

"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,