

of the thoroughbred Indian, the high cheek-bones were absent, his color, too, was much less of the copper cast than that of those who surrounded him. He had no scalp-lock, but permitted his hair (less straight and coarse than the Indians generally) to grow long, so that it fell in large masses upon his shoulders and back, and down the sides of his face on his broad, ample chest. A more distinguishing mark was a heavy wiry moustache, which, in imitation of the French, he had twisted into long points reaching to his chin. His dress was much richer than that of the savages generally, while upon his person there were fewer of the valueless trinkets with which the Indians usually decorated themselves. He wore no covering on his head, which was fully protected by a full mass of hair. Around him, with one hand, he held the graceful folds of a beautifully ornamented blanket, which nearly concealed his fringed tunic of buckskin, while the other grasped the barrel of a long and valuable rifle. His feet were protected by beautifully embroidered moccasins, which laced high up over the ankle, while around the swell of the large calves of his legs were several thicknesses of deerskin, ornamented at the sides with silver points and porcupine quills.

About his neck were a string of gold or gilt beads, from which was suspended in front several ornaments of silver and gold, conspicuous among which, because larger than the rest, was an oval jewel having within it a square, compass, and the letter G. A tomahawk was thrust through his wampum-belt, from which was suspended a powder-pouch or cannister of chased silver. Behind him were a number of Indians of inferior rank, who stepped near the door as the half-breed advanced, and who seemed, by general consent, to delegate to him the discussion which was to follow.

The Jesuit pointed out General De Montcalm, and said, in the peculiar, half French, half Indian *patois* of the country:

"This is the commander-in-chief, Brantor, you can hold your talk with him."

"Good!" replied Brantor, in the same tongue."

"But can we understand each other?" questioned the general, in pure French.

"Understand you some," said Brantor, shortly.

"Ah! good," replied De Montcalm. "Our Father, here, has told me that you desire one hundred and fifty guineas worth of rifles and blankets for your assistance."

"Right."

"And that you have a still further request to make, which he has not named to me. Inform me of what it is?"

"Putnam! said Brantor, with a flashing eye; "want him—want to kill him! I catch him, I kill him! You catch him, I kill him!"

"What does he mean, Father?" said De Montcalm.

"His desire is," replied the priest, "that if Putnam shall be taken prisoner by his people, he shall do with him as he pleases: and if he should fall a prisoner to our own troops, that he shall be delivered up to him, Brantor."

"To be tortured, roasted alive!" muttered De Montcalm, with a shudder, "and he a brave man—a soldier? No! No! that I will never sanction."

"Remember," said the priest, in his mild, smooth voice, "our instructions are to give these people their own way in these trivial matters, and ——"