

the scarlet uniforms, the gleam of bayonets, as the little army, with flying colours, unconsciously pressed on to its fate—the fife and drum corps making the forest ring with the inspiring strain of the "The British Grenadiers." As they entered a narrow defile, suddenly the deadly war-whoop rang, and a murderous fire was poured into their ranks by unseen enemies lurking amid the shadows of the primeval forest.

Braddock had five horses shot under him, and fell mortally wounded. "Who would have thought it?" murmured the dying man, "We will know better how to meet them again." His dear-bought experience came too late. That day was his last. The colonial troops displayed a steadiness that put the regulars to shame; but scarce one-fifth



CRANBERRY FALLS.—ON THE "B. & O." RAILWAY.

of their number left the field alive. Of the entire command more than half were killed or wounded. The fugitives fled through the night, and paused not till they reached the baggage camp forty miles