

rience of a party sent out under La Pérade, all had impressed the savage mind. "What, Father," they cried, "would you kill and sacrifice us? The English are over four thousand strong and we only eight hundred, and you talk of attacking them. You see well that you are mad. We must have till to-morrow to decide."

Thus deserted by his dusky allies Beaujeu, doubtless, passed a gloomy night, prepared to die as became a Chevalier of St. Louis and a French officer commanding an advanced post. At an early hour in the morning he, with probably all his command, assembled in the little chapel of the fort, where the grey-robed friar said mass for the warriors, and in the funeral entry in his register he noted the fact that Beaujeu then approached the tribunal of penance and received the Holy Eucharist, preparing for the death which seemed so certain to be his portion before the close of the day. After lingering a short time before the altar Beaujeu formed his command, and the small squad of one hundred and forty-six Canadians and seventy-two regulars fled from the fort, Beaujeu at their head arrayed in his hunting-shirt, the silver gorget suspended from his neck alone showing his rank. As he passed the Indian camp he asked the result of their council. "We cannot march," was the reply. "I am determined to meet the enemy," retorted Beaujeu; "will you let your father go alone?" His cool, almost contemptuous manner, seems to have decided the matter. The Indians encamped under the Bourbon lilies by the waters of the Alleghany, were Hurons, Iroquois, Shawnees. Pontiac, Anastase, Cornplanter, were among them; men insensible to fear, warriors who had achieved renown in many a foray. To sit by and see two hundred Frenchmen go to meet the English host of twice as many thousands would be a perpetual disgrace. They silently took up their arms and followed the French line.

Beaujeu had selected as the point at which to assail the English line a ravine beyond the Monongahela where the army would certainly cross. The delay had however been so great that the van had crossed the stream before he could reach the spot. As he came to the crest of a hill over which the trail passed, he came full in view of the English line coming proudly on, the summer sun glittering from the bayonets and muskets of the men, and the brilliant scarlet uniforms contrasting with the green foliage of the woods. They, too, marked with astonishment the sudden apparition of the French. Beaujeu was in the front, bounding on, brandishing his carbine and cheering his men to a mad attack on the very front of the well appointed army before him, with artillery enough to sweep his whole command from the earth.

As the rattling fire of the French and Indians told on the ranks of Braddock's men, they formed and opened with their cannon, pouring grape into the French party, which soon, in backwoods fashion, took to the trees, and stealing towards the English flank kept up a steady and deadly fire. At the third discharge of cannon Beaujeu fell dead, and Captain Dumas, his second in command, succeeded, and inspired equal energy.

As we all know, the great error of Braddock was that he kept his men in solid column, and supposing that the French, who were attacking him along his whole van, were as numerous as his own men, kept pushing columns forward to drive back an imaginary corps in front, at every step exposing his flank to a small but concealed body of sharpshooters, who cut them down without mercy. The Indians, who were at first startled by the cannon, at last, tired of musketry, seized their tomahawks and rushed out on the English, who, already deprived of many of their officers, and demoralized by the unwonted system of war, gave way in utter rout.

Washington had in vain endeavored to induce Braddock to adopt the backwoods style of fighting, and to him was due the safety of the remnant of the army, his Virginia troops alone remaining cool and meeting the enemy as they had done in former struggles.

The rout was a massacre. The Indians cut down all, many perishing in the river, over a thousand dead were strewn over the bloody field amid cannon, caissons, mortars, small-arms, tents, wagons, cattle. The plunder tempted the Indians from the pursuit or the English could scarcely have borne from the field their dying General.

The French lost three officers killed in the action, Capt. Beaujeu, Lient. de Carqueville, and Ensign de la Perade, and had several wounded. Their whole killed amounted to thirty, three quarters of whom were Indians, the savages avenging their death by burning the few prisoners that fell into their hands.

The victors took up the body of their fallen commander and bore it back to the Fort which he commanded, and by his daring had so effectually preserved. It apparently lay in state, for it was not interred till the twelfth. The following is the entry of Father Baron in his Register:

"Burial of Mr. de Beaujeux, Commandant of Fort Duquesne.

"In the year one thousand seven hundred and fifty-five, the ninth of July, was killed in the battle fought with the English, the same day as above, Mr. Lionard Daniel, esquire, Sieur de Beaujeux, Captain in the Infantry, Commandant of Fort Duquesne and of the army, who had been to confession and made his devotions the same day, his body was interred on the 12th of the same month in the cemetery of Fort Duquesne, under the title of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin by the Beautiful River, and that with the ordinary ceremonies by us the undersigned Recollet priest, King's Chaplain in said fort, in testimony whereof we have signed,

"FRIAR DENYS BARON, P.R.,  
Chaplain."

Some have attempted to make Beaujeu merely wounded in battle, but the word is *tue*, killed, in this entry, and in every account of the fight, and the word would never be used to mean wounded. The burial notices of those who died of wounds are given with precision, and all note the administration of the sacrament of extreme unction which would not have been omitted in the case of Beaujeu, had he survived the battle.

The entries bearing on the battle are, 1st, Pierre Simar, scalped near the fort on the 5th of July, of whom F. Baron notes that he had satisfied his Easter duty (i. e. been to confession and received communion). 2. Limoges, killed in the battle and buried on the field. 3. John B. Tallion, wounded in the battle on the 9th, and buried at the fort on the 10th, after confessing and receiving extreme unction. 4. Mr. Dericherville, esquire, Sieur de Carqueville killed on the 9th after having been to confession the same day, buried on the 10th in the fort. 5. John B. de la Perade, esquire, Sieur de Parieux, wounded on the 9th, died on the 10th after receiving the sacraments of penance and extreme unction, buried in the fort. 6. Beaujeu. 7. J. B. Dupuis, wounded the 9th, died the 29th, after receiving sacraments of penance, the holy eucharist, and extreme unction. 8. Joseph Hertel, Sieur de St. Therèse (wounded on the 9th), died July 30 after receiving the sacraments of penance, the eucharist, and extreme unction.

There can, therefore, be no doubt on the point. Before starting from the fort, Carqueville went to confession; Beaujeu not only did this but received communion, and both were killed in the 9th, Carqueville being interred on the 10th and Beaujeu on the 12th.

Captain Beaujeu, who thus died achieving one of the greatest victories in French annals, left, it is said, by his wife Michelle Elizabeth de Foucault a son who went to France at the conquest of Canada, and a daughter who married Charles de Noyan, Governor of Guiana; but further nothing has yet reached me concerning them.

Collateral branches remained in Canada and have since been distinguished.—*N. Y. Hist. Magazine.*

## LITERATURE.

### POETRY.

#### OLD TIMES AND NEW.

BY ALLEN C. SPOONER.

'Twas in my easy chair at home,  
About a week ago,  
I sat and puffed my light cigar,  
As usual, you must know.

I mused upon the Pilgrim flock,  
Whose luck it was to land  
Upon almost the only rock  
Among the Plymouth sand.

In my mind's eye I saw them leave  
Their weather-beaten bark—  
Before them spread the wintry wilds,  
Behind, rolled ocean dark.

Alone the little handful stood,  
While savage foes lurked nigh,  
Their creed and watchword, 'trust in God,  
And keep your powder dry.'