

all along the entire way seemingly from a few to a dozen steps distant along the entire route; a veritable defile it was, where they huddled together and began to show signs of terror and of despair. In vain the officers tried to rally them around their respective standards; poor, unfortunate fellows! They seemed to know nothing but to load and fire their arms, doing it with a rapidity which indicated their folly, generally drawing at random at an invisible enemy, and all the while the bullets of the Indians and the French were laying them low on the ground in heaps.

"Braddock, now foaming with rage, galloped into the midst of this despairing crowd and with curses and threats on his lips, struck the soldiers and the militiamen who had taken refuge behind the trees. He called them cowards and miserable wretches, and compelled them all to come out into the open places, there to form again in companies for the purpose of advancing again against the battalions of the enemy, which he did not see at any time.

"Already he had had his fourth horse killed from under him. He was just mounted to the saddle of the fifth and was giving the signal to retreat when a shot laid him, mortally wounded, on the ground. A bullet had gone through his left arm and both of his lungs.

"Two captains of the Virginia militia hastened to pick him up. He pleaded with them to let him die there on the field which witnessed his defeat. But having put him on the back of a horse, they carried him away in the flight in spite of himself.

"You wouldn't call this, which now occurred, a retreat. It was not even a rout. It was a distracted, panting, disorderly flight, without its equal in history.

"In that army, which but a few hours before was marching with music at its head, as if in a triumph, every trace of discipline had now disappeared.

"Officers, under officers, soldiers, all were fleeing pell-mell in the most frightful disorder.