

circumstances. The English Ministry were instructing their American Governors 'to thrust out every intruder upon their back lands,' while the French were preparing to hold, up to the Alleghanies, every river, valley, and mountain pass. So a powerful French fleet was prepared—22 men of war, six famous regiments, comprising 3,000 men, and with trifling exceptions, got safely to Quebec, where the Canadian Government had raised 5,000 militia, 600 Indians, and 400 regulars. The British sent out General Braddock, and the forces were to be two regiments of foot, trained on European battlefields; two regiments to be raised in America; the King's independent companies were to be joined to the force, which altogether was to be composed of 12,000 to 15,000 men. With this force a simultaneous movement was to be made by Braddock against Duquesne, by Shirley against Niagara, and by a third against Crown Point, while Colonel Lawrence, who commanded in Nova Scotia, was instructed to capture Beauséjour. £10,000 were sent to Virginia, which was authorised to draw for as much more; Pennsylvania was furnished with cannon and military stores. Nor was a fleet wanting, equal to the rest of the preparations. In 1755 the mask was thrown off by both powers, and the dogs of war were let slip.

Space fails to follow General Braddock in detail. An imperious, impetuous Irishman, a strict disciplinarian, a man of the highest courage, he would probably have made his mark had his command been in Europe. Entick shall describe him to us:—'This gentleman, placing all his reliance upon the single point of courage and discipline, behaved in that haughty and reserved way that he soon disgusted the people over whom he was to command. His soldiers could not relish his severity in matters of discipline, and, not considering the nature of an American battle, he shewed such contempt towards the Provincial forces,

because they could not go through their exercise with the same dexterity and ability as the regiment of Guards in Hyde Park, that he drew upon himself their general resentment.' The writer finds in his notes the following passage, whose author, he cannot at this moment trace—'When the minds of men were exasperated with the thrill of national dishonour, for the first and last time does Braddock's name appear, staining with its shameful character the pages of history.' Such has been the general verdict. Braddock died, beaten; his family connections were not the most highly placed, and people spit upon him. Washington, whose mortal mould we have discerned above, had the opportunity of retrieving his dishonour; circumstances favoured him, and he is now a hero, nay a demigod, the Father of his Country. Let us at least consider in Braddock's case that, with the exception of Virginia, the Colonial Governments would provide no money and few men; that he could get no transportation; that the whole endeavour of the American people seemed to be to make money out of the expedition, so that Washington (whom he took as his *aide-de-camp*) had to say: 'They are a people who ought to be chastised for their insensibility to danger and disregard of their sovereign's expectations.' In fancy the battle scene can be readily conjured up as clearly as if Braddock and Washington were here in the flesh. After great delay, Braddock approaches through the forest Fort Duquesne. About ten miles from this point he is to ford the Monongahela river. Knowing that Indian spies are all about him, he judiciously displays his strength, and all the pageantry of old-fashioned European war is seen in the heart of the American backwoods. With bands playing, with their scarlet uniforms blazing their brightest in that July sun, the colours of the regiments gaily flying, with gleaming musket barrels and a fine display of artillery, their