

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.

POLAND.

The Pole now midst the storm of war is seen,
Where in the battle's rage, his country's cause,
His own dear rights first cross his troubled mind;
Then sadly o'er his country turn his thoughts,
And as he views her desolation wide,
His soul with anguish keen receives a wound;
Such as in patriot breasts gives speedy birth
To resolution firm, as when resolved
The martyr dies; such as with glowing fire,
Lights up the soul with proud resolve, that in
His GOD will be his trust, and if high heaven
Decree his country's fall, with her his sun
Shall set. Most true, his country's doom will cause
A universal sigh from every breast
That claims one kindred tie to feelings of
Humanity, if so it be, that swyn
Of tyrant shall again be felt by Pole.
Most KOSCIUSKO'S land be trod again
By hostile power? O where's the spirit that guides
The sword, with vengeance bright, forced from its
sheath
By many wrongs upon its country heaped?
Will it not drive the oppressor from the
Land where first our PULASKI drew his breath?
LORENZO.

Selected.

TO MISS F— D—

"Sae let the bonnie lass gang."—BURNS.

I lov'd thee once! thy radiant smile
Shone lovelier than Sol's orient beam;
Thy charms my hours would oft beguile,
But, ah! it was a transient gleam.

I lov'd thee once! the love was young,
And fondly sipp'd its vernal bliss;
Allur'd by outward charms, it sung
The joys of fancied loveliness.

I lov'd thee once! for then thy heart
Was veil'd with nature's sembling flow'r,
But now deception's poignant dart
Infuses deep its noxious pow'r.

I lov'd thee once! but worth assum'd,
And pride, by affection wrought,
Our tender friendship soon consum'd
And blighted hope too early sought.

I lov'd thee once! but now no more
Do blooming chaplets deck thy brow;
Their blossoms no new fragrance pour,
Nor yet invoke the minstrel's vow.

I lov'd thee once! and yet can love
External beauty, when combined
With that which ever deigns to move,
The innate beauties of the mind.

A THOUGHT.

What is Man's history? Born—living—dying—
Leaving the green shore for the troubled wave—
O'er stormy seas, mid scowling tempests flying,
And casting anchor in the silent grave.

From the Gore Balance.

A FEW VAIN WISHES.

I wish I could be what I have been,
When I knew not what was to be,
I wish the things I never had seen,
That shadow man's destiny.

I wish I could lie on the green, green grass,
As I laid to thoughtlessly;
Ere the fearful deed had come to pass,
That I have liv'd to see.

I wish I could look on the bright, bright sun,
Coming forth in his kingly pride,
As I looked, when a boy, I used to run,
O'er the mountain's dewy side.

I wish I could find the flowers of May,
Not vanishing as breath;—
Or a living thing, in the face of day,
That is not, a "living death."

I wish I could look on the rivers blue,
Flowing forth in the "vasty sea,"
Nor think that they are emblems true
Of Time and Eternity.

I wish I could watch the thunders break,
And the lightnings shoot amain,—
Nor think that so the earth shall quake,
And the mountains be rent in twain.

I wish I could list the evening gale,
Come sighing all unseen,—
Nor hear the last sad requiem wail,
O'er things that once have been.

I wish that my heart once more could move,
Ah Once! were it never again,
To the young Maria's voice of love,
Nor deem that love a pain.

I wish I could press my bosom's friend;
With the heart's unchecked embrace—
Nor feel the clay-cold in his hand,
And the death-dew on his face.

I wish I could feel what I have felt,
When I knew not what was, to feel,
I wish my heart were a thing to melt,
That it were not turned to steel.

THE AUTUMN LEAF.

Emblem of sorrow,
Where shall thy lot be cast
When with the morrow
Comes the chill Autumn blast—
Torn from thy parent tree—
Wither'd and gone thou'lt be—
Ne'er again shall we see
Thee—faded leaf!

Ne'er in the morning
With dew drops to shine again,
The forest adorning
Or dripping with crystal rain,
Shalt thou be seen though
Thy mates of the forest grow,
Scorning the winds that blow—
Red Autumn leaf.

Thus beauty flies
Like the blush of the evening sky,
Thus manhood dies
While the hopes of his heart are high,
Thus the young and the gay
Fade in the sun's first ray,
Wither and die away
Like that dry leaf!

ANECDOTES.

Trifles light as air.

RUSSIAN JUSTICE.—The following story gives a lively idea of the Russian Rule of Poland:—A Jew met a Cossack in the forest; the latter robbed him of his horse. On returning to the town, he lodged a complaint with the Mayor in command, who was (with what truth we shall see) reputed to be a most rigid disciplinarian. The Cossacks were paraded, the robber was pointed out, when with the utmost effrontery he declared he had found the horse. "How," replied the Jew, "I was on his back." "Yes," retorted the Cossack, "I found you too; but having no use for a Jew I did not keep you." The excuse was deemed sufficient, and the Jew lost his steed.

A grave magistrate sitting between two young coxcombs, who were evidently attempting to throw him into ridicule, thus addressed them—

"Gentlemen, I plainly perceive your intention; you wish to make me the butt of your wit and pleasantry, but you do not understand my character; be it known unto you therefore, that I am not precisely a fool, neither am I altogether a fop, but (as you see) something between both."

JUSTICE.—Voltaire, in his early years, wrote a very severe satire on a man of rank in France. The nobleman, one day meeting the poet in a narrow lane, where it was impossible to escape, gave him a severe drubbing. Voltaire complained to the regent and requested justice. "It is too late," replied the regent, "justice has been done already."

PUNNING.—A gentleman in company once said he could make a pun upon any thing. To test his ingenuity, the Latin geunda dum, do and di, were given him, to which he replied as follows:

When Dido found that Eneas would not come,
She mourned in silence, and was Dido dumb,
[di, do, dum.]

THE LAWYER'S OVEN.—A Scottish nobleman one day visited a lawyer at his office, in which at the time there was a blazing fire, which led him to exclaim:—"Mr. —, your office is as hot as an oven." "So it should be my lord, as it is here that I make my bread."

THE SUBLIME.—Over the stall of a public writer in la Rue de Bac, at Paris, is the following inscription: "M. Renard, public writer, advising compiler, translates the tongues, explains the language of Flowers, and sells fried potatoes."

A Judge said of one whom he sentenced to death for stealing a watch, that in grasping for time he had reached eternity.

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