

Then I came to the question which was nearest to my heart.

"The Seigneur de St. Maur and his daughter, Devizac?" I asked. "What has become of them?"

"They are at the château," he said. "The seigneur wept at the death of Montcalm, cursed at the flight of the governor, and is now preparing himself as best he can to receive the conquerors. I suggest that you go to the château and receive their surrender."

The suggestion seemed good.

When the city was given up to us I went in at the St. Louis gate, through which they had taken the dying Montcalm. The Canadians bestowed few welcome glances upon us, though I heard that there were many who were glad the war bade fair now to end, even at such a cost, for it was draining their life blood away. Everybody knows how scanty they were in numbers as compared with us.

I went directly to the Château de St. Maur, which looked as quiet as a church. I pushed open the doors unbidden and entered.

In the centre of the hall stood the seigneur, a figure of great dignity. He was clothed in the full military uniform, and held his sword in his hand. All his medals and decorations were upon his breast. As I approached he extended the weapon to me.

"Receive my sword, monsieur," he said. "The omen did not fail. When you beat me at the sword-play, Canada was lost; what is, is; and we will even accept fate like brave men."