

month of July at Philadelphia. Against this determination Morris, Governor of Pennsylvania, remonstrated. The resource of imbecile commanders, a Council of War convened by Dunbar; by their Report showed conclusively what cowardly or stultified infatuation must have governed the retreat from and destruction of stores at the Great Meadows; as it made out that the troops being now half naked and the munitions nought the army had become more demoralised than ever. Leaving then a considerable part of his still remaining stores with the Virginia and Maryland troops at Fort Cumberland of which place Col. Jones had been appointed Governor on the 2nd of August, he started 1200 strong for Philadelphia leaving 300 wounded in hospital and taking every regular soldier with him.

Governor Shirley of New York having succeeded to the command of the forces in North America, issued orders to Dunbar to march the remains of the 44th and 48th by Philadelphia and Jersey to Albany, but, by Morris's influence, these were supplemented by others issued on the 12th August, by which a renewed attempt against Fort du Quesne, aided by new levies from Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia, was to be undertaken; but Dunbar had no wish to encounter the dangers of such an expedition and pleaded that his artillery was only four or six pounders the balance being destroyed or strengthening the walls of the French fort, and that it was too late in the season for operations in the field. In short a more inefficient, stupid, imbecile never held command of a body of men—openly despised by his officers and contemned by his troops who deserted in platoons—it was not till 29th August that he led his starving disorganised soldiers into Philadelphia, when their sufferings ended. But the troubles of the Colonies brought on by Dunbar's pusillanimous retreat were only beginning, in fact, after the battle, the French and Indians scampered back to Du Quesne fearful of his advance, while he retreated in haste from the Great Meadows in terror of their pursuit. Thus ended the famous expedition against Du Quesne and the plans for annihilating the French power in America were indefinitely postponed.

The old proverb that "a living ass is better than a dead lion," never yet received a fairer illustration than that afforded by the misfortune which cost General Braddock his life; writers of every class, from that titled old scandal monger the Earl of Oxford (Horace Walpole) to the shabby grub street con-
piler at a penny a line, have concurred at the period when the events recorded happened to blast and vilify his character, nor is this much to be wondered at, he was no favorite with the titled idiots that then swayed the destinies of the British Empire, he stood in the way of the small ambition of their creatures and it was necessary to hide the imbecility of the asses by braying at the dead

lion. As Mante, the historian of this war, truly says, that "the ashes of the dead were treated with indignity to prevent the eye of scrutiny from penetrating into the conduct of the living."

One hundred years after Braddock's defeat the Historical Society of Philadelphia published the *first* history of the Expedition to Fort du Quesne; it was edited from original journals in manuscript procured in London by Winthrop Sargent, M. A., and throws a flood of light on facts originally darkened for the worst of purposes. The country in whose services Braddock fell has totally neglected the task of vindicating his character from the aspersions cast upon it; and while they suffer his remains to moulder away in a foreign land no tablet has been raised to the memory of a brave soldier by the nation who celebrated the apotheosis of the accomplice of Benedict Arnold.

It is asserted that Braddock's country and family were unknown, that at best he was but an *Irishman* of obscure parentage, and that the name does not appear in the *Rotuli Hibernica*. This may be all very true, but Edward Braddock was descended from a respectable English family of Suffolk, his grandfather had acquired lands at Laurel Hill, in the Queen's County, Ireland, for military services, part of which are held by his descendants to this day. His second son was the father of Major General Edward Braddock, and he could be of no obscure family since he held a commission in the Coldstream guards as early as 1684. With the character of General Braddock history has been singularly free, and if one half the stories told of him were true he deserved a halter better than a General's baton. We live in days however in which malicious mendacity, although advanced under the inspiration of nobility, meets neither favor nor respect, and we can safely put down Horace Walpole's tales of brutality for what they are worth. A man who was the idol of his soldiers, whose last dying thoughts were to shield the professional fame of his subordinates, and whose honor and integrity were unimpeachable could not be the desperate villain Newcastle and his satellites tried to paint.

In the Colonies Washington and Franklin bore testimony to his uprightness, his zeal, disinterestedness and personal abnegation; while they blame his contempt for Colonial morality and impatience of Colonial advice. On their own showing he was right in both particulars; the people who refused help to defend their own firesides, who cheated his commissariat with open impudence, who stole his baggage horses, gave intelligence of his movements to the enemy, and lied to him with a persistence as marvellous as audacious; whose traders persuaded the Indians to go over to the French, and whose ignorant and half savage backwoodsmen presumed to criticise his military dispositions and offer advice on movements of which they

could know nothing; but who steadily persisted in refusing to do the portion of service for which they were well qualified—that of guides and pioneers—could not fail to merit the contempt and scorn of an upright and straight forward soldier understanding his business and indefatigable in the discharge of his duties.

In England the motive for blackening his memory was sufficiently apparent; in America it was not so clear, but the motive of Washington and Franklin appears to have been a desire to cover the iniquities of their countrymen.

A review of the whole of the proceedings of the expedition shows that he endeavored to carry out his object by cautious and skilful movements, it has been asserted that the delays consequent on the bad faith and trickery of the Colonists were the cause of its miscarriage, and that even his defeat was ultimately owing to his obstinacy in not taking advice. American writers say that if Washington's counsel had been followed before and during the action on the Monongahela, victory would be assumed. English writers are prone to assert that if Sir Peter Halket's advice on the field had been followed the same results would have been secured.

Washington did not join till late on the 8th July (the action was fought on the 9th), and could have no time to give counsel, and had none to give. The year before he had been defeated with those *Provincials* who knew all about bush fighting, with the addition that he had artillery and his assailants had none; his counsel there fore, neither could or should have any weight with an experienced officer, old enough to be his father, and if history paints him aright he was too modest and too honest to give advice about matters of which he knew nothing. Enthusiastic Scotchmen say Halket advised him to beat the woods in the manner in which they stalked deer in the Highlands. What a pity for such a story; any one stalking deer in that blessed country at that time would be likely to be stalked by a two legged animal who would put a bullet into him, for the buttons on his coat, with as little compunction as any of the Shawnees on the Monongahela.

Braddock knew his troops, and also knew they were no match for Indians in bush fighting. Had he allowed them to seek cover the retreat would have been instantaneous, and probably not as disastrous. It took three years of disasters to train the Provincials how to cope hand to hand with Canadians and Indians in that kind of warfare, and then they did not always come off *first best*.

These same historians should remember that when Brigadier General Forbes captured Fort du Quesne in 1758, he only effected it by the loss of a detachment nearly equal to Braddock's, and if he had been as great an imbecile as Shirley, or a coward like Dun-