

MUSES' CORNER.

"With many a flower, of birth divine,
We'll grace this little garden spot;
Nor on it breathe a thought, a line,
Which, dying, we would wish to blot."

WRITTEN FOR THE CASSET.

ON THE DEATH OF A SISTER.

Sleep on, sleep on, sweet sister of the tomb;
'Tis this ere long will also be our doer.
The silent grave is now thy home,
And night of death thy sleep;
No more wilt earthly pleasure come,
Thy soul from Heaven to keep.

Those cheerful hours in mirth we once enjoyed,
Those pleasant dreams in youth we once employed,
Through life our happiness to seek,
Have from us quickly flown,
Much like some short and thoughtless week
We scarce could call our own.

That life so calm, so pure, and so serene,
In which thy friendly smile was ever seen,
Is now forever, ever past;
But deep in mem'ry's vault,
Will long withstand time's with'ring blast,
My love unknown to fault

Thy days were guileless as thy heart was kind,
Thy errors few, thy friendship most refin'd,
Stranger alike to strife or pride,
Or envy's base desire,
Thou only wouldst thy soul confide
In ONE, and then expire. LORENZO.

Selected.

HOME—SWEET HOME.

Oh! tell me not how gay
The roving heart may be,
Oh! tell me not, that far away
There's happiness for me:
For still my heart will cling
To our village, while I roam;
And still I'll tune my harp and sing
Sweet home—sweet home!

Oh! tell me not that fame
Will circle round my brow,
I'd rather live without a name
Than leave our village now—
I love its Sabbath bells,
Its meads and gardens dear,
I love each little flower that tells
'Tis summer of the year.

Oh! tell me not that love
Is warm in other climes,
That there, alone, her links are wove
Strong as in ancient times:
For I have often said,
If I never wed, like some,
It shall not be because I stay'd
From home—sweet home.

And I will not despair,
For I know a little belle,
With angel eyes and golden hair,
And lips—I dare not tell
And every meeting time,
I've watch'd and watch'd, and she
Peeps through the screenings half the time,
And peeps, I think—at me.

WRITTEN FOR THE CASSET.

NIAGARA.

There are cards, there are songs in Niagara;
There are brags, there are knaves there to swagor
True hearts and bright, eyes, (ye;
Black late in disguise—
What a medley I left at Niagara.
There's a Kirk, there's a Course at Niagara;
There are sights, there are dramas there to stagger
There's a broad water scene, ye;
There's a beautiful green,
And a home for the heart at Niagara.

HEIGH-HO.

From the Mercury.

THE MINSTREL'S BAYS.

There is a spirit dwells in air,
Once owned a Harp of wizard tone;
He hung it in a temple fair,
High on a laurel throne;
Inscrib'd the bard that best shall play
On this sweet Harp his Roundelay,
May wear it as his own.

The Student came, in silken stole;
'Thou smooth as ice, his classic lays
Were void of feeling, fire and soul,
He miss'd the master keys:
I strike them is the gift of heaven,
The musty folio ne'er hath given
The tact that wins the Bays.

The Doctor next, in sable clad,
His cautious hand swept o'er the strings,
His touches, solemn grave and sad,
Mov'd not its secret springs:
They spread a melancholy round,
Deep as the dirge-bell's doleful sound
When o'er the dead it rings.

Next, crown'd with glory from the wars,
Array'd in all the pomp of arms,
Came on the gallant Son of Mars;
He thought to wake its charms—
The chords shrunk from his gory hand,
He drop'd the Harp, snatch'd up his brand,
And rush'd mid war's alarms.

Then came the man of Law—his head
A living mine of quirks and crooks;
But soon his mocking vision fled,
His tones were like the rooks;
His hand such wild discordance rung,
His first essay the Harp unstrung,
His forte was statute books.

The Merchant burn'd to try his skill,
But Oh! what jarring strains he play'd,
One tuneless string the harp'd on still—
'Twas trade—forever trade.
His music yielding nought per cent,
He plodded home on profit bent,
And threefold entries made.

At length came nature's gifted child,
His mat'less hand woke every tone,
From reason cool to passion wild,
With freedom all his own.
He storm'd each portal of the heart,
He made the slumbering tear drop start,
And won the Harp and Throne.

His mind was gem'd with classic lore,
His heart lit up with nature's flame,
The Minstrel's Bays away he bore,
And won the field of fame.

No minstrel could (of modern days)
With him dispute the meed of praise.
And BYRON was his name. EXCO.

ANECDOTES.

Trifles light as air.

A MIRROR OF VANITY.—Queen Elizabeth, admiring the elegance of the Marquis de Villa de Mediana, a Spanish Nobleman, complimented him on it, begging at the same time to know who possessed the heart of so accomplished a cavalier. "Madam," said he "a lover risks too much on such an occasion, but your majesty's will is a law. Excuse me, however, if I fear to name her, but request your Majesty's acceptance of her portrait." He sent her a looking-glass.

PIRON.—Piron has been generally characterized, "the rival friend and terror of Voltaire:" his wit was inexhaustible, and his fund of humour without parallel.

One day a very ignorant bishop, who was not suspected of writing his own sermons, met Piron, and addressed him with an air of great self complacency—"Well, Piron, have you red my charge to the clergy?" No, my lord, have you?

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.—"What do you ask for this sketch?" said Sir Joshua to an old picture dealer, whose portfolio he was looking over. "Twenty guineas, your honor." "Twenty pence, I suppose you meant?" "No sir, it is true, I would have taken twenty pence for it this morning, but, if you think it worth looking at, all the world will think it worth buying." Sir Joshua ordered him to send the sketch home, and gave him the twenty guineas.

NEWSPAPERS.—"Waiter," said a traveller at a country inn, in England, "bring me a newspaper." "Sir," said the waiter, "we are badly off for papers at present; we have lost the DAY; we have neither SUN, nor STAR; a captain of a ship is reading the PILOT; and the only papers you can have are OLD TIMES."

THE POWER OF IMAGINATION.—An honest Hibernian being observed with a piece of bread in each hand, one of which was smaller than the other, and from each of which he alternately cut a bit, was asked what was his meaning for such an unnecessary proceeding? "Faith," said he, "I have heard so much of the powers of imagination, that I am trying to believe this little bit to be *mate*, while the large piece remains as bread; but to the soul of me I can't bring my mind to distinguish the difference."

Original Anecdote.—A raw youth, of manly stature, visiting the village of St. Catharines at a time when the Welland Canal was drawn off, expressed his astonishment by exclaiming, "I thought the *Canal* was in the water!"

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