

done by Braddock; by threats, entreaties, and example, was tried to force his men into position, but all in vain, they formed—tried to advance—broke—fired at random on their own comrades, and mobbed together in the narrow roadway were slaughtered wholesale. A company of Virginia riflemen posted themselves behind a fallen tree on the brow of the hill and opened a hot fire on the enemy, but no sooner was the flash and report of their pieces perceived than the mob in the roadway poured in a volley which killed 50 of them outright and the remainder of the company were obliged to be withdrawn. By this time the afternoon was well advanced and the whole line was surrounded, the ammunition began to fail and the fire of the artillery to slacken, but still Braddock would not yield and his soldiers with that dogged determination so often displayed by British troops, died by his side without a thought of flight. At last when the lives of the majority of the officers had been sacrificed with reckless intrepidity, when scarce a third of the whole force remained unscathed the General abandoned all hope of victory, and with undaunted heart ordered the drums to beat a retreat. Standing beneath a large tree in the act of giving an order he received a mortal wound the ball passing through his right arm into the lungs, falling from his horse he lay helpless on the ground surrounded by the dead abandoned by the living. At first he refused to be moved, but Capt. Orme, his principal aide-de-camp, and Capt. Stewart, commander of the Virginia light horse, aided by another militia officer placed him in a tumbrel and afterwards on a fresh horse bore him from the field. The bands of discipline once removed the terrified soldiery left the field in disorder which soon became a rapid flight. Washington, who was among the very few unhurt on that fatal day, said that "despite all the efforts of the officers to the contrary they ran as sheep pursued by dogs, and it was impossible to rally them." They were pursued to the ford, but the conquerors were afraid to follow the disorganized bands. In full possession of his faculties and military interests, Braddock still essayed to prove an orderly and soldierlike retreat, but the demoralization of the army now rendered it impossible. With great difficulty a hundred men were persuaded to halt at a favorable spot, half a mile from the fatal field, where he proposed remaining till Dunbar should arrive, to whose camp, Washington was despatched with suitable orders. By his directions, Lieut.-Colonel Burton posted sentries here and endeavored to form a nucleus around which the troops should gather and where the wounded might be provided for, but all was idle; within an hour almost every soldier had stolen away, leaving their officers deserted. These being obliged to retire, were joined beyond the first ford by Lieut.-Col. Gage, who had rallied some eighty men, and this was all that remained of that gallant army which some six hours before was by friend and foe alike, deemed invincible. In this disastrous action there were killed 26 officers, including the General, and 430 non-commissioned officers and privates, and wounded, 37 officers and 394 non-commissioned officers and privates, 26 officers and 557 non-commissioned officers and privates were untouched. Thus, of a whole force of 1,460 officers and men, 777 were killed and

wounded. The slaughter was fearful, and it would be well for the fame of the conquerors if cold blooded and needless cruelty did not tarnish the lustre of their victory.

MR. MCGEE ON ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

On St. Patrick's day the Hon. T. D. McGee was entertained at a banquet in the Russell House, Ottawa, by a number of the leading citizens of that city, and members of the Senate and Commons. We take the following extracts from a speech made by Mr. McGee on that occasion:

"We have needed, and we shall need more social union as well as political union among our diversified population; we need it in peace, for all the great designs of peace; we should need it still more in times of danger, for then, indeed, a divided people are an easy prey, but an united population, in a just cause, on their own soil, what foreign force can overcome or destroy? (Cheers.) May God avert the day when our friends here, and those assembled elsewhere in the same spirit may be called upon to defend their country with their lives, but if such a day of trial should come, sooner or later, as come it may, in the changes and chances of human affairs, believe me, gentlemen, it would be no bad preparation for the unity of the Irish contingent of our volunteer defenders, in camp or in action—it would be no ineffective contribution to the mutual confidence of brave men in each other so important at such a time—that they had sat together, as we are doing to-night, brothers in the exercise of hospitality, before they became brothers in arms! When I accepted your invitation, Mr. Mayor, and gentlemen of the committee, I thought of that possible consequence, and I am rejoiced to know that there are similar reunions to this, of Irish Canadians, and their honored guests of other origins, taking place on this auspicious St. Patrick's day, in Montreal and elsewhere, throughout the country. The mention of Montreal reminds me that there are here the three members of that city—my hon. friend, a French Canadian (Mr. Cartier,) *facile princeps*, the honored head of his compatriots—and my other hon. friend and colleague (Mr. Thomas Workman,) an Irish Protestant from the heart of Ulster. (Cheers.) I wish the enemies of our internal peace—I wish the enemies of the Dominion to consider for a moment that fact, and to ask themselves whether a state of society which enables us all to meet as we do in this manner, with the fullest feeling of equal rights, and the strongest sense of equal duties to our common country,—is not a state of society, a condition of things, a system of laws, and a frame of self-government, worthy even of the sacrifice of men's lives, to perpetuate and preserve. (Cheers.) As to Irish public affairs, I will further take the liberty to mention that when in 1865 and 1867, by the concert of my colleagues and my gallant friend here [Sir John A. Macdonald], I went home to represent this country, I, on both occasions, in 1865 to Lord Kimberley, then Lord Lieutenant, and last year to the Earl of Derby, whose retirement from active public life, and the cause of it, every observer of his great historical career must regret—I twice respectfully submitted my humble views, and the result of my considerable Irish-American experience, and that they were courteously, and I hope I may say, favourably entertained. I urged on those eminent statesmen in very homely

words, that they were keeping a pot boiling in Ireland to scold us out here in the colonies. [Laughter.] Of course I do not admit, and never will admit, that any wrong done in Ireland, anciently or lately, can make an armed attack on our peaceful Canadian population anything else than methodized murder—or can entitle those taken red handed in the act, to any other judicial fate than that of marauders and murderers. [Cheers.] But apart from our own recent experience, I felt it my duty to press the trans Atlantic consequence of the state of Ireland, on the attention of those who had the application of the remedy in their own hands, believing that I was doing Ireland a good turn, in the proper quarter. [Cheers.] I cannot accuse myself of having lost any proper opportunity of doing so, and if I were free to publish some very gratifying letters in my possession, I think it would be admitted by most of my countrymen, that a silent Irishman may be as serviceable in some kinds of work, as a noisy one. [Cheers.]

"Mr. Mayor, permit me to add one thing more, speaking from this place—the capital of British America—in the presence—before so many of the most honored public men of British America—let me venture again to say, in the name of British America to the statesmen of Great Britain—"settle for our sakes and your own; for the sake of international peace, settle promptly and generously the social and ecclesiastical condition of Ireland, on terms to satisfy the people to be governed. Every one sees and feels that while England lifts her white cliffs above the waves, she never can suffer a rival Government—a hostile Government—to be set up on the other side of her; whatever the aspirations for Irish nationality. The Union is an inexorable political necessity, as inexorable for England as for Ireland; but there is one miraculous agency which has yet to be fully and fairly tried out in Ireland; brute force has failed, proselytism has failed, anglicization has failed; try, if only as a novelty, try patiently and thoroughly, Statesmen of the empire, the miraculous agency of equal and exact justice, for one or two generations." (Loud cheers.) As a friend of the Imperial connexion, for Ireland and for Canada—as a friend of continued peace between England and the United States—in which we also are deeply interested—I venture most respectfully to make this suggestion to the rulers of the empire, and I have to thank the gentlemen of the committee, both Irish Protestant and Irish Catholic citizens of this city, for having given me a beneficent opportunity in which I could offer publicly such a suggestion with the additional weight of your concurrence. (Cheers.) As for us who dwell in Canada, I may say, finally, that in no other way can we better serve Ireland, than by burying out of sight our old feuds and factions—in mitigating our ancient hereditary enmities—in proving ourselves good subjects of a good Government, and wise trustees of the equal rights we enjoy here, civil and religious. The best argument we here can make for Ireland, is to enable friendly observers at home to say—"see how well Irishmen get on together in Canada, they have equal, civil and religious rights; there they cheerfully obey just laws, and are ready to die for the rights they enjoy, and the country that is so governed." Let us put that weapon into the hands of the friends of Ireland at home, and it will be worth all the revolutions that were ever stolen from a Cork gunshop, and all the Republican chemicals that were ever smuggled out of New York."