

Marie," was Harry's comment. "They have gone a long distance, no doubt, and the night is young yet."

"He told me he would send a message before dark, and possibly might be back with his men by sun-down. But neither have come, and now it is after ten."

"I think the Commodore's object was to help the eastern camp," said Harry, "and if attacked to-day he might stay over to help to defend it."

"And what vessel would attack it?" Marie asked quickly. "Not the *Bulldog*?"

"Oh, no, I heard to-day that the *Bulldog* was disabled; that she had gone over to Sackett's Harbor for repairs, and wouldn't be out again for some days. It will be the *Transit* that will attack the camp."

"And Captain Stuart?"

"He'll remain with the *Bulldog*," said Harry.

"Do you think he would have attacked Fingal's Notch, but for last night?" she asked in a low, tense tone.

"He would have had to; it was the Admiral's orders; and as I understood, the Admiral was on Stuart's boat."

"Are you sure the Admiral was?"

"Yes, if there's any truth in a dozen different reports. Why do you ask, Marie?"

"It's a horrible thought, if the *Bulldog* had been blown up—there might have been no Admiral —"

"And no Captain Stuart and no marines," interrupted Harry; "and what is more, no