

smile, more the offspring of long training than of mirth; while over all pervaded a sensual expression far from being in accordance with his holy office. As he handed his hat and cloak to the orderly, he cast a quick, furtive glance around the room, and in that instant of time appeared to have daguerreotyped upon his mind the group before him.

"Holy Father, you are most welcome," said De Montcalm, who came forward and extended his hand to the priest. "Upon your successful report depends the course which our council shall adopt. Messieurs, permit me to introduce to such of you as do not know him, our good Father Ambrose, whose services in our cause have merited the warmest thanks of our government, though the good man seeks only the approbation of Heaven!"

In the utterance of the last words there was a slight tinge of sarcasm, which, however, passed unnoticed by all save the priest. None knew the ambition and subtle hypocrisy of the crafty priest better than De Montcalm, who despised him, but found him one of the most fit and subtle instruments for forwarding the designs of the government, within his reach.

The officers bowed their heads as the Jesuit mingled with the group around the table. The priest also bowed, and in a meek silvery tone, of almost feminine softness, said:

"General, you flatter me; your praise is beyond my deserving. I labor for the interests of our holy church, and am but an instrument in the hands of those above me in our holy order."

"Messieurs, would you believe it? Our good Father, who now speaks with the tone of a woman and the meekness of a lamb, fought like a tiger when poor Jumonville was hard pressed and killed by Washington, on his march to Forte Necessity. He mowed down the enemy like grass. In him the church militant was well represented."

"I will report the result of my mission," said the priest, in an icy tone, while a tinge of red appeared upon his cheeks at the half bantering remark of the general.

"Proceed, good Father."

"I found the Iroquois much dissatisfied with the English. The alliance which has heretofore existed has not been profitable. Their chiefs were divided as to what course should be pursued, and would have resolved to remain inactive, had it not been for a circumstance which occurred two years ago, in which Putnam and the half-breed Brantor were the principal actors. Brantor at that time was merely a brave in that part of the tribe which was then acting with the forces under Putnam. A valuable watch was stolen from one of the English officers, which was afterward found on the person of Brantor. Putnam, regardless of the excuses and pleas of the half-breed, caused him, without trial, to be publicly whipped and drummed out of the fort. It subsequently appeared that the Indian was innocent of the theft. This insult has since rankled in the heart of Brantor, who has sworn vengeance against Putnam, and has only waited for the means and opportunity to wreak it. I knew that one of the tribe had been scourged by the hot-headed Putnam, but was not prepared to find, on my arrival at their camp, that Brantor was he; and that he had reached the position of one of their greatest chiefs. But so it was; and, therefore, to him my first overtures were made, and not without success. The desire for vengeance is uppermost in his savage mind, and over one-half of his people are ready and willing to act with him. The scouts informed the tribe that Put-