

his imagination, I cannot say: and he thinks such a prospect before a dying hero or warrior, painted in reality upon his soul, incapable of forcing a tear down his cheek; and that it would be indicative of pusillanimity, I say he knows little of the hidden springs of the mind or the generous workings of the soul. So far from such a thing being a sign of fear, or degrading a warrior in such a situation, it would be in my judgment, rather an indication of an heroic and magnanimous soul. The idea of an iron tear, taken in a metaphorical sense, and coupled with the natural moroseness of the Russian peasant and his bold and hardy character, is I conceive, just and appropriate."

"Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn."

The Debtor.—This morning, at the suggestion of a friend, the editor of the Casket, accompanied by another, paid a visit of curiosity to our Court House. Though we had taken our coffee and broiled steaks an hour previous, the new-fledged snow path leading to the Townsman's edifice, exhibited no fresh tracks to promise that the shivering, starving prisoner had been visited with *curly* comfort. On reaching the portal, a thrill of horror run over us, when our ear caught the low howling of the tempest, it stole into the spacious hall, and the maddening clank of the bolts and chains appended to the restless door, which had blown ajar. The inner foldings, of massive iron, were thrown apart, affording a full view of the hall, which terminated with an attractive circular staircase, leading to the court-room. Its spiral meanderings reminded us of the crooks and quirks of Law—we took the hint, and scrupulously avoiding the crooked passage, turned aside to a prison door on our left. How variously men are affected by the will, under different circumstances. Here was a will to get in and a will to get out, and huge oak and iron interposed an insuperable barrier to the accomplishment of either. The former was expressed loud thumps and iterated and reiterated halloos, enough, we thought, to provoke the most stupid to reply; but the latter had relapsed into such silence—and we even began to hope that this department, at least, was unoccupied. At length, the bearer of a ponderous key appeared in the hall, and very courteously consented to escort us to the debtor's room, which was occupied by a solitary individual. He stood, with his back to ward us, before the high, iron-bound window, as if contemplating the crystallizations of ice constantly forming there, or the hazy light which the snow reflected through the frost-encrusted glazing; and as we marked him, unobserved, he uttered no complaint, but once he bowed a sickly sigh and raised his eyes to heaven. Two refuse shingles (more than the laws provide,) lay mouldering on his hearth, and when these should vanish in smoke, they left no hope of more, saving the jail.

the apartment—a thing to recline upon, but a pair of linkers and a filthy pillow, and fit to entertain a faithful dog. And as we viewed the chilling spectacle, the thought arose, "Stranger what brought thee here? Is this the mark of Cain set upon thee? Or horrid parricide—treason, or theft—what felony hath brought thee to this doom? None—wretched penury! Thus, then, the unfortunate drench the dregs of Imprisonment for Debt!" We broke the silence, and roused the debtor to consciousness—"Stranger, what brought thee here? Intemperance—luxury—play? What prodigality hath abused thee thus?" "Nay—be not too hasty," he interrupted, while a congealing tear trickled down his leaden cheek. "My chastisement was not so justly due—*faute et de faute* are two. Friendship prevailed on me to go another's surety—he failed—the debt devolved on me—and litigation stripped me of the last; and, though acquainted with my poverty, a creditor has sent me here?"

Now, if the *Foyageur* thinks our coloring high, or seeks an object for the exercise of his benevolence, let him trace our steps.

"Disappointment larks in money a prize,
Like bees in flowers, and stings us with success."

To Patrons.—It is a subject of the deepest mortification to us, that not a single number of the Casket has been out of press in season. "Punctuality is the life of business," and we always said it; but unavoidable difficulties have forbade our practising accordingly. We have been bucketing a hidden, but steady and systematic, opposition, which, at length, has arrived at the crisis. The reader who, after having spent an hour at the toilet, in preparations to fulfil some pleasing engagement, has met a thunder-storm at the door, just when saluting out, and then sat down to see his hopes dissipated as rapidly as the falling clouds, can only imagine our disappointment on the sudden interruption we met in the publication of the fourth number. But, in this short sighted state of existence, where nought is sure,

"But through the dark partition of an hour," disappointments must come; and he is a happy mortal who meets no greater than to waddle two miles through mud and frost, and then hear the post-master announce, that the Casket has not arrived.—But our apology.

An attempt has been made to drag us from our stirrups, and to give the reins of our "HOBBY" into the hands of usurpers. We clung to the mane, as a forlorn hope, and have finally outriden the principal difficulty. To speak less metaphorically, an endeavor has been made to obtain our Casket, under the COLOR of a purchase. Certain individuals, who till then had been clamorous in their derision of our little periodical, gave us to understand, that they were willing to purchase it for a song, and "blow the sickly spark into life and animation." But we neither relished the compliment nor the bargain—especially as the establishment of an opposition was made a condition of our refusal to compromise. With all our other good qualities, we possess a laudable share of obstinacy; and because we suffered the refractory principle to predominate, in this instance, our opponents abruptly refused us the lease of their materials, upon which the Casket had formerly been printed; and the delay necessarily attendant upon the removal of our head-quarters and procuring new materials, has occasioned the late appearance of this paper.

In starting the first literary paper in Canada, we launched forth upon waves of uncertainty; and fondly hoped, should the trust prove favorable to such an enterprise, to enjoy a monopoly of its trade, at least for a few short years. But even the meritorious Columbus was superceded by adventurers who availed themselves of his discovery; and, alas! we too, have only been, like a wether-beaten pilot, furnishing soundings for some future *Voyageur*. The public smiled on our first efforts, and we were beginning to realize our fond anticipations—when lo, a competitor!

"Oh ever thus, from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never loved a tree nor flower
But 'twas the first to fade away."

We are, after all, doomed to starve our little bark down stream, stern foremost. The word has gone forth that the Casket shall be superceded by a rival; and our old cronies, the publishers of the Free Press, are now "compassing sea and land," to make proselytes to their embryo competitor. The artist too, from whom we derived some of our brightest gems, lured by the lust of gain, has "gone over to the camp of the enemy." And with such an acquisition of talent, actuated by the powerful stimulus of 25¢ per annum, they predict that the "wildness and originality" of his "strains" will soon drown our morning lay—that "our pluck" will fail where they "pluck fresh laurels;" and that they shall soon be left to enjoy the full benefit of our experiment.

To be serious, we have every reason to consider the Casket a permanent paper, and likely to be the contemporary, if not the survivor of all its competitors; and we think now redouble our efforts to make it worthy of the patronage already bestowed upon us; and as we shall, in future, be unnumbered by those embarrassments to which our irregularity has been hitherto attributable, we finally hope that its publication will now be seasonable and uninterrupted.

To Correspondents.—We are under many obligations to S. H. for the tale on our first page; and hope to acknowledge more.

The "Mother's Grave" shall have a place in our next.

"Tom Bow-line" has sent us an interesting tale in several chapters.

We hope that the "Skeptick's" doubts will never result in anything more serious than they did on "the Night of December 1."

What has become of "Lorenzo?"

We hope to have another "peep into the closet" of E. His epistolary and fugitive productions doubtless contain many good things.

In our last we omitted to return our sincere thanks to the "Sportsman," for his seasonable and philosophical "Thoughts on the Course." May we have the satisfaction to hear from him again.

HINT TO POETS.

Ah! where's the lifted arm,
The strength of action, and the force of words,
The well turned period, and the well-turned voice,
With all the lesser ornaments of praise!
Ah! fled for ever as they ne'er had been!
Raz'd from the book of fame: or, more provoking,
Perhaps some hackney hunger-bitten scribber
Injures thy memory, and blots thy tomb
With long flat narrative, or duller rhymes,
With heavy halting pace that drawl along
Enough to rouse a dead man into rage,
And warm with red resentment the wan cheek.

BLAIR.

Occultation.—Early in the evening of Friday, December 9th, the beautiful planet Jupiter will, with all his satellites, appear to the inhabitants of the United