, and the girl of bosom," she reto her solitary

vas oppressed by ould not see the scuer of the body otion. Drawing from her finger, d the Indian to en throwing here, embraced her it without utter-

raised her large by the light of but expressive g unbidden from

ose life she had own, the Indian nother who, like rows, could not titude. Captain had despatched , now advanced gantly mounted as a token of He then ther. ising her hand, n action which, , bore evidence A heavy sigh officer now rose

the communiadjutant, Law-

nd with dignity

was in a few

Bowed down to the dust by the accomplishment of the curse of Ellen Halloway, the inflexibility of Colonel De Haldimar's pride was not proof against the utter annihilation wrought to his hopes as a father by the unrelenting hatred of the enemy his early falsehood and treachery had raised up to him. When the adjutant entered his apartment, the stony coldness of his cheek attested he had been dead for some hours.

We pass over the few days of bitter trial that succeeded the restoration of Captain De Haldimar and his bride to their friends; days during which were consigned to the same grave the bodies of the governor, his lamented children, and the scarcely less regretted Sir Everard Valletort. The funeral service was attempted by Captain Blessington, but the strong affection of that excellent officer for three of the defunct parties at least was not armed against the trial. He had undertaken a task far beyond his strength, and scarcely had commenced ere ha was compelled to relinquish the performance of the ritual to the adjutant.

A large grave had been dug close under the rampart, and near the fatal flagstaff, to receive the bodies of their deceased friends, and as they were lowered successively into their last earthly resting place, tears fell unrestrainedly over the bronzed cheeks of the oldest soldiers, while many a female sob blended with and gave touching

solemnity to the scene.

On the morning of the third day from this quadruple interment notice was given by one of the sentinels that an Indian was approaching the fort, making signs as if in demand for a parley. The officers, headed by Major Blackwater, now become the commandant of the place, immediately ascended the rampart, when the stranger was at once recognized by Captain De Haldimar for the young Ottawa, the preserver of his life and the avenger of the deaths of those they mourned, in whose girdle was thrust in seeming pride the richly-mounted dagger that officer had caused to be conveyed to him through his no less generous sister.