

formidable tribe. There is another legend, as well authenticated as traditional history can well be, to the effect, that about one hundred years ago, three families of Spaniards, who had provoked the resentment of the Indians, were beset by the savages, and to avoid massacre and pollution, marched into the bay, and were drowned—men, women and children. Tradition adds, that the Spaniards went down to the waters following a drum and pipe, and singing, as enthusiasts are said to do, when about to do, when about to commit self-immolation. Slaves in the neighbourhood believe that the sounds, which sweep with mournful cadence over the bay, are uttered by the spirits of those hapless families; nor will any remonstrance against the superstition abate their terror, when the wailing is heard. Formerly, neither threats nor blows could induce them to venture out after night; and to this day, it is exceedingly difficult to induce one of them to go in a boat alone upon the quiet waters of Pascagoula Bay. One of them, being asked by a recent traveller what he thought occasioned that music, replied:

'Wall, I tinks it's dead folks come back agin; dat's what I does. White people say it's dis ting and dat ting; but it's no-ting, massa, but de ghosts ob peoplo what didn't die nat'rally ia dere beds, long time ago—Indians or Spaniards, I believes dey was.'

'But does the music never frighten you?'

'Wall, it does. Sometimes wen I'se out alone on de bay in a skiff, and I hears it about, I always finds myself in a perspiration: and de way I works my way home, is of de fastest kind. I declare, de way I'se frightened sometimes, is so bad. I doesn't know myself.'

But in these days, few things are allowed to remain mysterious. A correspondent of the Baltimore Republican thus explains the music of the water-spirits:

'During several of my voyages on the Spanish main, in the neighbourhood of Paraguay, and San Juan de Nicaragua, from the nature of the coast, we were compelled to anchor at a considerable distance from the shore; and every evening, from dark to late night, our ears were delighted with *Æolian* music, that could be heard beneath the counter of our schooner. At first, I thought it was the sea-breeze sweeping through the strings of my violin, (the bridge of which I had inadvertently left standing;) but after examination, I found it was not so. I then placed my ear on the rail of the vessel, when I was continually charmed with the most heavenly strains that ever fell upon my ear. They did not sound as close to us, but were sweet, mellow, and aerial; like the soft breathings of a thousand lutes, touched by fingers of the deep sea-nymphs, at an immense distance.

Although I have considerable music 'in my soul,' one night I became tired, and determined to fish. My luck in half an hour was astonishing; I had half filled my bucket with the finest white cat-fish I ever saw; and it being late, and the cook asleep, and the moon shining, I filled my bucket with water, and took fish and all into my cabin for the night.

I had not yet fallen asleep; when the same sweet notes fell upon my ear; and getting up, what was my surpriso to find my 'cat fish' discoursing sweet sounds to the sides of my bucket.

I examined them closely, and discovered that there was attached to each lower lip an excrescence, divided by soft, wiry fibres. By the pressure of the upper lip thereon, and by the exhalation and discharge of breath, a vibration was created, similar to that produced by the breath on the tongue of the jew's harp.'

So you see the Naiads have a hand to dance by. I should like to hear the mocking-bird try his skill at imitating this submarine melody. You know the Bob-o'-link with his inimitable strain of 'linked sweetness, long drawn out?' At a farm-house occupied by my father-in-law, one of these rich warblers came and seated himself on a rail near the window, (and began to sing. A cat-bird, (our New England mocking-bird) perched near, and began to imitate the notes. The short, quick, 'bob-o'-link,' 'bob-o'-link,' he could master very well; but when it came to the prolonged trill of gushing melody, at the close of the strain—the imitator stopped in the midst. Again the bob-o'-link poured forth his soul in song; the mocking-bird hopped nearer, and listened most intently. Again he tried; but it was all in vain. The bob-o'-link, as if conscious that none could imitate

his God-given tune, sent forth a clearer, stronger, richer strain than ever. The mocking-bird evidently felt that his reputation was at stake. He warbled all kinds of notes in quick succession. You would have thought the house was surrounded by robins, sparrows, whippowills, black-birds, and linnets. Having shown off his accomplishments, he again tried his powers on the altogether inimitable trill. The effort he made was prodigious; but it was more talent trying to copy genius. He couldn't do it. He stopped, gasping, in the midst of the prolonged melody, and flew away abruptly, in evident vexation.

Music, like every thing else, is now passing from the few to the many. The art of printing has laid before the multitude the written wisdom of ages, once locked up in the elaborate manuscripts of the cloister. Engraving and daguerreotype spread the productions of the pencil before the whole people. Music is taught in our common schools, and the cheap accordion brings its delights to the humblest class of citizens. All these things are full of prophecy. Slowly, slowly, to the measured sound of the spirit's music, there goes round the world the golden band of brotherhood; slowly, slowly, the earth comes to its place, and makes a chord with heaven.

Sing on, thou true-hearted, and be not discouraged! If a harp be in perfect tune, and a flute, or other instrument of music be near it, and in perfect tune also, thou canst not play on one without wakening an answer from the other. Behold, thou shalt hear its sweet echo in the air, as if played on by the invisible. Even so shall other spirits vibrate to the harmony of thine. Utter what God giveth thee to say. In the sunny West Indies, in gay and graceful Paris, in frozen Iceland, and the deep stillness of the Hindoo jungle, thou wilt wake a slumbering echo, to be carried on for ever through the universe. In word and act sing thou of united truth and love; another voice shall take up the strain over the waters; soon it will become a world concert;—and thou above there, in that realm of light and love, well pleased wilt hear thy early song, in earth's sweet vibration to the harps of heaven.

#### THE ORPHAN.

I have no mother!—for she died  
When I was very young,  
But her memory still, around my heart,  
Like morning mists was hung.

They tell me of an angel form  
That watched me while I slept,  
And of a soft and gentle hand  
That wiped the tears I wept.

And that same hand that held my own  
When I began to walk,  
And the joy that sparkled in her eyes  
When first I tried to talk;—

For they say the mother's heart is pleased  
When infant charms expand—  
I wonder if she thinks of me  
In that bright happy land:

For I know she is in heaven now—  
That holy place of rest—  
For she was always good to me,  
And the good alone are blest.

I remember, too, when I was ill,  
She kissed my burning brow;  
And the tear that fell upon my cheek—  
I think I feel it now.

And I have still some little books  
She learned me how to spell;  
And the chiding, or the kiss she gave,  
I still remember well

And then she used to kneel with me,  
And teach me how to pray,  
And raise my little hands to heaven,  
And tell me what to say.

Oh, mother! mother! in my heart  
Thy imago still shall be,  
And I will hope in heaven at last  
That I may meet with thee.