

the language of the Romans. Thanks to our better stars, we never dove into the mazes of Virgil and Horace! But the havoc we made in our Latin first books often brought down, upon our devoted sponse, the cudgel of our old Tutor; and should our present presumption prove as unfortunate, woe betide us. But if, for a trifling error, into which we are forcibly urged by obvious circumstances, the philologers should be down upon us,—without pretending to enter the lists, we can only say, "Lay on, Macduff!" But, to the point—we think the *hint* a little too exacting, as our friend renders the motto; and therefore we offer our own translation, with the acceptance in which we have adopted it:—

Nor be wanting in Favor to pleasing Words.

Nothing is more common than for critics to exclaim, on reading a *light article*, or a more elaborate *failure*—"Words! Words!"—that is, the composition lacks pith, or sound sense: and when the *wordy* article which we are now penning, meets the eye of that class of readers, it will doubtless provoke this hackneyed exclamation. Well—be it so—we do not expect to make the Casket rank in the first class of literary periodicals: we do not presume that every article admitted into it shall be able to bear the censorship of the critics.

Our pretensions, both as a scribe and critic, are but small; and, therefore, when a *well-warded*, chaste, and tolerably well imagined *original* article is put at our disposal, we shall deposit it in our Casket, without stopping to inquire, whether the most grave and learned will "be wanting in favor to pleasing Words."

"Who, to exalt a humble name,  
Turn'd trumpeter of his own fame."

*The Reception.*—We anticipated any thing but a warm one. Our imagination told us to forefend the worst. But oh! 'twas a week of cruel suspense; and we expected to meet the withering blast in every gale that touched the tremulous leaf. We had hesitated long in the outset. But there is a kind of vanity against which we are not the only ones who are not proof: For,

"Oh, 'tis a pleasing thing to see one's name in print,  
A book's a book, altho' there's nothing in it."

Actuated by a slight degree of this feeling, and by the *golden dream* of patronage, at length

"Tam ventured forward on the light."

But when our name had gone abroad, and vanity ceased to urge us onward, then came "a fearful looking for."

But how were we received? In this age of *Puffing*, and editorial etiquette, our

readers may be curious to know in what terms our reception was couched. We therefore give a partial development of the sequel of our anxiety.

The idea of an exclusively literary paper being published in Canada, has long been sneered at. It might therefore be expected that some would notice us to

"Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,  
And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer."

This, however, we flatter ourselves, has not been the design of any who have deigned to mention us. And first, the Brockville Gazette says:—

"We have received the first number of the Canadian Casket; the first attempt of the kind made in the Province, and the selections and workmanship reflect the highest credit on the enterprising proprietor, (Mr. A. Crossman,) to whom we wish all success: he certainly is entitled to an extended support. In our pages of today, will be found a story extracted from the Casket: it may be said to be trifling and childish, but certainly the moral it inculcates is useful."

Now, this was breking the ice for us too generously; and with an instantaneous flush of hope, we ventured to open the York Courier, when the following paragraph met our eye:

"The other production is called the "Canadian Casket," and is published on a fine demi sheet, in quarto form, by a Mr. Crossman, apparently from the office of the Hamilton Free Press. This paper is "devoted exclusively to polite literature;" is to be "exempt from all political and religious controversy;" and is, in reality a very neat little publication. The Editor will excuse us for remarking, however, that we do not think the respectability of his Poet's Corner will be much enhanced by the contributions of "*Briton*;" if the piece over that signature in the first number, is to be taken as a specimen of the writer's poetical powers—The ideas of "Warriours flying with screaming hoop!" and "iron tears roaming about his cheeks!" are neither very chaste, nor very poetical!"

Now, we are unwilling to believe our friend's and generous neighbor Gurnett one of that class who,

"Willing to wound and yet afraid to strike,  
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike."

We take this plain hint in favour; and must acknowledge that the idea of warriors trundling their hoops from the field of blood is indeed ludicrous. However, the "screaming hoop" was not the poet's license, but an instance of the mischiefs incident to the *black art*: the hoop should have begun with a *W*. The idea of "iron tears" may be a *rusty* one; but we leave "Briton" to vindicate his own figure, in any future number of the Casket.

The Editor of the Cobourg Star says of our paper:—"It is a neat little literary Miscellany called *The Casket*, and appears under the respectable conduct of Mr. A. Crossman, who has our best wishes for success."

The Port Hope Telegraph says:—"The Canadian Casket is likewise desorving of support, and we wish it success."

The Canadian Freeman, speaking of the new publications, including our Casket, in Hamilton, says—"They speak well for the growing prosperity of the Head of the Lake."

The Niagara Gleaner, a grave and experienced journal, speaks of our paper in indulgent terms; and says it contains "pick nicks" calculated to "please" and "profit young persons." The Gleaner is mislaid, or we should quote it entire.—We hope to give a satisfactory definition of *pick nicks*.

The Upper Canada Herald displays our title in capitals, in the following plaudit:

"We have received the first number of a Literary Paper called "THE CANADIAN CASKET," published at Hamilton, in the Gore District, by A. Crossman. It is neatly printed, and the matter appears to be judiciously selected. We wish the proprietor all possible success."

The Editor of the London Sun, who is known also as an author, says—

"The Casket is printed with good type on rather superior paper. Of its merits as a literary production it will be time enough to speak when half a dozen numbers shall have made their appearance: in the mean time, we strongly recommend it to the patronage of all who have a taste for literature, or a desire to see knowledge more generally diffused throughout the country."

Now this is exercising a degree of forbearance seldom met with among the writers of books. Only let our little plant come to the "Sun" long enough to prove whether the clime is congenial to the growth of its species. The Brockville Recorder, in noticing our first number indicates the same willingness to anticipate the future improvement. It says:—

"It contains few original articles, but offers an agreeable variety of selected light reading. From the present number it would be difficult to form any opinion of the abilities of its editor as a writer, but from the selections we think it bids fair to become an interesting miscellany. As an attempt to improve the literary character of the Province, we wish the proprietor success in his undertaking."

In reply to the remark upon ourselves, we did not put on our *slippers*, last number. But in future, we have made up our minds not to bury our "one talent,"