

the old story of the "Pirates' Treasure," asked if she still thought there was danger in the search—"Certainly, there is," replied she archly, "for within a year of merely dreaming of such a thing, you had the misfortune to be MARRIED."



For The Amaranth.

STANZAS.

COMPOSED DURING THE MOON'S OBSCURATION,
ON FRIDAY NIGHT, THE FIFTH OF
FEBRUARY, 1841.

Moon of the firmament! planet of wonderment,
All hail! as I gaze on thy fast fading beam,
Orb of the winter night! globe of celestial light,
Dark is the cloud that encircles thy gleam.

Wind of the winter night! sigh 'neath her part-
ing light,

Through the regions of space let the echoes
respond;—

Ages have sung thy fame! nations adore thy
name,

Queen of the winter night! dim grows thy
throne!

Bathed in thy crimson dye! orb of serenity,
Creation exults at each forthcoming smile,
Once more thy genial ray, illumines immensity,
While the dark phantom'd vision begins to
recoil.

Moon of the firmament! planet of wonderment,
How brilliant thy beam on the blue ocean
wave;

The gale is now sleeping! the still winds are
weeping,

And nature sits smiling as still as the grave.

St. John.

JACOBUS.



THE WAR-WOMAN'S CREEK.

In Georgia and North Carolina, there is hardly a river, creek, or stream, that has not connected with it some old Indian tradition. The title of the present sketch is taken from one of these—I believe one of the principal tributaries of the Natahalee River, in the Cherokee Nation, North Carolina.—The story, as told by the few Indians remaining since the removal in the fall of 1838, runs thus:

Many years ago, in the first settlement of the country, a wandering party of their tribe attacked the house of a squatter somewhere upon their borders, during his absence, and massacred all his children, and left his wife covered

with the mangled bodies of her butchered offspring; scalped like them, and apparently dead. She was not, however, wounded so badly as they had supposed, and no sooner did she hear the sound of their retreating footsteps, than disengaging herself from the heap of slain, haggard, pale, and drenched with her own and the blood of her children, she peered stealthily from the door, and, finding her enemies no longer in sight, hastily extinguished the fire, which, before leaving, they had applied to her cabin, but which had, as yet, made very little impression on the green logs which it was composed. Wiping from her eyes the warm blood which was still reeking from her scalpless head, she directed her agonized gaze to the bleeding and disfigured forms of those who scarce an hour before were playing at the door, and gladdening her maternal heart with their merry laughter, and as she felt, in the full sense of her desolation, the last ray of hope die within her bosom, there stole over her ghastly face an expression as savage as was ever worn by the ruthless slayers of her innocent babes. Her eye gleamed with the wild fury of the tigress robbed of its young, as closing her cabin carefully behind her, with a countenance animated by some desperate purpose, she started off in the same path by which the murderers had departed. Heedless of her wounds and wasting blood, and lost to all sense of hunger and fatigue, in the one absorbing and fell purpose which actuated her, she paused not upon the trail of her foes, until, at night, she came up with them encamped at the side of the creek, which is indebted to her for its present name.

Emerging from the gloom of the surrounding darkness, on her hands and knees, she crept noiselessly towards the fire, the blaze of which, as it flickered upwards, discovered to her the prostrate forms of the Indians, five in number, who, overcome by an unusually fatiguing day's travel, were wrapt in deep sleep, with their only weapons, their tomahawks, in their belts. Her