

their import, overcome by the magical power of association, which music is so well known to possess,—could not restrain her tears, for every note, wild and mournful in its swell or cadence, as the singer breathed her every feeling in accordance with the mutations of the song, awoke some sweet remembrance of past days. Gushing forth, as from an unsealed fount, the large drops coursed swiftly down the fair, but attenuated cheeks; Oh! what a joy it was to weep! The captive felt that it would be a blessing if it were permitted that the dark stream of her life might be poured out with that soul-welling flood.

'Twas a simple legend that Waswetchcul half carelessly sung, in the expressive language of her people, and the air was wildly irregular, but sorrowful as the subject it was intended to convey. Those only who have listened to the untutored, but dulcet voices of the Indian maidens, caroling their hymns or national discants in the recesses of the forest, can well conceive the extraordinary effect—the pathos which was imparted to the following, by the Wild Flower of the Milicete.

SONG.

Always by the blue waters;—ay, always,
Poor Nateen sits weeping so mournfully,
She has gather'd the grapes and the white lily;
But the fruit is untasted,
And the lilies are dying.

Oh! fair is her face as the moon's soft beam—
Like a bird her voice—as the honey bee
Her breath—as the star of the eve' her eye;
But where is her memory?
O! where is her memory?

By the break of morn went a hunter forth,
His snow-shoes tracks o'er the hills, they say,
Follow'd the deer until close of day;
But the frost-wind's breath was cold,
And it blight'd that hunter bold.

The berries and the vein'd water cups
She has plucked, and the tears in her eye,
Like their fountains, are never found dry;
She is crying bitterly,
Under the butternut tree.

Ever by the river side;—ay, ever,
The poor maiden wanders, wanting to die
Like the flowers, though she cannot tell why;
It is sad, very sad to see
She has lost her memory.

As Waswetchcul ceased her strain, the faint cry of the night hawk was indistinctly heard in the evening air, and through the open door

the low hum of insects fell drowsily upon the ear, broken at times, by the mellowed shout of the children, calling to each other among the wigwams of the village, while the shades were deepening around as evening melted imperceptibly into night. It was one of those twilights—so pure, so unutterably calm—by whose influence we are oftentimes whiled away from the distracting cares and engrossing objects of life for the deep hush of nature awes the troubled heart into stillness and rebukes the vain desire of quietude of man. Why are our fondest and purest emotions ever linked with sadness?—Why in such an hour—when stirring within us, the immortal spirit spreads its wing and soars nearer to its home, enticed away by the spell that hallows all things—do we muse on sorrow, nursing it even unto tears? And yet doth that causeless grief soothe and elevate the soul it fills, loosing the shackles of mortality, and lightening the load of earth upon our breasts, until we wonder at our love for the dreary world, for the base things that persist, and deem ourselves as exiles from some fairer and more genial clime. Come hither, O mournful Twilight! and tell us why are ye so powerful;—wherefore so sad? Lulled to rest by the deep repose of nature, the two maidens sat silently indulging in a reverie of interwoven thoughts in the pleasant stillness of the summer eve, nor dreamed how soon and wildly an enchantment would be broken.

Why does Waswetchcul start and throw back the dark hair from her ear with sudden impulse? Listen! The clear hoot of an owl is borne upon the calm air with a plaintive cadence;—it is repeated—whereupon all doubt to the cause quickly vanished, for the girl's eyes kindled with a bright flash of joy, and her cheek burned, as springing up from her listless attitude, she hurried away at the beck of the well remembered call.

Clarence, surprised at the unwonted excitement of her companion, knew not to what could be imputed the sudden change she had witnessed, neither had she been conscious of the sounds that had interrupted the reflection of the other. Unnerved, as she was, by suffering and constant dread, her heart beat violently in her bosom, and she trembled with excessive agitation.

The previous day there had been an unusual bustle in the village, warriors hurrying to and fro, and signs of hostile preparation. But the commotion had altogether ceased after a short time, and a large party, including their most effective men, had departed from the place.