

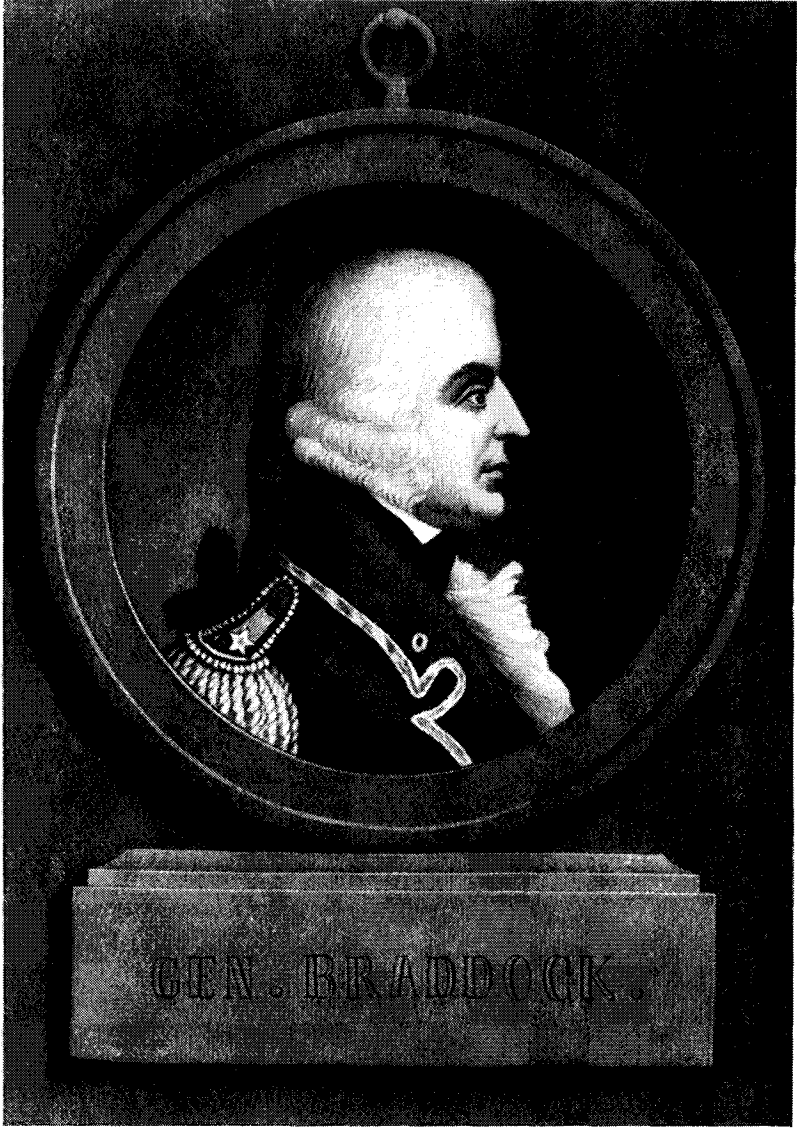


Ill-Starred General

Braddock
of the
Coldstream
Guards

Lee McCardell

Ill-Starred General



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BRADDOCK
OF THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS

by
LEE McCARDELL

*... as the human tale unfolds its chapters of confusion and
misfortune, so all proportions and relations fade and change.*

— Winston Churchill

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CONTENTS



I. END OF THE ROAD 1694-1755	1
II. ANCESTRY AND EDUCATION OF A GUARDSMAN 1660-1710	3
III. MORE EDUCATION AND A WAY OF LIFE 1710-1727	31
IV. SCANDAL AT BATH 1715-1732	49
V. COVENT GARDEN INTERLUDE 1732-1738	61
VI. JENKINS'S EAR AND THE 'FORTY-FIVE 1738-1745	72
VII. FLANDERS 1746-1753	97

VIII. GIBRALTAR	116
1753-1754	
IX. COLONIAL PROBLEMS	135
November 1754-April 1755	
X. LOGISTICS	164
April, May 1755	
XI. FORT CUMBERLAND	183
May 10-29, 1755	
XII. THE LONG MARCH	209
May 30-July 8, 1755	
XIII. INTO BATTLE	240
July 8-12, 1755	
XIV. REQUIEM	266
<i>Notes</i>	273
<i>Bibliography</i>	315
<i>Index</i>	329

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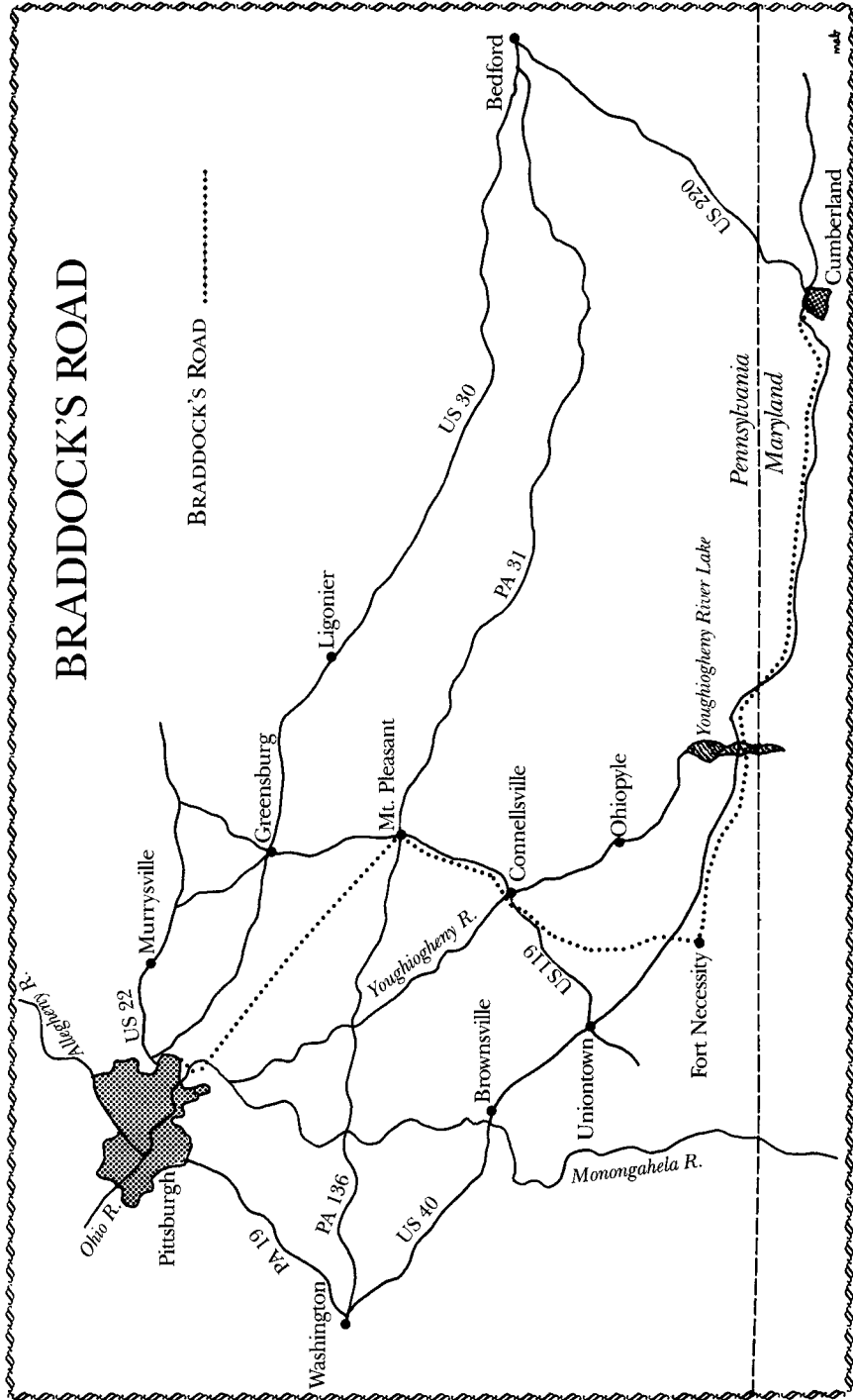
January, 1958

LEE MCCARDELL

Ill-Starred General
BRADDOCK
OF THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS

BRADDOCK'S ROAD

BRADDOCK'S ROAD



I

END OF THE ROAD

1694-1755



EVERY SUMMER the bulldozers take another kink, another grade out of Braddock's road. U. S. Route 40, they call it now. So many changes have been made during the past 200 years that you have to leave the paved highway and search the woods and fields on either side to find the scars that mark the path it used to follow.

The original path was an Indian trail that crossed the Allegheny Mountains from the headwaters of the Potomac at Wills Creek, to the forks of the Ohio, now Pittsburgh. English traders blazed the trail early in the eighteenth century and drove their packhorses over it single file. Young Washington used it in 1753 on his mission to the French. Not until the hot, dry summer of 1755 did it become a full fledged road. That was the summer Major General Edward Braddock, marching a British army against the French at Fort Duquesne, widened and graded the trail for wagons and gun carriages.

Seven or eight miles from the forks of the Ohio, on the river hillside of a Pittsburgh suburb which bears his name, Braddock's army was routed in a battle with French and Indians. General Braddock himself was wounded mortally. By cart, litter, and horseback he retreated with his disorganized troops over the road he had built through the mountain wilderness.

A squat granite monument in a clump of pine trees, about a mile

west of Fort Necessity, is presumed to mark Braddock's grave. No one knows exactly where he died, but the end came at an overnight camp somewhere in this general neighborhood, perhaps in a thicket of crabapple trees down in a hollow along a little stream which the old road followed behind the pines.

For two hundred years historians have denounced Edward Braddock as an adventurer, a sycophant, a bully brutal in his dealings with both soldiers and civilians. They have pictured him as a proud and pompous redcoat, a martinet who scorned the advice of a prescient young colonel of Virginia militia and who died of his own pigheaded stupidity in an Indian massacre which might have been avoided.

In truth, however, there is not much disinterested testimony to support all the calumny heaped upon Braddock.

Here is his story. It begins before he was born.

II

ANCESTRY AND EDUCATION OF A GUARDSMAN

1660—1710



THIS DAY, His Majesty Charles the Second came to London, after a sad and long exile," John Evelyn wrote in his diary under the date of May 29, 1660.¹

Oliver Cromwell, arch-rebel and Lord Protector, had been dead nearly two years. His Puritan Commonwealth had collapsed. The exiled King's father, Charles I, condemned to death as a tyrant and a traitor, had become a martyr.² Every living Londoner knew the story, how the King had stepped through a window of the Whitehall palace Banqueting Hall onto a scaffold where the executioner waited leaning on his ax, a cold, sunny January day, eleven years before.³ One blow of the ax had cut off the King's head.⁴

And now in 1660 that King's exiled son landing at Dover, May 23, from The Hague, had ridden up to London in a stately coach and entered the city on his thirtieth birthday.⁵ Twenty thousand soldiers marched and rode into London with him. A mounted troop, pushing through the crowded streets at the head of the procession, brandished their swords and shouted:

"God save King Charles the Second!"

Church bells pealed. Horns blew. Kettledrums thumped. Butchers banged their knives together. Girls in crimson petticoats screamed: "God bless King Charles!"

John Evelyn, the diarist, stood in the Strand and watched the King drive past. Later he watched the girls in the crimson petticoats dance around the maypole. Bonfires were lighted after dark. Beeves were barbecued. Drunken soldiers staggered around the streets, pinching women, smashing Puritans' windows, stumbling to their knees in the taverns to drink the new King's health and bawl:

"Go' bless King Charles . . . a full and a free Parl'ment!"⁶

* * *

The free Parliament, meeting in September, passed an act for the "speedy disbanding of the army and garrisons of this country."⁷ England was sick of soldiers. Five years of civil war had been followed by thirteen of military dictatorship under Cromwell.⁸ But King Charles II contrived to keep, for the security of his person and his royal household, three troops of life guards, a regiment of horse, and two of footguards.⁹ One of the regiments of foot was the Coldstream, organized in 1650 and commanded by "Honest George" Monck. The regiment had its name from a little town on the north bank of the river Tweed from where Monck had set out to meet the King at Dover and see him safely into London.¹⁰

The only regiment of Cromwell's New Model to survive the Stuart Restoration, the Coldstream, became the Coldstream Regiment of Foot Guards.¹¹ It adopted *Nulli Secundus* as its motto. To repay its commander for his services in the Restoration, the King created Monck a baron, Earl of Torrington, Duke of Albemarle, a gentleman of the bedchamber (salary £1,000 a year), knight of the garter, privy counselor, master of the horse, and captain general (pension, £7,000 a year).¹² When Monck died in 1669 he was succeeded as commander of the Coldstream by the Right Honorable William Earl of Craven, eldest son of a former Lord Mayor of London and a veteran of the Thirty Years' War, in which he had served under the great Gustavus Adolphus.¹³

The primary function of the Coldstream was ceremonial. It performed guard duty at St. James's Palace, an old Tudor castle of faded red brick in St. James's Park, the official residence of the King's younger brother, James Duke of York. Sometimes the Coldstream garrisoned the "Tower" or relieved other foot guards on duty at the royal palace at Whitehall where the King lived. A field officer of the foot guards was always in waiting upon the King; a detachment of foot guards followed him whenever he travelled.¹⁴

At Windsor Castle, on June 17, 1682, King Charles II signed a commission constituting one Edward Braddock, a lieutenant in Captain William Wakelin's company of the Coldstream. He became the father of the subject of this book. The commission was one of three authorized that day by the King, presumably to fill vacancies.¹⁵

Edward Braddock, sire, appears to have been a member of a highly respectable but undistinguished Staffordshire family whose arms—*argent a greyhound courant within a bordure engrailed sable*—had been recorded by the College of Heralds in 1663.¹⁶ The arms and pedigree of another Braddock family had been recorded in Norfolk in 1563.¹⁷ Under such variations as Bridock, Bradock, Bredock, Bredocke, Braddocke, Brideoak and Briddocke the name also appeared occasionally in the court records and parish registers of London and the home and midland counties. These Braddocks included a mariner, a ferryman, a saddler, a clerk, a factor, a debtor imprisoned at Newgate, and a Dublin alderman; all obscure and unimportant.¹⁸

The Staffordshire Bradocks (as William Dugdale, Esquire, Norry King-at-arms spelled the family name)¹⁹ came from the small, remote parish of Adbaston, a crossroads hamlet in the farming country between the town of Eccleshall—known for its castle, an old episcopal palace that retained the ancient bridges over its moat—and the Shropshire border. Edmund Bradock, the head of the family, was a remote ancestor of our Braddock. John Bradock, eldest of five sons of Edmund Bradock, appears to have been sent to St. Peter's College, Westminster, and elected to Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1579.²⁰ At least three of Edmund's seven daughters married neighborhood squires.²¹ The younger sons probably were apprenticed to the trades, as was customary in the families of the smaller gentry, and some of these sons, no doubt, went up to London. Edmund's fourth son had been christened Edward.²²

EDWARD BRADDOCK, GRANDSIRE

Three years after the Restoration, an Edward Braddock, a twenty-one-year old wax chandler of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, was granted a license to marry Elizabeth Cooke, spinster daughter of Richard Cooke, a farrier in the neighboring parish of St. Giles-in-the-

Fields.²³ The bridegroom was no ordinary tradesman. He played the harpsicon and sang so well that when he was 18 he had been sworn a Gentleman of the Chapel Royal, one of twenty choristers paid £70 a year to sing in the King's chapel at Whitehall.²⁴ These were the grandparents of the man whose story unravels in this book.

Services and prayers were read in the Chapel Royal three times a day. The Princesses Anne and Mary, daughters of the King's brother, the Duke of York, by his first wife, had been confirmed there. On holy days the King attended Chapel Royal services with the principal nobility. The most distinguished ecclesiastics preached. On Sundays and holy days the organ and choir were augmented by the sackbuts, cornets, and twenty-four violins of the King's band. Gentlemen and children (boys) of the Chapel Royal—the boys in Tudor gold and scarlet—sang the favorite hymns of the royal family.²⁵

In an age when advancement was largely by royal favor, the position of a Gentleman of the Chapel Royal was no mean connection for a London wax chandler. Access to the King, or at least to his court, was a long step toward worldly success. Elizabeth Cooke's father must have been satisfied that she was making a good match. She was married with his consent to Edward Braddock at St. Magdalen in Old Fish street.²⁶ The year after their marriage, while still a Gentleman of the Chapel Royal, Braddock also became a member of the Westminster Abbey choir. Six years later he was appointed master of the Abbey children,²⁷ a position which made him responsible for their moral and Christian education as well as their musical education.

He and his wife had at least two children of their own, a son named Edward, and a daughter Elizabeth.²⁸

At an early age Elizabeth married John Blow, a talented Chapel Royal boy soprano until his voice began to crack, then organist at Westminster Abbey and master of the Chapel Royal children, to whom he taught music, religion, reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, history, and the rudiments of Latin.²⁹ In 1677 Blow was named organist of the Chapel Royal, and from Archbishop Sancroft received the Lambeth degree of doctor of music. Thereafter he was known as "Dr. Blow," and although his forte was church music, he wrote a charming little masque, *Venus and Adonis*, for Mary Davis, a mistress of the King.³⁰

EDWARD BRADDOCK, FATHER

But to the ears of Edward Braddock II, perhaps watching the King's red-coated foot guards parade at Whitehall and St. James's, no music seems to have been so stirring as that of a drum. The purchase of a commission was the established method of launching young gentlemen upon military careers.³¹ An ode which his brother-in-law, Dr. Blow, had composed in honor of the King for New Year's Day 1681, may have helped win him royal approval. At any rate, young Braddock's connections were good enough to obtain him a lieutenantancy in the elite Coldstream, a regiment generously officered by sons of the aristocracy.³² Thus the father of our General led the way into the career his son, Edward III, was to follow unto death.

As a lieutenant of the Coldstream, Edward Braddock received £73 per year, subject to systematic deductions stemming from an arrangement under which the King farmed out the payment of his army to a contractor who received a commission of one shilling in every pound.³³ All army officers were gentlemen and £73 per annum were not necessarily enough to sustain the cultivated tastes of a gentleman in wine, women, horses, and periwigs. It was assumed, however, that a gentleman would have other sources of income and regard his pay as an honorarium. Those who did not were looked down upon as soldiers of fortune.³⁴

If the low rate of pay and the purchase system combined to exclude from the army nearly all but men of independent means, it was a combination which met with general approval. The propertied classes, the only people whose opinions counted in Parliament, distrusted a standing army as a standing threat to English liberty. They had no wish to see it commanded by either mercenaries or courtiers dependent upon the pleasure of the crown.³⁵

The colonel of a regiment was its proprietor in all but name. He contracted with the government to provide his men with clothing and equipment. By sharp practice on both accounts he was expected to clear £600 a year over and above his pay. Bribery for promotions, a common practice, also was profitable. Captains drew pay for all soldiers whose names appeared on their company rolls, and in spite of periodic musters to verify written returns, rolls were padded. This fraud and the manipulation of other reckonings too often enabled the average captain to rob the government of about £200 a year.³⁶

The pay of a common soldier was 8 pence a day in a regiment of the line, 10 pence a day in the Guards. Normal peacetime enlistment was for life-long service. There were no age limits, no fixed standards of physical fitness. Beggars, vagrants, rogues, jailbirds filled the ranks. Desertion was frequent, discipline difficult, and punishment barbarous. Sometimes the disobedient soldier sat on the ground, one firelock under his hams and another over his neck being brought together forcibly by tightening a couple of cartouche box straps. Another form of correction was "riding the horse," a sharp wooden beam which the culprit straddled, his legs dragged down by a 60-pound weight on each foot. And the lash was used without mercy.³⁷

The only army barracks were a few improvised at Somerset House, formerly the cold and draughty, though elegant resident of the King's mother, Queen Henrietta Maria, on the left bank of the Thames below Whitehall; at the Savoy, a vast stone building used as a hospital, a little farther up the river; and at the King's Mews, the royal stables at Whitehall. A few troops were stationed at the Tower. But most of the rank and file were put up in livery stables, cheap taverns, and ale houses. Officers found lodgings wherever they could, preferably in Westminster, near the old royal palace of Whitehall.³⁸

Whitehall was a rambling jumble of gables, dormers, and Tudor chimneys hitched to a palladian building of Portland stone called the Banqueting Hall, scene of the first Charles' execution. A double-towered gateway of ornamental brick, studded with terra cotta busts and statues, opened on a maze of cobbled courtyards, a formal garden, a tennis court, and a bowling green. The royal apartments looked out upon the river, a privy stairway leading from the King's lodgings to a landing stage where the royal barge put in.³⁹

Every morning the gay, cynical King, nicknamed "Old Rowley," walked in St. James's Park, behind Whitehall, to romp with the pet spaniels that made a stench of his bedroom. He was a great walker, striding along at a rapid pace. Hearing that Lieut. Braddock's company commander, Captain Wakelin, had wagered he could walk around St. James's Park five time in two hours, the King showed up one morning with his brother, the Duke of York, to watch the captain try it and to bet on the outcome. Wakelin won. He did five laps in an hour and forty-three minutes.⁴⁰

But the park had another attraction for the King. Its gravel paths skirted the terrace garden walls of several houses facing Pall Mall. In one of these houses lived Nell Gwynn, whom the King was reported to have carried off from the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, to become one of his many mistresses.⁴¹

Lieut. Braddock would soon discover that mere proximity to the court was no guarantee of advancement. Regardless of his qualifications as a soldier he could never hope to rise in the world as rapidly as favorites like John Churchill, thirty-two-year-old colonel of the Royal Regiment of Dragoons. John was the son of Sir Winston Churchill, a clerk comptroller of the Green Cloth, a department of the royal household concerned mainly with the commissariat. John Churchill had been commissioned an ensign in the First Foot Guards in 1666. He had served in Tangiers and Flanders. More rewarding than his military record was the fact that his sister, Arabella, was a mistress of the Duke of York, and that his wife, Sarah Jennings, was a court beauty and the confidante of the Duke's younger daughter, Princess Anne. It followed that Churchill himself was on an intimate footing with the Duke. Churchill had another advantage. He was a handsome, green eyed charmer whose second glance set aflutter every saucy maid of honor at the court. They whispered that he had been caught in bed with the Duchess of Cleveland, one of the royal mistresses, who had welcomed Charles to Whitehall on the night of his restoration.⁴²

The King had no legitimate children. Gossips thought the Duke of Monmouth, his favorite bastard, might be made legitimate.⁴³ Otherwise the crown would pass to the King's brother, James Duke of York, a Roman Catholic convert. Following the death of his first wife in 1671, James had married the Catholic Princess Mary of Modena.⁴⁴ Two years later he had ceased attending Anglican services in the Chapel Royal. His younger daughter by his first marriage, the Princess Anne, often sat alone in the King's closet at the chapel receiving the bows and ceremonies normally directed toward the royal family. In 1684 Anne married the Protestant Prince George of Denmark, a man of few words and those in bad French. Anne's older sister, Mary, was the wife of William Prince of Orange, hereditary chief of the Protestants on the continent.⁴⁵

Many English Protestants feared a Popish plot to restore the Catholic Church to English power. Thomas Otway's play, *Venice Preserved*, put these fears on the stage of the Theatre Royal in

Drury Lane the year Lieut. Braddock joined the Coldstream.⁴⁶ Openly accused of conspiring against the King, the Earl of Shaftesbury fled to Holland. The Duke of Monmouth, named a co-conspirator, followed him.⁴⁷ William Lord Russell was clapped into the Tower of London, charged with having plotted to waylay the royal coach and murder the King and his brother. In Lincoln's Inn Fields, a residential square where the Coldstream sometimes paraded, the foot guards helped keep the crowd back from a scaffold where Russell was beheaded.⁴⁸

On Monday morning, February 2, 1685, the King had an apoplectic fit.⁴⁹ He lingered four days, amid the coming and going of doctors, bishops, bastards, mistresses, and, muffled in a cloak and using the back stairway, a Benedictine monk who was reported to have finally confessed him. Charles died shortly before noon, Friday. At 3 o'clock the Guards paraded at Whitehall gate to hear heralds proclaim James Duke of York, King James II. The new King promptly renewed the commissions of all Coldstream officers, including Braddock. To ingratiate himself, he granted the additional rank of lieutenant-colonel to all captains of his foot guards.⁵⁰

For the coronation of the new King, on St. George's Day, Lieut. Braddock turned out in a brand new fold-faced scarlet coat, gold-fringed sash, polished steel corselet studded with gold nails, red broadcloth breeches, black turned-up hat with gold lace and a tour of white feathers. His regiment was posted around Westminster Abbey.⁵¹ The Coldstream's aging commander, Lord Craven, followed the new King and his pale, dark-eyed Queen into the Abbey. The Queen's purple velvet train stretched out seven yards behind her on the blue carpet laid to the west door. Dr. Blow had resigned as the Abbey organist but he sang with the basses of the choir that day. As a peer of the realm, Lord Craven stood by when the Archbishop of Canterbury placed the crown on the new King's head. The crown was too big. It slipped down over the upper part of James's face.⁵²

A Protestant uprising to put the exiled Duke of Monmouth on the throne had been anticipated, and nobody was surprised, early one morning in June, when word reached London that the Duke had landed from a Dutch ship at Lyme Regis, a small port on the Devonshire coast. Monmouth had declared war in a wordy proclamation denouncing King James as a "popish usurper of the Crown."⁵³ Seven companies of the Coldstream marched from Lon-

don to help put down Monmouth's rebellion. After a rout of the Duke's army, at the battle of Sedgemoor, they helped take rebel prisoners to Salisbury, returning in mid-July to London where Monmouth was beheaded on Tower Hill.⁵⁴

James used the rebellion as an excuse to increase the size of his standing army. Thirteen thousand troops, including the Coldstream Guards, were encamped at Hounslow Heath on the outskirts of London.⁵⁵ Roman Catholic recruits, the first since the Restoration, were enlisted from Ireland. Protestant officers who objected were cashiered. In a declaration of indulgence, proclaiming religious toleration, the King abolished religious tests for public office.⁵⁶ Four Roman Catholic peers were sworn in as members of the Privy Council. A Catholic was appointed to the deanery of Christ Church at Oxford University. The Papal Nuncio was received in state at Windsor. Catholic schools and chapels, closed since the Commonwealth, were reopened.⁵⁷

Mass was celebrated publicly in the Chapel Royal, and the King was so pleased by the performance of an anthem composed by an Italian that he asked Dr. Blow if he could produce anything so good. Blow, who had been made a member of the royal band by the new King and appointed composer in ordinary to His Majesty, had just completed a new anthem, "I behold and Lo!" It was sung the following Sunday in the Chapel Royal, Edward Braddock I presumably in the choir.

At the close of the service the King sent his Jesuit confessor, Father Edward Petre, to express his approval to the Doctor. In his own opinion, the priest added:

"The anthem was too long."

"That's the opinion of one fool—I heed it not," snapped the Doctor.⁵⁸

From Holland, where he had hoped to enlist the aid of England in a Grand Alliance against France, William of Orange watched his father-in-law anxiously. James was 52 years old. All five of his children by his second wife, Mary of Modena, had died soon after birth, and she was believed beyond having any more now. That William's Protestant wife, Mary, James's older daughter by his first marriage, would succeed her father, was a prospect generally taken for granted until the incredulous news broke—at first in the coffee houses, where all such choice morsels fell—that James's Catholic Queen was going to have another baby.⁵⁹

It was a boy, born June 10, 1688. Protestant pamphleteers suggested the baby was either a bastard, or a base-born imposter slipped into the Queen's bed in a warming pan, probably with the contrivance of all forty people who were reported to have crowded into her bedroom and its anteroom to watch the royal delivery. Even Princess Anne, who still lived at Whitehall, was skeptical of the baby's parentage. But Braddock's regimental commander, Lord Craven, a member of the Privy Council, was one of those who signed the infant's birth certificate. The child was christened James Francis Edward.⁶⁰

Only a few key conspirators knew that a letter, signed in cipher by seven Protestant peers, had been sent secretly to Mary's husband, William of Orange, inviting him to invade England. But every tavern soon heard rumors of troop concentration on the Dutch coast. Mail from Holland had been halted. Pacquet boats stopped sailing. Londoners hummed the words of a new popular song:

*The English confusion to Popery drink
Lillibulero Bullen a la . . .*⁶¹

And late on a Saturday night, November 3, a horseman galloped into Whitehall with the long awaited alarm. A Dutch fleet of six hundred vessels, bound west, had sailed through the straits of Dover that afternoon.⁶² Three days later another jack-booted courier arrived from the south coast: William of Orange and his army had landed at Torbay, in Devon. Next came word that William, riding into Exeter on a white horse, had been greeted by white-surpliced choristers singing a *Te Deum* in the Exeter Cathedral. At Honiton, a few miles east of Exeter, a young English viscount-colonel of dragoons and men from the King's cavalry regiments had deserted to join William.⁶³

King James called a meeting of all ranking officers still in London. One was General John Churchill. Another was the Duke of Grafton, a bastard of the late King Charles, who had succeeded Churchill as colonel of the First Regiment of Foot Guards. A third was Lieutenant Braddock's colonel, eighty-year-old Lord Craven of the Coldstream. If any of his officers had any scruples about fighting for him, said the King, he would be willing to take back their commissions. But as officers and gentlemen he hoped they would not repeat the shameful performance of the colonel of dragoons at Honiton. There was no question of Craven's loyalty.

Churchill, who already had made secret overtures to William, brazenly declared that he would fight to the last drop of his blood for the King. The Duke of Grafton was equally emphatic in his protestation of loyalty.⁶⁴

James set out by coach for Salisbury. Churchill and Grafton followed him. Within a week, both of them, along with Princess Anne's husband, Prince George of Denmark, had sneaked away in the night to join William. At Whitehall, where Braddock was on duty with the Coldstream, sentinels were doubled over General Monck's old house, a dwelling in the palace yard where Anne lived with Churchill's wife, Sarah. But a morning came when both women were gone. Lord Craven himself questioned the sentries. He was told that in the middle of the night the Princess and the General's wife had slipped down a back stairway and left by a side door.⁶⁵

"God help me," groaned the King when he got back from Salisbury. "My own children have forsaken me!"⁶⁶

"The great favorites at court, priests and Jesuits, fly or abscond," Evelyn wrote in his diary for December 3. "Everything, till now concealed, flies abroad in the public prints, or is carried in the streets. . . . It looks like a revolution."⁶⁷

London rowdies barricaded streets, brandishing sticks tied with orange ribbon and shouting:

"No Popery! A free Parliament! The Protestant religion."⁶⁸

The palace gates at Whitehall were closed. A cavalry troop kept its horses saddled. The Chapel Royal plate taken to the home of the Spanish Ambassador near Lincoln's Inn Fields was stolen when a mob broke into the embassy, sacked the house, and set it afire.⁶⁹

On the night of December 10 the Queen and the infant Prince of Wales left Whitehall. Half a dozen sentries saw them go, about 2 o'clock in the morning—two men, two nurses, the Queen, and the baby Prince. They went out through a little garden, using a master key. A carriage was waiting for them.⁷⁰

Next night the King himself left, by a secret door in his bedroom and a private stairway. Wearing a short black periwig, an old camlet cloak, and a pair of shabby boots, he passed himself off on the Coldstream sentries as a servant of Sir Edward Hales, a Catholic who commanded the Fourteenth Regiment of Foot. The King's flight was revealed at breakfast time by the Duke of Northumberland, another royal bastard who commanded a troop of Life Guards.

The Duke was a Lord of the Bedchamber. In the absence of the Queen he had slept on a pallet in the King's room. He said the King had got up and left about 3 A.M., giving him strict orders not to open the door of the bed-chamber until the usual hour.⁷¹

All the higher army officers in London met later that day in Whitehall. Presumably on the advice of Lord Craven they decided to submit to William's authority; but they agreed, until they knew more about his intentions, to keep their men together and help civil authorities maintain order.⁷²

On the following Sunday afternoon, much to everybody's surprise, the King came riding back to Whitehall in his coach with a mounted escort of Life Guards. He had expected to make his get-away on a Custom House hoy moored on the Thames below the city, but a party of Kentish fishermen had upset his plan by robbing him and bringing him ashore without, at first, recognizing him.⁷³

His flight interrupted, James wrote a letter to the Prince of Orange, now at Windsor, asking him to come to London for a conference and telling him that St. James's Palace would be placed at his disposal. But the King had scarcely settled himself at Whitehall that Sunday afternoon when a Dutch officer, Count Zulestein, and two Dutch trumpeters cantered up to the palace gate under a flag of truce, with William's reply.

"Since I am here I hope he will come to St. James's," the King told the Count.

"I must plainly tell Your Majesty," replied Zulestein, "that His Highness the Prince will not come to London while there are any troops here which are not under his orders."

Zulestein rode away and the King went to bed. The Coldstream mounted guard as usual.⁷⁴

Country people coming into London for market early next morning said blue-coated Dutch soldiers had occupied the suburban villages of Chelsea and Kensington, west of the city. All that day the guards at Whitehall and St. James's kept looking westward, expecting to see the Dutch. None had appeared when night fell, but a little after 10 o'clock a Coldstream sentry at St. James's challenged several horsemen riding down the mall in the park.

"Stand!" cried the sentry. "For whom are you?"

"The Prince of Orange."

One of the horsemen was Count de Solmes, an officer of Wil-

liam's staff. He asked to be taken to Lord Craven. He told the old Earl that three battalions of Dutch infantry and cavalry were coming down the avenue behind him, that the Coldstream Guards must be withdrawn from Whitehall. Drums were beating now across the Park. Lighted matches of Dutch musketeers glowed in the darkness. Craven went to the King's apartment. James was undressing for bed. He said there must be some mistake. Craven called in de Solmes who showed the King a written order to occupy Whitehall.

The old Earl reminded the King that he still held his commission, that as an officer and a gentleman he was perfectly willing to stand and fight, that not withstanding his age he would rather be cut to pieces than surrender. But the King said resistance was useless. He told Craven to comply with William's order and withdraw his men. At 11 o'clock that night, a week before Christmas, the Coldstream marched out of Whitehall, down the Strand, through narrow Fleet street and up Ludgate Hill, past St. Paul's. The bells of St. Paul's began to ring. It started to rain.⁷⁵

Next morning the regiment was drawn up near the Tower of London to receive orders to march on to Rochester.⁷⁶ It was still raining. The ranks were "not well pleased," Evelyn noted in his diary.⁷⁷ Several dropped out of line, flung away their matchlocks, unslung their accoutrements, and walked off. But the remainder of the regiment, including Lieutenant Braddock, obeyed orders. At Rochester they overtook the King. He had come down the river from Whitehall in the royal barge. Three officers of the Coldstream called upon him and verbally surrendered their commissions.⁷⁸ Others, Edward Braddock among them, marched on down into Kent with their dejected companies to find winter quarters, some in Maidstone, some in Sitting Bourne, some in Dover.⁷⁹ The weather turned exceedingly cold, with long frosts and deep snow.⁸⁰

A fishing smack took King James to France. His Queen and the baby prince had been sent ahead. The Most Catholic King of France, Louis le Grand, compassionately installed all three royal refugees at the Palace of St. Germain, near Paris.⁸¹ In London, James was declared to have abdicated. On Wednesday, February 12, 1689, the kettle drums rolled and the trumpets pealed anew under the gateway at Whitehall. Heralds proclaimed William and Mary, King and Queen of England. William's brigade of blue-coated Dutch guards went on duty at Whitehall. Dutch officers

took over the coffee houses in the old palace tilt yard, formerly monopolized by British guardsmen, lighted up their long clay pipes, and boasted of having driven out the Redcoats.⁸²

Trusting no Englishman too far and suspecting the Coldstream to be thoroughly disaffected, William had no intention of bringing Braddock's regiment back to London. On the days fixed for the election of a new Parliament, the new King even ordered the Redcoats marched out of the towns in which they were quartered.⁸³ King James had increased the Coldstream in strength from twelve to seventeen companies. William reduced it to fourteen.⁸⁴ He took the regiment away from old Lord Craven and gave it to Col. Thomas Talmach, a former Coldstream captain who had got into trouble during the reign of Charles II by fighting a duel with a Jacobite officer.⁸⁵

A few weeks later, when France declared war on Holland, William took advantage of a newly signed Anglo-Dutch treaty of alliance to order both battalions of the Coldstream to Flanders as part of a brigade under the turncoat Churchill, repaid for his treachery to James with the earldom of Marlborough.⁸⁶ On the arrival of the Coldstream at Helvoetsluys, a small, fortified island town in the dreary sand dunes of southern Holland, Lieutenant Braddock was advanced to the rank of Captain. This was a promotion which raised his pay, when he got it, with allowances for three servants, to £302.2.6 a year. The military establishment in London, where courtiers handled army funds, was undergoing a change of favorites. For months both officers and men were paid irregularly. Some of the officers were obliged to sell their horses.⁸⁷

In all probability Captain Braddock spent the next five years in Flanders with his regiment. During this time he may have been married, perhaps for a second time, because in 1685 an Edward Braddock had been married to a Dorothy Lambert at St. Mary-le-Bone in London.⁸⁸ Dorothy seems to have disappeared from subsequent church records, lending conjecture to her death, possibly in Ghent, where Coldstream officers sometimes were joined by their wives after the regiment had gone into winter quarters. As a rule only a few favorites, recalled out of preferment, and those officers who were members of Parliament returned home to England for the winter.⁸⁹

The Captain's mother, Elizabeth Cooke, died during his first year in Flanders. She was a lady of sufficient importance to be

buried in the north cloister of the Abbey where her daughter, Elizabeth Blow, Dr. Blow's wife, had been buried in 1683.⁹⁰ The Captain's father, Edward Braddock I, was now clerk of the cheque of the Chapel Royal, a position which had increased his salary to £76 a year. It was the clerk's duty to keep an attendance record of the other gentlemen and priests of the Chapel Royal, and to provide the chapel candles. He received the residue of the candles as part of his fee, and as a wax-chandler by trade, he must have known how to make the most of that arrangement.⁹¹

The fighting in Flanders, a war of summer maneuvers among the windmills, never reached any sharp, decisive climax. For Captain Braddock it began with a battle at the little town of Walcourt, below Namur, on an August afternoon in 1690.⁹² With long siege trains of slow-footed Dutch allies, the Coldstream marched and countermarched across watery meadows, from one walled town to another. A new campaign began each spring with the arrival of King William from England, and closed on his return to London in the fall.⁹³ At the end of three years only the lieutenants of Braddock's regiment had anything to show for their service. Each had been given the rank of captain-lieutenant to establish his foot guard precedence over lieutenants of ordinary regiments of the line.⁹⁴

In January, 1692, the King dismissed Churchill, now becoming better known as Marlborough. London heard the Earl was in disgrace either for taking bribes or extortion from inferior officers.⁹⁵ In Flanders, where he had made no secret of his criticism of the King's Dutch favorites, it was assumed that he was being punished for his anti-Dutch attitude.⁹⁶ The truth was, the King had been told that Marlborough was carrying on a secret correspondence with the deposed James. Queen Mary's sister, Princess Anne, and Anne's husband, Prince George of Denmark, were dismissed from court because of their close friendship with Marlborough and his wife. In May the Earl was sent to the Tower, charged with treason, but was released for lack of evidence to sustain the charge.⁹⁷

Late that summer, in the hedgerows of the Flemish village of Steinkirk, five British regiments were cut to pieces in a bloody defeat which British officers blamed on the King's arrogant Dutch favorite—Count Solmes—the same de Solmes who had led William's Dutch guards down the mall in St. James's Park and told Lord Craven the Coldstream must withdraw from Whitehall.⁹⁸ Steinkirk was refought the following winter in Parliament, where four or

five British colonels who had been in the battle joined a debate, denouncing Solmes and other Dutch officers.

"Let English soldiers be commanded by none but English generals!" the colonel argued.⁹⁹

Talmach of the Coldstream commanded them the next summer, 1693, when they suffered another disastrous defeat in another hedgerow battle near the village of Landon. Dead and wounded, many from the Coldstream were piled waist deep. The following year Talmach himself was mortally wounded and died in a British descent on Brest. Command of the Coldstream passed to a Cambridge-educated dare-devil, John Lord Cutts, a chesty young major general of thirty-four, who had been wounded at Limerick, Steinkirk, and Brest.¹⁰⁰

At the end of October, 1694, Captain Braddock and five other officers of the Coldstream were granted home leave.¹⁰¹ The Captain's wife, Mary, was pregnant. About the time he reached London a smallpox epidemic broke out. Deaths increased to more than 500 a day. Queen Mary was stricken and died three days after Christmas.¹⁰² So began another winter of almost continuous snow, with freezing temperatures that covered the Thames with ice.¹⁰³ In the midst of this bitter weather, Mary Braddock's baby was born, a boy. The Abbey was still hung in black for the Queen's funeral when the child was christened at St. Margaret's, the church beside the Abbey.¹⁰⁴ In the big leather-bound baptismal register, the vestry clerk wrote:

*Edward Bradocks to Capt Edw by Mary*¹⁰⁵

The Queen's funeral was held a month to the day after baby Edward's baptism. His grandfather, old Edward Braddock, I, marched with other gentlemen of the Chapel Royal near the head of the funeral procession to the Abbey, singing all the way.¹⁰⁶ An elegy on the death of the Queen, a black-bordered folio pamphlet written by a young lifeguardsman named Dick Steele, was dedicated to Captain Braddock's colonel, Cutts. Cutts, who occasionally wrote poetry himself, was so flattered that he gave Steele an ensign's commission in the Coldstream and made him his secretary.¹⁰⁷

Being neither a member of Parliament, nor a court favorite, Captain Braddock was under orders to rejoin his command early in the spring.¹⁰⁸ Passes to Holland were issued at Whitehall on March 20 for the Captain and two servants, John Smith and Joan Price.¹⁰⁹

The three of them probably went aboard ship near the Tower with a party of recruits early in April.¹¹⁰ That summer King William captured Namur. The Coldstream was in the thick of this fight, losing 53 men killed and 112 wounded. Braddock's role was inconspicuous, but Cutts, the Coldstream's colonel, acquired his fourth battle scar, a cut across his head.¹¹¹

On his return to London in October the King received an unusually warm welcome. But Cutts, who came back with him, became the hero of Namur. Cutts had never been troubled with modesty. The whole town soon heard how he had led the crucial charge of the grenadiers. His own glowing accounts of his charmed life under fire led Marlborough to nickname him "the Salamander."¹¹² Braddock also came home that fall, but on October 10 a detail of 180 Coldstream guardsmen, commanded by Captain Braddock, was ordered from London to Newmarket, England's horse-racing center and the first of half a dozen towns the King planned to visit before Christmas.¹¹³

The King set out on October 17. The footguards, two days ahead of him, took up quarters at Newmarket in the home of Richard Girling. There must have been some hitch about paying for the use of Girling's house, because Captain Braddock later signed the following warrant:

Guard House Newmarket.

These are to certify that the house of Mr. Richard Girling at Newmarket with four rooms in the ground floor and two rooms one pair of stairs was wholly taken up and made use of for a guard house for the officers and soldiers of the foot guards during his majesty's stay in these parts in October last and therefore I humbly recommend him for such allowance for the same as may be thought reasonable. Given under my hand this 2nd Dec 1695.

E. Braddock ¹¹⁴

King William's wars dragged on without serious fighting through the summer of 1697. They ended with a treaty of peace, signed at the village of Ryswick, near the Hague.²¹⁵ Dr. Blow celebrated the peace by composing a new anthem, "Praise the Lord, Oh My Soul," which his father-in-law, old Edward Braddock I, sang with the Chapel Royal at a Whitehall thanksgiving service.¹¹⁶

Captain Braddock was home to stay for a while. His old battalion of the Coldstream was billeted in the Tower hamlets, in London's East End,¹¹⁷ but his father, who now was choir master, lay clerk,

and copyist at the Abbey, lived in the Great Sanctuary at Westminster, in a house owned by Dr. Blow;¹¹⁸ and it is more than likely that the Captain's wife and little son, Edward, lived nearby, perhaps in one of the neighboring parishes with which the family was associated. More children were born to the Captain's wife. Eventually there were six, three boys and three girls.¹¹⁹ The girls appear later in our story.

EDUCATION OF EDWARD BRADDOCK III

Had his father been an officer of higher rank, or his grandfather a gentleman of more exalted station, young Edward Braddock might have attended Westminster school, but there is no record of his having been enrolled.¹²⁰ His father may well have shared an opinion held by many army officers of his generation that the study of Latin and Greek was a loss of time, that public schools encouraged bad company, and that universities produced pedants. The Rev. Dr. Jonathan Swift had heard this theory expounded so clearly and forcefully on one occasion by an officer in a coffee house that he could still repeat it word by word:

Damn me, Doctor, say what you will, the army is the only school for gentlemen. Do you think my Lord Marlborough beat the French with Greek and Latin? Damn me, a scholar, when he comes into good company, what is he but an ass? Damn me, I would be glad, by God, to see any of your scholars with his nouns and verbs and his philosophy and his trigonometry, what a figure he would make at a siege or a blockade or reconnoitering, damn me!¹²¹

At least two competent schoolmasters, his grandfather and Dr. Blow, were close at hand, and young Edward may have received his early education along with the choir boys they taught. At the same time he lived in the sterner world of wars and rumors of wars, of political upheaval and threatened ruin. No doubt, he saw as many reminders and heard as many yarns about King William's Wars as young Laurence Sterne, the son of another officer who had served in Flanders. The Braddock household, like that of Sterne's Tristram Shandy, must have had its Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim in repeated attacks on the counterscarp at Namur.¹²² And certainly those stories influenced his wish to be a soldier. But where Sterne's father had been a lieutenant in a regiment of the line, disbanded after the war,¹²³ Braddock's still held a captain's commis-

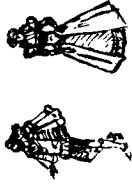
sion in the elite Coldstream and generally was addressed as "Colonel," his line rank. An effigy of the Coldstream's first colonel, Monck, in armor, was one of the sights people went to see in the Abbey.¹²⁴ And for all his conceit, the Coldstream's incumbent colonel, Cutts, was reputed to know more about storming parties than any other officer in the British army.¹²⁵

But at the moment the army was not too popular. During his wars William had increased its strength to 87,000 men. Debts, taxes, and the number of drunken grenadiers in the streets of London had increased, too. Once a peace treaty had been signed, noisy demagogues in the House of Commons denounced all soldiers as thieves, seducers, a national plague, the scum of the earth. Hot tempered veterans of Flanders threatened to cane their detractors. Some of the members of the House carried pistols for protection. The King ordered all army officers to remain in their quarters.¹²⁶

Pamphleteers joined the outcry against the army, contending that the defense of the realm might be entrusted safely to a stay-at-home militia trained a few weeks each year and officered by justices of the peace. One militia-minded Tory, Robert Harley, stood up in the House and moved that the military establishments be reduced to a force of not more than 10,000 men. The House confirmed Harley's proposal. It further resolved that every soldier in the British army should be either a natural-born or a naturalized Englishman,¹²⁷ that none but English troops should do guard duty at the royal palace of Whitehall.¹²⁸ This meant the return to Holland of William's brigade of Dutch blue guards. The King had hoped to keep at least one battalion. His blues were ordered into red uniforms. William pleaded that they be permitted to remain.¹²⁹ While his appeal was before the Commons a Dutch laundress at Whitehall hung her wash too close to a charcoal fire (some said she put hot ashes in a closet) and set the royal palace ablaze. Captain Bradock's guards were called out to help fight the fire. They managed to save the Banqueting Hall, but the rest of the old palace was destroyed.¹³⁰ With it was destroyed any remaining public affection for William's Dutch retainers. The departure of his blue guards was delayed for a year, but at the end of March 1699 they marched out of London and took ship for Holland.¹³¹

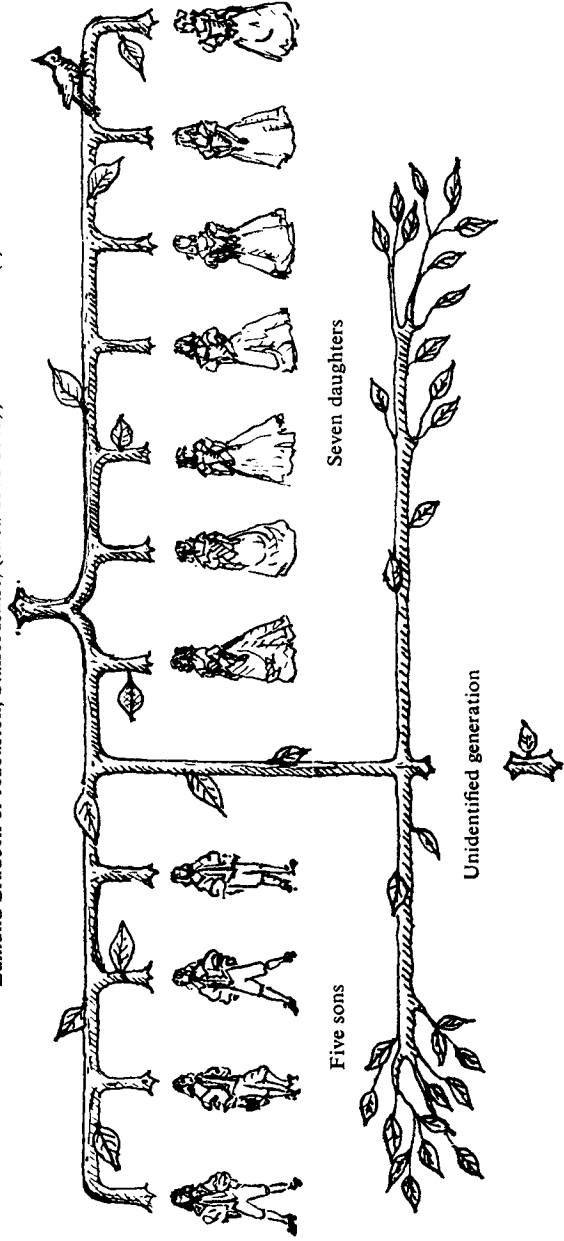
Whitehall never was rebuilt. London's riverside dampness aggravated King William's asthma. He preferred Kensington, Hampton Court, and Windsor.¹³² St. James's Palace in London was fitted

FAMILY TREE

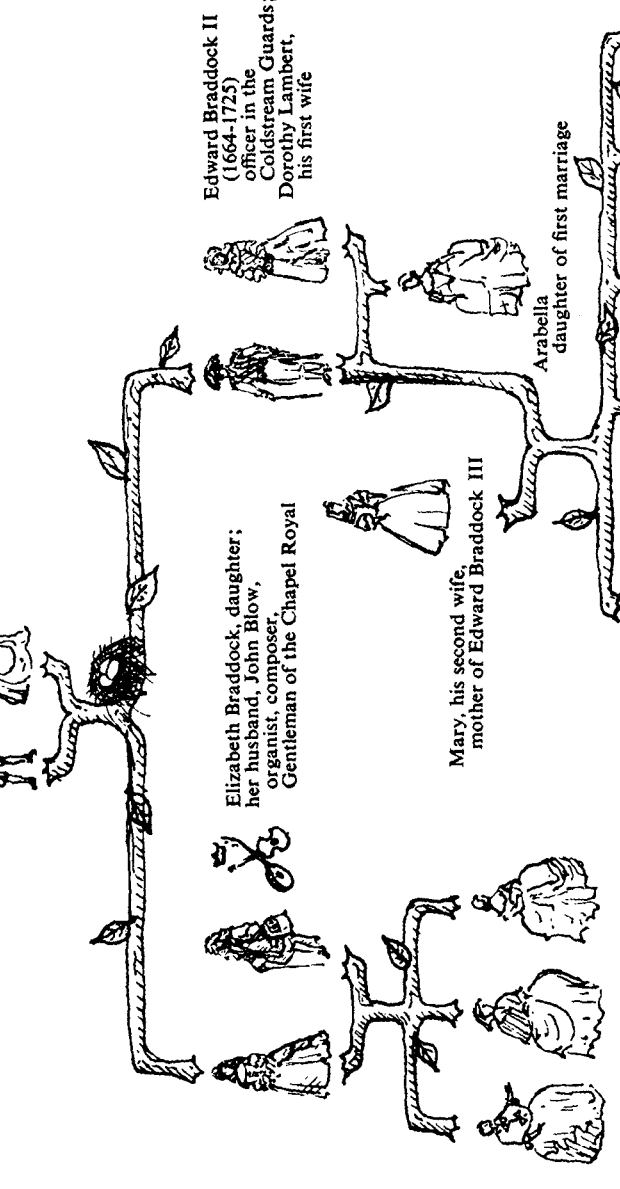


EDWARD BRADDOCK

Edmund Bradock of Adbaston, Staffordshire, (circa 1571-1643); wife or wives (?)



Edward Braddock I (1642-1707)
 wax chandler, Gentleman of the Chapel Royal;
 his wife, Elizabeth Cooke



Elizabeth Braddock, daughter;
 her husband, John Blow,
 organist, composer,
 Gentleman of the Chapel Royal

Edward Braddock II
 (1664-1725)
 officer in the
 Coldstream Guards;
 Dorothy Lambert,
 his first wife

Mary, his second wife,
 mother of Edward Braddock III

Arabella
 daughter of first marriage

Kathrine, Elizabeth, and Mary Blow

Edward Braddock III
 (1694-1755)
 Coldstream Guards (1710-1753);
 mortally wounded fighting bravely
 on a faraway wilderness frontier
 and died July 13, 1755

Two brothers of
 Edward Braddock III Sisters of Edward Braddock III
 Henrietta and Frances

up as a residence for Princess Anne and her husband, reconciled to the childless King since the death of Queen Mary.¹³³ Newly uniformed Coldstream guardsmen went on duty at new sentry boxes in St. James's Park. Other details of foot guards attended the King, wherever he happened to be. But St. James's was the most popular post. Every day, when the Coldstream was on duty there, its drummers and hautboys played in the palace courtyard for the changing of the guard. Every Monday night the Princess gave a ball.¹³⁴ Sunday service in the chapel at St. James's became so fashionable that Bishop Burnett complained to the Princess about the ogling and sighing.¹³⁵

"My house," Anne called her red-brick Tudor palace with its double-towered Gothic gateway into St. James's street. Its neat sash windows, crimson draped, looked out across the green park doing double duty as a children's playground and a promenade for fops and hussies.¹³⁶ Evelyn noted regretfully in his diary that Anne herself, a sweet but pasty-faced invalid on the fat and dowdy side of 35, "made so little figure" for an heir presumptive.¹³⁷ She had gone through seventeen pregnancies and only one of her children, the little Duke of Gloucester, lived long enough to play in the park. His death, at the age of 11, in the summer of 1700, led Parliament to pass an act of succession which provided, in the absence of any direct heirs of the heir presumptive, that the crown should pass to the House of Hanover, the German Protestant line of King James I, whose daughter Elizabeth had married the Elector Palatine.¹³⁸

Although the expulsion of William's Dutch guards restored lost prestige of the Coldstream and other household troops, the reduction of the army's strength froze promotion. That the service now consisted entirely of officers was a poor joke to Captain Braddock who saw his profession slipping deeper and deeper into disrepute.¹³⁹ Many officers of disbanded regiments ceased to be "gentlemen." St. James's Park filled with idle veterans in threadbare coats and tarnished braid. Even their recently instituted half-pay fell into arrears. Parliament was deluged with claims and complaints. Discharged soldiers of the rank and file took the darker streets and more remote highways as robbers and thieves. Postboys, mail and stage coaches were held up. Cavalry and footguards were ordered out to patrol the roads.¹⁴⁰

On routine guard duty at the Tower, Ensign Dick Steele of the Coldstream found time to write a solemn little book, *The Chris-*