CHAPTER VI.

BRADDOCK'S EXPEDITION IN 1755.

THE news of Washington's defeat, and the consequent domination of the French over the broad territory west of the Alleghenies, was forwarded without delay to England, where it produced a general alarm and excitement, and roused the ministry to a determination to retrieve the disaster and expel the French, at whatever cost, from the valleys of the Monongahela and Allegheny Rivers. In pursuance of this determination, it was decided to send out a military force, to march from the Potomac to the "Forks of the Ohio," there to wrest from the French, by force of arms, their most menacing possession,—Fort du Quesne.[3]

The expeditionary force, which was intended to be a very formidable one (for that early day), was to be composed of the Forty-fourth and Forty-eighth Royal Regiments of Foot,[4] commanded respectively by Col. Sir Peter Halket and Col. Thomas Dunbar, with some other troops to be raised in Virginia and other American provinces. The command of the expedition was given to Major-General Edward Braddock, of the regular British army, who was also made commander-in-chief of all his Majesty's forces in America.

Gen. Braddock sailed from Cork, Ireland, on the 14th of January, with the two regular regiments, on board the fleet of Admiral Keppel, of the British navy. The fleet arrived in Hampton Roads on the 20th of February, and the general, with the admiral, disembarked there and proceeded to Williamsburg, Va., for conference with Governor Dinwiddie. There, also, the general met his quartermaster-general, Sir John Sinclair, who had preceded him to America, and had already visited Fort Cumberland to make the preliminary arrangements for the campaign. "Virginia levies" had already been raised for the purpose of being incorporated with the Forty-fourth and Forty-eighth Regiments, and these levies had been ordered to Alexandria, whither, also, the fleet was ordered for disembarkation of the troops.

[1] "We all know that the French are a people that never pay any regard to treaties longer than they find them consistent with their interest, and this treaty [the Fort Necessity capitulation articles] they broke immediately, by letting the Indians demolish and destroy everything our people had, especially the Doctor's Box, that our wounded should meet with no relief."—*Extract from a letter written by Col. James Innes to Gov. Hamilton, dated Winchester, July* 12, 1754.

[2] It appears that the Half-King Tanacharison had a poor opinion of Washington's ability as a military commander, and freely expressed that opinion to the Indian agent and interpreter, Conrad Weiser, who reported it as follows:

"The colonel [Washington] was a good-natured man, but had no experience. He took upon him to command the Indians as his slaves, and would have them every day upon the scout, and to attack the enemy by themselves, but would by no means take advice from the Indians. He lay in one place from one full moon to the other, without making any fortifications except that little thing on the Meadow, whereas had he taken advice and built such fortifications as he [Tanacharison] advised him, he might easily have beat off the French. But the French in the engagement," he said, "acted like cowards, and the English like fools."

[3] There were, however, two other expeditions projected,—one against Niagara and Frontenac, under Gen. Shirley, and another against Crown Point, under Gen. William Johnson; but the principal one was that intended for the reduction of Fort du Quesne.

[4] These regiments, however, were far from being full, numbering only about five hundred men each.

Leaving Williamsburg, Gen. Braddock, Sir John Sinclair, and the admiral arrived on the 26th at Alexandria, which place was the headquarters of the expedition for nearly two months, during which time (on the 14th of April) a council was held there, composed of the commander-in-chief, Admiral Keppel, Gov. Dinwiddie, of Virginia, Gov. Shirley, of Massachusetts, Gov. Delancey, of New York, Gov. Morris, of Pennsylvania, and Gov. Sharpe, of Maryland; at which conference the plan of the campaign[1] was decided on, and arrangements made to facilitate the forwarding of the provincial troops destined for the expedition.

Sir John Sinclair was dispatched from Alexandria soon after his arrival with orders to proceed to Winchester, Va., and thence to Fort Cumberland, to complete all arrangements for the army's transportation. By his advice Braddock adopted the plan of moving his force from Alexandria in two divisions, viz.: one regiment and a portion of the stores to proceed to Winchester, whence a new road was nearly completed to Fort Cumberland, and the other regiment, with the remainder of the stores and the artillery, to move to the fort (which had been designated as the general rendezvous) by way of Frederick, Md. Accordingly, on the 9th of April, Sir Peter Halket left Alexandria for the fort, by way of Winchester, with six companies of the Forty-fourth Regiment, leaving the other four companies behind under command of Lieut.-Col. Gage[2] to escort the artillery. On the 18th Col. Dunbar, with the Forty-eighth, marched for Frederick, Md., and the commander-in-chief left Alexandria for the same place on the 20th, leaving Gage to follow with the artillery. When Dunbar arrived at Frederick he found that there was no road to Cumberland through Maryland,[3] and accordingly, on the 1st of May, he recrossed the Potomac, struck the Winchester route, and nine days later was in the neighborhood of the fort. "At high noon on the 10th of May, while Halket's command was already encamped at the common destination, the Forty-eighth was startled by the passage of Braddock and his staff through their ranks, with a body of light-horse galloping on each side of his traveling chariot, in haste to reach Fort Cumberland. The troops saluted, the drums rolled out the Grenadiers' March, and the cortege passed by. An hour later they heard the booming of the artillery which welcomed the general's arrival, and a little later themselves encamped on the hillsides about that post." The artillery escorted by Gage arrived at the fort on the 20th.

Arriving at the fort on the 10th, the general remained there about one month, during which time his expeditionary force was completed and organized. Two companies, Rutherford's and Clarke's, had been stationed at the fort during the winter, and were still there. The Forty-fourth and Forty-eighth regulars had been augmented to a total of fourteen hundred men by the addition of Virginia and Maryland levies at Alexandria. A company of Virginia light-horse, under command of Capt. Stewart, acted as the general's body-guard. A body of seventy provincials was formed into two companies of pioneers, each having a captain, two subalterns, and two sergeants, and with these was also a very small company of guides. A lieutenant, Mr. Spendelow, and two midshipmen from Admiral Keppel's fleet were present with about thirty sailors to have charge of the cordage and tackles, necessary for the building of bridges and the hoisting of artillery pieces and other heavy material over precipices. The other provincial troops brought the total number up to about two thousand one hundred and fifty, including officers, but exclusive of wagoners and the usual complement of non-combatant camp-followers, among whom were a number of women. There were eight friendly Indians who accompanied the expedition.

The forces of Gen. Braddock were brigaded by his orders as follows:

First Brigade, commanded by Sir Peter Halket, composed of

The Forty-fourth Regiment of Regulars.

Capt. John Rutherford's } Independent Companies
Capt. Horatio Gates'[4] } of New York.

Capt. William Polson's Company of Pioneers and Carpenters.

Capt. William Peyronie's Virginia Rangers.

Capt. Thomas Waggoner's Virginia Rangers.

Capt. Eli Dagworthy's Maryland Rangers.

Second Brigade, commanded by Col. Thomas Dunbar, composed of

The Forty-eighth Regiment of Regulars.

Capt. Paul Demerie's South Carolina detachment.

Capt. Dobbs' North Carolina Rangers.

Capt. Mercer's Company of Carpenters and Pioneers.

Capt. Adam Stephen's }
Capt. Peter Hogg's } Virginia Rangers.
Capt. Thomas Cocke's }

Capt. Andrew Lewis had been sent with his company of Virginians to the Greenbrier River for the protection of settlers there; but he afterwards rejoined Braddock's column on its way to Fort du Quesne.

[1] The council, however, had really nothing to do with the adoption of the plan of operations, which was made entirely according to the martinet ideas and opinions of the commander-in-chief.

[2] The same Gage who as major-general commanded the British forces in Boston in 1775.

[3] Capt. Orme, in his journal of the expedition, says, "The general ordered a bridge to be built over the Antietum, which being furnished and provision laid upon the road Col. Dunbar marched with his regiment from Frederick on the 28th of April, and about this time the bridge over the Opeccon was finished for the passage of the artillery, and floats were built on all the rivers and creeks." The "Antietum" here mentioned is the same historic stream whose locust-fringed banks witnessed the terrific battle between the Union and Confederate hosts under McClellan and Lee, on the 17th of September, 1862.

[4] Afterwards Major-General Gates, to whom Burgoyne surrendered at Saratoga.

The field-officers under Braddock were Lieutenant-Colonels Burton and Gage; Majors Chapman and Sparks; Brigade-Major Francis Halket; Major Sir John Sinclair, deputy quartermaster-general; Matthew Leslie, assistant quartermaster-general. The secretary to the commanding general was William Shirley, and his aides-de-camp were Capt. Robert Orme, George Washington,[1] and Roger Morris. Christopher Gist and Nathaniel Gist, his son, accompanied the expedition as principal guides. George Croghan and Andrew Montour were with the general as Indian interpreters.

"The soldiers were ordered to be furnished with one new spare shirt, one new pair of stockings, and one new pair of shoes; and Osnabrig waistcoats and breeches were provided for them, as the excessive heat would have made the others insupportable; and the commanding officers of companies were desired to provide leather or bladders for the men's hats."[2]

The transportation which was collected at Fort Cumberland for the use of Braddock's force consisted of one hundred and ninety wagons and more than fifteen hundred horses. When he landed in Virginia he expected that "two hundred wagons and one hundred and fifty carrying-horses" would be furnished by the provincial authorities, but when he arrived at Frederick, Md., he found that not more than a tenth part that number had been raised, and that some of these even were in an unserviceable condition. Upon learning this he burst out in fierce invective against the inefficiency, poverty, and lack of integrity among the provincials, and declared that the expedition was at an end, for that it was impracticable to proceed without one hundred and fifty wagons, and a corresponding number of horses at the very least. But Dr. Benjamin Franklin, who was present at Frederick, told the general that the Pennsylvania farmers were able to furnish the necessary transportation, and that he (Franklin) would contract for a specified sum to deliver one hundred and fifty wagons and the necessary horses at Fort Cumberland within a given time, whereupon Braddock proceeded on his march; and in about two weeks Franklin had assembled the specified number of wagons and animals at the fort. Gen. Braddock was very grateful for this service, and he warmly complimented Franklin in a letter which he wrote to the Secretary of State, dated at Wills' Creek, June 5th, as follows:

"Before I left Williamsburg the quartermaster-general told me that I might depend on twenty-five hundred horses and two hundred wagons from Virginia and Maryland; but I had great reason to doubt it, having experienced the false dealings of all in this country with whom I had been concerned. Hence, before my departure from Frederick, I agreed with Mr. Benjamin Franklin, postmaster in Pennsylvania, who has great credit in that province, to hire one hundred and fifty wagons and the necessary number of horses. This he accomplished with promptitude and fidelity; and it is almost the only instance of address and integrity which I have seen in all these provinces."

It has been said that, in procuring the wagons and horses from the Teutonic farmers in the Southern Pennsylvania counties, he was materially aided by the presence of Braddock's quartermaster-general. "Sir John Sinclair[3] wore a Hussar's cap, and Franklin made use of the circumstance to terrify the German settlers with the belief that he was a Hussar, who would administer to them the tyrannical treatment

[1] After his return from the Fort Necessity campaign, Col. Washington's rank, as well as that of other colonial officers, was reduced by royal order, which caused him to resign his commission, and at the time of Gen. Braddock's arrival in America he was not in the military service. But Braddock, well aware of the importance of securing his services, urged Washington to take the position of volunteer aide-de-camp on his staff, and the offer, so earnestly pressed, was accepted.

Sparks, in his "Life of Washington" (page 58), in speaking of Washington's acceptance of Braddock's proposition to accompany him on the expedition as a member of his military family, says, "His views on the subject were explained, with a becoming frankness and elevation of mind, in a letter to a friend: 'I may be allowed,' said he, 'to claim some merit if it is considered that the sole motive which invites me to the field is the laudable desire of serving my country, not the gratification of any ambitious or lucrative plans. This, I flatter myself, will manifestly appear by my going as a volunteer, without expectation of reward *or prospect of obtaining a command*, as I am confidently assured *it is not in General Braddock's power to give me a commission that I would accept.* . . . It is true I have been importuned to make this campaign by Gen. Braddock as a member of his family, he conceiving, I suppose, that the small knowledge I had an opportunity of acquiring of the country and the Indians is worthy of his notice, and may be useful to him in the progress of the expedition.'"

[2] Capt. Orme's Journal.

[3] This same Sir John Sinclair was a man of very rough speech and imperious and domineering character, as is made apparent by the following extract from a letter written by Messrs. George Croghan, James Burd, John Armstrong, William Buchanan, and Adam Hoops to Governor Morris, of Pennsylvania, dated Fort Cumberland, April 16, 1755, at which time some of the companies, as well as Sir John himself, had already reached the rendezvous. The writers of the letter had been appointed to view and lay out a road over the mountains, and had returned from their mission to the fort. In the letter they say, "Last evening we came to the camp, and were kindly received by the officers, but particularly Capt. Rutherford. We waited for Sir John coming to camp from the road towards Winchester, who came this day at three o'clock, but treated us in a very disagreeable manner. He is extremely warm and angry at our province; he would not look at our draughts, nor suffer any representations to be made to him in regard to the province, but stormed like a lion rampant. He said our commission to lay out the road should have issued in January last, upon his first letter; that doing it now is doing nothing; that the troops must march on the first of May; that the want of this road and the provisions promised by Pennsylvania has retarded the expedition, which may cost them their lives, because of the fresh number of the French that are suddenly like to be poured into the country; that instead of marching to the Ohio he would in nine days march his army into Cumberland County, to cut the roads, press wagons, etc.; that he would not suffer a soldier to handle an axe, but by fire and sword oblige the inhabitants to do it, and take every man that refused to the Ohio, as he had yesterday some of the Virginians; that he would kill all kind of cattle, and carry away the horses, burn houses, etc.; and that if the French defeated them by the delays of this province, that he would with his sword drawn pass through the province and treat the inhabitants as a parcel of traitors to his master; that he would to-morrow write to England by a man-of-war, shake Mr. Penn's proprietaryship, and represent Pennsylvania as disaffected, . . . and told us to go to the general, if we pleased, who would give us ten bad words for one he had given."

they had experienced in their own country if they did not comply with his wishes."

At a council of war held at Fort Cumberland the order of march was determined on, viz.: the advance was to be led by "a party of six hundred men, workers and coverers, with a field-officer and the quartermaster-general; that they should take with them two six-pounders, with a full proportion of ammunition; that they should also take with them eight days' provisions for three thousand two hundred men; that they should make the road as good as possible, and march five days towards the first crossing of the Yoxhio Geni,[1] which was about thirty miles from the camp, at which place they were to make a deposit of provisions, building proper sheds for its security, and also a place of arms for the security of the men. If they could not in five days advance so far, they were at the expiration of that time to choose an advantageous spot, and to secure the provisions and men as before. When the wagons were unloaded the field-officer with three hundred men was to return to camp, and Sir John St Clair with the first engineer was to remain and carry on the works with the other three hundred."[2]

This advance detachment was to be followed by the remainder of the forces in three divisions, in the following order: First, Sir Peter Halket's command, with "about one hundred wagons of provisions, stores, and powder;" second, Lieutenant-Colonel Burton, "with the independent companies, Virginia, Maryland, and Carolina Rangers," taking the artillery, ammunition, and some stores and provisions; third, Colonel Dunbar's brigade, "with the provision-wagons from Winchester, the returned wagons from the advanced party, and all the carrying-horses."

In accordance with this order, Major Chapman with a body of six hundred men, and accompanied by Sir John Sinclair, marched at daybreak on the 30th of May, but "it was night before the whole baggage had got over a mountain about two miles from camp. . . . The general reconnoitred this mountain, and determined to set the engineers and three hundred more men at work on it, as he thought it impassable by howitzers. He did not imagine any other road could be made, as a reconnoitring-party had already been to explore the country; nevertheless, Mr. Spendelow, lieutenant of the seamen, a young man of great discernment and abilities, acquainted the general that in passing that mountain he had discovered a valley which led quite round the foot of it. A party of a hundred men with an engineer was ordered to cut a road there, and an extreme good one was made in two days, which fell into the other road about a mile on the other side of the mountain."

"Everything being now settled, Sir Peter Halket, with the Forty-fourth Regiment, marched on the 7th of June; Lieutenant-Colonel Burton, with the independent companies and Rangers, on the 8th, and Colonel Dunbar, with the Forty-eighth Regiment, on the 10th, with the proportions of baggage as was settled by the council of war. The same day the general left Fort Cumberland, and joined the whole at Spendelow Camp, about five miles from the fort."[3] The name of this camp was given in honor of Lieutenant Spendelow, the discoverer of the new route around the foot of the mountain.

At Spendelow Camp a reduction of baggage was made, and the surplus sent back to the fort, together with two six-pounders, four cohorns, and some powder and stores, which cleared about twenty wagons of their loads, "and near a hundred able horses were given to the public service. . . . All the king's wagons were also sent back to the fort, they being too heavy, and requiring large horses for the shafts, which could not be procured, and country wagons were fitted for powder in their stead."

On the 13th the column moved to Martin's plantation; on the 15th it "passed the Aligany Mountain, which is a rocky ascent of more than two miles, in many places exceedingly steep; its descent is very rugged and almost perpendicular; in passing which we entirely demolished three wagons and shattered several." That night the First Brigade camped about three miles west of Savage River. On the 16th the head of the column reached the Little Meadows, ten miles from Martin's plantation; but the rear did not arrive there until the 18th. At this place they found Sir John Sinclair encamped with three hundred men, this being the farthest point he could reach in the five days specified in the orders.

At the Little Meadows the general adopted a new plan of campaign,—to move forward with a division composed of some of his best troops, with a few guns and but little baggage, leaving the remainder of his force behind to bring up the heavy stores and artillery.

This decision was taken largely through the advice of Washington, who, although not of rank to sit in the councils of war, possessed no small share of the general's confidence, by reason of the experience he had gained in the campaign of the preceding year. He gave it as his opinion that the movement of the army was too slow, on account of the cumbrous wagon-train, which on the march stretched out for a distance of more than three miles, thus not only retarding the progress of the forces, but affording an excellent opportunity for lurking parties of the enemy to attack and destroy some lightly-defended part of it before help could arrive from the main body. He had from the first urged the use of pack-horses instead of wagons for the greater part of the transportation, and although his advice was ignored by the general, its wisdom now became apparent. Orme's Journal says that by the experience of the four days' march from Spendelow Camp to the Little Meadows, "it was found impos-

[1] Youghiogheny.

[2] Orme's Journal.

[3] Orme's Journal.

sible to proceed with such a number of carriages. The horses grew every day fainter, and many died; the men would not have been able to have undergone the constant and necessary fatigue by remaining so many hours under arms, and by the great extent of the baggage the line was extremely weakened. The general was therefore determined to move forward with a detachment of the best men, and as little encumbrance as possible."

The selected force destined to move in the advance consisted of between twelve and thirteen hundred men. "A detachment of one field-officer with four hundred men and the deputy quartermaster-general marched on the 18th to cut and make the road to the Little Crossing of the Yoxhio Geni, taking with them two six-pounders with their ammunition, three wagons of tools, and thirty-five days' provisions, all on carrying-horses, and on the 19th the general marched with a detachment of one colonel, one lieutenant-colonel, one major, the two eldest grenadier companies, and five hundred rank and file, the party of seamen, and eighteen light-horse, and four howitzers with fifty rounds each, and four twelve-pounders with eighty rounds each, and one hundred rounds of ammunition for each man, and one wagon of Indian presents; the whole number of carriages being about thirty. The howitzers had each nine horses, the twelve-pounders seven, and the wagons six. There was also thirty-five days' provisions carried on horses." The troops left behind with Col. Dunbar numbered about nine hundred, including four artillery officers. Eighty-four wagons and all the ordnance stores and provisions not immediately needed by the advance column were also left in his charge.

The advanced force under Braddock reached the Little Crossings (Castleman's River) on the evening of the 19th, and camped on the west side of the stream. At this camp Col. Washington was taken seriously ill with a fever, and when the troops marched the next morning he was left behind with a guard and proper attendance[1] and comforts. As soon as able he was to come on with the rear division under Col. Dunbar; but it has been stated that he asked and received from Gen. Braddock a promise that the fort should not be attacked until he had recovered and rejoined the assaulting column. It does not, however, seem reasonable to suppose that he would have wished to jeopardize the success of the expedition by asking such an indefinite delay, nor that Braddock would, under any circumstances, have bound himself by such a promise.

In four days from his departure from the Little Meadows, Gen. Braddock's column had made nineteen miles, and arrived at the Great Crossings of the Youghiogheny. The troops crossed the river without bridging,[2] and on the night of the 24th of June made their first camp within the present territory of Fayette County, near a place known as the Twelve Springs, between Mount Augusta and Marlow's, south of the National road. Their march of that day was only a distance of about six miles, from the river to their night camp. During the day they passed an Indian camp, recently vacated, which gave indications that it had been occupied by about one hundred and seventy persons. "They had stripped and painted some trees, upon which they and the French had written many threats and bravadoes, with all kinds of scurrilous language." The French had received early information of Braddock's coming, and parties of them with their Indian allies had advanced east beyond the Laurel Hill to meet the English; not for the purpose of attacking them, but to hover along their front and flanks, to spy out their movements, murder stragglers, and to keep the commandant at Fort du Quesne informed, from day to day, of the progress of the English forces. From the time when the troops crossed the Youghiogheny hostile Indians were always near them along the route, and evidences of their presence multiplied with each succeeding day's march.

In fact, nearly all the savages west of the mountains were now ranged on the side of the French. A few only of the Indian allies of the English had remained true to them after the surrender of Fort Necessity, and among these were Scarooyada, the successor of the friendly Half-king,[3] and Monacatoocha, whose acquaintance he had made on his trip to Le Bœuf in the previous year. These two chiefs, with nearly one hundred and fifty Seneca and Delaware warriors, had joined the English on their march to the Youghiogheny, and proposed to accompany them as scouts and guides. They could without doubt have rendered great service in that capacity, and if the warnings of their forest experience had been listened to, might perhaps have saved Braddock's army from the disaster which overtook it. But the general despised and rejected their services, and treated them with so

[1] In some accounts of this sickness of Washington, it has been stated that Dr. James Craik (who was with the expedition as a surgeon in the Virginia troops, and who was also the lifelong friend and physician of Washington) was left behind at the Little Crossings to attend him, but such does not appear to have been the case. The Hon. James Findley, in a letter written to the editor of *Niles' Register*, dated Youngstown, Pa., March 27, 1818, relates some conversations which he had with Washington in reference to Braddock's campaign, from which letter the following extracts are made: "On one occasion, in a mixed company, some question being asked of me, then sitting next the President (Washington), about the Big Meadows and Dunbar's Run, by Col. Sprigg, of Maryland, which I could not answer, the President, to whom I referred the question, in answering them described Dunbar's camp, to which the remains of Braddock's army retired after the defeat. . . . Looking round seriously to me, he said, 'Braddock was both my general and my physician. I was attacked with a dangerous fever on the march, and he left a sergeant [not a *surgeon*] to take care of me, *and James' fever powders, with directions how to give them*, and a wagon to bring me on when I would be able, which was only the day before the defeat.'"

[2] An entry in Orme's Journal for this day is to this effect: "The 24th of June we marched at five in the morning, and passed the second branch of the Yoxhio Geni, which is about one hundred yards wide, about three feet deep, with a very strong current."

[3] The Half-King, Tanacharison, had died in the preceding October, at Harris' Ferry (now Harrisburg), on the Susquehanna.

much of slight and contempt that they finally retired in disgust and left him to his fate.

On the 25th of June, "at daybreak, three men who went without the sentinels were shot and scalped." Gen. Braddock was greatly incensed at these murders, and issued an order directing that "every soldier or Indian shall receive five pounds for each Indian scalp." On this day the column moved from its first camp west of the Youghiogheny to another about seven miles farther on, sometimes spoken of as the Old Orchard Camp, "near and northwest of Braddock's grave," mentioned in Orme's Journal as "two miles on the other side" of the Great Meadows,[1] the general riding in anticipated triumph over the very spot which in twenty days was to be his last resting-place. On the following day the troops marched only four miles (the route being exceedingly rough and toilsome), and encamped for the night at the Great Rock, near Washington's Spring, the same place which had been the camp-ground of the Half-King when he and Washington marched to attack the camp of Jumonville. At this halting-place they found the marks of another French and Indian camp, so lately vacated that the fires were yet burning. The Indians who had occupied it, said Orme, "had marked in triumph upon trees the scalps they had taken two days before, and many of the French had written on them their names and sundry insolent expressions. We picked up a commission on the march, which mentioned the party being under the command of the Sieur Normanville. This Indian camp was in a strong situation, being upon a high rock, with a very narrow and steep ascent to the top. It had a spring in the middle, and stood at the termination of the Indian path to the Monongahela, at the confluence of Redstone Creek. By this pass the party came which attacked Mr. Washington last year, and also this which attended us. By their tracks they seemed to have divided here, the one party going straight forward to Fort du Quesne, and the other returning by Redstone Creek to the Monongahela. A captain, four subalterns, and ninety volunteers marched from the camp with proper guides to fall in the night upon that party which we imagined had returned by the Monongahela. They found a small quantity of provisions and a very large bateau, which they destroyed," but they saw nothing of the foe they were sent to capture.

The march of the 27th of June was from the camp at the Great Rock (called by Orme "Rock Fort") to Gist's plantation, about six miles, over an extremely rough and mountainous road. At Gist's they found Lieut.-Col. Burton and Sir John Sinclair, with a detachment of about four hundred men, who had been sent forward to cut out the road in advance of the main body.

From Fort Cumberland to Gist's plantation the army marched over the road opened by Washington in the previous year, but beyond Gist's the route was a new one, known only to the guides.[2] On the 28th of June the column moved from Gist's to the Youghiogheny, near Stewart's Crossings, or, as Orme's Journal has it, "the troops marched about five miles to a camp on the east side of the Yoxhio Geni." In mentioning it as the *east* side the captain was wholly in error, but the reason why he made such a mistake was doubtless that, knowing the expeditionary force to be moving towards an objective point far to the westward of the place from which it started, it seemed natural that it should cross all streams from their eastern to their western banks; whereas, in making this second crossing of the Youghiogheny, exactly the reverse was the case, because Braddock on leaving Gist's had deflected his column from its true course, and was now marching in a direction nearly northeast.

The place where the troops encamped was a short distance below the present borough of New Haven, and there, for some cause which is not apparent, they lay all day on the 29th. On the 30th they crossed the river to its right bank at a place since known as Braddock's Ford,[3] very near the later residence of Col. William Crawford, who died by torture at the hands of the Indians in 1782, as narrated in succeeding pages.

As to the crossing of the Youghiogheny at "Braddock's Ford," Captain Orme's journal says, "We crossed the main body of the Joxhio Geni, which was about two hundred yards broad, and about three feet deep. The advanced guard passed and took post on the other side till our artillery and baggage got over, which was followed by four hundred men, who remained on the east [west] side till all the baggage

[1] "Although Washington had marched from Wills' Creek to the Meadows in twenty-three days, *making the road* as he went, yet it took Braddock eighteen days to 'drag his slow length along' over the same distance, and Col. Dunbar eight days longer. Truly did Washington say that, 'instead of pushing on with vigor, without regarding a little rough road, they were halting to level every mole-hill and erect bridges over every brook.' This needless delay, like everything else in this campaign, contributed its share of adversity to the disastrous result, for while Braddock was halting and bridging, the enemy was acquiring a force of resistance and attack which three days' quicker movement would have anticipated."—*Veech.*

[2] It was on the "Nemacolin path," which from Gist's northward to a point in Westmoreland County ran along the route of the Catawba trail of the Six Nations.

[3] "It has been commonly supposed," says Mr. Veech, "that a division of the army took place here in the march, the English troops, etc., here crossing the river and bearing northward, while the Virginia or colonial forces went down the river and crossed at the Broad Ford; thence bearing more to the west, crossing Jacob's Creek at Stouffer's Mill, the two divisions reuniting at Sewickley, near Painter's Salt-Works. There may be error in this idea. Orme's Journal has no notice of any such division. The Broad Ford route may be that which was traversed by the detachments or convoys of provisions, etc., from Dunbar's division, which were from time to time sent up to the main army; one of which, Orme says, came up at Thickety Run, a branch of Sewickley, on the 5th of July. Another detachment of one hundred men, with pack-horse loads of flour and some beeves, according to Washington's letters, left the camp west of the Great Meadows on the 3d of July. . . This convoy took up the one hundred beeves, which were among the los es in the defeat."

had passed. We were obliged to encamp about a mile on the west [meaning the east] side, where we halted a day to cut a passage over a mountain. This day's march did not exceed two miles." On the 1st of July the column moved on about five miles in a north-northeast direction, but could advance no farther by reason of a great swamp, which required much work to make it passable." In reference to this *swamp*, Veech says, "It can be no other than that fine-looking champaign land about the head-waters of Mounts' Creek and Jacob's Creek, north and east of the old chain bridge, embracing lands formerly of Col. Isaac Meason, now George E. Hogg and others."

A march of six miles on the 2d of July brought the army to "Jacob's Cabin," where its camp was made for the night. On the 3d, "the swamp being repaired," says the journal, "we marched about six miles to the Salt Lick Creek.[1] Sir John St Clair proposed to the General to halt at this Camp, and to send back all our horses to bring up Colonel Dunbar's detachment," which was then encamped at Squaw's Fort, about three miles east of the Great Crossings of the Youghiogheny, in the present county of Somerset. Upon this suggestion of Sir John, the general convened a council of war, composed of Colonel Sir Peter Halket, Lieutenant-Colonels Gage and Burton, Major Sparks, and Sir John Sinclair, D.Q.G. After due consideration of the proposition, "the council were unanimously of the opinion not to halt there for Colonel Dunbar, but to proceed the next morning."

The camp on Jacob's Creek, where this council of war was held, was about one and one-half miles below Mount Pleasant. From this place the column marched on through what is now Westmoreland County to the Great Sewickley, crossing that stream near Painter's Salt-Works; thence south and west of the post-office of Madison and Jacksonville to the Brush Fork of Turtle Creek, where Braddock halted in indecision, as the crossing of that stream and the passage through the ravines appeared hazardous. He finally decided to abandon the route originally proposed from this point along the ridges to Fort du Quesne, and accordingly, turning sharply to the left, he moved towards the Monongahela, encamping on the night of the 8th of July about two miles east of the river, below the mouths of the Youghiogheny. It was at this camp that Washington (although not yet fully recovered from his illness) rejoined the army, having left Colonel Dunbar's force near the Great Meadows,[2] and come on "in a covered wagon," under protection of a detachment sent on to guard a pack-horse train laden with provisions for the advance column.

On the morning of the 9th of July the troops marched to the Monongahela and crossed to the southwest shore, moving thence on the left bank for about three miles; then recrossed the river at Frazier's, just below the mouth of Turtle Creek. The crossing was completed at about one o'clock in the afternoon, and when the column reformed on the right bank of the Monongahela, it was within three-fourths of a mile of the place where the French with their Indian allies lay hidden along the slopes of the forest defile which, ere the sun went down on that memorable day, was to be reddened by the blood of the bravest, and made historic for all time as "Braddock's field" of disaster and defeat.

The bloody battle of the Monongahela has been too often described to require repetition here. It resulted in the utter defeat and rout of the English, and the headlong flight of the survivors to the south side of the river at the point where they had crossed. The force which entered the forest defile was fourteen hundred and sixty strong,[3] including officers and privates. Of this force four hundred and fifty-six were killed and four hundred and twenty-one wounded, making a total of eight hundred and seventy-seven; while only five hundred and eighty-three escaped unhurt. Of eighty-nine commissioned officers, sixty-three were killed or wounded, including every officer above the rank of captain except Colonel Washington. Of the captains, ten were killed and five wounded; of the lieutenants, fifteen killed and twenty-two wounded. General Braddock had four horses shot under him, and while mounting the fifth received the wound which proved mortal. Washington had two horses shot under him. Sir Peter Halket (next in command to Braddock) was killed instantly. Secretary Shirley was killed. Colonel Burton, Sir John Sinclair, and Lieutenant-Colonel Gage were among the wounded, also Brigade-Major Halket, Dr. Hugh Mercer,[4] Major Sparks, and Captain Orme. Of the naval officers present, Lieutenant Spendelow and Midshipman Talbot were killed. A number of women and officers' servants were also killed and scalped, though every wagoner escaped. One hundred beeves were captured by the enemy, also the general's papers (orders, instructions, and correspondence), and the military chest, containing £25,000 in money, as well as all

[1] Now known as Jacob's Creek.

[2] "It is a noticeable fact," says Veech, "that Washington, enfeebled by a consuming fever, was so invigorated by the sight of the scene of his discomfiture the previous year as to seize the opportunity of celebrating its first anniversary by hastening on to partake in an achievement which, as he fondly hoped, would restore to his king and country all that had been lost by his failure."

[3] The force had increased by nearly two hundred men between the time when Braddock moved forward from the Little Meadows with between twelve and thirteen hundred men and the time when they reached the Monongahela. This increase was made principally by small detachments which were detailed from the rear-guard, under Dunbar, as guards to the trains which were sent forward with supplies to the advance.

[4] Afterwards Gen. Mercer, who was killed at the battle of Princeton, Jan. 3, 1777. The wound which he received at the battle of the Monongahela was a very severe one. He was left on the field with the other badly wounded, but managed to conceal himself behind a fallen tree, where he witnessed the atrocities committed by the savages on the other wounded men and on the dead. His place of concealment was not discovered by the Indians, who soon left the field. When darkness came on he crept from the woods, crossed the Monongahela, and after wandering in the woods for many days with his wound undressed, and nearly famished, he at last reached Fort Cumberland in safety.

Washington's papers, including his notes referring to the Fort Necessity campaign of the previous year. The journal of Captain Orme alone of all the military papers was saved. All the artillery, ammunition, baggage, and stores fell into the hands of the French and Indians, and the dead and badly wounded were left on the field to be scalped and tortured by the savages, who, however, strangely enough, made little show of pursuit.

Braddock, when he received his fatal wound, expressed a wish to be left to die on the field, and this wish came near being gratified. Nearly all his panic-stricken followers deserted him, but his aide-de-camp, Orme, and Capt. Stewart, of the Virginia light-horse, stood faithfully by him, and at the imminent risk of their own lives succeeded in bearing him from the woods and across the river. On reaching the south side of the Monongahela the general, though suffering intense pain from his wound, gave orders that the troops should be rallied and a stand made at that place, but this was found impossible. A few subordinate officers and less than one hundred soldiers were all who remained around him. Of this Capt. Orme's journal says, "We intended to have kept possession of that ground till we could have been reinforced. The general and some wounded officers remained there about an hour, till most of the men ran off. From that place the general sent Mr. Washington to Colonel Dunbar with orders to send wagoners for the wounded, some provisions and hospital stores, to be escorted by the two youngest grenadier companies, to meet him at Gist's plantation, or nearer if possible. It was found impracticable to remain here, as the general and officers were left almost alone; we therefore retreated in the best manner we were able. After we had passed the Monongahela the second time, we were joined by Lieutenant-Colonel Gage, who had rallied near eighty men. We marched all night and the next day, and about ten o'clock that night we got to Gist's plantation."

During the time when Gen. Braddock was advancing to the Monongahela, Col. Dunbar was toiling slowly along with the rear division, the artillery, and heavy stores. Leaving the Little Crossings soon after Braddock's departure, he came on by the same route, passing the ruins of Fort Necessity on the 2d of July, and a few days later reached the place which has borne his name until the present time, and where he then encamped his troops and trains. This historic spot, known to this day as "Dunbar's Camp," is described by Veech as "situated southeast of the summit of Wolf Hill, one of the highest points of Laurel Hill Mountain, and about three thousand feet above the ocean-level. It is in full view of Uniontown, to the eastward, about six miles distant, and is visible from nearly all the high points in Fayette and the adjacent parts of Greene and Washington Counties. The camp was about three hundred feet below the summit, and at about half a mile distance, on the southern slope. It was then cleared of its timber, but is since much overgrown with bushes and small trees. It is, however, easily found by the numerous diggings in search of relics and treasure by the early settlers, and others even in later times. Near it are two fine sand springs, below which a dam of stones and earth two or three feet high was made to afford an abundant supply of water." This camp[1] was the end of Dunbar's outward march, for he there received from the Monongahela battle-field the fearful tidings which forbade all thoughts of a farther advance.

It was to this camp that "Mr. Washington" (as he was designated by Orme, his title of colonel being then only honorary, he holding no military rank under Braddock) was ordered from the Lower Crossing of the Monongahela to proceed with all possible speed, and with peremptory orders[2] to Col. Dunbar to send wagons with supplies and hospital stores without delay, as has already been noticed.[3] He set out with two private soldiers as an escort, and traveling without halt through the long hours of the dark and rainy night which succeeded the day of the battle (how or where he crossed the Youghiogheny is not recorded), came early in the morning of the 10th to the camp of Col. Dunbar, who, as it appears, was greatly demoralized by the startling intelligence which he brought. At about the middle of the forenoon several of Braddock's Pennsylvania Dutch wagoners (from the eastern counties) arrived at the camp, bringing the dread news from the battle-field, and announcing themselves as the only survivors of the bloody fight on the Monongahela. Nearly at the same time arrived Sir John Sinclar and another wounded officer, brought in by their men in blankets.

Dunbar's camp was then a scene of the wildest panic, as the rattle of the "long roll," beaten by his drummers, reverberated among the crags of the Laurel Hill. Each one, from the commander to the lowest

[1] Col. Burd, who visited this place in 1759, when on his way to erect a fort on the present site of Brownsville, said of Dunbar's camp that it was "the worst chosen piece of ground for an encampment I ever saw."

[2] It was known that there was ill feeling on the part of Dunbar towards the commander-in-chief, and it was therefore thought necessary to send the most positive orders in Braddock's name to insure obedience.

[3] At the same time Nathaniel Gist (son of Christopher) and "Gist's Indian" were dispatched from the scene of disaster to carry the intelligence of the defeat to Fort Cumberland, but with orders to avoid Col. Dunbar and his camp, lest the alarming news should create a panic among the men of his command. "They traveled," says Judge Veech, "on foot and through unfrequented paths to avoid the Indians. While snatching some repose during the darkness of the first night of their journey, in a thicket of bushes and grapevines on Cove Run, a branch of Shute's Run, within view of the camp-fires of Dunbar, they mistook the noise of the movement of some bird or beast for Indians, and ran with the heedlessness of alarm. They thus became separated, but each wended his way cautiously and alone. When nearing their destination, upon emerging from the bushes into the open road, Gist saw, a few rods ahead, his long-lost Indian, who had also taken the highway." This narrative of the journey of Gist and his Indian was obtained by Mr. Veech from Henry Beeson, to whom it was told by Nathaniel Gist himself.

camp-follower, believed that the savages and the scarcely less dreaded French were near at hand and would soon surround the camp.

True to their cowardly instincts, Dunbar's wagoners and pack-horse drivers, like those who were with Braddock on the Monongahela, and like many others of the same base brood on a hundred later battle-fields, were the first to seek safety in flight, mounting the best horses and hurrying away with all speed towards Fort Cumberland,[1] leaving their places on the wagons and with the pack-horse trains to be filled by brave soldiers from the ranks. Their base example infected the numerous camp-followers, who, as well as many of those from whom better things might have been expected, fled towards the Great Crossings of the Youghiogheny, and it was with the greatest difficulty that Dunbar prevented the desertion and flight from becoming general.

At ten o'clock in the evening of the same day (Thursday, July 10th), Gen. Braddock reached Gist's. From the place where he fell he was brought away on a tumbril. Afterwards the attempt was made to move him on horseback, but this he could endure only for a short time, after which he was dismounted and carried all the remaining distance by a few of his men. The weary journey was continued with scarcely a halt during all the night succeeding the battle and all the following day. Through all the sad hours of that long march the gallant Captain Orme (himself suffering from a painful wound) and the no less brave and steadfast Virginia cavalry captain, Stewart, were constantly by the side of their helpless commander, never leaving him a moment.

The mortally wounded general must have been suffering intense agony of mind as well as of body, but through it all, like the brave and faithful officer that he was, he never forgot that there were other maimed and suffering ones who sorely needed aid. "Despite the intensity of his agonies," says Sargent, "Braddock still persisted in the exercise of his authority and the fulfillment of his duties." On reaching Gist's he found that no provisions, stores, nor surgical aid had arrived there in obedience to the command sent by Washington to Col. Dunbar, and thereupon he sent still more peremptory orders to that officer to forward them instantly, with the two only remaining companies of the Forty-fourth and Forty-eighth Regiments, to assist in bringing off the wounded. The wagons arrived on the morning of Friday, the 11th, and a party was then immediately sent back towards the Monongahela to rescue such of the wounded as could be found, and with a supply of provisions to be left along the road for the benefit of those who might be missed and come up afterwards. Of the movements of the general and his party on that day, Capt. Orme's journal has the following entry:

"Gist's plantation.

"July 11.—Some wagons, provisions, and hospital stores arrived. As soon as the wounded were dressed, and the men had refreshed themselves, we retreated to Col. Dunbar's camp, which was near Rock Fort. The general sent a sergeant's party back with provisions to be left on the road, on the other side of the Yoxhio Geni, for the refreshment of any men who might have lost their way in the woods. Upon our arrival at Colonel Dunbar's camp we found it in the greatest confusion. Some of his men had gone off upon hearing of our defeat, and the rest seemed to have forgot all discipline. Several of our detachments had not stopped till they had reached the camp. It was found necessary to clear some of the wagons for the wounded, many of whom were in a desperate situation; and as it was impossible to re-

[1] A few days after their cowardly flight from Dunbar's camp, several of these panic-stricken wagoners appeared at Carlisle, bringing with them the first news of the disaster to Braddock's army. Thereupon they were examined by the Governor of Pennsylvania at that place, and their depositions taken and subscribed before him are found in the Pennsylvania Archives. Two of these depositions (similar in tenor to all the others) are here given, viz.:

Matthew Laird being duly sworn, deposed and said,—

"... That this examinant continued with Col. Dunbar. And on the tenth of this instant the regiment being at about seven miles beyond a place called the Great Meadows at eleven o'clock of that day, there was a rumor in the camp that there was bad news, and he was soon after informed by wagoners and pack-horse drivers, who were then returned to Col. Dunbar's camp, but had gone out with the advanced party under Gen. Braddock, that the general with the advanced party was defeated by the French on the ninth instant about five miles from Fort Du Quesne, and about forty miles from where Col. Dunbar then was, at which engagement the wagoners and pack-horse drivers said they were present; that the English were attacked as they were going up a hill by a numerous body of French and Indians, who kept a continual fire during the whole engagement which lasted nigh three hours; that most of the English were cut off, and the whole train of artillery taken; that General Braddock was killed, as also Sir Peter Halket, Capt. Orme, and most of the officers. This examinant further saith he saw a wounded officer brought through the camp on a sheet; that about noon of the same day they beat to arms in Col. Dunbar's camp, upon which the wagoners as well as many common soldiers and others took to flight in spite of the opposition made by the centrys, who forced some to return but many got away, amongst whom was this examinant."

Following is the deposition of Jacob Huber:

"This examinant saith that he was in Col. Dunbar's camp the tenth of July instant, and was informed that two officers who had come from Fort Cumberland, and had proceeded early in the morning with a party of Indians to join General Braddock, returned to the camp in about three hours after they set out, and a rumour spread that there was bad news, and that the officers could not pass to the general by reason of the Indians; that about nine or ten o'clock the same day this examinant saw and spoke with several wagoners who were come into Col. Dunbar's camp from Gen. Braddock's, and who informed this examinant that Gen. Braddock with his advanced party of fifteen hundred men had been attacked on the ninth instant within five miles of Fort Du Quesne by a great many French and Indians who surrounded them; that the action lasted three hours; that the most part of the English were killed; that Gen. Braddock was wounded and put into a wagon, and afterwards killed by the Indians; that Sir Peter Halket and Capt. Orme were also killed. And this examinant further saith that he saw some soldiers return into Col. Dunbar's camp, who he was informed had been of General Braddock's advanced party, some of whom were wounded, some not; also saw two officers carried on sheets, one of whom was said to be Sir John St. Clair, whom the examinant was informed had received two wounds; that about noon of the same day Col. Dunbar's drums beat to arms; and both before and after that many soldiers and wagoners with other attendants upon the camp took to flight, and amongst others this examinant. And further saith not."

move the stores, the howitzer shells, some twelve-pound shot, powder, and provisions were destroyed or buried."

The terror and consternation at Dunbar's camp had been constantly on the increase from the time when the first of the frightened wagoners had galloped in with the alarming news on the morning of the 10th. Through all that day and the following night terrified fugitives from the field, many of them wounded, were continually pouring in, each telling a fearful tale of rout and massacre, and all uniting in the assertion that the French and savages in overwhelming force were following close in the rear. This latter statement was wholly false, for the enemy had made no attempt at pursuit from the shores of the Monongahela; but the tale was believed, and its effect was an uncontrollable panic at the camp.

On the arrival of Capt. Stewart with his escort, bearing the wounded general, a decision was at once arrived at to retreat without delay to Fort Cumberland, destroying everything which could not be carried. It was a strange proceeding, and one which must now appear cowardly, for an army of fully a thousand men, many of them veteran soldiers, with sufficient artillery and an abundance of ammunition, to abandon a mountain position which might soon and easily have been rendered impregnable, and to fly before the imaginary pursuit by an enemy which was greatly inferior in numbers, and had already retired in the opposite direction. But if the retreat was to be made, then it was necessary to destroy nearly everything except a meagre supply of provisions, for there was barely transportation enough for the sick and wounded, who numbered more than three hundred. There were more than enough wagons to carry everything, but the number of horses was small, many of the best having been ridden away by the frightened wagoners and other fugitives, and most of those sent forward with the trains of the advance column having been captured by the enemy on the day of the battle.

The work of destruction and preparation for retreat were commenced immediately, and completed on the 12th. The howitzers and every other artillery piece except two were bursted, as were also a great part of the shell. Some of the shells and nearly all the solid shot were buried. A great number of wagons (having no horses to draw them) were burned. Only a small part of the provisions was saved for the march, most of them being destroyed by burning, or thrown into the little pond of water that had been formed by damming the spring a short distance below the camp. The powder-casks were opened, and their contents—stated at fifty thousand pounds of powder—thrown into the pool.[1] Of all the immense quantity of material and stores which had with such great expense and labor been transported across the Alleghenies, and to the top of Laurel Hill, there was only saved the least amount that could possibly meet the necessities of the retreat to Cumberland.

It has been generally believed that the artillery pieces were not bursted, but buried at Dunbar's camp, as well as a great deal of other property. Stories were told, too, that a large amount of *money* was buried there by Dunbar on the eve of his retreat; and in later years numerous diggings were made there in the hope of finding the treasure. Of course all such attempts have proved as fruitless as they were foolish. As to the statement concerning the burial of the cannon, it was indorsed by and perhaps originated with Col. Burd;[2] but it was disproved by a letter dated Aug. 21, 1755, addressed to Governor Shirley by Col. Dunbar, and indorsed by his officers, in which they said, "We must beg leave to undeceive you in what you are pleased to mention of guns being buried at the time Gen. Braddock ordered the stores to be destroyed, for there was not a gun of any kind buried."

The question, who was responsible for the disgraceful retreat from Dunbar's camp, and the destruction of the stores and war material at that place, has generally received an answer laying the blame on Dunbar himself; and this appears to be just, though in his letter, above quoted, he mentions the order for the destruction as having been given by Braddock. It is true that the orders were still issued in his name, but the hand of death was already upon him, and he was irresponsible. The command really lay with Col. Dunbar, had he been disposed to take it, as he undoubtedly would readily have done had it not happened that the so-called orders of Braddock were in this instance (and for the first time in all the campaign) in accordance with his wishes.

In regard to the issuance of these orders by the dying commander, and Dunbar's very ready and willing obedience to them, Sargent—who, however, almost contradicts himself in the first and last parts of the extract given below—says, "Braddock's strength was now fast ebbing away. Informed of the disorganized condition of the remaining troops, he abandoned all hope of a prosperous termination to the expedition. He saw that not only death but utter defeat was inevitable. But, conscious of the odium the latter event would excite, he nobly resolved that the sole responsibility of the measure should rest with himself, and consulted with no one upon the steps he pursued. He merely issued his orders, and insisted that they were obeyed. Thus, after destroying the

[1] "Old Henry Beeson, the proprietor of Uniontown, used to relate that when he first visited these localities, in 1767, there were some six inches of black nitrous matter visible all over this spring basin."—*Veech.*

The inference was that the "nitrous matter" referred to came from the great quantity of powder thrown into the water by Col. Dunbar's men, which may have been the fact.

[2] On the 11th of September, 1759, Col. Burd visited Dunbar's camp, and concerning this visit his journal says, "From here we marched to Dunbar's camp. . . . Here we saw vast quantities of cannon-ball, musket-bullets, broken shells, and an immense destruction of powder, wagons, etc. Reconnoitered all the camp, and attempted to find the cannon and mortars, but could not discover them, although we dug a great many holes where stores had been buried, and concluded the French had carried them off."

stores to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy (of whose pursuit he did not doubt), the march was to be resumed on Saturday, the 12th of July, towards Wills' Creek. Ill judged as these orders were, they met with too ready acquiescence at the hands of Dunbar, whose advice was neither asked nor tendered on the occasion. . . . For this service—the only instance of alacrity that he displayed in the campaign—Dunbar must not be forgiven. *It is not perfectly clear that Braddock intelligently ever gave the orders*, but in any case they were not fit for a British officer to give or to obey. Dunbar's duty was to have maintained here his position, or at least not have contemplated falling back beyond Wills' Creek. That he had not horses to remove his stores was, however, his after-excuse."

The destruction of the guns, ammunition, and stores was finished at Dunbar's camp on the 12th of July, and on the morning of Sunday, the 13th, the retreating troops, composed of Dunbar's command and the remnant of the force that fought on the Monongahela, moved away on the road to the Great Crossings of the Youghiogheny. They took with them the only artillery pieces that were left (two six-pounders), a small quantity of provisions and hospital stores, and the remaining wagons, nearly all of which were laden with the sick and wounded. The commander-in-chief, now rapidly approaching his end, was borne along with the column. The entry for this day in Capt. Orme's journal reads: "July 13th.—We marched hence to the camp near the Great Meadows, where the general died."

The place where Dunbar's troops bivouacked after this day's march was known as the Old Orchard Camp, about two miles west of Fort Necessity, and there, at eight o'clock on that midsummer Sunday night, General Braddock breathed his last. He had spoken very little after the time when he was brought from the fatal field. It is related that on the first night he repeated, as if soliloquizing, "Who would have thought it! who would have thought it!" and after that was silent[1] until the fourth day, when he said to Capt. Orme, "We shall better know how to deal with them another time." He spoke no more, and soon after expired, Captain Stewart, of the light-horse, having never left him from the time he received his wound until after his death. Washington and Orme were also with him at the last moment, and it is said (by Sargent) that shortly before his death the general bequeathed to Washington[2] his favorite charger and his body-servant, Bishop, so well known in after-years as the faithful attendant of the patriot chief.

On the morning of the 14th of July the dead general was buried at the camp where he died, and the artillery pieces, the wagon-train, and the soldiers, moving out to take the road to Wills' Creek, passed over the spot, to obliterate all traces of the new grave, and thus to save it from desecration by the savages, who were expected soon to follow in pursuit. The wagons containing the sick and wounded took the lead, then came the others with the hospital stores and the meagre stock of provisions, then the advance of the infantry column, then the ammunition and guns, and finally the two veteran companies of the Forty-fourth and Forty-eighth British regular regiments, with Stewart's Virginia light-horse as a guard to the rear and flanks. In the evening of the same day the Youghiogheny River was crossed by the last men of the force, and the rear-guard bivouacked for the night on the eastern side of the stream.

It seems that the progress made on the retreat was very rapid, for, although Braddock's road was rough and in many places barely passable, the head of the wagon-train bearing the wounded and sick arrived at Cumberland on the 17th, and three days later the last of Dunbar's soldiers reached the fort and lighted their bivouac fires within the range of its guns.

The expedition of Braddock, from which such brilliant results had been expected, had proved a dismal and bloody failure. The objective point (Fort du Quesne) was still held by the French, who, with their Indian allies, soon extended their domination over the country lying to the southeast. Gaining courage from their victory, they came to Dunbar's camp a week or two after his forces had left it, and there completed the little work of destruction which he had left undone. Within two months they had

[1] This conflicts strongly with Sargent's statement that at Dunbar's camp he "issued his orders and insisted that they were obeyed."

[2] Notwithstanding the many absurd accounts which have been given of the disagreements which occurred between Braddock and Washington, and of the insolent and contemptuous manner in which the latter was treated by his chief, all evidence that is found tends to show that there existed between the two a friendship such as is very rarely known as between a commanding general and a mere youth serving under him without military rank, for in this campaign Washington held none, and was consequently never admitted to Braddock's councils of war. He was by the British officers below Braddock contemptuously styled "Mr. Washington," for they disliked him, principally because of the consideration shown him by Braddock, and partly because he was merely a "Virginia buckskin," which latter fact made Braddock's friendship for him all the more galling to them. In later years President Washington, in speaking to the Hon. William Finley (see *Niles' Register*, xiv., p. 179) of Braddock, said, "He was unfortunate, but his character was much too severely treated. He was one of the honestest and best men of the British officers with whom I was acquainted; even in the manner of fighting he was not more to blame than others, for of all that were consulted only one person objected to it. . . . Braddock was both my general and my physician," alluding in the latter remark to the time when he (Washington) had been taken sick near the Little Meadows on the outward march, on which occasion Braddock gave his personal attention to the case, leaving Washington with a sergeant to take care of him, with medicine and directions (given by himself) of how to take it, also with instructions to come on and rejoin him (the general) whenever he should find himself able to do so.

As to the accounts, with which all are familiar, of Washington assuming command after the fall of Braddock, and saving the remnant of the force from destruction, its utter absurdity is made apparent by the extracts which have been given from Capt. Orme's journal. Washington exercised no command on that campaign, and the only circumstance which can give any color to the story is that some of the Virginians, knowing him as an officer in the militia of that colony, were disposed in the confusion of the battle to follow him in preference to the British officers, who despised their method of backwoods fighting.

advanced eastward to the Alleghenies and made incursions beyond that range. There was not left west of the mountains in this region a single settler or trader other than those who were favorable to the French and their interests. And this state of things continued in the country west of the Alleghenies for more than three years from the time of Braddock's defeat on the Monongahela.

The precise spot where Gen. Braddock was buried has never been certainly known. Col. Burd, who visited it in 1759, when on his way to erect Fort Burd, on the Monongahela, said it was about two miles from Fort Necessity, and "about twenty yards from a little hollow, in which there was a small stream of water, and over it a bridge." Gen. Washington said that it had been his purpose to return to the spot and erect a monument to his memory, but that he had no opportunity to do so until after the Revolution, and then, after the most diligent search, he found it impossible to recognize the spot where the general was buried on account of the change in the road and the extension of the clearing.

In 1812 a party of men who were engaged in preparing the road under direction of Abraham Stewart (father of the Hon. Andrew Stewart), dug out, near the bank of the small stream known as Braddock's Run, the bones of a human skeleton, and with them some military trappings; from which latter circumstance the bones were supposed to be those of Braddock,—and it is not improbable that they were so, though there is no proof that such was the case. Some of the larger bones were taken away by the people of the vicinity as relics, but these were afterwards collected by Mr. Stewart,[1] and they as well as the others were reinterred about 1820, at the spot which has since been known as "Braddock's Grave," and which was so marked by the words cut or painted on a board which was nailed to a tree over the place of reinterment. This tree has since been cut down, the grave inclosed, and evergreen trees planted over it. The spot is in Wharton township, a few rods north of the National road, southeast of the Chalk Hill hotel, and northwest of Fort Necessity.

For nearly a century it has been believed by many that the shot which took the life of Gen. Braddock was fired by one Thomas Fossit, who afterwards became a resident in Fayette County. This Fossit, it appears, always wished to have people believe that it was a bullet from his gun that gave the mortal wound to the brave Braddock; and many—perhaps a majority—of the people of this section of country did for many years believe that such was the case. The writer of this believes that Fossit's story (whether by this is meant that which he implied by significant silence, or that which he at other times triumphantly asserted) is false. He believes this case to be similar to several of which he had personal knowledge in the late civil war, where private soldiers (always of the worthless class), bearing ill will against officers who had administered deserved punishment to them, made mysterious muttered threats of biding their time till the next engagement; and after the objects of their hatred had fallen in the front of battle, could not refrain from expressing satisfaction, and in a boasting way saying enough to have hanged them, if it had not been susceptible of proof that they themselves were, during the battle, skulking so far in the rear of the line of fire that they could not have reached their pretended victim with any weapon of less calibre than a ten-pounder Parrott gun. This, however, is but a mere opinion, and therefore entitled to no weight on the page of history. Opposed to it—as has already been said—are the opinions of a large proportion of the people who have lived in Fayette County during the past ninety-eight years. Under these circumstances the only course which can properly be pursued by the historian is to give, without comment, the several principal statements which have been made in the case. One of these[2] is as follows:

"There has long existed a tradition in this region that Braddock was killed by one of his own men, and more recent developments leave little or no doubt of the fact. A recent [1843] writer in the *National Intelligencer*, whose authority is good on such points, says, 'When my father was removing with his family to the West, one of the Fausetts kept a public-house to the eastward from and near where Uniontown now stands as the county-seat of Fayette County, Pa. This man's house we lodged in about the 10th of October, 1781, twenty-six years and a few months after Braddock's defeat; and there it was made anything but a secret that one of the family dealt the death-blow to the British general. Thirteen years afterwards I met Thomas Fausett in Fayette County, then, as he told me, in his seventieth year. To him I put the plain question, and received the plain reply, "I did shoot him!" He then went on to insist that by doing so he contributed to save what was left of the army. In brief, in my youth I never heard the fact doubted or blamed that Fausett shot Braddock.'

"The Hon. Andrew Stewart, of Uniontown, says he knew and often conversed with Tom Fausett, who did not hesitate to avow, in the presence of his friends, that he shot General Braddock. Fausett was a man of gigantic frame, of uncivilized, half-savage propensities, and spent most of his life among the mountains as a hermit, living on the game which he killed. He would occasionally come into town and get drunk. Sometimes he would repel inquiries into the affair of Braddock's death by putting his fingers to his lips

[1] It has been said in some accounts that the bones collected by Mr. Stewart were sent to Peale's Museum, in Philadelphia, but the statement is not authenticated.

[2] Made by Sherman Day, in his "Historical Sketches of the State of Pennsylvania."

and uttering a sort of buzzing sound; at others he would burst into tears, and appear greatly agitated by conflicting passions.

"In spite of Braddock's silly order that the troops should not protect themselves behind trees, Joseph Fausett had taken such a position, when Braddock rode up in a passion and struck him down with his sword. Tom Fausett, who was but a short distance from his brother, saw the whole transaction, and immediately drew up his rifle and shot Braddock through the lungs, partly in revenge for the outrage upon his brother, and partly, as he always alleged, to get the general out of the way, and thus save the remainder of the gallant band, who had been sacrificed to his obstinacy and want of experience in frontier warfare."

But among all the authorities on the subject, probably the one which is entitled to the most consideration is that of Veech's "Monongahela of Old," in which occurs the following in reference to the killing of Braddock:

"For at least three-quarters of a century the current belief has been that he was shot by one Thomas Fossit, an old resident of Fayette County. The story is therefore entitled to our notice. Mr. Sargent, in his interesting 'History of Braddock's Campaign,' devotes several pages to a collation of evidence upon the question, and arrives very logically from the evidence at the conclusion that the story is false; got up by Fossit and others to heroize him at a time when it was popular to have killed a Britisher. . . .

"I[1] knew Thomas Fossit well. He was a tall, athletic man, indicating by his physiognomy and demeanor a susceptibility of impetuous rage and a disregard of moral restraints. He was, moreover, in his later years somewhat intemperate. When Fayette County was erected in 1783 he was found living on the top of Laurel Hill, at the junction of Braddock's and Dunlap's roads, near Washington's Spring, claiming to have there by settlement a hundred acres of land, which by deed dated in April, 1788, he conveyed to one Isaac Phillips. For many years he kept a kind of tavern or resting-place for emigrants and pack-horsemen, and afterwards for teamsters, at the place long known as Slack's, later Robert McDowell's. His mental abilities by no means equaled his bodily powers; and, like a true man of the woods, he often wearied the traveler with tales about bears, deer, and rattlesnakes, lead-mines and Indians. I had many conversations with him about his adventures. He said he saw Braddock fall, knew who shot him, knew all about it; but would never acknowledge to me that he aimed the deadly shot. To others, it is said, he did, and boasted of it. . . . The last time I saw him was in October, 1816. He was then a pauper at Thomas Mitchell's, in Wharton township. He said he was then one hundred and four years old, and perhaps he was. He was gathering in his tobacco. I stayed at Mitchell's two days, and Fossit and I had much talk about old times, the battle, and the route the army traveled. He stated the facts generally as he had done before. He insisted that the bones found by Abraham Stewart, Esq., were not the bones of Braddock, but of a Colonel Jones; that Braddock and Sir Peter Halket were both buried in one grave *in the camp*, and that if he could walk to the place he thought he could point it out so exactly —near a forked apple-tree—that by digging the bones could yet be found. There are parts of this story wholly irreconcilable with well-ascertained facts. There was no Col. Jones in Braddock's army. Sir Peter Halket and his son, Lieutenant Halket, were killed and left on the field of battle. Braddock did not die at Dunbar's camp, but at the first camp eastward of it, and it is nowhere said that Braddock was buried in the camp. . . .

"Nevertheless the fact may be that Fossit shot him. There is nothing in the facts of the case as they occurred on the ground to contradict it; nay, they rather corroborate it. Braddock was shot on the battle-field by somebody. Fossit was a provincial private in the action. There was generally a bad state of feeling between the general and the provincial recruits, owing chiefly to his obstinate opposition to tree-fighting, and to his infuriate resistance to the determined inclination of the backwoodsmen to fight in that way, to which they were countenanced by the opinion of Washington and Sir Peter Halket. Another fact is that much of the havoc of the English troops was caused by the firing of their own men wherever they saw a smoke. But Braddock raised no smoke, and when he was shot a retreat had been sounded. If, therefore, Fossit did shoot him he must have done it purposely. And it is said he did so in revenge for the killing of a brother for persisting in firing from behind a tree. This is sustained by the fact that Tom had a brother Joseph in the action who was killed. All these circumstances, with many others, seem to sustain the allegation. Against it are the inconsistencies and falsities of other parts of the testimony of the witnesses adduced, and even of Fossit's own narrations."

Fossit died in 1818, a pauper in the township of Wharton. He was at the time of his death about one hundred and six years old, according to his own statement.

[1] Freeman Lewis, the senior of the authors of "Monongahela of Old."