

The setting sun that day shed its last rays and warmth upon a busy and sorrowful scene, around thy roaring cataract, Oh, cruel unrelenting fall of waters! softly painting with mellow light the trees, rocks and thy wild children, unmindful alike, of the sad though customary, preparations for the sacrifice hurriedly proceeding; the women decking with shells and flowers the fairest maiden in their tribe, so soon to pass from them forever; the chiefs wrapped in the pride of Indian endurance hide from each other their feelings: no tear betrays, or thoughts even mar the serenity of their countenances, which indicated only submission to fate while the necessary ceremonies were being provided for; and they filled the flower-decked bark, moored in the little eddy above the rapids, with highly valuable contributions; and lighted the great pine-fires for the feast and dance, so well furnished and prepared by Black Snake, while daylight faded into night, heralded by invisible singers from the surrounding trees, pouring forth their sleepy monotonous songs, varying only at times in a higher and wilder key, then dying away in the endless roar of the turbulent waters around them.

The full moon ascending majestically above the horizon, with its pale, wavering light softened into beauty the rough rocks and banks, revealing the brilliant and beautiful path that one by one, the wisest and best of their tribe, had followed. Showering its light upon the narrow river path, already filled with the