

Her sing, and then the conscious waves
Bear the sweet music to their caves."

She seems to have caught the inspiration ;

* * * " But her face
Of tender feeling bore no trace,
'Twas but a softened look of pain,
As if she strove but all in vain
Some thought within her soul to hide,
But which she could not crush or guide,
Then in low accents she replied ;
' Hiamorah is a mighty chief,
And Meetah's heart he knoweth well ;
But yet he filleth her with grief—
He has not sought the secret spell :
He knows the Island King has said
That none but one can Meetah wed ;
He who restores at any cost
To Wawnewaw the pow'r he lost.
Tho' Meetah loves her chieftain's face
She owes a duty to her race.
When Hiamorah can command
And rule the spirits that now roam
The waves, oh ! let him then demand
And Meetah shall be all his own ! "

Brave words and bravely spoken. Hiamorah, upon hearing them, bestowed one long, lingering look upon the object of his admiration, and jumping into his frail, bark " swift o'er the darkening wave " he flew. Days of solitude and pain he spent. The choicest game and offerings were laid at his feet by his devoted band ; but " one in love cares not to eat."

In those days there were no New York astrologers, who for a red stamp will furnish potent love powders, warranted to charm either party into a perfect frenzy of love ; but there was a sage, and to this being Hiamorah repaired and unfolded bare the deep recesses of his heart. In answer spoke the worthy Powah :

" ' O chieftain ! ' said the Powah wise,
' A hundred braves before to-day
Have perished in that rash emprise ;
Then rule thy wayward-heart and stay.
Are there not maidens fair as she,
Upon whose shores among those isles,
Who would be proud to wed with thee,
And give themselves to win thy smiles ? ' "

But no ; Hiamorah loved but Meetah, and she alone would he lead to the altar of Hymen. Said the youth :

" ' To Meetah only will I wed,
Nor care if all the rest were dead.'
' Dead ! ' spoke the ancient Powah ; ' dead !
O chieftain, now the word is said :
Know'st thou not the prophecy ?—
Who wins the secret *he must die !* "

Summer passed away, and cold, dreary winter was upon the earth. The lover's heart was still true to his Meetah. With his faithful dog for his only companion, he wandered over the beauteous isles. Once, while on one of these excursions, he gave play to his feelings in the