

"And when the chief, who was head cook, was curing him on the turf, he said, 'We are not the only ones who are fond of a roasted "Murphy."'  
But for Lismahago a different fate, for instead of getting a roaster,  
He was declared bridegroom elate of the lovely squaw Squinkinacoosta."

He then describes the personal charms of the bride, her paint and her ornaments, etc., and says :

"'Twould have puzzled Dr. Brewster  
To tell if the eyes were green or blue of the lovely squaw  
Squinkinacoosta.

Her ear-rings were of hickory thorn, of the size and shape of  
drumsticks,  
And wampum her bracelets did adorn, the gift of her father,  
Rumrix.

"He lived for two years, so happy, and more, along with his  
lovely squaw dear,  
When she fell sick after a very long ride, and died of a surfeit  
of raw bear ;

But she left him a hatchet and two Scotch mulls, and a picca-  
ninny's rattle,  
And a breakfast service made of skulls that her father had  
taken in battle.

"And so, you see, his early life, though humble he did begin it,  
He found he was the *left-tenant* of a wigwam and everything  
in it."

I may say that on these occasions I became acquaint-  
ed with some of the cleverest patter songs that I ever  
met with, and several of them I call to memory with  
pleasure; but I fear I am growing tedious, and prefer to  
close with some verses, which were written in the  
album of a member of my own family by Eliza Cook,  
and have, I believe, been published only once before :—

TIME! TIME! WHAT HAST THOU DONE?

My forehead is smooth, not a wrinkle is yet  
To be found as the tell-tale of life's waning years;  
Not a hair has turned grey, not a record is set,  
That proclaims a long journey through trials and tears.  
Oh! mine is the season when spirit and thought  
Should have little of earth but its sunshine and flowers;  
With joy to look back on, joy still to be sought,  
And Mirth and Hope laughingly crowning the hours.  
But though short be the tenor I've held from above,  
Enough of dark sands in that tenor have run  
To bid my soul cry o'er the wrecks of its love,  
"Time! Time! what hast thou done?"

Changes have passed that I weep to behold  
Over all that was dear to my childhood and youth,  
Warm hearts are estranged, friendly hands have grown cold,  
And the lips I once trusted are warped from the truth.  
My affection, that burnt like the God-serving flame  
On the purest of altars that love could illumine,  
Lives on, but now worships a form and a name  
That is wrapped in a shroud-robe and carved on a tomb.  
Oh! the world has too soon dropped its fairy-tinged mask,  
For the dearest of ties have been torn one by one,  
Till my heart and my memory tremble to ask,  
"Time! Time! what hast thou done?"

I make my bow for this season, hoping that my gossip  
may not have been unduly egotistical, and shall be well  
pleased if my young friends may think well enough  
of my effusions to induce them to say in the words  
of Bottom in "A Midsummer Night's Dream":—  
"Let him roar again, let him roar again."

H.M.

A LEGEND.

Perhaps no literature is so rich in "legendary storie  
of nurses and old women" as the German; and although  
the following seems to be cast in German mould, the  
origin is extremely doubtful.

Many years ago there lived in the fine old castle  
Wissenschaft one Baron von Gebieter, along with his  
wife and family of numerous sons and daughters.  
There was a custom, of old standing in the country, that  
each child should, on attaining a certain age, set out to  
earn his or her "Ruf." This "Ruf" could not be pur-  
chased by money, influence, or any of those devices so  
potent in modern times, but was to be had only at the  
expense of individual, strenuous effort.

For many months the head of this home had been  
detained in foreign parts, and the time had now come  
for a dear and loved son to set out; and although a  
father's blessing would be denied him, he comforted  
himself that a mother's prayer and kiss could still be  
his.

Shortly before his departure, he offended the Baroness  
his mother by indulging in some boyish pranks, and  
that so deeply, that she refused utterly to see him before  
he set out. The youth, grieved to the heart, shut him-  
self up in his room, refusing to be comforted, and as the  
day drew nearer when he should leave to go forth  
lonely and unforgiven, his brothers and sisters renewed  
their entreaties to the stern "white mother" that he  
should be received back into favor, but to no avail: the  
more they pleaded with her, the more determined was  
she in her resolution that her dearly loved boy should  
not receive her farewell kiss. It might be years ere he  
returned, and at the thought agony rent her heart, but  
false pride sealed her lips, while nightly her pillow was  
bathed in tears.

At last the night had come whose dawn would see  
her (as she thought him now) dearest child depart, and  
as she sought her couch, sleep was as far from her burn-  
ing eyelids as rest was from her weary heart. Hour  
after hour she lay awake, and as the old bell in the  
court softly tolled the passing hours, her heart seemed  
almost bursting with the fierce conflict of her conditions.

But hark! The sound of softly approaching footsteps  
from down the long corridor fall upon her straining ear.  
She knows the foot-fall well: it is her boy's. Nearer and  
nearer it comes until it reaches her door, then stops.  
"Mother," says the boy, "will you not forgive me ere  
I go from you, perhaps forever?" A sob breaks from  
her lips, but steeling her heart against all natural im-  
pulses, sternly she makes reply: "Never! Go, unworthy  
child of thine ancestors, without a father's blessing or  
a mother's kiss." Then one long, shuddering, never-to-  
be-forgotten moan reaches the unhappy mother's ears,  
and she feels she has killed her boy. With one pierc-  
ing shriek she springs to the door, wrenches it open, only  
to find that she had been the victim of a hideous night-  
mare. Cold beads of perspiration stand upon her fore-  
head, and her limbs refuse to bear their burden, and she  
falls prostrate across the threshold, swooning. The  
strange part of the legend is that branded in the oaken  
floor of the corridor can be seen the name of her once  
unforgiven but very dear son "Valedictory."

A. D. LANOD,