

THE CANADIAN CASKET.

NEC DESIT JUCUNDIS GRATIA VERBIS.

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ORIGINAL TALES.

"To hold the mirror up to Nature."

FOR THE CASKET.

EDWARD PERKINS.

Sally, said Mr. Ware, pressing the warm hand of his daughter in his, while he gazed upon her with a parents' tenderest solicitude, "the time has now arrived when it has become proper for me as your father to have an eye upon your future welfare and settlement in life. And while I would most cheerfully grant you every proper indulgence of your own inclinations, it will become my duty to offer you some advice in your choice of companions." He paused, and Sally while a crimson blush mantled her cheek, as if anticipating what he was about to say, asked, "and do you intend to make any retrenchments from my present list?" "Yes" replied Mr. Ware, "I do, and I think for your interest. The war is now raging between us and the United States, and Edward Perkins, one of your most intimate associates is among the champions of the Republic, while I am a friend to the King. I have therefore this objection to him, that we are of opposite political parties." Sally blushed deeply as he proceeded,—"I have become acquainted with a Mr. Devail an officer in our army, now at Fort George, whom I have promised to introduce to you to-morrow," and continued he, in a tone of unusual firmness, "should he make you an offer of his hand I shall expect you will not refuse it." Sally felt her heart painfully throbbing at this unexpected intelligence and looking up calmly as she could, replied,—"But you will not compel me to this course contrary to my own feelings!" "And what objection my daughter can there be to him. I know him to be an interesting and intelligent gentleman, and said to be allied to

some of the first families in England in wealth and honor." Fears rushed into her eyes and her tongue for a moment refused to perform its office. "But why do you weep my daughter?" "Dear father I am sure I cannot love him—my heart is even now another's,"—"What! that villain Edward, he exclaimed in indignation. It is his unqualified however with that epithet;" He deserves the epithet and shall wear it, and you may warn him never to come into this house again; I must be obeyed," He dropped her hand and departed from the room in the height of ungovernable passion leaving his daughter alone to reflect with pain and tears upon the dark and dreary futurity which seemed to await her.

Mr. Ware resided not far distant from the Niagara on the Canadian side, and the low log cottage that gave birth and shelter to Edward Perkins was on the opposite bank near the spot where Lewiston now stands. Previous to the irruption of war between the United States and Great Britain Edward was a familiar visitor at the mansion of Mr. Ware and by degrees had won the affection of Sally, a lovely and amiable girl such as seldom falls to the lot of man to look upon. Their natural passion was however concealed from all for some ample reasons, and on the breaking out of war, Edward joined the champions of his country of a small band of which he was Captain while Mr. Ware as a matter of course, took part with his own government. Although previous to this event the visits of Edward were received with much pleasure at Mr. Ware's, yet so far did his feelings carry him that he had come to the determined resolution never to admit him beneath his roof again.—At this period he had met with Mr. Devail, an English officer in the regiment stationed at Fort George,

who had seen Sally and become enamoured with her and though a stranger, had already made proposals to Mr. Ware for her hand.—Mr. Ware overjoyed at the prospect of the honor which such an union would bestow upon his family encouraged him in his suit and promised him the opportunity of proffering it himself in person. The next day after the conversation which commences our narrative the expected Mr. Devail arrived, welcomed by the father, as he was secretly feared by the daughter. While his partial eyes, saw in him the perfect and finished gentleman—she beheld but the coxcomb and the man of fashion and vanity; and while the father saw in Devail's narrative of his connexions noble and honorable blood the hope of so valuable an alliance, she saw the naked deformity of a heart too weak to be gazed upon. He mentioned to her the object of his visit to which she calmly replied that she desired some time to consider on the subject before she could decide, and he departed.—"Well my daughter," said Mr. Ware, when Devail had retired, "what do you think of your new suitor? Is he not as I assured you, a man of superior intelligence and accomplishments—and in all things infinitely superior to that poor boy Edward Perkins?" "I think" she responded, and she trembled as if with a secret dread of paternal censure which she had much reason to fear would follow the disclosure of her thoughts. "I think as I did before, but"—"And is this the manner in which my plans for your good are to be frustrated," exclaimed Mr. Ware, interrupting her while the fire of passion was glowing in his eyes. I repeat it, I must be obeyed. Any time and any moment that Mr. Devail says the word you must become his wife or you mark the consequence—