

the shrill cries were heard of two children in distress, passing under the windows. He was startled, he listened, his vehement breathing was suspended, and he attempted to rise.

"They are mine! they are mine!" he exclaimed, with accents of inexpressible anguish, and fell back insensible. In that condition he remained for some time: as he began to recover, the uproar took a new turn; the sound of many feet was heard hurrying in the street, and sudden, short, low, deep mutterings, as of people in horror and great haste.

"What is that?" cried he; "in the name of Heaven, what has happened?"

"Oh, my mother!" at the same instant cried his eldest boy, thundering on the door. "My mother has thrown herself into the ferry-boat, and pushed off into the middle of the stream—she will be over the falls—nobody can help her."

The miserable husband leaped up, and was instantly out of the house, followed by his son; I too ran to the river's brink.