

east border of the river, where a platform of flat rocks whose uneven portions appear here and there above the surface of the water, form a solid foundation to its unsandy shore. There tossing the ropes from them, the light canoe drawn by the powerful current would dance only a moment on the bounding waves, ere it launched into the misty region surrounding the mystical path, where transition is hid from mortal eye. Slowly drawn by the reluctant girls, the Fawn commenced her death song, a simple address to the Manitou, while her thoughts evidently clung to her earthly friends,

“Thou hath called, Great Manitou, from thy forest on high,
I come, I'll follow thy ampum-dyed path through the sky;
Thy gifts hath been poured on the chieftains and braves,
They send Thee their child on the dark boiling waves;
Soon in the Beautiful Path she will be,
Loaded with tears so precious for Thee;
The grief of my sire, the grief of my brave,
Oh! Precious the load on this terrible wave;
But cheered by my chief, as the last leap draws nigh,
Can I look back and see him from thy Path in the sky?
One look, O Manitou! 'ere my face turns
From my father and brave, where my heart still yearns;
That look; and their tears my offering shall be,
Oh precious the load I'll carry to Thee,
As my spirit will rise in the mist o'er the wave,
While my body floats down to its watery grave.”

Suddenly her song was interrupted by another wail, commencing low and gradually rising, till its clear notes seemed to fill the surrounding woods, mingling with the shrieks of the wind as it wound round the