

cap of eagle's feathers mingled with the heron's plume, which nodded in cadence to their step and song.

In an instant Timoeë was locked in her hero's arms ;—the tears that fell on her snowy and fast-heaving bosom to which she closely pressed his hand, alone could speak the transport of her heart,—the welcome of his safe return ! The spoils of a chief he had slain, a number of silver plates connected by slender threads of wampum,⁽⁷⁾ were placed round her beauteous neck, whose loveliness they served rather to conceal than to adorn.

Never were there two beings more blessed than Samachet and Timoeë; but their noon of joy was suddenly darkened. A storm, long collecting in the bosom of the revengeful Onwaroo, was soon to burst upon their happiness in all its fury. Oh, that I had known what the monster's gloomy silence had been brooding, my knife had found a passage to that den