

the influence of the poison. Every eye was turned upon her as she vaguely answered, a smile of peculiar meaning playing over her lips, that "Captain Molineux must be satisfied with knowing she bore a charmed life." Then again it was that the young soldier's feelings underwent another reaction, and as he caught the words and look which accompanied them, he scarcely could persuade himself she was not the almost vampire and sorceress that his excited imagination had represented.

Not the least deeply interested in the events of the morning, was the old negro. During their meal, at the service of which he assisted, his eyes scarcely quitted her whom he appeared to regard with a mingled feeling of awe and adoration; nay, such was his abstraction that, in attempting to place a dish of game on the rude table at which the party sat, he lodged the whole of the contents in the lap of Middlemore, a *gaucherie* that drew from the latter an exclamation of horror, followed however the instant afterwards by Sambo's apology.

"I beg a pardon Massa Middlemore," he exclaimed, "I let him fall e gravey in e lap."

"Then will you by some means contrive to lap it up," returned the officer quaintly.

Sambo applied his napkin, and the dinner proceeded without other occurrence. Owing to an apprehension that the night air might tend to renew the inflammation of the wounded arm, the boat was early in readiness for the return of the party, whose day of pleasure had been in some manner turned into a day of mourning, so that long before sun set, they had again reached their respective homes at Detroit.