

smallest accident or interruption, and the lovers were now man and wife, much to the satisfaction of the bride, who received the congratulations of her friends with the broadest of grins, while the groom again strangely sat himself on the bed, and gazed about him with the same abstracted air, as if he had lost his jack-knife, and was trying to bring the time to mind when he had last seen it.

Another short prayer concluded the 'Squire's duties, when the bride's thin, wiry, shrill-tongued mother appeared on the scene, who directed the men to construct a table of planks and barrels, beneath a clump of oaks in front of the dwelling, and led a train of girls and matrons to a little smoking out-house near at hand, whence numerous plates of boiled pork, potatoes, fried eels, loaves of ginger-bread, pots of coffee, jugs of molasses and whiskey were taken and arranged upon the festive board.

In the mean time, the boys had built several fires of pine-knots within a comfortable distance of the table, and at length the guests sat themselves thereto with marks of high satisfaction.

When the 'Squire had rapidly but largely partaken of fried eels and whiskey-and-water, he borrowed a plug of tobacco of the bride's father, and after reminding the company that he had 'got a good ways to go,' and engaging the groom (whose pensiveness by-the-bye still continued) to do a couple of days' 'hoeing,' (which service every body understood the 'Squire intended to accept as a compensation for performing the banns,) he departed for the place whence he came.

Relieved of the awe-inspiring presence of the 'Squire, the guests at once delivered themselves up to the freest revel and jollity. Discordant tunes, the accompanying words to which the maudlin singers suddenly forgot, were bawled out over the whiskey, and peals of the loudest laughter at nothing rung forth over the pork and eels. With the disappearance of the victuals, the squeaking of a fiddle announced itself, at which signal the revellers set to sprawling through various rude, high-legged reels and 'hoe-downs,' and so continued to disport themselves until the newly-married couple had retired for the night to a loft that was hastily arranged in the upper portion of the house, when each man procured his gun from a secret place in the woods, and an incessant *feu de joie* was kept up until after midnight.

L I N E S : ' D A W N I N G . '

'Less than a Lover, more than Friend!'  
Ah! let us never part,  
But bid these blissful torments end,  
And take me to thy heart!

Sweet heart! — the hope thy speech denies  
Thy beaming eyes confess,  
In which I see the dawning rise  
Of days of happiness!

July 5, 1855.

Though faint as is the early ray,  
When Day with Night contends,  
The light still conquers, and in day  
The conflict ever ends.

I'll read my future in thine eyes,  
That promise me my bliss;  
Nor trust thy blushing lips' sweet lies,  
But stay them with a kiss!

W. H.

## THE LOVERS' LEAP: A SENECA LEGEND.

BY O-SOO-AH.

ONCE through these vales the Indian roved,  
 A hunter fleet and free;  
 Proudly his well-tried bow he bore,  
 And proud his eagle feathers wore —  
 No slave to care was he;  
 But undisputed ruler moved  
 O'er hill and dale and sea.  
 Here forest swains and maidens loved,  
 And constant hearts were tried and proved,  
 As constant hearts must be.

Unchanging hearts which idols make,  
 Of hearts as true, though frail as they,  
 Are ever doomed to bleed or break,  
 And learn their gods are but of clay:  
 But though thrice shattered to the dust,  
 And all deformed the image lies,  
 The true heart, in its boundless trust,  
 Will deem it kindred to the skies.  
 For love, though tarnished by the fall,  
 Survives to every age the same,  
 And wigwam, cot, and lordly hall  
 Lights with its sanctifying flame;  
 And, like its great ORIGINAL,  
 Is prompt to shield and slow to blame.

Ah! Indian maid, thy heart was tried,  
 Long, long ago, as legends tell,  
 When in its fresh and virgin pride,  
 By the lone death-doomed captive's side,  
 Thy tribe's born foeman, dire and fell,  
 Love oped its gushing founts all wide,  
 And sealed thee as his martyr-bride,  
 Too rashly loving, and too well.

Let us recall this legend hoar,  
 Of Canandaigua's sylvan shore,  
 Which floats adown tradition's stream  
 Not as a vague and shadowy dream;  
 But as a high, heroic theme,  
 A stern reality of yore,  
 Which, hallowed once, can die no more  
 Than the fixed star's eternal beam.

Record may fade and pile decay,  
 And tower and rampart waste to dust,  
 And nations rise and pass away,  
 And Time blot out their names with rust;