

posited at their feet. "Quick, Blackwater, let us in, for God's sake! Each succeeding minute may bring a scouting party on our track. Lower the drawbridge!"

"Impossible!" exclaimed the major; "after all that has passed it is more than my commission is worth to lower the bridge without permission. Mr. Lawson, quick, to the governor, and report that Captain De Haldimar is here—with whom shall we say?" again addressing the impatient and almost indignant officer.

"With Miss De Haldimar, Francois the Canadian, and one to whom we all owe our lives," hurriedly returned the officer; "and, you may add," he continued, gloomily, "the corpse of my sister. But while we stand in parley here we are lost; Lawson, fly to my father and tell him we wait for entrance."

With nearly the speed enjoined the adjutant departed. Scarcely a minute elapsed when he again stood upon the rampart, and advancing closely to the major, whispered a few words in his ear.

"Good God! can it be possible? When? How came this? but we will enquire later. Open the gate; down with the bridge, Leslie," addressing the officer of the guard.

The command was instantly obeyed. The officers flew to receive the fugitives, and as the latter crossed the drawbridge the light of a lantern, that had been brought from the guard-room, flashed full upon the harassed countenances of Captain and Miss De Haldimar, Francois the Canadian, and the devoted Oucanasta.

Silent and melancholy was the greeting that took place between the parties; the voice spoke not; the hand alone was eloquent, but it was in the eloquence of sorrow only that it indulged. Pleasure, even in this almost despaired of reunion, could not be expressed; and even the eye shrank from mutual encounter, as if its very glance at such a moment were sacrilege. Recalled to a sense of her situation by the preparation of the men to raise the bridge, the Indian woman was the first to break the silence.