

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 GASKET.

THE HERMIT'S PRAYER.

Afar amid some forest wild,
Whose nature silent roigns,
In native beauty undost'd,
Amid her lone domains—

Alone to dwell my lot be cast;
Her scenes I long to haunt,
And muse upon her mighty waste,
Far from the world's proud vaunt.

O let me rest a hermit sad,
A wand'ring pilgrim thro';
In skins of beasts my limbs be clad,
The forest herb my fare;

My only draught, the limpid stream;
The massy rock my bed, [beam,
Where, 'neath the moon's pale wanning
I'd rest my weary head.

Thus let me slumber all my days,
Which fly me as a dream;
Thus let me shun, O world! thy ways,
And flee thy troublous stream.

As mariner, on ocean's hill,
His fading Country sees, [thril
While, through his frame, he feels the
Of inward love increase—

The distant speck he sees no more,
Her vision haunts his eye,
He waits content another shore,
And heaves her but a sigh.

So from my solitude afar,
Forgot and known by none,
I'll smile upon thy distant jar,
And all that's in thee done.

I'll see thy ages roll in peace,
Thy nations rise and fall;
Till death my slighty soul release
From life's embitter'd gall.

O solitude thy sacred name,
Thy calm and peaceful breath,
Shall ease this life's last flick'ring flame
And smooth the thornes of death.

I'll set me down beneath some tree,
Whoso fav'ring shade shall sooth,
And listen to the chirping glee,
The songs of native truth,

That float upon mine aching ear,
And greet me at the dawn
Of painted warblers that appear,
When wintry blasts have gone.

The bubbling brook shall call to sleep,

Their songs shall cheer the morn,
And o'er my soul a musing keep,
In solitude forlorn.

With all my heart their strains will chime.
Its secret chords will move,
And smooth the hasty flight of time,
As forth I go to rove.

The storms of heaven the thunder's peal,
My wooden cot will fly—
The wintry blast will never steal
Upon me with a sigh.

Deep hidden in some lonely vale,
The tempest ne'er will find,
I ne'er shall feel the cutting gale,
Or winter's piercing wind.

Adieu fair world, farewell to thee,
Thy pleasures I despise;
Thy prospects fair are misery,
That ne'er can dupe the wise.

Thy empty pomp and riches too,
I long could boast in vain—
Thy poverty I also know,
But ne'er shall know again.

John D. BRITON.

FOR THE CANADIAN GASKET.

TO MARGARET.

Could I forget thee? sooner might
This earth forget its daily path,
And sooner might yon orb of light
His brightness veil in sudden wrath.
Could I forget to love thee? No,
Far sooner might the ocean cease
Its morning ebb, its evening flow,
And let its surges sink to peace.

Could I forget the pleasing smile
That banished sadness from my heart?
Far sooner could I laugh the while
Keen sorrow bade my tears to start.
Could I forget the thrill of joy
That wrapt my heart in ecstasy?
No—sooner might the liveliest boy
Forget his Christmas jubilee;

I will remember thee—I will—
Still doat on thee tho' far away,
Till death my faithful heart shall chill
Which now doth glow with ecstasy:
And when this life hath almost flown,
This world and all its vanity,
For thee my love, and thee alone,
My latest prayer shall offered be.
E. W. H. E.

THE CANADIAN GASKET

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ANECDOTES.

"Trifles light as air."

THE TWO BLOWS.—Cardinal MAZARIN was dictating one day a letter to his Secretary. The latter overcome with incessant work, fell asleep, and the Cardinal continued dictating, while pacing up and down his study. When he had come to the conclusion he turned towards his Secretary, saying, "and as usual." He then perceived that the first lines of the letter were written. The Cardinal was very partial to that Secretary, and treated him as a father. To awake him, he gave him a box on the ear; the Secretary, in a fury, returned the blow. The Cardinal, without showing the least emotion, said, coolly, "Now, Sir, as we are both wide awake, let us proceed with our letter."

When Sam Foote was once at Bath, he was asked what company he usually met at Dr. Delacour's table. "Sir," replied the satirist, "we have always a piece of beef, a saddle of mutton, a couple of chickens, and Captain Matthews."

About a hundred years ago, a zealous preacher at Glasgow, used to employ his eloquence to animate his flock against Louis XIV. "O, Lord," would this pious man exclaim, "be pleased of thine infinite mercy, to take this haughty tyrant of France, and shake him over the bottomless pit: but, gude Lord, dinna let him fa in-dinna let him fa in."

It was not a bad reply of a young lady, who was asked, why she did not marry: that she did not know which to choose, when there were only two orders of men, each of whom might pass under the denomination of Sir Harry Harmless, or Sir John Brute.

A member of the French Jacobin club, said to his colleagues, "I have been very lucky this morning; a mad dog passed between my legs without biting me."—"That is not surprising," replied a member, "it was because he knew who you were."

It was once observed to Lord Chesterfield, in the course of conversation, that man is the only creature endowed with the power of laughter. "True," said the earl; "and you may add, perhaps, he is the only creature that deserves to be LAUGHED AT."

A poor pun will sometimes answer a good purpose. A baker once calling upon Mr. Justice Jones, of Coventry, with the last loaf in his basket, was observed, as he returned through the court yard, to lay hold of a fat goose, on which his worship, who was at one of the upper windows, bawled out, Baker! Baker! Baker! The varlet took no notice, but trudged off with his prize. When the justice in the afternoon coming to his house, and asking him how he could have the villainous impudence to take the goose. "God bless your worship, (returned he) I only did as you commanded,—you bid me bake her, and so I did, and drank your worships health at the eating of her." "Tis a poor pun, (said the justice,) but it shall make thy peace."