

at the end of the covered-way, and finally left her there, after communicating with Wasga, who had remained at the trap, and who at once repaired through it to the open air, to convey the commands which he had received to those who were beleaguering the station without.

In the hurried movements of De Soulis, Ominee could perceive that he was highly excited, and partaking in the feelings which the eve of a struggle, so desperate as theirs would probably be, could not but induce,—she remained only a few moments in the cavern, and then hastily returned unperceived to the door of the vault, in which were congregated the leading warriors of the tribe. She now saw plainly, by the aid of a *flambeau* of pine which De Soulis held in his hand, that the warriors were clearing away the refuse from a passage which led directly to the story above. When this had been accomplished, they remained silent for a time, until the signal appeared to have been given for the attack from without. Deep under the surface as the passage was, the maiden could yet hear the reverberations of war-cries in all quarters above her, and the instantaneous rush and shouts of men in the room over head. At this moment De Soulis was standing on the steps of the passage, holding the *flambeau*, when she saw him felled to the ground by a blow from behind, and his light extinguished in the fall. This appeared to be no impediment to the course of the war-chief and his party, who, with one simultaneous shout, made their way with headlong speed upward into the room above, through the trap which had been left for the purpose of communication. Ominee saw no more, but faltering forward, she threw herself upon the body of her lover, and became insensible to all further occurrences on that hideous night.

---

P A R T V.

---

“ This broken tale was all we knew  
Of her he loved, or him he slew.”

---

Morning on the St. Lawrence ! A morn in summer on the mighty Cadaracqui ! The brimming waters shone gladly beneath the crimson flashes of the full red sun, which ever shines with redoubled lustre when coming up above the distant mountains of the Horocou, and the dewy waving tree-tops, to shimmer his gladsome freckles around the crisping eddies of l'Isle Royale,—the south wind came, as it now fans the cheek of the solitary fisher, anchored in his light *chaloupe*, behind the point of the Ourana,—the sweet sky of the Mediterranean was above, and the green, deep forest around, and all was joy and repose.