

as far as the eye could distinguish, was to be seen one perfect sea of foaming waves in endless commotion; while the ear was deafened by the eternal din rising up from the tumultuous war of waters.

When the dangerous passage had first been attempted, they were considerably above three small islands covered with pines and situated close to the opposite shore, the last of which reached to the extremity of the fall, but as they advanced, the current swept them gradually down, until it became a matter of doubt whether they would be able to reach the lowest of the group, which if impracticable, inevitable death would follow. Therefore to overcome the fatal influence of the current as much as possible, the canoe was propelled obliquely upward, being directed towards a point far above its intended destination, and the enemy, incited by revenge rather than a desire of saving their lives, brought their canoe, likewise, stem on to the stream; so that the two were moving in parallel lines, their broadsides being presented, while each instant they were drawing nearer to each other and the wrathful whirlpools.

The bewildered Clarence, in an agony of terror, shrieked aloud, but the sound was lost in the overwhelming roar of the torrent, and then she hid her face beneath her lover's mantle to shut out the dreadful sight. Edward was assisting in the propulsion of the canoe with main strength, and the Indians bowed their heads as they plunged their broad blades into the tide, and brought them up again with quick action, dripping and glistening in the moonlight.

Meanwhile several shots had been fired at them by the chasing canoe, which fact was known only by the effect, for the report could not be heard. One bullet dashed the paddle from the hands of Edward, and it was with some difficulty caught by the chief as it flew past. Another perforated the thin bark of the canoe near the gunwale, where Dennis lay cowering in an ecstasy of rage and apprehension. As soon, however, as he observed the shot hole, he was roused into a complete forgetfulness of his precarious situation. With frantic energy he sat up in the canoe, and seizing his gun, rested it deliberately upon its side and fired at their pursuers. A shout of exultation escaped him as he beheld the steersman of the Mikscote fall heavily over the side of the canoe, which was nearly upset in consequence, passing it to swerve from its course and drift downwards upon the fall.

This event seemed to add new life to the Micmacs, for they appeared to employ an increase of strength as they neared the islets, and strove by vehement efforts to gain a landing which was offered by a ridge of low rocks which formed an imperfect communication between the two last, whose sides were almost perpendicular and incapable of yielding any means of escape from the torrent that rushed furiously by. A dozen strokes of the paddle would decide the matter; life or death depended upon the issue. The feelings of those not actually engaged in the employment of most violent muscular exertions, were wound up to a pitch of distraction; but though Clarence shrieked piteously, and Dennis, prompted by partial insanity, made as if about to spring at once into the dark tide, the Indian girl sat still, motionless and pale as the sculptured marble. Her large, full eye was dilated, but it quailed not as she viewed, unshrinkingly, the foaming and whirling rapids; and turning to the chief who sat behind, guiding the frail bark with consummate skill, and eyes intently fixed upon the rocky ledge they were approaching, there concentrated every thought and feeling.

A statue could not be more hushed and stone-like in its awful calm, than Waswetchul upon that terrible occasion.

What is that giant power which steels the soul with fortitude in such momentous scenes, where the weak, the undistinguished at other times stalk forth, like gods, superior to fear, while the strong, the arrogant, shrink away with prostrated energies of body and mind?—Strange is it that the tender, sensitive woman should often meet reverses and death with a degree of courage and noble endurance, which the hardy and rough-hearted are incapable of exhibiting.

Urge on, brave men! A few more strokes and ye are safe. God, how the stream leaps and roars along the adamantine sides of the islands! Will the shallow fabric ever stem the torrent that rushes there? Alas!—in vain, in vain! Like a straw the canoe whirls away with the flood; the pines, the rocks appear to fly backward. They shoot by the landing with the speed of light, while every thing reels before their eyes and their brains grow giddy; yet can they almost touch the ledge of rock with the foremost paddle. In vain, in vain! Down into the abyss of death, the whirlpool gapes beneath; its angry voice is in their ears shrieking for prey. O heaven! is there no hope, and must they die?

One look of despair—one short prayer for