

THE CANADIAN CASSET.

SEC DESIT JUCUNDIS GRATIA VERBIS.

VOLUME I.

HAMILTON, JUNE 2, 1832.

NUMBER 14.

SELECT TALES.

"To hold the mirror up to Nature."

WRITTEN FOR THE CASSET.

JANE SOMERS.

A True Picture.

Miss Jane Somers was the daughter of respectable and wealthy Parents in this Province, whose names and particular residence or fortune I will avoid mentioning. She was in the spring tide of her beauty, when all her passions were elate with youthful buoyancy, and her mind enlivened by the brightening scenes of the world's deceptive drama.— Gay and lively she played the part of what we call an innocent coquette; perhaps too often looked upon by a suspicious world as looseness of character. However, at this time her heart was as pure as the dewy rose that catches the golden beams of the morning sun. She was a perfect model of what we call beautiful in the female sex, innocently fond of all such pleasure as engages youthful hearts, when they unsuspectingly enter upon the arena of toilsome life. Her disposition was mild and pleasant, her manners fascinating and insinuating. She was one of those innocent and unsuspecting females of her sex, who rather look upon the glittering allurements the evanescent brightness and tinsel shield of the dazzling world, than upon its plain realities, real happiness and just appreciation. Such, are too often destined to receive into their bosom some rapacious destroyer of their happiness; scoffer of their love and murderer of their virtue and angelic chastity.

Edward Winton had for some years been acquainted with Miss Somers, and had formed for her a lasting affection, founded upon a just esteem and regard for her accomplishments and character. Her affection for him had been mutual, but

conceived rather from the outward man than from a just scrutiny of his heart. Edward was a plain, open unaffected young man, guided in his actions, by justice, honor, and principle, and endowed with a proper knowledge and experience of the world. Being of a reserved and studious disposition, he seldom spoke but from his heart. Hypocritical ceremony he despised, and rather moulded his character from the unaffectedness and simplicity of nature, than according to the French affectation and artificial pomposity. Their parents were willing that these young lovers should be joined in matrimony, and expected that it would be bro't about. Edward and Jane frequently met in assemblies with young people of their age. Here the shyness and reservedness of Edward had but few admirers. He was remarkable, however, for gentleness of manners, but seldom joined in the nonsensical small talk, and jibbering laughter of many of his fellow associates. Edward, as he expected Jane to be the future companion of his joys and troubles in life, frequently in his conversation with her, spoke in an admonitory strain, which she ever received with the utmost complaisance and good humor. Although Edward saw his Jane in company and in the merry dance lively and gay, perhaps according to his judgment too much so, he never apprehended any declension of her love for him. Once in the absence of Edward, Jane having gone to a select party, met there a stranger, to whom she was introduced. Mr. Roberts, the stranger, was a foreigner of a handsome gentlemanly appearance, and polite and insinuating manners. He was what might be called a rake, priding himself more upon the tie of a cravat and artful allurements, than soundness of heart, or the acquisition of knowledge.—

He possessed all the arts, smiles, bows and prating, necessary to deceive and ruin so innocent and virtuous a being as Miss Somers; and estrange her affection from the honest and unassuming Edward Winton. Ah! little did she think when her eye, glowing with maiden innocence, smiling with unaffected beauty, and gazing upon the high forehead, large arched eyebrows and hazle eye of the artful Roberts, he was in his heart conspiring to rob her of every thing valuable in this life; conspiring to rob her of that chastity and virtue that ever should shield a woman's heart, and daunt the assassin's vile desires; little did she think these fondling words, these aspirations of pretended love, flowed from the heart of robbery and inhuman machinations. Oh! where was her Edward who could have shielded her by an honorable bosom? where was her protector to open the mysterious villany of a champion of seduction?

This same evening Roberts prevailed upon her to allow him to accompany her and her sister home, where he was received in a very affable though properly distant manner, by her Parents. From this time, Roberts frequently met the sisters in their evening walks, and had once or twice drank tea at the house of their father; but from a becoming coolness on his part, he discontinued his visits. Jane's admiration of this young gentleman, became daily more visible from which she was induced to repeat her evening wanderings oftener.

Once when Edward & Jane were walking out one fine sunny evening in May, admiring the glowing and golden aspect of nature, as they turned the corner of the road, a tall gentlemanly young man who proved to be Roberts, advanced towards them. "Oh, Edward" says Jane, "that is