

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."

FOR THE CANADIAN CASKET.

THE DIALOGUE.*

Fair Lady.—"Oh! sweet little captive how sad is thy strain!"

Canary.—"Tis sad! and will o'er be, if here I remain.
F. L.—"What is it can prompt thee like this to complain?"

C.—"Tis unfeeling imprisonment's drear galling chain!

F. L.—"All these little murmurs I justly may chide;
C.—"Ah! 'tis power Fair Lady your arguments guide.

F. L.—"For daily thou knowest, thy wants are supplied."

C.—"Yes! with tasteless food, I would fain throw aside!

F. L.—"Dost shady trees tempt thee to quit thy abode?"

C.—"Ah! yes, they'd relieve this sad heart from its load.

F. L.—"Do the beauties of nature invite thee abroad?"

C.—"Tis Nature and Instinct both given by God.
F. L.—"If Instinct informs thee 'tis summer's bright day."

C.—"Oh! do let me go forth, Fair Lady, I pray;—
F. L.—"I then do not wonder that thou wouldst away."

C.—"Nor should you, when here I'm confined all the day.

F. L.—"But where pretty captive, oh! where wouldst thou go?"

C.—"Oh! to yonder fine grove, and forget all my woe.

F. L.—"When mountains and valleys are buried in snow,"

C.—"To my own Native Isle, where the oranges grow.

F. L.—"When groves are dismantled and cold the sun's beam,"

C.—"I'd flee with fair summer, which fairer would seem.

F. L.—"And winters chill breath binds each sweet gliding stream?"

C.—"I ne'er would know winter but in a sad dream.

F. L.—"So pray be contented my sweet little Bird,"

C.—"Ah! contentment hath flown—such sounds I ne'er heard.

F. L.—"For I can assure thee thy fate is not hard,"

C.—"Then why dost thou walk the gay park and the yard.

F. L.—"Though nature's inviting in summer's gay form,"

C.—"Yes! each tree and each bud hath its own native charm.

F. L.—"Know, that after the sunshine there follows the storm."

C.—"I once lived in sunshine—now beg for reform,"
C. S. B. T.

*See N. Y. Albion No. 33, Vol. 10—a pretty piece it contains—i. e. "To my Canary," and as the "pretty captive" could not take its own part, I have attempted to do so by answering line by line; nothing can be so cruel as imprisoning a poor bird.

THE BEST STOCK.

Money, they say is evil's root,
But we may justly doubt it;
Can we expect good thriving fruit,
From any stalk without it?

FOR THE CASKET.

THE OMNIPOTENT.

When thro' the vaulted plains above
The rattling thunder rolls,
And light'nings flash from sable clouds,
And earthquakes rend the poles:

When roaring winds burst from the sky,
And toss the lab'ring billows high,
And dash the foaming surge to land,
Breaking o'er the rocky strand:

When every demon of the storm
Scours the aetherial space,
And ever vengeful, ruin sends
Upon the human race:

'There's One who reigns in glory bright,
In endless day, unfading light,
At whose command the demon flies;
Thunder and lightning leave the skies;
The winds are hushed and calm the sea,
And all is sweet serenity!

What wisdom then in Him to trust,
'To Him our cares resign;
On Him to fix our earnest hopes.
And live for bliss divine. P.

FOR THE CASKET.

MY FIRST AND LAST.

Now Spring returns, but not to me
Will o'er return again
My health is gone I know I see
The fleeting visions of my pain.

Then get thee gone all worldly pleasure
To me you're only worthless toils;
Be gone I say—fill up my measure
Pour not on me your balmy oils.

This is the last of twenty springs
That o'er my soul has run—
This is the last of a million strings,
And all are cut but one

That one is cut—but not quite through,
The worm is gnawing fast:
Then farewell friends—farewell adieu;
This is my first and last.

DERNIER.

YOUTHFUL FANCIES.

BY LOUISA P. SMITH.

Oh, youth's gay dreams are witching things
And false as still than fair;
Fragile harps of a thousand strings,
Sounds of the summer air.

What are they like to? the song of a bird,
In summer only known;
The voice of music, a meeting word,
Things bright and quickly flown—

The farewell beams of the setting sun,
So beautiful in parting;
The feeling woke by a song just done,
Light through waters darting—

The rainbow in June: the rising moon;
The buds of infant spring—
Oh, youth's gay dreams are witching things
That fly on a chainless wing.

ANECDOTES.

"Trifles light as air."

When Mr. Thomas Sheridan, son of the late celebrated Richard Brinsley Sheridan, was a candidate for the representation of a Cornish borough, he told his father, that if he succeeded, he should place a label on his forehead with the words 'to lot,' and side with the party that made the best offer. "Right, Tom," said the Father, "but don't forget to add the word 'unfinished.'"

* A little girl three years and a half old, passing along the streets of Goshen, a few days ago with her Ma, and observing a goose with a yoke on, exclaimed, "Why, Ma, there's a Goose with corsets on."

BEFOREHAND.—Addison was in the habit of keeping one hand behind him, and upon being asked the reason, said, he "wished to be beforehand in the world."

A domestic informed his master that the house was on fire. "Tell your mistress of it," said he, "for I do not meddle with household affairs."

COOKE.—Two professed critics in the new world, without invitation, intruded upon G. F. Cooke when in Boston, and commented with freedom upon the tragedian's personification of Richard. "Gentlemen," said the veteran, "if you wish to have a correct acquaintance with the drama, unlearn what you have learned. Hero John," said he to his servant, "take a candle and alight it at both ends, and then show the Yankee critics down stairs."

A quaker was asked if Guillo would ascend in his balloon? "Friend," said he, "I do not meddle with flying reports."

FIRST DISCOVERY.—A gentleman praising the personal charms of a very plain woman—Poote whispered him "why don't you lay claim to such an accomplished beauty"—what right have I to her," said the other, "Every right by the law of nations, as the first discoverer," replied F.

When the Distressed Mother was first performed in Dublin, Elrington acted Orestes so very naturally, that it had a dreadful effect on a musician in the Orchestra—he caught the infection of Orestes' madness and was removed from the play-house to the mad-house, where he soon after died.

BOYCE, whose poem on Creation ranks high in the poetic scale, was absolutely famished to death; and was found in a garret with a blanket thrown over his shoulders fastened with a skewer, and a pen in his hand:

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