

nies, which, at the time of the commencement of our little tale, was in full and successful operation. It was a part of the French policy to array, as much as possible, the prejudices of the Indian tribes against the English, and induce them to join the French forces; or if that object could not be effected with all, then to insure the inaction of such, as would not become the allies of the French. In pursuance of these objects, they had enlisted the services of the Jesuits, who, in numbers and with that self-sacrificing devotion for which they were and are distinguished, had travelled amidst the terrible inclemencies of the Canadian winters, through deep snow and across trackless forests. Sheltered from suspicion by the sacerdotal raiment, and in that spirit of intrigue which has marked their whole career, they made friendly visits to the chiefs of the more powerful tribes. By means of presents, and through misrepresentations of the objects of the British, in conducting the war, they induced many of ferocious tribes to ally themselves with the forces of France. Hence it was, that in the streets and barracks of Quebec were seen many of the blanket-clad, red-skinned chiefs, who went thither to consummate treaties, and receive the presents and pay, which formed the consideration for their services.

It was a bleak April evening; the snow was falling thick and fast over the silent streets of the town; scarce a sound was heard, save now and then on the barracks and places of guard the *qui vive* of the sentries, and the roll of the drum as the drilling parties were retiring to their respective allotments. In a large room, or rather hall, which formed the headquarters of the commander-in-chief of the French colonial troops, were seated between fifteen and twenty officers of different rank, who were grouped around a large table which stood in the centre of the room, the most conspicuous of all being General the Marquis De Montcalm. They were gravely holding a discussion with reference to certain geographical positions, as laid down in a map which nearly covered the table. De Montcalm held in his hand a pair of compasses, which he frequently extended and contracted as he thoughtfully measured, from point to point, the different places and positions represented on the map. The discussion—which was being carried on in an animated and earnest tone of voice, as each officer gave, clearly and distinctly, his views of the points under consideration—was interrupted by the entrance of an orderly, who respectfully advanced to the place near which De Montcalm was bending over the map, and raising his hand to a salute, silently awaited the pleasure of the commander.

"Well, Paillard?" interrogated De Montcalm.

"The good Father Ambrose is here, and awaits the General's orders," replied the soldier.

"Ambrose returned? Good! Messieurs, if he has been successful, his appearance is most *apropos*. Paillard, conduct the father here instantly."

Again saluting the group, the orderly retired, and after the lapse of a few minutes returned, having under his guidance a man, whose age was about forty-five years, of tall stature and sinewy make, judging from an imperfect revelation of his person, which was half concealed by the ample folds of a large cloak. On entering the stranger took off his cap, and disclosed a high, massive forehead, and hair well sprinkled with gray. The features of the priest were of a decidedly Italian cast; his eyes, covered by shaggy, jutting brows, were keen and piercing; his lips were thin and his mouth small, around which was a cold, rigid