

hand, overcome with shame and embarrassment. No one witnessed this scene but Alice and Mr. Warrender, the others having rushed out to search for the secret assassin the moment the shot had been fired. Max now joined them, but Mr. Warrender still remained standing by the table with a sad and disturbed expression on his grave and manly features, till they returned from their unsuccessful search. It was then agreed that he, Mr. Blachford and two of the workmen should remain at the cottage lest their unknown enemy should return, while Harald, Brian and two stout, knowing Yankees should accompany Max to the wigwam. The Yankees were to remain all night with the dead body of D'Arcy, as it was judged improper to remove it till it could be seen in the morning by Colonel Fisk, who performed the duties of sheriff in the township; and Brian led a pony for Joanna, the path they were obliged to traverse being impassable for any species of vehicle. The stars had nearly all disappeared, but the moon, though clouded, afforded them sufficient light to find their way; they were, however, too much occupied with the difficulties of the road to find time for any conjectures respecting the person who had fired the pistol or the cause of such an outrage. Once or twice Max thought of the Indian whom he had seen at the wigwam, but, as he believed him to be the father of Fauna, he could not bring himself to attribute it to him. Another suspicion, but far more painful, had also crossed his mind, but he instantly dismissed it, angry with himself for having ever entertained it. On reaching the wigwam they found every thing just as when Max had left it, nor had Ernest seen or heard any thing since to excite his alarm. Joanna had sunk into a state of passiveness which amounted almost to unconsciousness of all that surrounded her; she suffered herself to be placed on the pony without making any resistance, and Brian again taking the rein, Ernest walked by her side and supported her with the tenderest care. The night had now become so dark that it would have been impossible for them to continue their way, had it not been for the frequent flashes of lightning which threw athwart the darkness a brilliant though momentary glare. It was in truth a dismal night to be abroad in independent of the danger from the lightning which the tall pines seemed to lure to the spot. By the time they reached the "Tumble Dam," deep rolls of thunder accompanied the flashes, and the rain began to fall in large and isolated drops, but the distance from Hemlock Knoll was now short, and there was no longer any danger of mistaking the road. At this spot a path diverged to Leafy Hollow,

and Max hesitated whether to return home, where his absence on such a night might excite some uneasiness, or accompany his companions to Hemlock Knoll, when a rush of lightning, more vivid than any which had preceded it, revealed to the eyes of all present, Fauna seated on the ground, close to the edge of the foaming water. Her mantle had fallen from her head, and her black hair streamed on her shoulders, while the heavy rain-drops fell unheeded among its dishevelled tresses; her eyes were fixed on the white spray, dashed up by the barricaded and angry waters, unconscious of the presence of any one or of the raging tempest.

"Fauna!" cried Max, approaching her, "what are you doing here?"

At the sound of his voice she started up and clung wildly to his arm.

"Is he dead?" she asked, in a voice as wild and excited as were her looks when revealed by the frequent lightnings, "have I killed him?"

"Killed whom?" asked Max, horror-struck at her words. "Dear Fauna," he added, as he felt the burning touch of her hand, and the tremblings which shook her frame, "you are ill! What has happened to you?"

"Do you not know?" she whispered, in tones so thrilling that they reached the ears of all present, "do you not know that I shot him? She cannot marry him now, Max; he is dead. But do not hate me because I killed him—it was for you I did it, and no one will know except you. I threw the pistol into the river. I came to throw myself in, but the lightning flashed so brightly on the water that I could not do it. It looked like boiling flames, and I thought of the fire that never shall be quenched. That fire is kindled for murderers. The red men think it is brave to kill those they hate, but God has given his laws to the white men, and they have taught them to Fauna. I know that I must suffer hereafter, but I can bear it for your sake, Max. Only I shall never see you more—ah! that is the worst!"

"Fauna! Fauna! it kills me to hear you talk so wildly!" exclaimed Max.

"Who are all these?" cried Fauna, now for the first time perceiving the others, "are they come to take me to prison? Oh! dear Max!" she whispered, in a voice so plaintive that it smote the hearts of all who heard her, "do not let them touch me. See now—let me go and I will soon hide myself under that roaring water. But tell me first that you do not hate me; that you forgive me. Ah! when I am dead I will come to you in the night, and tell you how dearly I loved you.