

For the Pearl.

I WOULD I WERE A CHILD AGAIN.

I would I were a child again,
A young and happy child—
The same as when my mother pressed
My rosy cheek and smiled.
I would I were a child again,
As full of frolic glee
As when the world was new and strange
And beautiful to me.

I would I were a child again
To sit among the flowers,
And pluck a garland for my hair
In summer's sunny hours.
I would I were a child again
As careless and as gay,
As when I laughed as others laugh
And played as others play.

Oh, happy time!—how ill exchanged
For after-years of care—
The dark and weary lot of earth,
That man is doomed to bear.
Oh, happy time!—when on her hope
My tender mother smiled!—
I would I were a child again,
A young and happy child!

J. McPHERSON.

Halifax, 1840.

A LEGEND OF THE SILVER WAVE.

BY CAROLINE LEE HENTZ.

(Continued.)

White warrior, said he, advancing nearer to Stuart, in the midst of the excited soldiers, the serpent has coiled himself in the brake, to sting at the midnight hour. The wolf has lurked in ambush, and his fangs are dripping with the blood of the young. But the eagle soars in the noontide beam, and hurls the thunderbolt in the face of his foe. His children are guiltless of the innocent blood.

While Sakamaw was speaking, there was a sullen murmur of discontent among the soldiers; the low growl that harbingered the tempest's wrath. Gilmore too, rose from his recumbent position, and stood with clenched hands, shut teeth, ashy lips, and eyes that burned red and malignant through tears that the heat of revenge was drying ere they fell. There is nothing so exasperating to one inflamed by hot and contending passions, as the sight of stoic indifference or perfect self-control. As the waters chafe and foam against the moveless cliff that stands in 'unbleached majesty,' in the midst of the raging element, the tide of human passion rages most violently when most calmly opposed.

'Dog of an Indian!' muttered Gilmore, 'painted hypocrite! fiend of subtlety and guile! How dare you come hither with your vain boasting words, honey on your lips, and gall and bitterness in your heart? By the all-beholding heavens! you shall answer for every drop of blood spilled last night, by your own hand, or by the hands of your hellish tribe.'

'Gilmore, Gilmore!' exclaimed Stuart, in a tone of deep command, 'you are worse than mad. Respect the laws of military honor, nor dare to insult one who has voluntarily surrendered himself as a hostage for his tribe. This chief is under my protection, under the guard and protection of every noble and honorable heart. Look upon him; he is unarmed, yet with generous trust and confidence he has entered the white man's camp, to warn him of the very outrage over which we now mourn. Gilmore, be a man, be a soldier, and command our sympathy; not our indignation.'

The voice of the young commander, which had been wont to suppress every expression of mutiny or discontent, by its slightest tones, now made an appeal as vain as it was just. 'Down with the red dog! down with him, Gilmore!' burst forth and echoed on every side. Again did Stuart raise his commanding voice, till it rose high and clear as the bugle's blast. He was answered by the same rebellious and daring spirits. Lehella, who had looked on in wild, undefinable alarm, now comprehended the full extent of the danger which hung over the devoted Sakamaw, and rushing through the lawless band, she wreathed her slender arms around his majestic frame, in the unavailing hope of shielding him from their rage.

'Fly, Sakamaw, fly!' she exclaimed, 'the deer is not swifter than the foot of the hunter. Fly with Adario, from the home of the pale man. There is death in his gleaming eye.'

'Sakamaw will never fly from the face of his foe. The Great Spirit is looking down upon my heart, and he sees that it is white of the blood of the brave.' As the noble savage uttered these words, he looked up into the deep blue heavens, and drew back the deer skin robe from his breast, as if inviting the scrutiny of the All-seeing to the recesses of his naked heart. It would seem that,

'If heaven had not some hand
In this dark deed,'

such magnanimous sentiments would have arrested the course of their revenge, but they were blind, and deaf, and infuriated. Gilmore felt in his bosom for the pistol which he carried for his own safe-guard. Augusta saw the motion which was unperceived by Stuart, who was endeavouring to stem the torrent swelling around them. With an irresistible impulse she pressed forth and seized his arm at the very moment it was extended towards his victim. The motion and the report of the pistol were simultaneous. The angel of mercy was too late; the death-shot pierced the bosom of Sakamaw, and the faithful breast that had vainly interposed itself between him and the impending blow. They fell—the forest oak and the caressing vine—blasted by the avenging stroke, and the pause that succeeds the thunder's crash, is not more awful than that which followed the deadly deed.

'Great God!' exclaimed Stuart, 'what have you done? All the rivers of the West cannot wash out this foul stain.' With feelings of bitter agony he knelt beside the dying chieftain and his wife.

'Sakamaw,' he cried, 'friend, brother of the white man, speak, if you have breath to utter, and say you believe me guiltless of this crime—would that I had died ere I beheld this hour.'

The expiring Indian opened for the last time, that eye, which had been to his tribe a lamp in peace and a torch in war, but the eagle glance was quenched in the mists of death. Twice he endeavoured to speak, but the word 'Adario' was all that he could articulate.

'Yes, Sakamaw,' he cried, 'I will be a father to thy boy through life; in death I will cherish him.'

Who can fathom the depth, the strength of a mother's love? Lehella, who had lain apparently lifeless on the bosom of Sakamaw, while Augusta, with bloodless cheeks and lips, was weeping over her, seemed to arouse from the lethargy of death, at the name of her son. She raised her cold cheeks from its bloody pillow, and joined together her hands, already damp with the dews of dissolution, exclaimed in a voice unutterably solemn, while she lifted her dim and wavering glance to heaven.—'Oh! thou Every Where, protect my son!'

With this sublime adjuration to the Omnipotent Spirit of the Universe, her soul made its transit, and Stuart and Augusta were left kneeling on either side of the dead bodies of the martyred Indians.

It is painful to record a deed which must forever stain the annals of American History; but now while we glow with indignation at the tale of Indian barbarities on the frontiers of the West, let us remember the story of their past wrongs—let us think of the fate of the magnanimous Sakamaw, whose memory

'In long after years,
Should kindle our blushes and waken our tears.'

Years rolled on. The wilderness began to blossom like the rose, and the solitary places to look joyous, with life, and bright with promise; while on the fair banks of the Ohio, the inhabited village, the busy town, or the prouder city, rose in beauty and imitative splendor. It was where the 'father of ancient waters' flows on in all the opulence of its waves, still deep in the bosom of the wilderness, an isolated cabin reared its head through thick clusters of over-shadowing vines, and perennial trees. The moon showered down its virgin rays on the woods, the waters, the peaceful cottage, the rustling trees—and lingered in brightness round two solitary figures reclining on the bank, watching the course of the swelling stream. Its pallid beams revealed the features of a man who had passed life's vernal season, and was verging toward the autumnal grey; but though the lines of deep thought or sorrow, were distinctly marked on his pale brow, there was an air of military dignity and command investing his figure, which showed at once that his youth had been passed in the tented field. The other figure was that of a young man in all the vigor of earliest manhood, in the simple dress of a forester, with the swarthy cheek, glittering eye, and jet black locks of the Indian race. As we do not aim at mystery in the development of the simple story, we will gather up in few words the events of years in whose silent flight the young and gallant Stuart had become the subdued and pensive moralist, who sat gazing on the brink of the stream and

*This impressive prayer was in reality breathed by a dying Indian mother.

Adario, the orphan boy of the murdered Sakamaw, the manly youth, whose ardent yet civilized glance reflected the gleams that shone fitfully round them. The young, the beautiful Augusta, was now the dweller of 'the dark and narrow house,' and the widowed husband, disgusted with the world, had retired still deeper into the shades of the West, with the child of his adoption, and one sweet inheritor of her mother's charms, who had been baptized by the soft name of Lehella, in memory of the mother of Adario. This only daughter, accompanied by a maternal friend, had for the first time visited the scenes of her parent's nativity, and it was to watch the boat which was to bring back the rose of the wilderness to the solitary bower, that the father and Indian youth, night after night, lingered on the banks, catching the faintest sound which anticipation might convert into the ripple caused by the dipping oar. Restless and stormy, unuttered feelings agitated the breast of Adario. Bred under the same roof, educated by the same enlightened and gifted mind, these children of the forest grew up together entwined in heart and soul, like two plants whose roots are wreathed, and whose leaves and tendrils interlace each other in indissoluble wedlock. The son of Sakamaw, the daughter of Augusta—the dark and the fair—the eagle and the dove—it seemed to the sad and imaginative Stuart, that the spirit of the injured Sakamaw would rejoice in the land of ghosts, at the band that should unite these descendants of the Sundered tribes. Adario, tortured by jealousy and fear, awaited the return of Lehella with all the fiery impatience peculiar to the dark nation from which he derived his existence, though in her presence he was gentle and mild as the gentlest of his sex, and all the harsher traits of the aboriginal character were softened and subdued, retaining only that dignity and elevation we can never deny is their own legitimate dower.

Though they had usually retired before the midnight hour, they remained this night longer, by a kind of mysterious sympathy and indefinable apprehension. Clouds gathered over the calm and silvered heavens, and gradually deepening in darkness wrapt the woods and waters in their solemn shadows. A low, sullen growl broke at intervals on the silence of the night, and they looked anxiously for the flash which was to be the herald of another peal of yet distant thunder. All was gloom above and around; and the same sullen murmuring sound came more distinctly on the air, which was now damp with the laboring storm. At last a light gleamed on the waters—bright, but still remote—and sent a long stream of radiance down the channel of the river, far as the spot where they were seated, gazing in a kind of fascination on the unwonted splendor. Louder and louder were those sullen murmurs, and deeper and brighter grew the ominous and lightning-like flashes that illuminated the darkness of the wilderness. Onward it came, as if containing the principle of vitality in the fiery element that spread broader and fiercer around it—howling forth as it came, those unearthly sounds, which to the ear of an untutored savage would have seemed the angry thunders of the Manitou. Standing on the very brink of the river, with breathless suspense, they watched the approach of the blazing phantom, when the father, whose perceptions became clearer as it neared, and who had heard of those wondrous fabrics, one of those noblest inventions of human genius; that propelled by vapor, triumph in speed over the majestic ship or the lighter barque, believed he now for the first time beheld one of these wonders of the waves, enveloped in a glory which was only the herald of its destruction. The thought of his daughter, that she might be exposed to the awful fate, wrapped in those volumed flames, came over him like a death-blast. At this moment wild shrieks and tumultuous cries were heard confusedly mingling with the hoarse thunders and plunging sound of the waters—figures became visible through the sheets of flame, wreathed with blackening smoke, that reflected now their lurid brightness on the whole face of the sky. Suddenly a form burst through the blazing curtain, like an angel of light mid the region of despair—it was but a glimpse of loveliness; but that one glimpse discovered the fair, far-waving locks, the snow-white brow, and beautiful outlines of the daughter of Stuart. They saw her stretch forth her virgin arms to the heavens—then plunge through one devouring element into the cold embraces of another still as deadly. With one long, loud shriek of agony, the father and lover sprang from the shelving bank, and disappeared in the ignited waves!

The morning sun shone bright and clear on the blackened wreck of the 'Evening Star,' the name of the devoted boat, and the waters flowed on calmly and majestically, as if they never echoed to the shrieks of the dying, or closed over the relics of human tenderness and love. The solitary cottage—was still the abode of life, and youth, and hope. Adario and Lehella, redeemed from a fiery or watery grave, once more embosomed in its peaceful shades; but