

by some deed of blood and horror. Looking back at that unhappy time, the student of Canadian history is struck by the savage, remorseless, and unnatural manner in which the rival colonists of France and England persecuted each other; villages were sacked and burned, scanty harvests destroyed, and the prisoners, if any, when taken were generally delivered up to the tender mercies of the Indian allies of either party. Indeed the heartless cruelty of this war has no parallel, and the way in which these people butchered and destroyed each other is something appalling.

The haughty and revengeful chieftain One-eye never forgot or forgave the treachery of which he had been the victim, and when he joined his people he found the ancients and wise men of the tribe in council half-inclined to listen to overtures of peace from Frontenac. Rising in their midst he addressed them with wild and impassioned eloquence, for which he was famous, while, stretching forth his arms, he pointed to the marks of the manacles upon his wrists, exclaiming—"These, white people come to you praying to end this war, to bury the hatchet and smoke the pipe of peace, they bring you rich presents, and they talk to you with soft words. But what have we and our fathers known of them since they were first permitted to build their villages in our hunting grounds? Ask the ashes of your wigwams—ask the mourning wives of your warriors. Look upon the fading glory of your name and nation and tell me, O, my people! has not their treaties been all lies, and their friendship a cheat? They have sent you presents—behold they gave me a present and I have brought it here—the burning stain of iron forced on the limbs of your ambassador sent to the council of the French Father, trusting like a fool in his good faith. No! there shall be no peace;—peace to us is destruction. War is the only way we can drive those intruders from the hunting grounds of our fathers: then let us aid them to destroy each other. Let the English kill the French, the French kill the English—the more they hurt each other the greater will we become. There are fresh made graves in the war trail of the Iroquois, and the wolves are thick about the settlements on the great river. This is no time for peace!"

This wild oration had the effect the One-eye chieftain intended, and when he concluded the hot-blooded young men of the tribe sprang as one man to their feet with a wild yell, dancing about the council fire in the rushing mazes of the war-dance, imitating by their words and gestures all the incidents of battle.

In the meantime M. Duchesnal had established himself with his family on the banks of the Richelieu River. This post was the first to suffer from the incursions of the implacable One-eye, who, at the moment he was least expected, made a descent upon the unfortunate village. It was at night when Duchesnal awoke to find his house in

flames and behold his terrible enemies murdering his unfortunate people by the light of their burning homes. Taking her daughter in her arms, his wife managed to escape to the woods where she lay concealed until the Iroquois departed. When she came forth nothing but ruin and destruction met her gaze on all sides. The unfortunate people lay dead among their burning habitations. With painful, palpitating heart she sought among them for her husband and son, and at length she found the body of the former frightfully mutilated, with his scalp completely torn from his head. Casting herself upon the body, she gave vent to the anguish of her soul, till, overcome by her feelings, consciousness left her, and she lay almost as inanimate as the beloved corpse.

When the news of this disaster reached Montreal, the Governor sent a detachment to the place in pursuit of the savages, but they had made good their retreat. They, however, appeared on the scene of the massacre, in time to succor the few surviving inhabitants. Duchesnal's wife, among others, was found and conducted to a place of safety with her daughter.

When the fierce chieftain, One-eye, made this descent on the Richelieu, he found his little play-fellow in the days of his captivity, and, though he remorselessly slew the boy's father, he saved the child's life, and when he departed with his warriors, carried him with him to his native hunting-grounds. Years passed away, and the stripling had grown into a man, as the adopted son of the powerful One-eye. He promised yet to become a great warrior, and was known among the Iroquois by the name of the White Wolf.

During all this time the war between the French and Indians had continued with varying success. The indomitable Frontenac never ceased in his endeavors to break the power of the English and their savage allies, the Five Nations, but without effect. He again built and fortified the dismantled post at Catarqui, and successfully held it against the Iroquois. It was about this time that the White Wolf and One-eye, with a party of warriors, were prowling in the vicinity of Montreal, and while engaged in an attack upon the house of an isolated settler they were surprised and captured by the French, who led them before the Governor, the aged Frontenac, who immediately recognized the former captive, and upbraided him for his ingratitude in making war upon him, who had treated him so kindly, and given him his liberty. The implacable One-eye made no reply; but when Frontenac beheld the White Wolf, his rage was overmastering. He perceived that he, at least, was no red man, and had no national wrongs to redress; he only saw in the semi-savage a renegade Frenchman, who was not only guilty of deserting his people, but of burning their homes and murdering them. Not caring to inquire into the story of the strange being before him, he ordered the

White Wolf to prepare for immediate execution. One-eye regarded the preparations for the execution of his protegee with grim stoicism, never uttering a word to elucidate the mystery. In the meantime the news spread through the town of the capture of a Frenchman, who had been taken in the dress and war paint of an Iroquois. Among others who heard this rumor was the wife of Duchesnal, and with the loss of her husband and son she coupled the strange name of the renegade, and remembering how her boy had been marked by the Indian chief she repaired to the Governor, to whom she related her story, and begged leave to see the Indian captives. Her prayer was granted, and when they were led into her presence she instantly recognized her son by the mark on his breast. She also remembered the terrible One-eye as the playmate of her child. Fainting she was carried from the cruel interview, for the white savage knew not his mother. The remembrance of his childhood seemed to have been completely blotted from his heart, and he was as much a warrior and an Iroquois as if he was the veritable son of the Mohawk One-eye. Frontenac, when he learned the true state of the case, was unwilling to carry his determination of executing the White Wolf into effect, and decided upon sending him to France, where he thought, under judicious management, he might be restored to his people. One-eye, however, he ordered to be led outside the palisades and shot, which was done. By unvarying kindness the white savage was at length won to regard his own people with favor, and live contented among them, and when, some time after, a peace was concluded at Quebec between the French and Iroquois, the exertions of the White Wolf were considered mainly instrumental in bringing it about; and the war-cry which for many long years never ceased to resound in the Canadian forests, was heard more.

FUNERAL OF THE LATE SIR FREDK. BRUCE.

The funeral of the late Sir Fredrick Bruce took place on the 24th inst., in Boston, according to the rites of the Episcopal Church of which he was a member. The following gentlemen acted as pall-bearers:—Gov. Bullock, Mr. Bertheney, Senator Sumner, H. J. Pratt, Hon. S. Hooper, and H. W. Longfellow. The exercises were brief and impressive. The church was thronged, including the members of the British Legation; the free Britons' Mutual Benefit Society, from Canada; the Foreign Consuls; the mayor and City Council of Boston, and many distinguished persons. The bells of the city churches were tolled during the obsequies. The remains of the deceased were deposited under the church, to await the arrival of the British man-of-war *Garnett*, which has been ordered to convey the body home to England immediately.