

## MUSES' CORNER.

## THE CAPTIVE.

Chained in the market place he stood,  
A man of giant frame,  
Amid the gathering multitude  
That shrunk to hear his name—  
All stern of look and strong of limb,  
His dark eye on the ground :  
And silently they gazed on him,  
As on a lion bound.

Vainly, but well, that chief had fought,  
He was a captive now,  
Yet pride that fortune humbles not,  
Was written on his brow.  
The scars his dark broad bosom wore,  
Showed warrior true and brave ;  
A prince among his tribe before,  
He could not be a slave.

Then to his conqueror he spake—  
"My brother is a king :  
Undo this necklace from my neck,  
And take this bracelet ring,  
And send me where my brother reigns,  
And I will fill thy hands  
With store of ivory from the plains,  
And gold dust from the sands."

"Not for thy ivory nor thy gold  
Will I unbind thy chain ;  
That bloody hand shall never hold  
The battle spear again.  
A price thy nation never gave,  
Shall yet be paid for thee ;  
For thou shalt be the Christian's slave,  
In lands beyond the sea."

Then wept the warrior chief, and bade  
To shred his locks away ;  
And, one by one, each heavy braid  
Before the victor lay.  
Thick were the braided locks and long,  
And dily hidden there  
Shone many a wedge of gold among  
The dark and crisped hair.

"Look, feast thy greedy eye with gold—  
Long kept for sorest need ;  
Take it—thou askest sums untold,  
And say that I am freed.  
Take it—my wife, the long, long day,  
Weeps by the cocoa tree,  
And my young children leave their play,  
And ask in vain for me."

"I take the gold—but I have made  
Thy fetters fast and strong,  
And ween that by the cocoa shade  
Thy wife will wait thee long."  
Strong was the agony that shook  
The captive's frame to hear,  
And the proud meaning of his look  
Was changed to mortal fear.

His heart was broken—crazed his brain :  
At once his eye grew wild,  
He struggled fiercely with his chain,  
Whispered, and wept, and smiled ;  
Yet wore not long those fatal bands,  
And once at shunt of day,  
They drew him forth upon the sands,  
The foul hyena's prey.

## THE POET'S SONG TO HIS WIFE.

By Barry Cornwall.

How many summers, love,  
Have I been thine ?  
How many days, thou dove,  
Hast thou been mine ?  
Time, like the winged wind  
When it ben't the flowers,  
Hath left no mark behind,  
To count the hours !

Some weight of thought, though loth,  
On thee he leaves ;  
Some lines of care round both,  
Perhaps he weaves ;  
Some fears,—a soft regret  
For joys scarce known ;  
Sweet looks we half forget ;  
All else is flown !

Ah ! with what thankless heart  
I mourn and sing,  
look where our children start  
Like sudden spring ;  
With tongues all sweet and low,  
Like a pleasant rhyme,  
They tell how much I owe  
To thee and thine !

## ANECDOTES.

"Trifles light as air."

*A funny leak all pun.*—Two lawyers in a funny on the Thames the other day, had not been long before they found she leaked. "Tom," said, here's a notice to quit." "No," replied the other, "notice of bail, rather I think."

*Married and single.*—A certain lodging house was very much infested with vermin. A gentleman who slept there one night told the landlady so in the morning, when she said, "La, sir, we have not a single bug in the house." "No ma'am said he, 'they are all married and have large families."

## NECESSITY FOR SPECTACLES.

An ignorant fellow seeing several persons with spectacles, went to buy him a pair to enable him to read—He tried several, and told the maker they would not answer, as he could not read with them. Can you read at all? asked the other. No, says he—If I could, do you think I would be such a fool to buy spectacles ?

A certain Parisian preacher was holding forth, not much to the satisfaction of his audience. "He did better last year," observed Santeul, the poet, who was present. A bystander asserted, that "he must be mistaken, for that the present exhibitor had not preached at all the year before." "That is what I mean," answered the poet.

A gentleman turned of fifty, whose nose was formed in all the prodigality of nature, paid his addresses to a very young lady. He enlarged on his own good qualities, his freedom from the levity and inconstancy of youth, but above all, on his exemplary patience; which, he affirmed,

would enable him to bear with the most frivolous and vexatious wife that ever existed. "Sir," replied the lady, "for your good qualities I am perfectly contented to take your own word, That you are free from the levity of youth, I am the more willing to believe, as I see that you are devoid of all its other characteristics. And as for patience, you must indeed be a perfect Job, to have endured that intolerable nose of yours for more than fifty years."

Two paddies met one morning, one of whom, the night before, had lost his wife; "O, Jammy," says he, "how hard are the dealings of providence towards me, in taking away my *dare* wife by death; yours is left to comfort you—but mine alas! no more!" "Hould, hould," replied Jammy, "don't break your poor hear about that *dare* honey, I'll *soap* even ye now 'an you will."

About three o'clock, on Friday morning last, the inhabitants of Mount street, Southampton, were alarmed by a drunken fellow crying "fire! fire!"—"Where, for God's sake is it? exclaimed a hundred voices at once. "That's exactly what I want: to know," replied the fellow, for my pipe's gone out."

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## THE CANADIAN CASNET

Is published every other Saturday, in the Town of Toronto, at the office of the Editor, No. 10, West Queen Street, West. The price per annum, in advance, three dollars. A single copy will be furnished on application. Persons procuring the paper, and forwarding the amount of their subscription, shall receive a sixth copy for free. Subscriptions received at the office of the *Western Mercury*, and *Canadian West*. A. CROSMAN, PUBLISHER.