of this modest Letter Writer : ‘ Yet, Sir, to make
 ‘ even half the Progress your Ambition
 ‘ aims at in the Army, be assured, there
 ‘ must be Courage; there must be Eagerness
 ‘ to serve; there must be real Service to
 ‘ form a military Character. Your Friend,
 ‘ Lord G——e, had all other Requisites to
 ‘ insure his Success. The Conclusion, I
 ‘ own, is disagreeable, but it is unavoidable,
 ‘ Either go to *Quebec*, or resign your Com-
 ‘ mission. Why did I say, *unavoidable*,
 ‘ when I believe you will do neither? I
 ‘ mean, it is the only Answer you can give
 ‘ to this Letter, which will vex, not shame
 ‘ you, though it sets your military Cha-
 ‘ racter in its true Light, and draws your
 ‘ Picture in every Respect a proper *Pendant*
 ‘ to that of Lord G——e. Ask his Lordship,
 ‘ why did not the Cavalry engage at *Min-*
 ‘ *den*? He cannot answer, but he does not
 ‘ blush. I ask you, why you are not at
 ‘ your Post; or why you receive the Pay
 ‘ of two Regiments for nothing; I know
 ‘ you cannot answer, and I believe too
 ‘ you will not blush.’ Ist. G—l T—d
 never

never doubted that there must be Courage.
 2d. His Eagerness to serve is evinced by his voluntarily going to *America*. 3d. The real Services done before, and at the Reduction of *Quebec*, insure his military Character. In Contradiction to the Letter-man, his Country bids him not 'go to *Quebec*;' but, if it were to be insisted on, rather to resign his Commission,---which we are certain he is very indifferent about, well knowing for what End it was given. He can render his Fellow-subjects much more essential Service by staying at home, and seeing the Militia put on a respectable Footing.

With what a tremendous Question the Letter is closed? 'Why do you receive the Pay of two Regiments for *nothing*?' If true; The Taking *Quebec* deserves a great deal more.-----General *Blakeney* was made a Knight of the Bath, and a Peer, with a Pension of one thousand Pounds per Ann. for giving up *Minorca*. Prince *Ferdinand* has had two thousand five hundred per Ann. on the Irish Establishment; a richly ornamented Sword of great Value, besides a Gratification of twenty thousand Pounds sterling, and the Knighthood of the Garter; I should be glad to learn for *what*; perhaps very near *nothing*, good Letter-wright: but to use your own Words, 'I know you cannot answer, and I believe *too* you will not blush.-----What was G-----'s Reception at his Arrival?---what Promotion, what Honour has he received?

P. S. Since there is a Postscript to the Letter, it is tallying Matters, to add one to this Refutation. In that of the former, there is nothing but G----17-----'s Advertisement (when printed) necessary to discountenance an impudent Report published in our News-Papers, and applicable to none but him; which would have highly reflected upon General Murray's Character, had *Quebec* been re-taken by the *French*; which in all probability it must, if our Fleet with Succours were not so happy as to get thither betimes; for the Panic their Appearance threw the *French* into, made them retreat with the utmost Precipitation.

N. B. The Specimen of Poetry given on this Occasion by the Letter-Writer, who is still more unfortunate in his Verse than his Prose, will very likely draw on him the Application of the Bellmen of the several Parishes to write their Christmas-Verses; for which the Mediocrity of his Talents seemeth much better qualified, than for writing on military Affairs.

* * * As we just hear the Guns fired for the Taking of *Montreal*, it is to be hoped the Commander will, on his Return, meet with better Treatment than the Reducer of *Quebec*; and that *Englishmen*, for real and National Services, may be as highly recompensed as *Germans*, for parading, foreign, and oppressively expensive Atchievements: which in the End, it is to be feared, will frustrate and defeat the great Exertions of our National Vigour; inasmuch as the present Drift of the *French* is not to fight, but to tire, and exhaust us with a protracted, and consuming War.



