

require judgment in their selection and taste in their arrangement. Hence, too, the versatility of some writers, who turn aside to grasp at every poetic image, without much regard to their connection.

On the other hand, the prose writer penetrates his subject, assisted by a few analogies; and when study and invention have collected his materials, those ideas suggest the words which only preserve the author's thoughts instead of conducting them. Thus prose becomes to many a sort of drudgery, while its rival, poetry, is regarded as pastime. Now, if any contributor doubts this theory, let him come down from his stilts, in the Poet's Corner, and degrade his magic hand with the pen of prose, long enough to expose our sophistry: or, is he averse to contending for a point, we will cheerfully pick up our glove, on condition that he shall start another theory, tell a story, or write an essay; for at this time prose articles are in great request.

"The Forest Girl—a Canadian Tale," is received. The author, it is hoped, will contribute regularly.

RECEIPTS.

LETTERS.—From Messrs. C. Ingersoll, H. Mittieberger, Thomas L. Ritter, Duncan McGregor, E. H. Campbell.

POETRY.

FOR THE CASSETTE.

STANZAS.

Ah! see yon star so brightly beaming
'Thro' the western purple's hue,
Its golden rays so sweetly streaming
O'er the soft, the liquid blue.

Like the Eolian harp's wild measure,
Gently touch'd by evening's wind,
It imparts a mournful pleasure
To the pensive musing mind.

Yet, fleet and transient is its glory,
Like most earthly prospects vain;
It sinks in Ocean's bed so hoary,
Again to rise, to sink again! P.

FOR THE CASSETTE.

ON HEARING THE EVENING BELL.

It is too soon—I do not love
To hear so soon the solemn toll;
It tells how fast old Time can move,
How swiftly does his chariot roll.
It tells how idle I have been,
To let the hours unnumber'd fly—
Hours that shall never come again,
Hours that have sought eternity.

A few more times I'll hear thee sound,
A few more times thou'lt chide me so,
A few more times my heart rebound,
And I no more thy notes shall know.
Then thou wilt sound thy voice again,
With solemn toll—I may not hear—
And friends if such I have, 'twill pain,
While the sad requiem strikes the ear.
F. W. H. E.

The following article was so altered in sense by errors in its first insertion, that the shortest errata is to re-publish it entire. It is hoped that such occasions, though not like angel's visits may be "few and far between"—but this is the compositor's fault.

WRITTEN FOR THE CASSETTE.

TO L * * *.

I write; but in my words there lies
A mystery hid from Critics' eyes.
Yet one—but one, of all the train
Can read aright the mystic strain.

Faintly the west horizon gleams,
Still crimson'd with the sun's last beams;
And fancy in the lingering light
With magic visions mocks the sight.

The world rolls on apace—away
To other climes now flies the day:
Thick thro' these pines the gloom descends,
Their lofty tops the night wind bends.

Does there some dark unearthly power
Oppress my spirits at this hour?
Or dimly in my startled sight,
Stands there some bold infernal sprite,
Such as the murderer's pillow haunt,
With blood red eyes, and visago gaunt?

Ah no! the spell that round me throws
Its music o'er my spirit flows,
More softly than a flood of joy
Bursts on the soul without alloy,
When entering on a world of bliss
From the dark troubled scenes of this.

And ah! the form my fancy views,
Is lovelier than Borealian hues,
When like fair glorious spirits of light
They flit along the verge of night,

But as the wild deer of the woods,
When sporting near their favorite floods,
With curious eyes a moment stay
To gaze on you—then flee away;
So transient L * * * is the joy
When thoughts of you my mind employ.

As the swift meteor's short liv'd light
Leaves deeper shades upon our sight;
So to my glowing fancy brought
With thy lov'd form, unask'd, unsought,
The fates appear in dark array,
And all my golden dreams betray.

Nor need I a prophetic mind
To read my destiny unkind;
For have not thrice nine years been tried,
Has not each rolling year replied,
That each bright hope but plumes its wing,
To quicken disappointment's sting.

Even thou, whose innate sense refin'd
With admiration fill'd my mind,
Perhaps by wayward fortune di'en,

Shalt fall, (provent it gracious heaven,)
A prey to some unfeeling one,
Whom kindness smiles in vain upon:
Whose form of bland deceptive kind
Enshrines a selfish brutish mind;
So strange the means the fates employ
To poison every earthly joy.

Is there a wretch whose countless crimes
Ask vengeance doubled seven times?
Great God! anew his nature mould
And in his opening mind unfold
Buds of sincerity—impart
'To him a deeply feeling heart:
Give every generous impulse birth;
Place him thus form'd upon the earth,
And ere he thirty courses run
With our swift orb around the sun,
Stern justice will in pity weep,
To see his slighted feelings sweep
Across the life chords of his heart;
And worse than hell's fierce pangs impart.

Mad with the scene impatience burns,
And reason's wavering influence spurms.

Oh! that yon spangled stars would fly
In wild disorder through the sky;
And mingling tempests fiercely roll;
And sweep the earth from either pole.

High on some frowning rock I'd stand,
That overlook'd the groaning land;
And laugh at the destroying wind,
So like the tempest in my mind;
Till by the furious whirlwinds caught
Thro' the fast dark'ning air I'd float,
Far in the ocean's boiling wave,
Where not all human art could save;
Oh then the tossing deep would queach
My burning thoughts—

But truce to such ungoverned spleen,
Let me with candour view the scene;
And let not all my hopes and fears
Lie bound within a few short years.
Come, thou that ever pointing stands
To future joys, and fairy lands.
Come, Hope, no longer gild the toys,
That cheat me with untasted joys:
Leave this strange chaos to despair,
But lead me on to scenes more fair:
For thou, I know, canst truly tell
Where truth and generous spirits dwell:
Oh! firmly nerve my fainting heart
Thro' joyless life to bear my part.

Roll on then, Time, more swiftly roll,
More swiftly urge me to the goal;
Shake, thou, my limbs with age and pain
Since thou must make me young again;
For the last sigh that heaves this mortal
frame,
Shall fan my spirit to a brighter flame. E.