

the rocks, which formed one side of the cavern, intently watching the moon as it arose above the trees of the distant forest, and began to shed its silver sparkles over the intervening water, when her attention was at once fixed upon the figure of a man which passed before the broad belt of light, and the place she occupied, who was evidently making his way with great caution from the lower end of the island towards the stockade. Continuing to regard the spot he occupied with intense interest, she saw him joined by another figure, and again by another, and by a fourth and a fifth. Her feelings now became intensely excited with doubts and misgivings as to her own safety, and that of De Soulis, having every reason to believe that the Mohawks were still abroad, and probably in search of her, knowing her to be still on the island. To relieve her mind from the agonised emotions which oppressed her to the earth, she arose, and made her way silently towards the vault underneath the block-house. She had scarcely had time to seat herself on a block of timber, and to recover herself slightly from the strange terror that had seized upon her, when she became aware that she was not alone in the dismal chamber. She distinctly heard the footsteps of more than one person on the rocky floor, betrayed by the grinding of the gravelly particles beneath their tread, though she could readily ascertain that they were aiming at secrecy and silence. She sat without the power of motion, expecting every moment again to fall into the hands of the ruthless chief from whom she had escaped, when, how great was her astonishment to hear her name syllabled in a low tone, but yet in the well remembered accents of her lover. Starting forward, she threw herself upon the ground, in the wild delirium of her joy, from whence she was immediately raised by De Soulis, who hurriedly explained to her that the vault was then being occupied by her tribe, whom he had encountered on the river, intent on making a night attack on the position of the Mohawks, and that he had returned with them.

"My father! where is he?" enquired she hastily.

"The war-chief is by the side of his daughter, for whose rescue he has come, and to punish the Mohawks, as he before has done," replied that magniloquent worthy, approaching his daughter, and receiving her caresses, while he held in either hand a tomahawk and tremendous war-club.

"And is it here that the war-chief intends to meet his enemies?" enquired she, regaining her wonted presence of mind, and anxious for the fame of her father.

"The Mohawks are rats—and in this way must they be encountered, that none of them may escape," replied the chief, when De Soulis enjoined silence upon him, and straightway proceeded to conduct Omineca out from the vault to the cavern