

"Were Nita here, the daughter of the Knisteneaux war-chief would not want a defender in her hour of danger," she murmured, as the foremost canoes of the Mohawks had regained the eddy below, and were now leisurely approaching. While the words were being uttered, she turned her head, and there before her, crouching in the same thicket in which she herself was concealed, she saw the form of De Soulis, his whole attention seemingly directed towards the approaching enemy.—In an instant she had arisen and fled to him with a cry of joy that was heard by the advancing enemy.

"Ominee ! and in this place !" cried the Frenchman, starting to his feet, and receiving her in his arms, as she almost fell to the ground in the tumult of her emotions on seeing him, and knowing that where he was, there would there be safety for her, so long as life remained to him. Ere she could explain to him the particulars of what had occurred to her, the Mohawks had approached so near as to render any further stay in their then exposed situation, to the last degree unsafe ; and Ominee, after casting a glance at the approaching canoes, turned with a look of anxiety on her lover, and remained silent.

"The daughter of the war-chief would know what Nita is to do ? Has she not confidence in him to extricate her from this danger ?" enquired he, regarding her calmly, and without any show of uneasiness or excitement in his lineaments.

"The war chief's daughter will share the fate of Nita, whatever it may be," replied the maiden, hesitatingly.

"And that fate shall yet be a happy one, Ominee, despite the Mohawks, or his enemies among your own kindred," said De Soulis, looking once more out on the advancing canoes, some of which were on the point of landing, and after having waited until their intention again to occupy the block-house became evident, he took the hand of Ominee and withdrew her still further into the thicket, until they came to a spot where the interwoven branches became to all appearance, impenetrable. Skirting this *chevaux de frize* to the left, they at length came to a large rock, behind which the brushwood and briars offered an effective screen to a trap-door, covered with drift-wood and gravel, which De Soulis proceeded at once to raise, and down which he passed with Ominee, suffering it to fall and regain its place so soon as they had entered the narrow cavern beneath. The passage had been in part formed by nature, and partly by art,—a range of rocks which followed the embankment of the river, being on one side, and through the interstices of which, a view could be gained of the eastern shore, and the broad belt of water between ; but the Mohawks were advancing on the other side of the island, and De Soulis possessed no means of ascertaining their movements from his place of concealment.