

Waked by a fiend in hell!—

'Tis not for me, ye Heavens! 'tis not for me  
*To fling a poem like a comet out,  
 Far-splendouring the sleepy realms of night.*  
 I cannot give men glimpses so divine,  
 As when, upon a racking night, the wine  
 Draws the pale curtains of the vapoury clouds,  
 And shows those wonderful, mysterious vivid,  
*Throbbing with stars like pulses.*—Naught for me  
 But to creep quietly into my grave."—pp. 2—4.

MAJOR.—Superb! Laird, put me in mind  
 to order you a gallon of the best *Islay* to be  
 got in Toronto, for introducing us to such a  
 treasure.

LAIRD.—I'll no forget.

DOCTOR.—Here is another gem:

"My life was a long dream; when I awoke,  
*Duty stood like an angel in my path,*  
*And seemed so terrible, I could have turned*  
*Into my yesterday,* and wandered back  
 To distant childhood, and gone out to God  
 By the gate of birth, not death. Lift, lift me up  
 By thy sweet inspiration, as the tide  
 Lifts up a stranded boat upon the beach.  
 I will go forth 'mong men, not mailed in scorn,  
 But in the armour of a pure intent.  
 Great duties are before me and great songs,  
 And whether crowned or crownless, when I fall  
 It matters not, so as God's work is done.  
 I've learned to prize the *quiet lightning-deed,*  
*Not the applauding thunder at its heels*  
 Which men call fame.

MAJOR.—Bonniebraes, you may say a brace  
 of gallons!

LAIRD.—So be it.

DOCTOR.—Hush! Behold a whole casquet  
 of jewels "rich and rare!"

MAJOR.—Stop. Space fails, and we must  
 reserve the casquet for another opportunity.

DOCTOR.—Just one more, and I have done.

#### SUMMER AND WINTER.

"The lark is singing in the blinded sky,  
*Hedgys are white with May.* The bridegroom sea  
*Is toying with the shore,* his wedded bride,  
 And, in the fulness of his marriage joy,  
*He decorates her tawny brow with shells,*  
*Retires a space, to see how fair she looks,*  
*Then proud, runs up to kiss her.* All is fair—  
 All glad from grass to sun! Yet more I love  
 Than this the shrinking day, that sometimes comes  
 In Winter's front, so fair 'mong its dark peers,  
 It seems a straggler from the files of June,  
 Which in its wanderings had lost its wits,  
 And half its beauty; and, when it returned,  
 Finding its old companions gone away,  
 It joined November's troop, then marching past;  
 And so the frail thing comes, and greets the world  
 With a thin crazy smile, then bursts in tears,  
 And all the time it holds within its hand  
 A few half-withered flowers."

MAJOR.—Laird! Laird! I must send you  
 a whole cask. Read no more, Oh, medico, or  
 I shall be a ruined man! besides we must to  
 other work. Here are my News from Abroad,  
 and Colonial Chit-Chat. What have you done  
 Laird in the agricultural way.

LAIRD.—I have a perfect budget.

MAJOR.—All right, and now for Mrs. Grundy.  
 [Rings] [Enter Mrs. Grundy with an apron-  
 ful of M.S.]

Mrs. G.—Here you see Major are a few  
 gleanings, I have several more.

DOCTOR.—Stop, my dear madam, an' you pity  
 me. You Major, and you, my much wronged  
 agriculturist, pause and listen to me. On  
 your strivings all I do congratulate you much,  
 and sooth to say, 'tis pitiful exceedingly that  
 these thy labors should be lost, but, nathless,  
 it must be so, since envious fate and printers  
 do compel. To cut the matter short, my good  
 friends, I am sorry to tell you that I have been  
 obliged to throw Music, Musical Chit-Chat,  
 and Notices of Books overboard this month,  
 and that I shall be compelled, to dock you all  
 round, as far as I possibly can, to make room  
 for contents and title-page.

[Omnes. 'Tis shameful.]

MAJOR.—Well, suppose it cannot be helped?  
 Whatever is—is best. So here goes [reads.]

#### COLONIAL NEWS.

THE Canada "Maine Law" Bill has been rejected  
 by a majority of four. It was opposed by Mr.  
 Hincks, and several of the ministry were absent  
 when it was finally discussed. Sir Allan N. Mac-  
 Nab elicited some amusement by suggesting that  
 every member voting for the measure should be  
 obliged to "take the pledge."—The duties col-  
 lected at the Port of Toronto during the quarter  
 ending on the 5th of April, amounted to £23,669;  
 while the corresponding quarter of last year the  
 amount realized was only £10,137, showing an  
 increase of £13,532 on the quarter, in favor of  
 1853. Verily we are in a state of rampant "ruin  
 and decay!"—Some respectable parties in Eng-  
 land have petitioned the Provincial Parliament  
 for a charter to enable them to work gold-mines  
 in the Eastern Townships of Lower Canada.—  
 During the month of March there were thirty ships  
 in the course of construction at Que'bec, the total  
 tonnage of which was 32,440. All of the vessels  
 were under the special survey of Loyds' agent,  
 and, with but a trifling exception, all for the high-  
 est qualification at Loyds' for Colonial ships.—  
 Dr. Ryerson has been presented with a silver tea-  
 service by the officers of the Normal School.—  
 Judge Baquet, of Quebec, died suddenly on the  
 1st of April. He was on the bench on the pre-  
 ceding day.—A valuable quarry of building-  
 stone, has recently been discovered near Sher-  
 brooke. The stones come out in large blocks,  
 nearly as square as bricks, and can, with ease, be  
 split and dressed into any form.—It is rumored  
 that Mr. Caron, Speaker of the Legislative Coun-  
 cil, is to be knighted for "the important services  
 he has rendered to the Crown."—On the 14th  
 of April the Hon. Robert Baldwin Sullivan, one of  
 the Justices of the Court of Common Pleas, Upper  
 Canada, died at his residence in Toronto. The  
 deceased was deservedly respected both in public  
 and private life.—The "striking" mania has  
 recently been rife amongst our mechanics and  
 laborers. A wit in one of the Hamilton papers  
 says that even the clocks are striking!—Thomas