

regular and rapid strokes he plunged the paddle in the boiling tide which foamed above the prow!—Every nerve and sinew on the stretch while the hero's visage shewed those nerves unwearied and unshaken! Still faster now he stemmed the opposing stream, his strength increasing with the mighty exercise, till the whole body glowed with warmth and light! Our hearts beat audibly,—a smile of hope now dawned in the looks of Timoeë,—in *ten* strokes more and he is *safe*!—O death! the paddle breaks;—a fiendish *laugh* burst on my ear!—Samachet is on his feet,—his bow bent, an arrow drawn to the head,—it sped! I hear him shout!—Another paddle lay on the bank, I threw it to him, he attempts to reach it with his bow but fails!—Timoeë shrieked aloud,—and both ran in the direction of the canoe, now hurrying down the stream. Sickening with horror, she sank upon her knees and grasped the earth; still watching with a swimming, tearless eye, her noble Samachet. He still remained e-