

as they now saw, by the light of the flame, that they were going down the rapids, and would shortly be hurled over the falls.

Oh, it was indeed a dreadful sight to see that steam-boat one mass of flame, with a number of poor wretches shrieking and howling for succour, going down the dreadful gulf! but there was no other chance for it. Away she went, illuminating both sides of the river, which were now covered with people, crying out, and vainly attempting to put off boats to the rescue of those on board.

The steamer proceeded slowly and calmly along the lucid waters. We heard her masts crack and fall, and saw the red light shoot out more awfully as her decks fell in. We heard also the cries of those on board. I thought I distinguished a female cry. My eyes kept watching her along the rapids, till at last—she was gone.

Over the falls in the twinkling of an eye. To