

man, with a force of fifteen hundred men, was no doubt pressing on, as fast as the snows would permit, to join the forces under Wolfe, now on the Island of Orleans. Such being the case, I have induced Brantor to bring up the disaffected parts of his tribe, and take a position above St. Jean; they amount to over four hundred, and are awaiting the decision of General De Montcalm. If the result of your deliberations should be the sending of a force to act with them in intercepting and cutting off Putnam, they are ready. If not, then there is ample time for their retreat back to the body of their tribe. Brantor came with me, and is awaiting, with a few of his warriors, your decision."

During the delivery of this brief summary of the proceeding of the Jesuit, every eye had been intently fixed on the narrator, and the priest not only stood before the council as a negotiator with the savage, but as one of the council itself; for the position of matters, as he stated them, showed that he had planned the very form and mode of attack upon the advancing colonial forces under Putnam, and that no other course could be pursued except those of strengthening the Indians at St. Jean, or abandoning the attempt to check Putnam's junction with Wolfe, who was then on the Island of Orleans with eight thousand men, and was only waiting for milder weather and junction with his colonial allies, to storm Quebec. The reader must remember that the Canadian winter extends into May, and often the snow falls to great depth in that, to us, month of mildness and sunshine.

These thoughts flashed quickly through the mind of De Montcalm, who extended his hand to the priest, saying:

"Your skill as a soldier entitles you to a general's rank, and by Jove you should have it if I had the power to confer it. Messieurs, you have heard the report of Father Ambrose. He has not only brought us allies, but has marked out the plan of attack—our labors are at an end. The course he has recommended, in my judgment, is the best and the only one which can be adopted. A thousand men, which we can well spare, though they may never return—which God forbid!—can march immediately to St. Jean, and join Brantor's forces. They will then be fourteen hundred strong. A well-chosen ambush, and Putnam and his force can be demoralized, if not annihilated. What say you?"

The conclusion of the Commander was instantly adopted by the Council, and a determination to follow the course pointed out, its immediate decision.

"But, good Father," said De Montcalm, "we have forgotten one important matter! What must we pay for this assistance of our refined allies?"

"In ready money, little; but in vengeance, much."

"How much money does he require?"

"The value of one hundred and fifty guineas in rifles, blankets, and ammunition," replied the Jesuit.

"And the vengeance he seeks?"

"Upon this point had you not better negotiate yourself, General?" said the priest.

"Perhaps so. Admit him to the Council."

The priest and one of the officers instantly departed, and soon after returned with the half-breed and several of his chiefs.

Brantor was a tall, stalwart, muscular man, and, as near as could be discovered through his thick war-paint, about forty years of age. His appearance was very singular, for while he possesses the general features