

last he fell into a doze which lasted for several minutes, when he was suddenly awoke by the report of a gun discharged in the direction of the river. His first and most natural thought was that Fortescue had fired at a partridge, or that the hunters had met with a moose much sooner than they had expected—but the shot was apparently too close to have come from the latter. Taking up his gun, Osborne strolled leisurely towards the river to rejoin his companion, but he had not gone many steps by the side of the brook, before he heard the pointer which had accompanied Fortescue (to whom he was much attached) struggling through the brushwood and moaning as if in pain.

Osborne stopped for a moment, until the animal came up, and patted him gently, wondering what had hurt him, but he showed no wound. Beppo licked his hand and then rushed again into the woods as if he would have Osborne follow him to the river. Puzzled at the excitement of the pointer, he quickened his steps and shouted several times to Fortescue; but when no response came the thought flashed across his mind that perhaps a party of Indians had surprised Fortescue. As this thought suggested itself he stood still, and considered what was best for him to do under the circumstances.

Close to the side of a brook, where the ground was slightly elevated, stood a tall, black spruce, which Osborne determined to climb with the view of taking an observation of the river, which he thought could be seen from so commanding a position. Whistling to the dog so as to bring him close, he quieted the animal and made him lay down under cover, and then he proceeded to climb the tree, holding his gun cautiously in the hollow of his arm; but hardly had he put his foot on the lowest branch when he felt a rustling just behind him.

"Lie down, Beppo," he called in a low voice to the pointer; but no sooner had the words passed his lips than he felt himself suddenly seized by the arms and brought rapidly to the foot of the tree. As he looked up he saw the dusky faces of half a dozen Indians bending over him; but what made him shudder inwardly was the sight of a scalp, hanging to the belt of the

nearest Indian, which had too clearly been torn a few minutes previously from the head of poor Fortescue. The report of the gun and the excitement of Beppo were now accounted for.

Osborne's first thought was that his fate would be that of his unfortunate friend; and he prepared himself, by a strong effort of his will, to meet his death like a soldier; but the Indian, who appeared to be the leader of the party, motioned him to rise, and when he had done so, his arms were firmly tied together with strong cords made out of the sinews of the moose,—a course which reassured the captive that his fate was not yet decided, and that he was at all events to have a respite.

The Indians then started with their prisoner to the camp, which they rifled of its most valuable contents, and subsequently made again for the woods. As they went along the leading Indian pointed Osborne to his hatchet in a very significant manner, with the view of hastening the progress of the captive, who found it somewhat difficult, with his arms pinioned, to keep up with the rapid movement of the Indians. As he struggled through the forest his thoughts were certainly not of the most encouraging character; for he blamed himself and his companions for not having taken the advice of the Indian and kept always together; but none of them had believed for a moment that there was any prospect whatever of meeting with any hostile Indians during the few days they proposed remaining in the woods. Halifax was not the liveliest of garrison towns during the winter, nor, indeed, at any time; but certainly it was a paradise compared with life among the Indians, with the prospect ever before one of being tortured to death by the ingenious cruelty of the savages, in case they were unable to send him to some of the French ports. Well, complaining at this stroke of adverse fortune, philosophically reasoned Osborne, would not avail him,—he was a soldier, and manly resignation should be a soldier's duty.

The party marched steadily the whole of that day, fording two or three streams on the way, and at last, just when the evening shadows were rapidly enveloping the woods in gloom, reached the banks of a