

"Cora, what think you?" asked the reluctant fair one.  
"If we journey with the troops, though we may find their presence irksome, shall we not feel better assurance of our safety?"

"Being little accustomed to the practices of the savages, Alice, you mistake the place of real danger," said Heyward.  
"If enemies have reached the portage at all, a thing by no means probable, as our scouts are abroad, they will surely be found skirting the column, where scalps abound the most. The route of the detachment is known, while ours, having been determined within the hour, must still be secret."

"Should we distrust the man, because his manners are not our manners, and that his skin is dark?" coldly asked Cora.

Alice hesitated no longer; but giving her Narraganset a smart cut of the whip, she was the first to dash aside the slight branches of the bushes, and to follow the runner along the dark and tangled pathway. The young man regarded the last speaker in open admiration, and even permitted her fairer, though certainly not more beautiful, companion, to proceed unattended, while he sedulously opened a way himself, for the passage of her who has been called Cora. It would be seen that the domestics had been previously instructed, for instead of penetrating the thicket, they followed the route of the column; a measure, which Heyward stated, had been dictated by the sagacity of their guide, in order to diminish the marks of their trail, if, haply, the Canadian savages should be lurking so far in advance of their army. For many minutes the intricacy of their route admitted of no further dialogue; after which they emerged from the broad border of underbrush, which grew along the line of the highway, and entered under the high, but dark, arches of the forest. Here their progress was less interrupted; and the instant their guide perceived that the females could command their steeds, he moved on, at a pace between a trot and a walk, and at a rate which kept the sure-footed and peculiar animals they rode at a fast and yet easy amble. The youth had turned to speak to the dark-eyed Cora, when the distant sounds of horses' hoofs, clattering over the roots of the broken way in his rear, caused him to check his charger; and as his companions drew their reins at the same instant, the whole party came