

towering bear skin caps seemingly making giants of the men, whose step is as ponderous and measured as on parade, the army crosses the stream, expecting that night to reach the goal, towards which, after gnawing delays, they have plodded for so many hot and weary marches. On the other side, the French commander doubts whether to evacuate the fort or not, but De Beaujeu, the captain in command, popular with Indians and men, Indian himself as to attire, begs hard to be allowed at least to make an effort at resistance. He has reconnoitred the whole country, and thinks there may be chances. Leave is reluctantly granted, and, filling the hearts of his savage allies and of his militia with his own love of daring and confidence they leave the fort. Almost too late for them. Braddock has gained the top of the river bank; he has but seven miles now to go; he seems to have a nearly level country before him, though densely wooded, but a couple of gullies, one on either side, he has failed to reconnoitre, he does not, perhaps he could not, know of their existence. In one of these the French forces, which have just had time to reach it, lie *cachées*. It flanks for several hundred yards the line of march. Suddenly rings out a volley. With the first shot, off go the Pennsylvanian carters, saving their precious skins, as they did at Bull Run the other day, but rendering orderly retreat and thereafter rallying impossible. The British, of course, return the fire, but except that De Beaujeu is seen to spring forward, killed, it is well-nigh ineffectual. Again, with a dropping fire, the British ranks are thinned. The grenadiers see no enemy, they gaze up into the trees to find him; from the ground, from every bush, the deadly missiles come. True to their discipline, some of them rally, they huddle themselves together; Washington begs of Braddock to let the Provincials do some tree fighting

on their own account; some attempt it; but Braddock, raging with anger at what he thinks is mean skulking for shelter, is seen striking the men with his sword and ordering them to form line for an advance. Himself shot through the lungs, he refuses to order a retreat. Stunned, mentally, by the unexpected reverse, so fatal to his own pride, his prospects, and his army, he still urges the clearing of the ravine by artillery. We see the horses killed; the men able to stand back to back and die with resignation, but not to take an initiative. Finally Colonel Dunbar orders a retreat, and one-third of the host alone reach the protecting shores of the Monongahela. We can see the scene; but let us refuse to cast dirt at Braddock. Let us pity him rather, as a football of fortune.

The other side is eloquently given for us by Edwards in his history of the campaign:—

‘An hour before sunset the French and Indians returning to the fort halted within a mile’s distance, and announced their success by a joyful uproar, discharging all their pieces, and giving the scalp halloo. Instantly the great guns responded, and the hills around re-echoed to their roar. Pushing hastily on, the majority of the savages soon appeared, blood-stained and laden with scalps, and uncouthly arrayed in the spoil of the army. Tall grenadiers’ caps surmounted their painted faces, and the regimental colours trailed disgracefully at their heels. With less disordered pace the French succeeded, escorting a long train of pack horses borne down with plunder. Last of all, and while the parting light of day lingered on the beautiful bosom of the Ohio, appeared a small party who had dallied behind to make the needful preparations for the crowning scene of horror. Before them, stripped perfectly naked, their faces blackened and their hands bound behind their backs, with reluctant steps, were driven twelve British regulars, on