

they made an *enemy*; the cruel Onwaroo loved the fair Timoeë, but she disdained him. Samachet was the hero of her choice, he sought and obtained her hand. Oh, what a pair! oft have I stood unseen to contemplate them; *he*, the master-piece of Nature! *she*, created but for him!

Samachet was the bravest warrior and the most expert of all our hunters, yet as tender in his nature as the soft and blooming Timoeë: no wonder that her beauty and her love were his reward! After the seven-days' feast<sup>(4)</sup> I was the last to take my leave, and saw her leaning, with down-cast eye and crimson cheek, upon his manly breast; while, with a fond embrace, his graceful arms incircled the loveliest daughter of our tribe.

Twelve moons had waned, and Samachet deemed her still fairer than before, while she lived but in his presence. The lamp of day seemed to withdraw his