

There stood the Chevalier de Beaujeu, a gentleman of Norman family, who was already famed upon the frontier, and who, seven years later in the forests of the Monongahela, crowned a life of honor by a soldier's death on the bloody field won from the unfortunate Braddock, and defeating an army ten times more numerous than his own.

Talking gayly with De Beaujeu were two gallant looking young men, of a Canadian family which, out of seven brothers, lost six slain in the service of their King: Jumonville de Villiers, who was afterwards, in defiance of a flag of truce, shot down by order of Colonel Washington, in the far off forests of the Alleghanies; and his brother, Coulon de Villiers, who received the sword of Washington when he surrendered himself and garrison prisoners of war, at Fort Necessity, in 1754.

Coulon de Villiers imposed ignominious conditions of surrender upon Washington, but scorned to take other revenge for the death of his brother. He spared the life of Washington, who lived to become the leader and idol of his nation, which, but for the magnanimity of the noble Canadian, might have never struggled into independence.

There stood also the Sieur de Lery (the King's engineer, charged with the fortification of the colony), a man of Vauban's genius in the art of defence. Had the schemes which he projected, and vainly urged upon the heedless Court of Versailles, been carried into effect, the conquest of New France would have been an impossibility.

Arm in arm with De Lery, in earnest conversation, walked the handsome Claude de Beauharnois—brother of a former Governor of the colony—a graceful, gallant looking soldier. De Beauharnois was the ancestor of a vigorous and beautiful race, among whose posterity was the fair Hortense de Beauharnois, who in her son, Napoleon III., seated an offshoot of Canada upon the Imperial throne of France long after the abandonment of their ancient colony by the corrupt House of Bourbon.

Conspicuous among the distinguished officers, by his tall, straight figure and quick movements, was the Chevalier la Corne St. Luc, supple as an Indian and almost as dark, from exposure to the weather and incessant campaigning. He was fresh from the blood and desolation of Acadia, where France, indeed, lost her ancient colony, but St. Luc reaped a full sheaf of glory at Grand Pré,