

each others arms. Every article which had been taken from Putnam was restored to him, through the intercession of Rouelle; and with the passive consent of Brantor, a small quantity of provisions given to him. The savages prepared their places of rest for the night, building fires, and cutting down brush, which would serve as beds upon which to place their blankets.

"To whom am I indebted," said Putnam to Rouelle, in a quivering voice, "for my life? Your name?"

"I commanded the troops which to-day attacked you. My name is Rouelle."

"Accept my eternal gratitude!" said the hero, as tears coursed down his scarred cheeks. "I can never forget you; and I pray my brother, that I may some day be the instrument of giving you as great a boon as you have this day conferred on me."

"We are brothers," replied Rouelle, as he wrung the hand of Putnam. "I have performed a duty; I could not have done less."

"What is the fate of the day? How comes it that you are here, and unattended?"

"We are defeated. The defection of the half breed, who led our Indian allies, left us at the mercy of overwhelming numbers," said Rouelle, sorrowfully and indignantly. "My command has been almost annihilated, and it was only by the fleetness of my horse, that I escaped being made a prisoner. He poor beast, is badly wounded."

"And you, too, have suffered," said Putnam, who pointed to the left arm of the young officer, which was in a sling.

"Would it were my death-wound!" said Rouelle, with dejection and sorrow. "But let us lose no time," he resumed, after a moment's pause. "We know not how soon the purpose of Brantor may change. You are now free and unrestrained. Instantly leave this place. I trust to your honor to give us a proper exchange of prisoners for yourself."

"It shall be done. My first act, on joining my command, shall be to make that slight reparation."

They said a hasty farewell, exchanged brotherly pressures of the hand, and the indomitable American, wounded and sore strode from the spot and went onward, alone into the gloom and darkness of the silent forest. Directed by the track which his captors had made in their forced march. Putnam kept on in his dreary course, in the hope of overtaking the remnant of his troops; and it was not until long past midnight that the hero suffered fatigue and want of rest to conquer him. He then wrapped himself in the blanket which Rouelle had procured for him, and selected a spot on which to lie, and notwithstanding the coldness of the air, slept till the sun was high in the heavens.

CHAPTER IV.

Two days had elapsed since the deliverance of Putnam from torture. His swollen and bruised limbs had borne him stiffly up through tangled thickets, and over rocks and swamps. He had been forced to place himself under allowance, for the few provisions furnished him by the Indians began to fail. His progress was slow, his pocket compass having been lost or abstracted, and his only guide being the sun, which during a great part of the time had been obscured.