

own stealthily advancing figure, as the uncertain light of the burning pine fell upon it with more or less distinctness—now exposing its lineaments clotted with blood, and distorted by an expression which her wrongs, and the sight of the desolaters of her hearthstone, exaggerated to a degree almost fiendish; and now shading all, save two gleaming, spectral eyes—was even more striking than the swarthy faces which she glared upon. Assuring herself that they were fast asleep, she gently removed their tomahawks, and dropped all but one into the creek. With this remaining weapon in her hand, and cool resolution in her heart, she bent over the nearest enemy, and lifting the instrument, to which her own and her children's blood still adhered, with one terrific and unerring blow, buried it in the temple of its owner. The savage moved no more than partly to turn upon his side, gasped a little, quivered a minute like an aspen, and sunk back to his former position, quite dead.—Smiling ghastly in his rigid face, the desperate woman left him, and noiselessly as before despatched all of the sleepers, but one, to that long rest from which only the last trump can awaken them. The last devoted victim, however, was aroused to a consciousness of his situation by the death-struggles of his companions. He sprang to his feet and felt for his weapon. It was not there, and one glance explaining every thing to him, he evaded the blow aimed at him by the brave and revengeful mother, seized from the fire a burning brand, and with it, succeeded partially in warding off the furious attack which followed. In a little time they fell struggling together, the Indian desperately wounded, and the unfortunate woman faint with loss of blood and her extraordinary exertions. Both were too weak to harm each other now, and the wounded savage only availed himself of his remaining strength to crawl away. In this piteous plight, the poor woman remained until near noon on the following day, when she was accidentally discovered by a straggling party of

whites, to whom she told her story, and then died. After burying her on the spot, they made some exertion to overtake the fugitive Indian, but unsuccessfully. He succeeded in reaching his tribe, and from his tale, the little stream, before-mentioned, was ever afterwards known among the Cherokees, and also by the pale-faces, as the "War-Woman's Creek."



For The Amaranth.

The last Meeting of Mother and Son.

A SCENE OF OLDEN TIME.

THE sun had set; and Eve gazed upon its last rays with feelings of deep remorse; her thoughts reverted to the garden of Eden—they were bitter, for she wept. Her countenance suddenly brightened; her heart felt joyous at the approach of Cain, the painful thoughts which but a few minutes ago occupied her mind, fled; she hoped for a few short happy hours in his company. "What ails thee, my son?" said Eve, looking earnestly at Cain, as he wended his way towards his mother, with his arms across his breast, and his head sunk upon his bosom. Cain approached Eve, heaving a bitter sigh, and without taking his head from his bosom said, "My punishment is greater than I can bear." All the motherly feelings of Eve were aroused; she carressed tenderly her first-born child; she mingled her tears with his, and besought him to tell her the cause of his trouble. Cain cast himself before his mother; he leant his elbows upon her knees, and buried his face in his hands—he then related the cause of his trouble. Eve listened; ere he had finished his sad tale, her face grew pale—the ruddy colour of her lips departed; the few hours of pleasure she had pictured in her mind to spend with her beloved child were blighted. Cain stopped—he told all he had to say.—The scene was too painful for Eve, she sunk lifeless to the ground. Cain sprung to his feet; he gazed at his mother's form. Though the murderer of his brother, the affection for his mother had not ceased; he kissed her pale lips, he