

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 CASSET.

"For many a laugh went thro' the vale,
And some conviction too;
Each thought some other goblin tale,
Perhaps, was just and true."

A VISION OF DECEMBER FIRST,
1831.

The tempest hurld its drifts about,
Sleet through the key-hole crept,
And all was dark and drear without—
While many soundly slept,
Who yesternight had kept
Saint Andrew merry with the rout.

I snuggled down and bless'd my roof,
For warm security;
But, though from frost and harm aloof,
There was no sleep for me—
"To be or not to be"—
I craved some superhuman proof.

And now I strain'd my ears to hear
Some deep, unearthly sound;
And then I cover'd down through fear
Some sprite was hovering round,
To break the dread profound,
With summons fell and horrid leer.

And now a crash assail'd my ears,
Attended by a scream—
I broke the grasp of all my fears,
Like starting from a dream;
For now, in sooth, 'twould seem
The gods had mark'd my doubts and tears.

But what their herald might disclose
Was terror-fraught to me—
With palpitating heart I rose,
And dress'd me cap-a-pie;
Then op'd the door to see—
Jack Frost slid in and seiz'd my nose.

I felt his fingers icy hard—
Slam'd to the door and fled!
My window shuts were left unbar'd—
Confound my servant Ned,
To cause me such a dread—
This carelessness shall thee discard.

SKEPTIC.

WRITTEN FOR THE CASSET.
STANZAS.

'Tis sweet to stray at morning gray,
And hear the warblers on the spray
Attune their little throats,
And loudly praise the newborn rays
Of Phœbus' bright and orient blaze,
As through the sky he floats.

'Tis sweet to stray, when closing day,
Hung in the west, dies fast away,
And leaves all nature still;
When nought is heard but zephyr's sigh,
The nightbird's call far in the sky,
Or song of whippoorwill.

But sweeter far, when Venus' Star
And Cynthia bright and shining are,
To wander in their light,
With her whose love doth ever prove,
To me all else here far above,
With fond eyes glowing bright.

BRIFON.

Selected.

STANZAS.

When hope's fancy fingers are straying,
O'er the chords of the youthful heart,
And fancy in prospect displaying
The bliss that now years may impart;
When sweet feelings are ever unspringing,
And the pulse all joyously beat,
When each day a new treasure is bringing,
Oh! then indeed life is most sweet.

When the torch of affection, just lighted,
Burns bright on the altar of truth,
Ere the cold, selfish world yet has blighted
One innocent feeling of truth;
When earth seems a garden unfaded,
When flowers cling around our glad feet,
When no cloud our bright heaven is shading,
Oh! then indeed, life is most sweet.

When the cold breath of sorrow is sweeping
O'er the chords of the youthful heart,
And the youthful eye, dimm'd with weeping,
Sees the vision of fancy depart;
When the bloom of young feeling is dying,
And the breath throbs with passion's fierce strife;
When our days are wasted in sighing;
Who then can find sweetness in life?

When, unkindness or coldness have faded
The pure, undimmed light of love,
And the mists of the cold world have shaded
The dreams that around our hearts move;
When earth seems a wide waste of sorrow,
No longer with bright blessings rife;
When we look but for clouds on each morrow,
Who then can find sweetness in life?

Selected.

THE FEMALE AUCTIONEER.

"Who'll buy a heart?" sweet Harriet cries—
Harriet the blooming and the fair—
Whose lovely form and dove-like eyes,
Can banish grief and soothe despair—
"Come, bid; my heart is up for sale.
Will no one bid? pray, sirs, consider,
'Tis sound, and kind, and fond, and hale,
And a great bargain to the bidder."

"T'll bid," says Gripus—"I will pay,
A thousand eagles promptly told."
"That's no bid, kind sir, let me say—
A faithful heart's not bought with gold."
"T'll bid with marriage, faith, and plight,
A heart," says Frank, "with love o'erflowing."
"Aye! that's a bid that's something like—
And now my heart is going—going."

Selected.

A SONG FOR THE SEASON.

Again Boreas, of the north, afar,
Hath chain'd his coursers to his frosted car—
Again he sweeps o'er streamlet, hill, and dale,
Pouring an icy breath through every gale;
No more on mountain top the flocks are seen,
Nor busy bee hums o'er the velvet green—
The Summer songsters to the south are flown,
The robin chirps on leafless bough alone—
Dismantled forests mourn his tyrant sway,
And gentle slowrets wither and decay.
But now another scene bursts into view,
And sterile winter wears a brighter hue.
Though not the beauties of the spring appear,
Yet joy may crown this season of the year.

ANECDOTES.

"Trilles light us air."

A PAIR OF POCKETS.—No Prince was more addressed than Charles II.; but the very people who sent the generous, nay, extravagant offers, generously allowed him the necessary supplies. Killigrew gave private orders to the King's tailor to make one of His Majesty's coat pockets of an enormous size, and the other scarcely larger than a thimble. The king being informed that this was done at the desire of Killigrew, asked him the reason. "May it please your Majesty," replied the wng, "the large pocket is to receive the addresses and professions of your subjects, and the other is to put your money in, which they present you with."

Lady Hamilton, when at Palermo, asked Lord Nelson's coxswain, who carried her baggage to the Ambassador's Hotel, and presented him with a moidore, "what he could wish to drink?" "Why, please your honor," said the coxswain, "I am not thirsty." "But," said her Ladyship, "Nelson's steersman must drink with me, so what will you take—a dram—a glass of grog—or a glass of punch?" "Why," said Jack, "as I am to have the honor of drinking with your Ladyship's honor, so I'll take the dram, and will be drinking the glass of grog, while your Ladyship is mixing the tumbler of punch for me." ..

A SWEET TEMPER.—A gentleman when asked his opinion of a certain critic, a few days ago, gave it in the following terms:—why he is a perfect crab-apple—a decoction of orange-juice—the quintessence of acerbity. If I wished to convert the Thames into lemonade, I should pitch him into it; if after the first dip, it was not sufficiently acidulated for ordinary drinking, water must contain a greater quantity of saccharine matter than chemists generally imagine."

George the III. once said to Sir J. Irwin, a famous bon vivant, "they tell me, Sir John, you love a glass of wine." "Those Sire, who reported me to your Majesty," answered he, "do me great injustice; they should have said a bottle."

Dr. Johnson on having argued for some time with a pertinacious gentleman; his opponent, who had talked in a very puzzling manner, happened to say, "I don't understand you, Sir." Upon which the doctor instantly retorted, "Sir, though I have found you an argument, I am not obliged to furnish you with an understanding."

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C.M.B.