

# CANADIAN CASSET.

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## SELECT TALES.

"To hold the mirror up to Nature."

FOR THE CASSET.

### THE LOVERS OF THE FOREST.

Mr. Parnel, was a wealthy merchant in one of the northern towns of Ireland, but becoming unfortunate he resolved to forsake the home of his fathers, and to seek another beyond the expansive waters, among the wood-covered regions of Canada.

Having arrived with his family at York, where he obtained a grant of land, he pushed into the woods, where many had gone before him, resolved to brave every difficulty attending an emigration to the primeval wilderness—to level and destroy the lordly forest which seemed to have taken full possession of the soil, and to have opposed an insuperable barrier to the progress of cultivation;—to plant the dwelling of man, where no habitation had ever been raised, excepting perchance, the transient wigwam of the Indian rover—to change the hills and valleys of the woodland into fruitful fields, covered with grazing herds and bending corn; where in days of yore, instead of 'the plough-boy's whistle and the milk-maids song,' had resounded the howl of wolves, and the still more wild and terrible war-cry of the Indian warrior.

After many difficulties he arrived at the place of his destination, and collected a few of his forest neighbors to assist him in erecting a dwelling, but was much surprised at the appearance made by this company of new lords of the soil, among whom his dwelling was cast; for they exhibited almost as many national features and local dialects, as there were individuals in the motley group. The streams of emigration have flowed from many a clime into Canada, their common reservoir, where the peculiarities of each are to be lost in the general co-mingling of their waters; though some generations will have passed away before Canada can produce a national character and countenance of her own.

The family of Mr. Parnel consisted of a wife and six interesting children. William the eldest, a youth of sixteen,

had received the rudiments of a liberal education, and in happier days was destined for other employment than using the hand-spike, the ox-whip and the axe, with the other implements of husbandry, with which it was necessary he and the rest of the family should now be acquainted. The improvement of their farm of course occupied the most of their time while the hours of relaxation were spent in the duties of religion, and conversing of the dear scenes and dearer friends they left behind in the land of their birth; while William, with a volume in his hand, would often forget his laborious toil in revelling among the bright creations and sublime imaginings of the heaven-born sons of song. The novelty of their situation, however, soon wore off and they began to feel the want of society to be the greatest privation to which they were obliged to submit;—for the people around them, were in general destitute of education, and of course not fit companions for those who had long been accustomed to the social converse and elegant pleasures of highly polished and cultivated society.

It was therefore, with no common feelings, that they welcomed a friend who came to locate beside them. The springs of friendship, which for want of a proper channel had been gathering round their source, now broke forth, and Mr. Homes and family were received with all the fervor of affection and warmth of hospitality, so natural to the Irish character; and in a few days the smoke of their new dwelling was seen curling among the green boughs of the surrounding trees. Fanny their oldest daughter, at the age of fourteen, was just budding forth into womanhood. She and William had been companions when children, and now at seventeen the acquaintance was renewed with other feelings on his part, than that of a child. I need not relate the history of their courtship, nor tell how often he explored his way between the two dwellings by the light of his blazing torch.

A few years pass over and this blossom expands into more than ordinary loveliness and beauty. Hitherto, Wil-

liam had loved her alone, and loved her without a rival. His nobleness of mind—his manly comeliness of person, and above all, his education made him superior to all the young farmers, and even outshone the rustic dandies of the country; for such animals infest even the wilds of Canada. Not so effeminate indeed, as their corseted brethren who flutter in the more fashionable world: but vain as they were, they were able only to sip the sweets from humbler blossoms, without aspiring to appropriate the ambrosial fragrance which perfumed the bright and peerless flower of the woodlands.

But time now began to alter the improved state of the new settlement, and made it a profitable field for commercial enterprise. One of the first of these adventurers, was a Mr. Grey, who, attracted by the beauty of Miss Homes, and the hospitality of her father's table, was a frequent visitor at their house. He was a young man of fashionable appearance and agreeable conversation, and often took occasion to compliment Fanny on her surpassing loveliness; and where is the fair daughter of Eve, who is so free from vanity, as to be indifferent to the offerings of praise. But, if her eyes sometimes wandered towards the stranger, her heart was never guilty of such an aberration.

William however, felt the stings of jealousy; he upbraided her with inconstancy, but she denied there was any reason for his injurious suspicions, but what has reason to do with the caprices of love or the jealousies of lovers? They parted, and in mutual displeasure.

"Will you go to pick currants to-day, William?" said his sister the following morning. "No!" he replied. "What's the reason? you told Fanny and me you would." "I don't care for that," said William, "I have been dangling too long after that ungrateful girl; she may get Tom Grey—his dainty fingers, adorned with gold rings will look better among the currants than mine." His sister rallied him on his fit of jealousy, but failing to overcome his resolution, she went without him.