

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 CASNET.

ON VISITING A WATERFALL NEAR DUNDAS

BY JASPER BERTL.

'Thou flow'st a virgin stream
With thy forest woven crown,
Aye cherish'd by the beam
The wooing sun sends down.
Ere cradled midst thy rocks,
No hand the axe has put
To do the deed which shocks
The haunts of Nature's foot.
Unshackled yet by man,
In the simpleness thou worest
When thy joy of waves began,
Thy showy stream thou pourcest.
To its rocky bed it rushes
Into foathery clusters thrown—
As when our young love gushes
O'er a reckless heart of stone.
The Indian's glancing eye
As he slakes him in thy brook,
Nor the stag in tripping by
Scarcely gives thy charms a look;
For they stand as they have stood
When the sun first on thee smil'd—
The glory of the wood,
And the music of the wild.
O'er thy waves in lands of old
A magic would be flung—
A hundred tales be told,
A hundred lays be sung:
Old Ossian's harp would saint thee
As a white hair'd maden's haunt,—
A Roman bard would paint thee
As a green-rob'd Naiad's font.
Why joys the heart to fill
With the element's career,
Till tits nerves are fix'd, and thrill
With an ecstasy of fear?—
And why delights the soul
In the tempest's widest crash,
In the thunder's loudest roll,
In the water's wildest dash?—
In the soul are clouds that lower—
In the heart are storms that rack,
Which may with no other power
Sympathize and echo back.
When affection's cheering voice
On the ear all joyless falls:
When the cup of pleasure cloy's,
And the tone of music palls;
When the works of man seem vain,
And to the wearied eye
Art's monotony gives pain,
'Tis to Nature then we fly:
There says dwell in the fountains,
And spirits in the breeze,
Companions in the mountains,
And songsters in the trees;
There mental strife subsides—
There flies the feverish dream;
Thro' flowers the fancy glides
Like thee, thou playful stream;
And nameless tho' thou be,
The deed to me belong
Thy to dedicate to thee
Thy maiden weed of song.

FOR THE CASNET.

MORE TRUTH THAN POETRY.

I've drain'd the cup—I've drank the gaul,
Whereon fair bubbles floated;
I've learn'd the fallacy of all
On which I vainly doted;
And banish'd now are Hope and Fear,
With all they once could borrow—
The present claims at worst a tear,
The best is Fate's to-morrow.

Through distance view'd, as hills remote
Seem mounds of vellum green,
That gently rise where broozes float—
Se look'd life's distant scene:
I chased the rainbow phantom down:
Young hills to Alps arose—
Who climbs for science or renown,
Meets mountains to oppose.

I've seen Hope's fairest paintings fade—
The ardent hopes of youth,
I've join'd the world in masquerade,
And through her mask seen Truth:
False shapes deceive in all we meet—
Smiles beam from stifled malice;
Who pays the reconciling treat,
Hands poison in the chalice.

The pearls of Principle I've sought,
In bosoms deep as ocean;
Vain fisherman! I only caught
The restless billow's motion:
Found wealth the magnet of esteem;
Self, friendship's prime ingredient;
Conscience, a vane; Content, a scheme;
And Reason, an expedient.

Then, shall I look beyond the vale,
Where schisms contend to guide me?
Still dare another hope to hail,
While perish'd hopes deride me?
Too oft, at Superstition's call,
I've been where phantoms floated—
I've felt the fallacy of all
On which I vainly doted. J. G.

ANECDOTES.

"Trifles light as air."

A COUNSELLOR, on cross-examining a witness, on an occasion to address him with, "Well my old luck, I suppose you are one of those people who do not often go to church." "Perhaps," said the other, "if the truth was known, I am as often there as you are." The promptness of the reply produced a laugh, in which the witness very cordially joined. "What makes you laugh?" said the lawyer. "Is not every body laughing?" replied the other. "True," said the man of law, "but do you know what they are laughing at?" "Why I think in my heart," rejoined the fellow, "that they take either you or me to be a fool, but I do not know which."

BURKE AND GIBBON.—Croker in his edition of Boswell reports a remark of James Mackintosh, who, on being questioned as to his opinion of the comparative merits of Burke and Gibbon, replied that "Gibbon might have been cut out of a corner of Burke's mind, without his ever missing it."

A singular sort of a man sent for a magistrate to write his will. After mentioning a number of bequests he went on: "Item, I give and bequeath to my brother Zack, one thousand dollars." "Why, you are not worth half that sum," interrupted the magistrate. "Well, no matter if I ain't," replied the other; "it's my will that brother Zack should have that sum, and he may work and get it if he's a mind to."

A gentleman having married a lady of the name of Lamb, who had very little beauty, but a very great fortune, was told by an acquaintance, that he would not have taken the lamb, had it not been for the *fl. ecc.*

Well Sam, shall we have rain or snow about these times? "Oh, I don't know," looking wondrous wise, "but I am inclined to think we shall have rain, or it may be snow, but that will depend very much on the weather."

The Greenlanders suppose that thunder is caused by two old women flapping seal skins in the moon; and the aurora borealis owing to the spirits of their fathers frisking at foot ball.

There is an ancient saying, that "Truth lies in a well." May not the modern adage run, "The most certain charity is at a pump."

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