

Peace and honour had gilded his banner—but the dreams of his early love had vanished as the unseen wind. Soon did he sleep in the arms of death. The thistle nods over his resting place, and his ear drinks not the sound of the trumpet, or the clattering of the war hoof. Peace to his ashes—he hath passed away, and my soul is sad!"

The following beautiful lines, from the Mobile Commercial Register, were written several years ago by a lady in Alabama, but a few days before she sunk under accumulated sorrow.

I said to Sorrow's awful storm,
That beat against my breast,
Rage on—thou may'st destroy this form,
And lay it low at rest;
But still the spirits that now brooks
Thy tempest raging high,
Undaunted on its fury looks
With steadfast eye.

I said to Penury's menagre train,
Come on, your threats I brave—
My last poor life drop you may drain,
And crush me to the grave;
Yet the spirit that endures,
Shall mock your force the while
And meet each cold, cold grasp of yours,
With bitter smile.

I said to cold Neglect and Scorn,
Pass on I heed you not—
You may pursue me, till my form
And being are forgo'
Yet still the spirit that you see,
Undaunted by your wiles,
Draws from its own nobility
Its high born smiles.

I said to Friendship's menaced blow,
Strike deep my heart shall bear—
Thou can'st but add one bitter wo
To those already there.
Yet still the spirit that sustains
This last severe distress,
Shall smile upon its keenest pains,
And scorn redress.

I said to Death's uplifted dart,
Aim sure, O, why delay?
Thou wilt not find a fearful heart;
A weak reluctant prey.
For still the spirit, firm and free,
Triumphant on the last dismay,
Wrapp'd in its own eternity,
Shall smiling pass away.

PARTY SPIRIT.—Party spirit is but egoism somewhat expanded. It narrows our conceptions, it misleads our minds, corrupts the sentiments, and substitutes interest instead of virtue. It engenders discord, breaks socialities, and brings even misfortune upon individuals, by driving from their hearts all moderation and kindness—without which neither real wisdom nor true happiness can exist.

THE CASKET.

PROSPECTUS.

THE CASKET will be devoted exclusively to polite literature, comprising the following subjects—Original and Select Tales, Essays, Biography, Natural History, Original and Select Poetry, Amusing Miscellany, Humorous and Historical Anecdotes.

In presenting a paper to the public exempt from all political and religious controversy, the publisher relies on the liberal minded portion of community for indulgence in his novel undertaking; and on such he calls not for pecuniary assistance alone, but for the contributions of their pens, while he has the assurance that several gentlemen of respectable literary talents will occasionally contribute instruction and amusement through the medium of the CASKET.

Should the work meet with favorable auspices, the publisher intends offering Premiums as a further inducement to such as feel disposed to contribute to Canadian Literature; and no pains will be spared in procuring such works as will afford an ample field for the best selections.

We have this week to apologize to our readers for the scanty supply of original matter in this number. For our next we hope to receive several promised articles from the pens of gentlemen of acknowledged literary attainments.

The next number of the Casket will be published on Saturday, the 29th of October, and continued regularly every other Saturday.

WRITTEN FOR THE CASKET.

TIME was—time is—and time is to be. The world has had its glory of old—the world has its glory now—and the world has a glory—a great glory yet to come. Time past is a temple—vast in foundation—magnificent in construction; its base is fixed in primeval creation—its pillars are in heaven; the whirlwinds may rave through its unfinished compartments—the poles may sicken and shiver as with an ague fit, but not a stone shall totter. 'Tis a fearful thing to look upon, and fearfully doth man—the present man, grope round its huge proportions, and then doth join in the mad hue-and-cry of hypocrites and self-deceivers who pronounce it rude unshapely and inartificial—and then anon, in dreariness and very desolation of despair doth take his chisel to complete a ni-

che—a pigmy puny pitiful niche wherein himself may stand—and—ditch in the task. And thus Time present bearing no intent of equal magnitude within itself, doth individually improve its little talent and express its reverence of that which was, in decorating with a tawdry hand the work it dares not rival.—Beautiful I ween—nay splendid to the shortened eye and in detail are these additions:—as around some huge and lofty column in the deep caverns of the hard-ribbed earth, the still small droppings from the vaulted roof form tiny pinacles of dazzling brilliancy that but withdraw the eye from its main food with partial entertainment;—so doth the present time with all its busy schemes and varied studies—its boundless propagation of the sciences and multiplicity of improvements and inventions—its flood of novelties with microscopic beauty and dwindled excellency, doth but avert the eye of wisdom to brief abstraction from stern and mournful meditation on the structure of the past.

There is a voice upon the winds—and men of sense and soul have heard and treasured in their hearts its inspiration.—Wise men have dreamed and waked—and sighed that 'tis not fashionable to believe in dreams, nor tell them. The voice that whispers in the wind—the dreams with which the soul doth entertain the unshackled mind—are of the time to come—the latter day. Then shall the temple of the past be finished on the model of the original plan,—all tinsel ornaments and frail devices shall be discarded and placed by living sculptures fitly made and suited to the whole. But oh! to see the inward fashion of the temple with furniture complete!—not all the costly gems that kings have worn, nor all the precious ores that crowd around the centre of the earth shall half suffice the splendor of the work. And when 'tis finished men shall live in it—and live happy—aye, myriads of men—and a strong light shall beam upon them always. The horse knoweth not his own strength, and man knoweth not his own soul, how high it shall exalt him—how glorious a creature it shall enable him to become—he knoweth not now—because it is time present, and because it is not time to come. And these words man shall read and laugh to very scorn—then will he read again and say, he doth not comprehend them, or, verily he thinks they nothing mean—nathless he knoweth all the while their import and their end. L.