



## ORIGINAL.

FOR THE CASKET.  
THE POLES.

Hark! the trumpet's peals in gladness flow  
From Kosciusko's land,  
O'er crimson combat's vivid glow,  
And Poland's martial band.

On sons of freedom! victory,  
The trumpet loud proclaims;  
On sons of freedom! liberty  
Now crown thy heroes names.

See! the Cossack flies in dire dismay,  
Before Shrzynecki's troop,  
While round his warriors gory  
Or fly with screaming hoop.

The Russian boor bedow'd with gore,  
Now smiles upon his fate,  
And turns his eyes benighted o'er  
With black revengeful hate.

Look! a tear of love from his eye,  
Slow o'er his cheek doth roam,  
His manly breast heaves forth a sigh,  
While thinking on his home.

BRITON.

## NIAGARA FALLS.

The following lines were written by  
Mr. McCleary, the comedian, on visiting  
"Termination Rock," in 1828, but never  
before published. The author handed  
them to the Editor for insertion in the  
Casket, when at this place a few weeks since.

Look! look up! the spray is dashing—  
Roaring waters foaming sweep:  
O'er our heads the torrents clashing,  
Hurling grandeur down the steep.

Oh mortal man! beneath such splendor,  
How trifling, empty, vain and poor!  
Prepare then, sinner, to surrender  
All thoughts unhalloved or impure.

Tremendous is the scene around us;  
Oh mark how wild the waters ring!  
Terrific columns, bright, surround us—  
Grand are thy works oh God our King.

## THE DEW-DROP.

The brightest gem cannot surpass  
The dew drop on a blade of grass:  
Thus nature's smallest works combine  
To herald forth a hand divine!  
Shall man the noblest work of all,  
With reason blest, a sceptic fall?  
Behold thy form of wondrous skill,  
With faculties that move at will,  
How perfect, and how rarely fit,  
And all in all so exquisite,  
That reason's eye but with a scan  
Proclaims—a God created man!

## THE WISH

Behold a cot beside the hill;  
A bee-hive's hum shall soothe my ear—  
A willow brook, that turns a mill,  
With many a fall shall linger near.

The swallow oft, beneath my thatch,  
Shall twitter from her clay built nest—  
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,  
And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivied porch shall spring,  
Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew;  
And Lucy at her wheel shall sing,  
In russet gown and apron blue.

The village church among the trees,  
Where first our marriage vows were given  
With merry peals shall swell the breeze,  
And point with taper spire to heaven.

From the N. Y. Mirror.

## SERENADE FOR MAY.

Come, Julia, love, 'tis morning,  
Old winter's passed away;  
And gentle spring returning,  
Leads in the blushing May.

The dazzling sun appearing,  
Lights up the eastern wood,  
And many a wanton cloud its form  
Bathes in his radiant flood.

Night's shadows are receding,  
Before his heavenly ray;  
And the blue mist melts as doubts of thee  
Pass from my soul away.

On haste! the crimson beams are now,  
O'er meadow, grove, and bowser;  
And softly hums the golden bee  
Round every open flower.

## BACHELORS.

As lone clouds in Autumn eves  
As a tree without its leaves,  
As a shirt without its sleeves,  
Such are bachelors.

As syllabubs without a head,  
As jokes not laugh'd at when they're said,  
As cucumbers without a head,  
Such are bachelors.

As creatures of another sphere,  
As things that have no business here,  
As inconsistencies, 'tis clear,  
Such are bachelors.

When lo! as souls in fabled bowers,  
As beings born for happier hours,  
As butterflies on favored flowers,  
Such are married men.

But ah! as thistles on the blast  
From every garden bed are cast,  
And fade on dreary wastes at last,  
So die bachelors.

Then, Thomas, change that grub-like skin,  
Your butterfly career begin,  
And fly, and swear that 'tis a sin  
To be a bachelor!

## MEMORY.

How blest the hours I then enjoyed,  
How sweet their memory still;  
But they have left an aching void,  
The world can never fill.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON'S COURTSHIP.—It is said that Sir Isaac Newton did once go a wooing, and as he was expected, had the greatest indulgence paid to his little peculiarities, which ever accompany great genius. Knowing he was fond of smoking, the lady assiduously provided him with a pipe, and they were gravely seated to open the business of Cupid. Sir Isaac made a few whiffs—seemed at a loss for something—whiffed again—and at last drew his chair near to his lady—a pause of some minutes ensued—Sir Isaac seemed still more uneasy—Oh! the timidity of some! thought the lady—when lo, Sir Isaac got hold of her hand—now the palpitation began—he will kiss it no doubt, thought she, and then the matter is settled. Sir Isaac whiffed with redoubled fury, and drew the captive hand near his head; already the expected salutation vibrated from the hand to the heart, when, pity the damsel, gentle reader! Sir Isaac only raised the fair hand, to make the fore finger what he much wanted—a tobacco stopper!

A BIRTH DAY GIFT.—The late amiable Duchess of D— being anxious to present a birth day gift to her son, Lord H. at that time a promising boy of seven or eight years old, desired the little Marquis to select the object that would be most agreeable to him in the world. Other lads would probably have chosen a kite or a cricket bat—a pony or a gun; but his lordship was already *blase* by such common place enjoyments, "I should like," said he, gravely—and the whole family crowded round to ascertain the splendid novelty selected by his caprice—"I should like to have a coal with a patch in it."

In some of the villages in Kent, when a man is known to have beaten his wife, it is usual to strew chaff before his door; then the joke runs through the town, that such a man was thrashing last night, as the chaff was seen in front of his house. Such notoriety is said to be more wholesome restraint on bad husbands, than any legal enactment.

SCOLDING.—I never knew a scolding person that was able to govern a family. What makes people scold? Because they cannot govern themselves.—How can they govern others?—Those who govern well are generally calm. They are prompt and resolute, but steady and mild.

GRAMMATICAL WIT.—A youth who had not long been emerged from scholastic trammels, having been smitten with a pretty face, consulted his former preceptor whether he would advise him to conjugate?—"No," replied the pedagogue, "I should say, by all means, decline."

## THE CANADIAN CASKET,

Is published every other Saturday, in the Town of Hamilton, Gore District U C, at 10 Shillings per annum, if paid in advance, or 12 Shillings and 6 pence at the end of the year. A handsome title-page and index will be furnished at the expiration of the volume. Persons procuring five Subscribers, and forwarding the amount of their subscriptions, shall receive a sixth copy for their trouble.—Office opposite the Wholesale Store of C. Ferris & Co.

A. CROSMAN, Publisher.