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The War in the Wilderness



FRENCH KING LOUIS XV was feeding his insatiable sexual appetite with one of his mistresses when word of a great French victory in the North American wilderness reached the royal bedchamber. Without interrupting his exertions, he grunted his approval and sent the bearer of the news scurrying away through a maze of gilded halls and antechambers to an office in a mysterious apartment of the sprawling palace at Versailles.

Le Secret du Roi, as the office was called, was the hub of a far-reaching network of spies the king had established in 1748 as a personal instrument for controlling national affairs after the War of the Austrian Succession. Eight years of inconclusive fighting had ended with the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, which sent all combatants behind their original borders—but Louis had no intention of remaining there—and saw no reason for doing so.

“The French king is master and arbiter of Europe,” his mentor, Cardinal Fleury, had told him when he was but an infant prince—a time when his great-grandfather Louis XIV, the Sun King, still ruled. “Our neighbors have everything to fear from us—we nothing from them. . . . The diplomatic object of this crown has been and will always be to enjoy in Europe that role of leadership which accords with antiquity, its worth and its greatness; to abase every power which shall attempt to become superior to it, whether by endeavoring to usurp its possessions, or by arrogating to itself an unwarranted

preeminence, or finally by seeking to diminish its influence and credit in the affairs of the world at large.”¹

To identify those who sought to diminish Louis’s influence, le Secret du Roi sent spies everywhere, in and out of the palace, under and into every bed, to every table, and into every council chamber from St. Petersburg to London. Their reports told Louis what every friend and enemy of France was planning before they had even planned it. The reports generated rewards for loyalty to the French state and retribution for disloyalty and provided the king with the omniscience that sustained the omnipotence God had granted him and other French kings more than twelve centuries earlier.

Although he had succeeded the legendary Louis XIV, the latter had reigned so long—from 1643 to 1715—that his son and grandson died before him and left his five-year-old great-grandson as successor and heir to the world’s greatest empire, stretching east across India and west across North America. A regent governed the empire until Louis XV reached the age of majority, but with little interest in royal responsibilities, he set out to discover the pleasures of bed and board—with emphasis on the former.

In the interest of royal succession, the regent arranged the king’s marriage to the Polish king’s twenty-one-year-old daughter when Louis was only fifteen. Louis couldn’t stand the sight of her and limited his visits to brief encounters that kept her in labor most of the time, producing a procession of princesses in her apartment, while he labored in his apartment with an endless procession of mistresses. Collectively, they earned him the often misinterpreted sobriquet of “Louis le Bien-Aimé”—Louis the beloved.

The motives for that love varied. Some women offered him their bodies to win titles or influence for themselves or their families; others went to the king’s bed by order of their husbands or sons seeking profitable land grants, government contracts, or other favors; still others—like Jeanne d’Arc—heard the voice of God commanding them to the arms of the king “crowned by God.” But their motives meant little: when a woman or girl caught the king’s eye, neither she, her parents, nor her husband dared reject the blessing of a royal command. And off she went to the king’s bedchamber, where her pleas, tears, or shrieks of pain only excited the king’s lust.



Louis XV, the French monarch from 1715 to 1774, pursued the pleasures of his palace while the great empire of his forbear Louis XIV disintegrated and fell into the hands of the British.

He was “a mindless man without a soul, without feeling,” said the duc de Choiseul, who would serve Louis as foreign minister for twelve years. “He loved hurting [people] the way children love to make animals suffer . . . he enjoyed making [them] suffer whenever he could; I don’t think anyone who ever knew him ever saw him show any benevolence since the day he was born.”²

“If she’s pretty and I like her looks,” snapped the king, “I say that I want her, and that ends it!”³

During his early years on the throne, he left administrative duties to his mentor and surrogate father, Cardinal Fleury. Fleury died in 1743, just as the beautiful twenty-two-year-old Jeanne-Antoinette Poisson, daughter of a minor bourgeois financier, captured the king’s heart, mind, and body. A star of influential Paris social salons, she had married a merchant king who made the mistake of presenting her at Versailles. Louis snatched her from her husband, showed her to the royal bed chamber, and, two years later, ennobled her as marquise de Pompadour—the name of a manor the king bought for her. He was so taken with his new lady, he created a new title for her—*maitresse en titre* (official royal mistress)—and ensconced her in her new office at a formal court presentation that gave her a standing and power never before accorded to royal mistresses. It was, said Choiseul “a scandalous presentation . . . that violated every rule of dignity and morality. Sovereign princes by nature almost always represent a lower form of life than the rest of mankind, but, of all European princes, the French Bourbons rank as the lowest and most despicable.”⁴

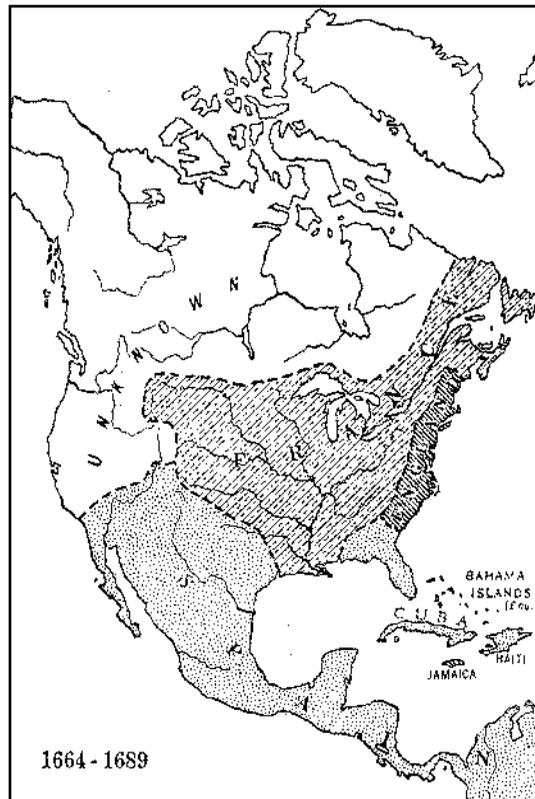
By default, Pompadour became the king’s prime minister. He enjoyed nothing more than riding to hunt at Marly, a palatial hunting lodge between Versailles and Paris, and happily left Pompadour to manage palace politics. She set about reshaping the realm, ruthlessly disgracing any woman who tried to replace her in the king’s esteem and elevating to power men who submitted to her political and sexual demands. Neither the king nor his mistress saw fissures forming in the structure of the great empire that stretched across the earth beyond the palace gates.

The French military machine held most of continental Europe in thrall; powerful French armies had secured the wealth of India and West Africa’s lucrative slave and ivory trades; and in North America,

New France (La Nouvelle France) stretched across a vast expanse from the Atlantic coast of Canada to the Rocky Mountains, from the Arctic to the Gulf of Mexico. Fur trader Samuel de Champlain had become “Father of New France” in 1608, when he claimed eastern Canada for France. Twenty years later, Cardinal Richelieu, who governed France as prime minister for the shy and sickly King Louis XIII, lusted to find as much gold and silver in Canada as the Spanish had in Mexico. He organized the Compagnie de la Nouvelle-France (the Company of New France) with one hundred shareholders from the oligarchy of landed aristocrats who controlled the nation’s wealth and wielded power from palace corridors behind the throne room. Also called the Cent Associés (One Hundred Associates), or Cent Familles (One Hundred Families), they sent French adventurer René-Robert Cavalier Sieur de La Salle to penetrate the North American heartland in the 1670s.

After exploring the shores of the Great Lakes, La Salle traveled the length of the Ohio, Missouri, and Mississippi rivers, and on April 9, 1682, he reached the Gulf of Mexico. He found no gold or silver but invoked the so-called law of discovery by planting a post in the ground bearing the arms of France and proclaiming King Louis XIV sovereign over “Louisiana *and all the lands watered by its rivers and tributaries . . . [including] the seas, harbors, ports, bays, adjacent straits, and all the nations, people, provinces, cities, towns, villages, mines, minerals, fisheries, streams and rivers comprised in the extent of said Louisiana [italics added].*”⁵ Barren of precious ores, however, and far from the Atlantic, Louisiana attracted few French settlers, although a few trappers and fur traders roamed as far west as the Rocky Mountains.

In contrast, most British colonists came to North America to settle. Although British territory was limited to a pathetically narrow strip of coastal land on the Atlantic Ocean—about one hundred miles wide and nine hundred miles long—the English king and Board of Trade allowed anyone to call the land his own if he cleared, planted, and drove four stakes in the ground to mark the corners. By the early 1700s, 400,000 English colonists had flocked to North America, compared to only 18,000 French, and by midcentury, the English had burst the boundaries of their settlements and pushed westward into the wilderness—and into inevitable conflict with their



New France after the original European explorations in North America.

ancient European enemies, the French. Too few to repel the British, the French dispensed a mixture of artful rhetoric, brandy, and promises of fresh human scalps to enlist Indian warriors to their side.

“The difference between the king of England and the king of France is evident everywhere,” French governor Ange de Menneville Du Quesne harangued the Indians. “Go see the forts of our king and you will see that you can still hunt under their very walls. . . . The English, on the other hand, drive away the game. The forest falls before them as they advance, and the soil laid bare so that you can scarce find the wherewithal to build a shelter for the night.”⁶

Emboldened by brandy and thirsting for blood, the Indians followed the French on barbarous raids on English frontier settlements, burning, slaughtering, and scalping while the French harvested furs from the storehouses of their hapless victims. The frequency and dev-

astation of raids exploded into frontier wars whose intensity and savagery exhausted and bankrupted both sides. In 1748, the British and French ended the fighting and returned behind prewar boundaries—except in the undefined Ohio River valley and the lands between the Appalachian Mountains and Mississippi River.

Although La Salle had claimed the territory for France under the “law of discovery” a century earlier, the British called the law—and the claim—absurd. With the 1748 cease-fire, therefore, British trappers and traders crossed the Appalachians into the disputed wilderness, fished and hunted with abandon, and raised a settlement at Logstown, about one hundred miles south of Lake Erie, where the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers meet to form the Ohio.

Early in 1749, English king George II claimed the territory for Britain and granted 200,000 acres near Logstown to the Ohio Company, a speculative venture of Virginia plantation owners led by Thomas Lee and Lawrence Washington. Washington and his partners envisioned hauling furs over the Appalachians to the upper reaches of the Potomac and floating them downstream to Chesapeake Bay for shipment to England. The route would halve the time the French needed to carry furs across the Great Lakes and down the St. Lawrence River. King George promised Ohio Company investors 300,000 additional acres if they succeeded.

In November 1749, Lawrence Washington sent his trusted younger half-brother, George, with a team of surveyors to map company lands. The Washingtons were great-grandsons of “Colonel” John Washington, who arrived in America from England in 1657 to cash in on the craze for American sweet tobacco. Virginia’s John Rolfe had developed a curing method that sharply reduced spoilage on Atlantic crossings and made tobacco so profitable that Virginia townsmen planted it in the streets to extract every penny from the rich Virginia soil.

After four years, though, tobacco exhausted soil nutrients; the land had to lie fallow for twenty years to recover. Rather than wait, planters moved west onto virgin lands that teemed with game, offered a wealth in furs, and made land speculation a passion for every plantation owner. By the time George Washington was born, his family had accumulated 12,000 acres on the northernmost Virginia

cape and was firmly entrenched in the Virginia “aristocracy.” Unlike European aristocrats, who inherited or purchased their noble status, Virginia’s aristocracy worked their way to wealth and power as daring entrepreneurs, risking life and limb on treacherous Atlantic crossings and plunging into the American wilderness to create the world’s largest, most productive plantations. Their wealth and vast properties raised them to community leadership as sheriffs, legislators, and militia officers.

Although Washington’s father died when George was only eleven, his twenty-five-year-old half-brother, Lawrence, took on the task of raising and educating the boy. A daring horseman and former officer in the British marines, Lawrence had received a brilliant education in England and passed it on to his young half-brother. By the time George was sixteen, he had mastered most academic skills and social graces. In addition to literature, geography, history, and advanced mathematics, he learned law, business, and surveying, all of which were essential to men of property. More than six feet tall by then, he displayed a thoughtful, kindly personality that belied his enormous physical strength. Galloping after Lawrence over the Virginia hills, George grew into a superior horseman and expert marksman, and he developed a keen eye for spotting not only the secret lairs of game but the potential value of undeveloped lands. By the time he approached twenty-one, he had earned commissions for nearly two hundred surveys—and renown for his ability to identify potential travel routes, prospective town sites, and natural resources. In 1749, his brother sent him west to survey Ohio Company lands.

To the French, the Ohio Company was both an economic and military threat. English settlements in the Ohio valley would not only capture part of the French fur trade, they would sever Louisiana from Canada and hamper French military and trade operations. To halt British incursions, the French began building forts along a north-south axis from northern Michigan to Illinois and down the Mississippi River to New Orleans. In 1754, Canadian governor Du Quesne sent 1,500 French troops to Fort Niagara to occupy the southern shore of Lake Erie and seize British settlers as hostages. Three French forts sprang up at twenty-five-mile intervals from Lake Erie south to Venango, on the banks of the Allegheny River. From

Venango, the troops marched to Logstown (now Pittsburgh) and burned it to the ground.

Enraged by French atrocities, Virginia governor Robert Dinwiddie dispatched George Washington—by then a frontier-wise twenty-year-old major in the Virginia militia—to warn the French to release English prisoners and withdraw—and provide restitution to Logstown property owners—or face war. Along the way, he learned that three Indian nations had allied themselves with the French; he countered by befriending an Oneida chief with the unlikely name of Half-King, who pledged allegiance to the English because the French had “killed, boiled and eaten his father.”⁷

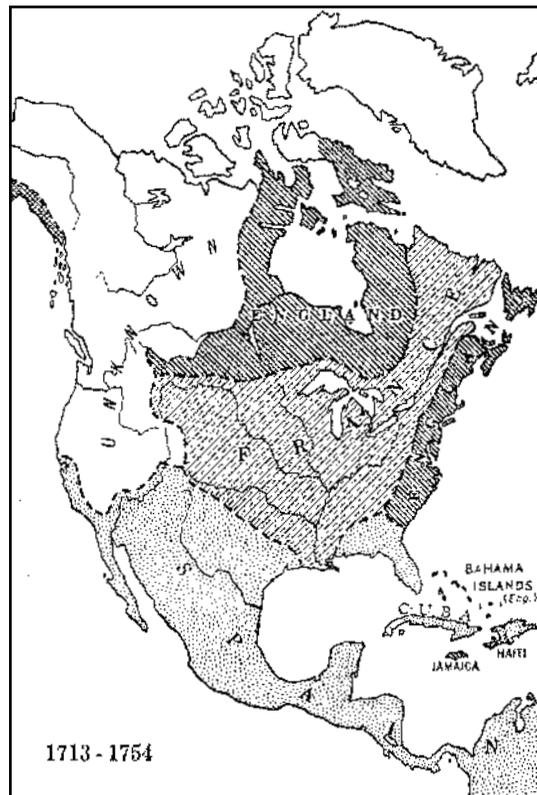
Washington finally met the French at Venango, where the officers in charge graciously shared their table before summarily rejecting Governor Dunwiddie’s ultimatum. La Salle, they insisted, had claimed the territory for France “in the name of God,” before any Englishman had set foot on its soil.⁸

After Washington returned to Virginia, the governor called an emergency session of the colonial assembly, or House of Burgesses, to report an army of French and Indians advancing to the Ohio River to “build more fortresses.”⁹ He asked the burgesses to raise six companies of militiamen at a cost of £10,000 to expel the French from the Ohio valley. The burgesses howled in protest that he and Washington had contrived “a fiction and a scheme to promote the interest of . . . [their own] private company.”¹⁰ Nonetheless, the governor prevailed, winning pledges of financial or military aid from Virginia and subsequently five other states. New York, Maryland, and North Carolina promised 550 troops; Pennsylvania pledged £10,000 to finance the expedition. Massachusetts governor William Shirley said he would lead 600 militiamen to eastern Canada to force the French to fight on two fronts.

On April 2, Washington—promoted by then to lieutenant colonel—set out on his first military command with a lightly equipped vanguard of 159 troops. A second contingent of 400 Virginians were to follow with reinforcements and a wagon train of arms, ammunition, and foodstuffs. Three weeks later, Washington prepared to cross the Alleghenies when a scout brought word that more than a thousand French troops had seized control of the Ohio

valley and raised a fort at Logstown, which they renamed Fort Du Quesne, to honor the governor of Canada. Before Washington could fire a shot to stop them, the French had won the first battle in what would explode into a savage seven-year war with England for global economic and military supremacy—a world war that would engulf four continents and slaughter millions.

Certain that reinforcements and supplies were on their way, Washington ignored his lack of battlefield experience and crossed the Appalachians to attack the new French fort. He made camp thirty-seven miles south of Fort Du Quesne at Great Meadows, an all-but-suicidal position in a hollow between two ridges. The naive commander envisioned the ridges as protection for his men rather than as perches for enemy troops. Behind him lay an impenetrable marsh, which he thought would protect him from the enemy rather



North America before the outbreak of the French and Indian War in North America and the Seven Years War in Europe.

than block his escape. Two gullies on the fourth side of the meadow offered “natural entrenchments” from which his men could fire at oncoming enemy troops.¹¹

Calling his makeshift encampment Fort Necessity, Washington awaited a French assault, and, on the evening of May 27, Indian scouts reported a column of fifty French troops encamped only six miles away. Washington determined to attack before the French awoke the next morning. Leaving half his force to defend Fort Necessity, he led the rest of his men, along with a handful of Half-King’s Indians, toward the French camp. At eight o’clock the next morning, Washington’s men surrounded the French, and he gave the order to fire—the first such order of his career. In an instant, musket balls flew past his head, eerily invigorating the young Virginia commander, who found “something charming in the sound” when he “heard the bullets whistle.”¹²

Within fifteen minutes, the skirmish was over. Twenty-nine Frenchmen lay dead or wounded; the encounter claimed one English life and left two wounded. Some French soldiers began to flee, but seeing Indians at the rear, they threw down their arms, turned, and raced toward Washington’s colonials. Behind them, Indians sprang from the woods onto the field of battle, crushed the skulls of the dead and wounded, and sliced off blood-soaked scalps as prizes of victory. All but one of the French survivors reached the safety of British lines. Before Washington could intervene, Chief Half-King had set upon the laggard—the French commander *Sieur de Jumonville*. As the helpless young man shrieked in pain, the Indian chieftain sliced his victim’s forehead with surgical precision from left ear to right, then plunged his fingers beneath the skin at the incision and ripped the scalp off the Frenchman’s skull. He displayed his trophy to his brothers, dancing about and howling triumphantly for exacting retribution on the French for eating his father’s flesh. Shaken by the atrocity, Washington intervened before the Indians could attack other survivors, and he ordered an escort to march them eastward for transfer to Governor Dinwiddie’s custody. A soldier’s musket shot ended the dying de *Jumonville*’s agony.

Washington’s triumph was short-lived. Instead of recrossing the Alleghenies out of French reach to await reinforcements and resupply,

he remained put, exhausting most of his foodstuffs by the end of the first week. Three days later, 180 Virginia militiamen, untrained in shooting anything but game, brought new supplies to feed the camp and a letter from Dinwiddie promoting Washington to full colonel. A week later, on June 14, 150 militia from North Carolina arrived, but to Washington's astonishment, they came unarmed. Not long after, a scout brought word that 800 French troops and 400 Indian warriors were preparing to attack. Half-King and his 80 Oneidas deserted.

At dawn on July 3, the crack of a musket shot pierced the loud chatter of rain. As the echo resounded across the encampment, Washington's troops grabbed their muskets and raced to the trenches, only to stare vacantly into an opaque screen of rainfall. By morning's end, the deluge engulfed the trenches and transformed the ground into a mire that sucked soldiers' legs so deep they could extricate themselves only by surrendering shoes and boots to the mud. As noon approached, Indian war whoops heralded the emergence of three columns of French troops on the ridges. They darted to within six hundred yards of Washington's men—but still too far for colonial muskets to respond. After an opening volley, the French suddenly broke ranks and scattered into the trees before opening fire again.

"They . . . kept up a constant galling fire upon us," Washington reported, "from every little rising, tree, stump, stone and bush." They raked the entire camp with musket fire, slaughtering livestock as well as troops. By the end of the day, every horse, cow, and animal in camp lay dead. The French had stripped the British of all sustenance and transport. By then, what Washington called "the most tremendous rain that [could] be conceived"¹³ had soaked his men's cartridge boxes, firelocks, and powder and rendered them all but impotent. As their answering fire dissolved into silence, they heard a cry from enemy lines: *Voulez-vous parler?* With 30 men dead and 70 wounded, Washington's force was down to 165. He had little choice.

The ensuing "parley" yielded a water-soaked document of capitulation offering safe passage across the Alleghenies to English territory if Washington accepted responsibility for *l'assassinat qui a été fait sur un de nos officiers*—"the assassination of one of our officers." The French demanded two English captains as hostages until the British

returned the French prisoners they had seized after the earlier confrontation. The note was signed “Sieur de Jumonville,” the brother of the officer whom Half-King had slaughtered.

As midnight approached on July 3, 1754, Washington faced a useless massacre of his helpless little force unless he signed the capitulation. “I went out and was soundly beaten,” he admitted.¹⁴

De Jumonville heralded his victory as the humiliation of a cowardly killer. “We made them consent to sign a document that they had assassinated my brother in his camp,” he boasted. “We retained hostages as security for French prisoners who were in their power; we made them abandon the [French] King’s country; we obliged them to leave their cannon, nine pieces; we destroyed their horses and cattle.”¹⁵

His words found their way into colonial as well as London and Paris newspapers, smearing Washington with the blood of the young French officer. Although Washington suffered no personal recriminations for his military humiliation, the failure of the colonies to unite in common defense forced British leaders to reorganize the military in America. “Washington and many such may have courage and resolution but they have no knowledge and experience,” wrote the Earl of Albemarle, titular governor of Virginia, and British ambassador to France. “Officers and good ones must be sent to discipline the militia and to lead them.”¹⁶

In February 1755, Major General Edward Braddock led two regiments of regulars to America—nearly 1,500 in all. Named commander in chief of His Majesty’s forces in North America, Braddock also brought £10,000 and 2,000 muskets to recruit colonial troops to support his regulars. A month after his arrival, he invited Washington to join his staff as a personal aide: Washington combined experience in frontier warfare with a surveyor’s skills to plan effective routes for the army to travel westward through the wilderness.

By the beginning of July, Braddock’s army stood on the banks of the Monongahela and began the twelve-mile advance to Fort Du Quesne. With the river protecting their rear, they marched inland through a clearing in the woods in traditional linear fashion, four columns wide—two columns on foot in the center, flanked by a column of cavalymen on either side. “The British gentlemen,” wrote a

colonial officer, “were confident they would never be attacked . . . until they came before the fort—yea, some went further and were of the opinion that we should hear the explosion of the French fort blown up and destroyed before we approached it.”¹⁷

At mid-afternoon on July 9, shots rang out from the trees on a ridge at the right. The British formed their line to return fire, but an explosion of bloodcurdling whoops rent the air. A mob of bare-chested French troops and naked Indians materialized, fired a staccato of shots, and raced back into the trees. Dozens of British troops dropped to the ground, dead and wounded. Before stunned survivors could return fire, the French and Indians were gone. The British fired at the forest, only to hear a crescendo of whoops at the rear. Before they could turn, another band of savages had emerged, fired, and vanished. In and out, they sprang from the left, right, front, rear . . . appearing, disappearing, reappearing . . . and firing . . . always firing . . . with the incessant chorus of fearsome whoops. They were everywhere . . . nowhere . . . never forming lines to fight by European rules of linear warfare. Confusion gripped British ranks as the hail of musket fire leveled their comrades. Survivors fired hysterically, haphazardly at invisible targets in trees, never knowing where to aim or if their shots hit home; certain only that they were helpless to protect themselves, that they, too, would fall an instant later. Their officers on horseback charged back and forth, shouting useless commands—trying to reform columns as if maneuvering in Flanders fields. All-too-easy targets in the open ground, officers and horses toppled like toys while terrified troops raced in circles or curled up on the ground sobbing. But the hideous howls of the unseen enemy and crackling musket fire went on. The British clustered into a frenzied, shapeless mob, helpless amid the stream of deadly musket balls. One officer who had survived Fort Necessity tried to lead his men in a charge at the woods on the right—only to be raked with fire from the rear by his own comrades, who thought they were deserting.

Conspicuously tall in his saddle, Washington felt musket balls slice through his hat and uniform; shots felled two of his horses but left him uninjured, and he remounted horses of dead comrades and tried to rally his men. Braddock was less fortunate. A ball shattered his arm, smashed through his rib cage, and lodged in his lungs. One

by one, other officers fell onto the blood-soaked ground as they tried to rally troops. Ironically, the much maligned Virginia militiamen with experience in frontier warfare “were the only troops who seemed to retain their senses,” according to Washington. Despite previous orders from Braddock not to do so, the Virginia soldiers “adopted the Indian mode and fought each man for himself behind a tree.”¹⁸

The slaughter lasted three hours; more than 700 of the 1,370 British regulars lay dead or wounded. Twenty-six of the eighty-six officers were killed and thirty-seven were wounded. French casualties amounted to seventeen dead or wounded; the Indians lost about a hundred fighters.

Washington was astonished that he had survived. “By the all powerful dispensations of Providence,” he wrote, “I have been protected beyond all human probability or expectation; for I have had four bullets through my coat and two horses shot under me, yet I escaped unhurt, although death was leveling my companions on every side of me.”¹⁹

As French and Indian forces tightened their circle, surviving British troops abandoned their gear and fled to the river’s edge, swimming, fording, and thrashing their way across, beyond the reach of musket shot. “They behaved with more cowardice than it is possible to conceive,” Washington wrote. “They broke and ran as sheep pursued by dogs.”²⁰ Seeing the futility of trying to restore order, Washington saw to his wounded general and, with the help of another officer, lifted Braddock into a cart and pulled it across the river. On the opposite bank, he found two hundred troops ready to rally about him. Braddock ceded command, and the Virginian led the troops to an easy-to-defend eminence about a quarter mile from the river to await their fate with their dying general. Instead of pursuing, however, the Indians remained across the river, hopping about the killing grounds like vultures, plundering wagons and dead—and methodically scalping—ignoring the agonizing shrieks of the wounded as they sliced and ripped hides off living heads as well as dead.

“The groans, lamentations and cries of the wounded for help,” Washington wrote in his grief, were “enough to pierce the heart of adamant.”²¹ But what he called “the shocking scenes” about him

near the Monongahela River were outdone a few miles away at Fort Du Quesne, where Indians returned with their booty of soldiers' caps, canteens, bayonets, belt buckles, and bloody scalps. A prisoner at the fort described what followed:

I beheld a small party coming in with about a dozen prisoners, stripped naked, with their hands tied behind their backs and their faces and parts of their bodies blackened—these prisoners they burned to death on the bank of the Allegheny River opposite to the fort. I stood on the fort wall until I beheld them begin to burn one of these men: they had tied him to a stake and kept touching him with fire brands, hot irons &c and he screaming . . . the Indians in the meantime yelling like infernal spirits.

On the walls, the French troops watched and cheered their Indian allies, then raised their glasses of brandy and toasted their king.²²

British general Edward Braddock died five days later. To prevent Indians from desecrating the general's body, Washington buried him in an unmarked grave, then ordered wagons to roll over it while men trampled the ground to leave the site indistinguishable from the rest of the road. A few days later, Washington led survivors to the safety of Fort Cumberland: only 23 officers and 364 soldiers of the original 1,370 returned.