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THE CANADIAN CASSETT.

NEC DESIT JUCUNDIS GRATIA VERBIS.

VOLUME I.

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SELECT TALES.

"To hold the mirror up to Nature."

FOR THE CASSETT.

THE REWARD OF ENVY.

(Concluded.)

The votary to mischief seldom wants an incentive to push his natural bent. George Carlisle had paid some attentions to, and felt a degree of partiality for, a young lady who, in one of her flirtations, had recently offended him. Personal pique towards his mistress, and envy towards his brother, forwarded his intentions upon Julia Wilmot, to whom he began to make some advances.

At this crisis, news of the battle of Chippewa arrived, and with it intelligence of the death of the adopted father, who fell crowned with glory, for his uniform gallantry. But this event, calculated as it was to excite in the bosoms of the new made orphans feelings of warmer attachment, was destined to sunder them for ever.

James returned home soon after the unhappy affair at Chippawa, in which he had greatly distinguished himself. The will of their uncle was produced, and by it the best of his property was bequeathed to the younger nephew, reserving some valuable articles to George, as memorials of his esteem.

This developement did not answer George's anticipations. He had expected to see James left little more independent than a beggar—he was vile enough to wish it had been so: for, though still his brother's superior in affluence, he could not forbear envying him for the partiality which the deceased uncle had expressed by his last testament.

Brooding over imaginary neglect, of which he persuaded his aching heart to believe James the author, George resolved to accomplish the ruin of his brother. It happened at this very time, that there existed another claim to the large tract of land which constituted his late uncle's estate; and although Mr. Carlisle's title to it had once been confirmed, George now instigated the prosecution of a new suit, with the design that it might be wrested from the hands of his brother and given to the grasp of a swindling stranger.—This unlooked for treachery was successful, and the unnatural brother exulted in

the anticipation that his inferior in wealth would soon be reduced to the mortification of acknowledging his dependence.

Under this cruel and unexpected treatment James bore up undismayed and unresenting. His fortitude was the strongest virtue of his magnanimous spirit, and there now seemed left but one point upon which he was tender; that point was the relation in which he stood to Julia Wilmot. They had mutually given vows of constancy; had only awaited the consent of her parents, and the arrangement of Mr. Carlisle's affairs, for the consummation of their happiness.

The envious are only gratified when the object of their rancour shrink beneath its baleful persecutions. James had never done so; and his brother resolved to pursue with new vigour, his design of rendering him miserable. He flattered himself that his superior grace had already made an impression on the heart of Julia, who had treated his attentions with becoming respect during the absence of her lover. Full of this impression, he determined to rival his doting brother, and become the lover of Julia; and without stopping to ascertain the true state of her regard for him, he made proffers of immediate marriage to her parents.

With that calculating policy which is so apt to sway the mind when the blood is cold, and which has broken many a fine strung heart, the parents of Julia gave a decided preference to her wealthier suitor. But she, with the generous impulse of early and ardent love, resolved to adhere to her first choice with unyielding tenacity, and now her tender bosom was torn between considerations of love and duty, with the prospect of being forced into submission to the latter.

James, for the first time, felt his fate trembling on the breath of fortune when he was dismissed the house of his mistress by her parents. And every stolen interview, while it confirmed each in the possession of the other's heart, still lessened the prospect of their mutual happiness, and increased the prospect of inevitable wretchedness. I need only say, that the parents were not to be contented with any sacrifice on the part of their daughter short of her marriage with George Carlisle.

Love, however, powerful, must be united with something more than natural resolution, to withstand the combined attacks of parents and friends, riches, honours, and exquisite ingenuity. Julia's courage was insufficient to the task, though her hearts decision was irrevocable. With a heart recollecting from the object of her parents ambitious choice, she consented to yield to their wishes, and give her hand to an inconstant admirer, though her love must ever remain with another.

James heard of the triumph of his unnatural brother, in winning Julia, a lovely and reluctant victim to be led to the sacrifice. Losing, for the first time, all fortitude, he flew to her father, vainly hoping that the old man would listen to the dictates of passion. Alas! how little he knew of the influence which wealth holds over sordid minds. His heart had been always open to generosity; his resolution had never been barred against virtuous entreaty; and he estimated the souls of others by his own. He painted to Mr. Wilmot, in glowing colours, the mutual attachment, the solemn vows, and the present unhappiness of Julia and himself; he reminded him of former favors; but was met by this reply: "Young man, would you have me consign my daughter to the protection of a beggar?" It was enough; he sought the solitude of his home to weep over his fate, and curse the cupidity of the human heart.

That very evening, while sitting at the window of his cottage, gazing in melancholy silence on the heavens, he was roused from his reverie by a venerable stranger of extraordinary appearance, who demanded admission to the apartment. With wonted hospitality he welcomed his informal visitor to a peaceful cottage: now no longer his own; and endeavored to dissipate the gloomy impressions of his soul by prying into the character of his guest. The pilgrim's communications were few and sullen; but those few disclosed to James that his father was still alive, and in his presence.

The misanthrope had returned to the scenes where he begun to be what he now was, a man destitute of all the tender and all the base-passions of the hu-

man breast. His soul was the empire of melancholy alone; and seemed to shrink from every thing that partook of a social colour. He had returned to languish for a moment over the tomb of her whom he once loved, and then bury himself in a hermitage for ever.

The son recited the tale of his misfortunes to the father, and implorad his interposition with George, who, he thought could not refuse the request of his father, even though a compliance should deprive him of Julia. He knew too that his father had been the early friend of Mr. Wilmot who was under many obligations to him. But in reply, the father enjoined on him, as he valued the duty of a son, not to disclose what had passed that evening; and then rushed abruptly from the cottage, and disappeared.

Meantime George Carlisle determined to profit by his present success, and put even fate at defiance: for conscious guilt is always fearful of the caprices of time. The marriage night was fixed; the marriage rings exchanged; the marriage supper was prepared; the guests were invited; and, in his own mansion he stood before the pastor of the village, ready to pronounce with triumph the vows of love to her who stood pale and weeping by his side.

"Poor Julia," thought every one, "she looks so unlike a bride." With her eyes fixed on the floor, her heart still with James in his humble cottage, and while the tremor of her lovely form was visible to every one, she heard not the holy man begin the marriage ceremony; and hardly did she hear a bolder voice exclaim "Old man, would you have your daughter reject a fortune to marry a beggar?" The clergyman dropped his book, and the guests started, and the father of Julia, recognizing the countenance of an old friend whom he had long supposed to be dead, hastening to embrace him exclaiming "Carlisle, the long lost Carlisle!" "Have mercy, Heavens!" exclaimed George, "Is this my father's face?" "Aye, and your father's voice too, that pronounces you a beggar," returned the old man; and then continued "Go from my presence—I utterly disown you—James is the heir of my fortune, and the destined husband of her for whom you have sold your brother to despondency."

The wedding was suspended, for indeed it was no delusion. Mr. Carlisle had been pressed on board a man-of-war at Quebec, having been mistaken in one of his reckless strolls for a mere vagrant. This additional misfortune had rendered him so desperate that he took no measures to get released, but sullenly submitted to the obscurity into which he was thrown. A series of extraordinary adventures had

succeeded his discharge from the navy, all of which had been calculated to render his feelings more callous towards man; and he just escaped from a cruel captivity in Algiers, and returned to America in season to save his James from the triumphs of envy.

The sequel of that day presents a picture rarely met. A bride relieved from the vows of one whom she could never love—a father dead to every emotion but regret for "man's inhumanity to man"—a son endeavoring to console a father, who returns his attentions perhaps with only a look—a brother brooding hatred against a brother, and cursing the author of his existence—night dropped the curtain and when it rose again, George had left the stage. No one could tell whether he had fled, nor was he ever after heard of.

Not many years after, old Carlisle left a world which he had never loved, but to which he had again become reconciled: and in it left a dutiful son to enjoy his large estates, and with them the hand of Julia Wilmot.

A GHOST STORY.

The following incident occurred to a young artist, while travelling, not long since, through Germany. He relates it as follows:

On my way to Vienna, I stopped for the night at a hotel of a village near Gratz. The courtyard was filled with travelling carriages, and as I was ordering the disposal of my baggage, the landlord came to me and politely told me that it was not in his power to accommodate me—that an unusual number of travellers had taken up their abode there for the night, and that there was not a bed in the village that was not pre-engaged. My horses had travelled far during the day, and I was myself so much fatigued that I would willingly have put up with indifferent accommodations; but he assured me that he had already given up his own chamber. "If however," said he, "you are willing to continue your journey two miles further, I can insure you a comfortable bed at old Margarete's. Your horses can remain here, and I can give you a supper; for although dame Margaret passes for a witch, I doubt whether she would provide you with a supper for a gentleman.

I thanked my host, and having made a hearty meal, and hired a horse for the night, packed the ne-

cessary articles for my wardrobe in a portmanteau, and set off for the old woman's cottage.—I followed my landlord's directions, and entered the wood at my right. It was already twilight, and as I advanced into the depths of the woods, darkness soon overtook me. I rode on a mile or two without seeing any signs of habitation.—At length I perceived at a distance the outline of an old grey house, and quickening the pace of my horse, rode him under the shelter of an outbuilding, and tied him there for the night.

I then walked towards the house. There was neither sound or light from within. I knocked at the door, and finding no one answered, ventured to open it, and entered. The door of the inner room stood partly open, and I perceived a faint glimmering light upon the walls, as if from embers on the hearth. I repeated my knock at the inner door. "Come in," was the only attendance I received. I entered and found an old woman seated close to the fire, rocking backwards and forwards, with her arms crossed upon her knees. She was haggard and grey, and by the light of the coals her countenance bore marks of dejection; but there was a piercing, unquiet expression in her dark eye, which brought back forcibly my landlord's illusions to her powers of necromancy. She glanced at me as I entered; and, with a disappointed air, pointed me to a seat on the other side of the fire, and resumed her posture and rocking motion, without making any inquiries as to the nature of my intrusion. I excused myself, however; telling her that the landlord of the hotel had informed me that she could accommodate me with a bed, and being much fatigued, I should be glad to retire immediately. She got up, lighted a candle, and setting it upon the table, pointed to a dish of venison and hard biscuit, which were neatly prepared at the side of the table, on which were the remains of her own meal of porridge. I was not a little surprised at this apparent preparation for an additional person, and declining to take any thing, turned to her and asked

if she had expected a stranger? She answered rather undecidedly "No;" and taking me up stairs to a little chamber, in the back part of the house; she then closed the shutters, and telling me to fasten my door, left me.

I am not a superstitious man, neither am I a man of weak nerves, but I did not feel quite comfortable in my new abode. I knew that the forests in Germany are frequently infested with robbers, and the old woman's unconcern at my arrival, and caution to lock my door, and the supper apparently intended for younger teeth than her's, made me fear that the house might at least be the resort of some freebooter. My room was not more than five feet by eight in rise, without closet or chimney place; so having fastened my door and looked under my bed undressed, and musing upon my singular situation, soon fell into a sound sleep. I was awaked about midnight by a sensation, as if a cold hand was passing slowly over my face. I was alarmed at first; but as soon as I was thoroughly awake, ascribed it to nervous excitement, and altering my position, I soon fell asleep again. I was awakened and distinctly felt a human hand, cold and clammy, pass lingeringly over my face. I started from my bed, felt underneath and stretching out my hands which touched the walls on each side, walked the whole length of the room. Nothing palpable could now have evaded my search, but I could feel nothing. I sat still and listened, but heard only the ticking of my watch at the head of my bed. At length satisfied that there could be nothing in the room I again laid down, but I was too much excited to sleep. I held my hand above my face, determined to seize it if it approached me again. I had not been many minutes in this position when it touched my open palm, and was withdrawn. I could feel the cold sweat burst from my forehead. I drew the bed-clothes over my head, and laid shuddering with horror. As soon as I judged it was nearly morning I got up, groped for my clothes, and dressed myself

as well as my trembling hands would permit. My door I found fastened as I left it. I unlocked it, found my way down stairs, and opened the door of the room. I was surprised at seeing the old woman rocking herself in the same position as I had seen her in the night before.

"I hope you slept well?" said she, without looking up.

"I did not," I replied.

"What disturbed you," said she.

"I had a strange vision," I replied: "perhaps you can explain the intrusion."

I then related the circumstances. She said nothing; but lighted a candle, went up into my chamber. I followed her, and as soon as she entered, I saw by the light of the candle that the shutters of a window which I had not before seen at the head of my bed, were partly open. She sat down the light, and opening the shutters, pointed to a man lying upon the shed, which was on a level with my window.

"'Tis my poor drunken brother," said she; "I expected him home last evening, but finding he did not come, gave him up for the night, and offered you his supper and bed. He probably returned late, and knowing that he was intoxicated, tried to get into his window without disturbing me."

I helped the poor woman to drag the bugbear into the bed, and paying for my lodgings returned to the hotel for my breakfast.

THE ARTS.

"What cannot Art and Industry perform,
Where science plains the progress of their toil!
They smile at penury, disease and storm;
And oceans from their mighty mounds recoil."

HISTORY OF HATS.—At a recent meeting of the London society of Antiquaries, Mr. Repton communicated a very curious and interesting paper on the history of hats, accompanied by eight sheets of drawings of hats and caps, in an infinity of shapes and fashions, from the time of Richard II. up to 184. He observed, the name hat was derived from a Saxon word, meaning a covering for the head, in which general sense it had been used by early authors, and applied to the helmets of steel. Hats and caps were anciently made of felt, woollen, silk, straw, and various other materials and were as diversified in their colors. In the time of Elizabeth the common people wore woollen caps, and some acts were passed in her

reign to encourage the manufacture of them. The broad brims were introduced by the cardinals to their scarlet hats, and followed by the clergy. The inconvenience of the broad brims all round, caused the turning of one side, then two sides were turned up, and, at last, turned up three sides introduced the cocked hat. The high crowned hat was first worn in the time of Elizabeth, and declined in the reign of Charles II. Mr. Repton then noticed the ornaments of hats, such as feathers, brooches, and bands. Henry VIII. is described, on his entry into Calais, as wearing feathers from India four feet long; and men wore feathers in their hats as late as the reign of Queen Anne. Yew is mentioned as placed in the hat to denote mourning for a deceased relative and friend. The paper contained numerous curious and amusing quotations on the subject from a great variety of authors.

A NEW HYDROMETER.—A new instrument to measure the degree of moisture in the atmosphere, of which the following is a description, has been recently invented by M. Baptise Lendi, of St. Gall. In a white flint bottle is suspended a piece of metal about the size of a hazel nut, which not only looks extremely beautiful, and contributes to the ornament of a room, but likewise predicts every possible change of weather twelve or fourteen hours before it occurs. As soon as the metal is suspended in the bottle with water, it begins to increase in bulk, and in 10 or twelve days, forms an admirable pyramid, which resembles polished brass; and it undergoes several changes till it has attained its full dimensions. In rainy weather this pyramid is constantly covered with pearly drops of water; in case of thunder or hail, it will change the finest red, and throw out rays; in case of wind or fog, it will appear dull and spotted; and previously to snow, it will look quite muddy. If placed in a moderate temperature, it will require no other trouble than to pour out a common tumbler full of water, and put in the same quantity of fresh

HISTORICAL.

"As Morality is the science of human life, so History may be defined to be morality taught by example."

It may not be uninteresting here to pause a moment, for the purpose of inquiring into the manner in which the ancient government of Egypt was administered. Possessed of the finest country in the world, we might, perhaps, expect to find the Egyptians enervated by luxury, and bending beneath the iron ceptre of tyranny. For it has often happened, that when heaven profusely showers down her blessings on mankind, he completely defeats the object for which they appear to have been sent, and giving greater scope to the vile passions of his nature, converts them into curses.

In the earlier ages, it was not so with the Egyptians. The historian, speaking of their kings, observes, "the royal dignity was hereditary; yet their princes

were obliged to model their actions after the established laws of the realm, not only in the management of state affairs, but also in the private way of life. Even the time of these rulers seems to have been portioned out, and set apart for particular employments by the sacred Egyptian books; for when the king arose, early in the morning, his first business was to peruse the letters and despatches which came from various parts, that he might be thereby well acquainted with the affairs of his kingdom at large, and with such particular subjects as must come under his consideration in the course of the day. He then bathed himself, put on his regal attire, and went to the temple to assist at the daily sacrifice. Here the chief priest, when the victim was placed before the altar, prayed with a loud voice, for the health and prosperity of the monarch, because his actions were consistent with the laws, and his people rejoiced beneath the united blessings of clemency and justice. He then enlarged on the royal virtues, and spake with execration of such faults as the prince might have committed through surprise or ignorance, or the evil counsel of his ministers. This method was taken by the Egyptians to allure their kings to the practices of virtue, and to set fourth, in its most hideous colours, the deformity of vice, without incurring the risk of souring the temper by plain reproaches and sharp admonitions. After the performance of the sacrifice, various counsels were read out of the sacred records, that the sovereign might learn to govern his dominion according to their maxims, and to maintain with unshaken firmness those laws which had immortalized the names of his predecessors. Nor was the king obliged to this exactness in public transactions only, but even in private he had so little authority with respect to the disposal of his actions, that he could neither bathe, take the air, nor converse with his queen, but at certain times, which were particularly appointed for this or that purpose. The choice of his provisions was not left to himself, but his table was furnished with the most simple food, generally veal or goose, and his allowance of wine was so extremely moderate, that it seemed to have been rather the prescriptions of an excellent physician than the instructions of a legislature."

To these laws, extraordinary as they may seem to modern times, is attributed the unparalleled success of their numerous and magnificent enterprizes. The Egyptians were not only celebrated for their pyramids and lakes, and splendid cities, but their arms at one time, were invincible; but of this hereafter. Their treatment of the dead was one of the ex-

traordinary features in the history of this people. It was customary to embalm the bodies of the deceased, and to place them in a wooden coffin in an upright posture, in which situation "many of the Egyptians," says Dr. Mavor, "kept their dead at home, esteeming it a great pleasure to behold the lineaments of their ancestors, in this state of preservation. Some authors have asserted that they frequently brought the corpse of a friend, as a guest, to their entertainments; and that it was a custom at their principal feasts, to bring in a coffin alter supper, with the image of a dead man carved in wood and painted, which was carried to all the company with this singular admonition, "Look upon this and be merry, for such as this now appears shall thou be, when thou art dead." Certainly a singular reason why the command should be enjoined.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

"The proper study of mankind is Man."

CARDINAL WOLSEY.

This celebrated cotemporary of Henry VIII. affords a striking instance of the short-lived though often fatal triumphs of shining talents, when made subservient only to sinister ends, and prostituted to the service of vicious patrons because they possess the means of rewarding depravity with the food for avarice, false ambition and lust.

Wolsey was the son of a private gentleman, and not of a butcher of Ipswich, as is commonly reported. He was sent to Oxford so early, that he was a bachelor at fourteen, and at that time was called the boy bachelor. He rose by degrees, upon quitting college, from one preferment to another, till he was made rector of Lymington by the marquis of Dorset, whose children he had instructed.

He had not long resided at this living, when one of the justices of the peace put him in the stocks for being drunk, and raising disturbances at the neighboring fair. This disgrace, however, did not retard his promotion; for he was recommended as chaplain to Henry the Seventh; and being employed by that monarch, in a secret negotiation respecting his intended marriage with Margaret of Savoy, he acquitted himself to the King's satisfaction, and obtained the praise both of diligence and dexterity.

That prince having given him a commission to Maximilian, who at that time resided at Brussels, was surprised in less than three days after, to see Wolsey present himself before him; and supposing that he had been delinquent, began to reprove his delay. Wolsey, however, surprised him with the assurance that he had just returned from Brussels, and had suc-

cessfully fulfilled all his Majesty's commands.

His despatch on that occasion procured him the deanery of Lincoln, and in this situation it was that he was introduced by Fox, Bishop of Winchester, to the young king's notice, in hopes that he would have talents to supplant the earl of Surry, who was favorite at that time; and in this Fox was not out of his conjectures.

Presently after being introduced at court, he was made a privy counsellor; and had frequent opportunities of ingratiating himself with the young king, as he appeared at once complying, submissive, and enterprising. Wolsey used every art to suit himself to the royal temper; he sung, laughed, and danced, with every libertine of the court; neither his own years, which were near forty, nor his character as a clergyman, were any restraint upon him, or tended to check, by ill-timed severities, the gayety of his companions.

To such a weak and vicious monarch as Henry, qualities of this nature were highly pleasing, and Wolsey was soon acknowledged as his chief favourite, and to him was entrusted the chief administration of affairs.

The people began to see, with indignation, the new favourite's mean condescensions to the king, and his arrogance to themselves. They had long regarded the vicious haughtiness, and the unbecoming splendour of the clergy, with envy and detestation, and Wolsey's greatness served to bring a new odium upon that body, already too much the object of the people's dislike.

His character being now placed in a more conspicuous point of light, daily began to manifest itself the more. Insatiable in his acquisitions, but still more magnificent in his expenses; of extensive capacity, but still more unbounded in enterprise; ambitious of power, but still more desirous of glory; insinuating, engaging, persuasive, and at other times lofty, elevated, and commanding; haughty to his equals, but affable to his dependants; oppressive to the people, but liberal to his friends; more generous than grateful; formed to take the ascendant in every intercourse; but vain enough not to cover his real superiority.

In order to divert the envy of the public from his inordinate exaltation, he now entered into a correspondence with Francis the first of France, the tendency of which was not to promote the interest of his king and patron, but rather to subserve the ends of the crafty French Monarch.

About this time the extravagance of Henry made the services of a man of

Wolsey's unprincipled cunning peculiarly acceptable. The royal treasures were exhausted, and the king relied on Wolsey to replenish his coffers, and no person could be fitter for the purpose. His first care was to get a large sum of money from the people, under the title of a benevolence, which added to its being extorted, the mortification of its being considered as a free gift.

Hitherto the administration of all affairs was carried on by Wolsey, who kept the king ignorant of the complaints of the people, in order to continue his own uncontrolled authority. But now a period was approaching that was to put an end to this minister's exorbitant power. The work of reformation had begun through the instrumentality of such spirits as Martin Luther, the enthusiasm of popery began to lose its influence, and liberty of conscience began to assume its empire.

It happened, that among the maids of honour then attending the queen, there was one Anna Bullen, the daughter of Sir Thomas Bullen, a gentleman of distinction, and related to most of the nobility.

The beauty of Anna surpassed whatever had hitherto appeared at this voluptuous court; and her education, which had been at Paris, tended to set off her personal charms. Her features were regular, mild, and attractive; her stature elegant, though below the middle size, while her wit and vivacity exceeded even her other allurements.

Henry, who had never learned the art of restraining any passion that he desired to gratify, saw and loved her; but after several efforts to induce her to comply with his criminal desires, he found, that without marriage he could have no chance of succeeding.

Henry therefore resolved to divorce his queen, and to that intent applied to Pope Clement the Seventh. During the course of a long, perplexing negotiation, on the issue of which Henry's happiness seemed to depend, he had at first expected to find in his favorite Wolsey, a warm defender, and a steady adherent; but in this he found himself mistaken; Wolsey seemed to be in pretty much the same dilemma with the pope. On the one hand he was to please his master the king, from whom he had received a thousand marks of favour, and on the other hand, he feared to disoblige the pope, whose servant he more immediately was, and who besides had power to punish his disobedience.

Wolsey's scheme of temporizing was highly displeasing to the king; but for a while he endeavoured to stifle his resentment, until it could act with more fatal certainty. He for some time looked

out for a man of equal abilities and less art; and it was not long before an accident threw into his way one Thomas Cranmer, of great talents, and probably of more integrity.

Thus finding himself provided with a person who could supply Wolsey's place, he appeared less reserved in his resentment against that prelate. The attorney general was ordered to prepare a bill of indictment against him, and he was soon after commanded to resign the great seal. Crimes are easily found out against a favourite in disgrace, and the courtiers did not fail to increase the catalogue of his errors. He was ordered to depart from York palace, and all its furniture and its plate were converted to the king's use.

The inventory of his goods being taken, they were found to exceed even the most extravagant surmises. Of fine Holland alone there were found to exceed even the most extravagant surmises. Of fine Holland alone there were found a thousand pieces; the walls of his palace were covered with cloth of gold and silver; he had a cupboard of plate of massy gold; all the rest of his riches and furniture were in proportion, and probably their greatness invited the hand of power.

He was soon after arrested by the earl of Northumberland at the king's command, for high treason, and preparations were made for conducting him from York, where he then resided, to London, in order to take his trial. He at first refused to comply with the requisition, as being a cardinal; but finding the earl bent on performing his commission, he complied and set out by easy journeys, for London, to appear as a criminal where he had acted as a king.

In this way he stayed a fortnight at the earl of Shrewsbury's, where, one day at dinner he was taken ill, not without violent suspicions of having poison himself. Being brought forward from thence, he with much difficulty reached Leicester abbey, where the monks coming out to meet him, he said, "Father abbot, I am come to lay my bones among you;" and immediately ordered his bed to be prepared. As his disorder increased, an officer being placed near, at once to guard and attend him, he spoke to him a little before he expired, to this effect:

"I pray you have me heartily recommended unto his royal majesty; he is a prince of a most royal carriage, and hath a princely heart, and rather than he will miss, or want any part of his will, he will endanger one half of his kingdom. I do assure you I have kneeled before him for three hours together; to persuade him from his will and appetite, but could not prevail. Had I but served God as diligent-

ly as I have served the King, he would not have given me over in my grey hairs. But this is the just reward that I must receive for my indulgent pains and study; not regarding my service to God, but only to my prince."

He died soon after, in all the pangs of remorse, and left a life which he had all along rendered turbid by ambition, and wretched by mean assiduities.

The Casket.

Devoted to Select Tales, Sketches from Biography, Natural and Civil History, Poetry, Anecdotes, the Arts, Essays, and Interesting Miscellany.

HAMILTON, NOVEMBER 12, 1851.

AGENTS FOR THE CASSET.

Messrs. G. W. Withead, *Burford*; J. Williamson, *Stoney Creek*; Henry Nelles, *Grimsby*; H. Mittleberger, *St. Catharines*; John Crooks, *Niagara*; W. J. Suranor, *Nelson*; J. H. VanEvery, *O. W. Everett, Paris*; J. Harris, *West Flamboro'*; A. Bates, *Wellington Square*; Robert Heron, *London*.

☞ We have not been able to devote that attention to making arrangements with agents which we should have done; but hope to be able to announce them more generally in our next number.

The Coronation.—This memorable event took place on the 8th of September last, a day which, while it becomes an epoch with the historian, has furnished the most brilliant materials for the poet and the painter. We cannot pretend to enter into its details, nor even to give an abridgement of them, but shall notice such particulars as seem more especially interesting.

So far as the doctrine of omens is concerned, the day was most auspicious; and the demonstrations of mutual love between sovereigns and subjects, which the occasion called forth, seem to promise that the whole day of their reign shall be as bright as was that of the coronation. It is, however, remarked of the diadem used in the ceremony of Crowning, that "the King evidently appeared to labor under this part of our antiquated regalia; and an individual a great deal younger than his Majesty, might have found it too heavy for his neck and shoulders to bear." Now we hope the lovers of the marvellous will not interpret this weakness as ominous of any catastrophe in his Majesty's administration. That one of our puny race should bow beneath the massy crown of a giant of antiquity, is easily explained without regarding it as the precursor of his sinking beneath the weight of an empire. Ours is a generation of manikins, and this is one instance among many in proof of our physical inferiority to the ancients—

"O Luxury! bane of elated life;
Of affluent states!"

what will become of the neck and shoulders of George VI. and King William X. and what degenerate mortals will they govern, if the *good things* of life continue to make such ravages as they have done during the last ten centuries?

"The Crown made use of on this occasion was the one which has been kept for centuries in the tower," called St. Edward's Crown, or the Crown of State; and the structure of which is both clumsy and cumbersome. "The mound, is one solid beryl stone, of a sea green color, and called *agua marina*, and there are few instances of so large a piece of that material on record. Another distinguishing mark of this crown is a peculiarly large rose set in one of the crosses; and it has also several immensely large and valuable rose and table diamonds, and some peculiarly fine large pearls." It will be remembered that on the coronation of George IV. a crown, formed of the largest and most valuable jewels that could be loaned or otherwise procured, was got up for the occasion at an expense of £20,000. But "economy, rigid economy" was esteemed a sufficient reason for bringing the old Crown of State into request, on the present occasion.

Although "Economy" is adopted as the King's motto, "Profusion" seems to have been preferred by some of his subjects. "Hitherto the Duchess of St. Albans was allowed to have no rival in the profusion and costliness of sparkling gems which she exhibited to the general gaze; but two fair competitors now presented themselves in turn, and each completely eclipsed her—still less, perhaps, in display than in refined and tasteful establishment. The Marchioness of Londonderry and the Lady of Viscount Stafford might equally claim the palm for a model of exquisite attire." The equipage of the different functionaries, and of the Nobility generally, as described in the London papers, was astonishingly superb.

It is very sensibly remarked that the nobility of Britain possess a feeling of innate pride, which prompts them to rely more on their characters for their weight in society than upon any outward show; and that if any great occasion can afford them a pretext for emblazoning forth to the world all the splendor to which their rank, worth and services are entitled, the coronation of a king is a most suitable one. "The people in general have had so little opportunity, of late years, of judging of the effect of military decorations, and of the mode in which the various orders of nobility and distinction are worn upon the persons of those who are so honoured, that the present opportunity for gratifying their natural curiosity was eagerly seized, and proved amply sufficient." But, since "the eye is never satisfied with seeing," may it long want another so favorable an opportunity to revel on a state pageant. Long live King William IV. and Queen Adelaide!

Literary Convention.—This Convention, designed to embrace all the literary men in the United States, met at New York on the 1st instant, and is still in Congress. The object of the Convention is to advance the literature of the country and promote the interests of education. Among the subjects taken into consideration, the formation of a National Society

or Institute was agitated. This Society, when duly organized, will rest upon similar principles to the Royal Society of Great Britain, and the French Academy of Science, and is designed to be divided into four classes, viz:—

1. Mathematical and Physical science.
2. Literature.
3. Moral and Intellectual science.
4. The Fine Arts.

John Quincy Adams, late President of the United States, was chosen President of the convention. From the remarks which the President made on the subject of forming a society in America, we extract the following:—

The Royal Society of Great Britain, and National Academies of France, although they have been subject to every species of ridicule, have been among the greatest benefactors of the world. On one occasion, at a sitting of the Royal Society, a member, on looking through a telescope, thought he saw an elephant in the moon. All were astonished at the discovery. On examination, however, it was perceived that the supposed elephant was none other than a fly which had got between the glasses. The anecdote spread over all Europe, and La Fontaine made it the theme of perhaps the only original fable of which he was the author. But was the Royal Society dishonored by the circumstance? It went on and has accomplished most valuable results.—There were not, perhaps, 400 oaks in England, at the time that Evelyn made his communication on the subject to the Royal Society. But the consequence of that communication was, that oaks were planted which have since carried the thunders of Great Britain to the remotest quarters of the Globe. Discoveries of the greatest importance have been made by those societies, notwithstanding a small proportion only of the learned men have been included within them.

Lyceums.—Viewing the important results of scientific research which have accrued from associations of the *literati*, wherever they have been formed, we cannot but regret that similar measures for mutual improvement, among the common people, are so much neglected, particularly in this country. Next to libraries and reading-rooms, we can conceive nothing that may exert a stronger tendency to elevate the intellect and improve the understanding, than the formation of Lyceums; for, while the latter is equally or even more practicable than the two former, it contributes far more to the promotion of social feelings, and is a medium through which the most diffident may acquire perfect self-possession and a facility in reducing their knowledge to practice. It is that rational and friendly interchange among neighbors and friends which will make them familiar with the world; that commerce, between youth and age, which bursters vivacity for experience; that elevation above table-chat and commonplace remark, which may enable us to feel more at home in any sphere of life.

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark, unfathom'd depths of Ocean bear;
Full many a flow'r is born to blush unseen,
And lose its sweetness on the desert air."

How well these lines would apply to many geniuses in this country, nothing but a dissemination of the means of mental enlargement can disclose; but, undoubtedly, were Lyceums instituted in every neighborhood, Canada could consequently boast of eminent talents which otherwise would never have been developed.

Lyceums are organized in many American towns, and their utility has been sufficiently demonstrated. Their meetings are held at regular periods, weekly, semi-monthly, or monthly, as may be advisable. At these meetings, which are usually holden in the evening, scientific subjects are discussed, after having been the theme of contemplation during their intervals; and some of the best informed members lecture upon the same: thus each profits by the observations of all the others. The subjects are not limited to any particular class, but embrace every department of science and every topic of general interest. We shall say more on this subject, by and by—meantime, the views of others will be gratefully received.

"Some merry, friendly, contra folks,
'Togeth' did conveno,
'To burn their nits, an' pou their stocks,
An' haud their Halloween,
Fu' blithe that night."

Halloween.—Dwellers in the State of Celibacy, how many of you have reached that period of life when the gay distinctions of *belle and beau* are superseded by the unharmonious epithets of old Bachelor and old Maid? For the sake of such, we could heartily wish that the last of October occurred twice a year, and that they might importune the spirits which preside over that night with as great success as do the Scotch peasantry.

It has been said that marriage is a lottery: and if so, it matters little whether the popping of a parched acorn or the advice of grave and discerning friends direct our first addresses; or whether the observations of a long acquaintance, or the quantity of *yird* that adheres to a stock of *kail*, pulled on the "night when witches, devils, and other mischief-making beings are all abroad on their baneful, midnight errands," determine the estimation we form of our intended. She may turn out a blank at last.

We have formerly ridiculed the idea of necromancy and fairy visits, particularly out of their congenial sphere, which our imagination limited to Scotland and Germany. But we now recommend to every "Cælebs in Search of a Wife," in this country, an experiment to some of those charms described by the immortal Burns. This change of our opinions took place upon the receipt of a letter by last evening's mail, from a friend, residing not forty miles from Hamilton, and whose voracity is not to be questioned. We give an extract.

"A few days since, I received a card of invitation from one of our Scotch neighbors, requesting

me to make one of an evening party given in celebration of Halloween I attended, mingling in the rites of the evening with the enthusiasm of one of Scotland's most ardent sons and Superstition's firmest votary. All was hilarity, with two lonely exceptions. A maiden something short of forty was an inmate of the house; and as Fate would have it—for nothing else could have drawn him to the place on such an occasion—a certain old Donald who was some ten years across the LINE, chanced to call there,

"Upon that night, when faeries light
On Cassid's Downies dance."

Decorum required that these two isolated beings should remain in the company, though all were touched with sympathy at the singular embarrassment which they evidently experienced, seated in opposite corners of the room.

"At length one of the young ladies said, laughingly, and giving a meaning wink, 'I'll try a trick for cousin Margaret.'" "Good!" rejoined another; "and I'll have uncle Donald over the coals." Down went the shovel, over the embers, and on it were placed two plump chestnuts, named after the parties concerned. Presently they gave a simultaneous crack, and both jumped off the shovel in the same direction. Margaret blushed to the eyes; and Donald, perhaps for the first time in his life, cast an ogling look. "It was to be so."

"But shall I enter into the details of a week's courtship? The kind looks—the modest advances—the endearing words—may hold. My letter is already nearly full: to be brief, then, last evening they were married."

ESSAYS.

"The soft amusement of the vacant mind."

FOR THE CASSETT.

'THOUGHTS ON THE COURSE.

The passion for sporting is as deep-rooted as it is ancient. We have not the means before us of giving the particulars of its origin and progress; but, as the design of our present essay is more to speculate upon certain positions, than to detail incontestable facts, we shall not be nice about matters of history. Neither shall we venture upon the very nice question, whether the practice of horse-racing exerts an immoral influence on community; rather leaving that to greater masters of Ethics, and closer observers of manners.

Among the celebrated games of the Grecians and Romans, foot races were favorite feats; and not unfrequently supremacy in one of these races was a sure precedent to greater preferment. When men became more luxurious and consequently less hardy, less patient of fatigue and more cunning in the arts which subserve great physical exertion, the horse race was preferred to the old plodding way of coursing; and this method is so perfectly congenial to the spirit of this species of competition, that it is not likely any other will take its place. The speed may be excelled, but the animation is imitable. The modern invention of rail ways and steam carriages has been substituted for the noble animal to a great extent, but can never rival him in this respect; for compared with the buoyant energy and instinctive ambition of the flying courser, the operations of these vehicles are groveling, and monotonous.

There is something in this practice so nearly allied to second nature, that we find it accompanied with the same enthusiasm whosoever resorted to. The fierce Arab, mounted on his milk-white steed, and tracing a line on the desert—the grave phlegmatic Dutchman, in uninvited conviviality, urging on his untrained favorite, in a region better adapted to swimming than in flying—and the exquisite English sportsman, on his courser that finds no equal, describing the circle on his rich green turf—all evince a similar ardor.—

These considerations suggest a moral.—Now, what is life but a course, in which every one is ambitious to outstrip his contemporaries? From the king to the peasant, each imagines some goal of wealth, rank or power, at which he resolves to anticipate his neighbor,

When Caled applied to Omar for the master key of his successful career, the sage replied, "young man, it is of little use to form plans of life." But we are at liberty to dissent from his opinion. Ten distinguished characters have attained to greatness by persevering diligence, where one has owed his eminence to mere chance, and he who has early marked out his *line* of life has generally succeeded best. There should, however, be a careful exercise of judgment in selecting the *ground*. The statesman and the soldier, the hero of rare adventures, win the most renown, but the private walks of life are beset with fewest thorns, and lead through least uncertainty. A skilful sportsman will chose the plainest *turf*. Then, much depends on the *starting*. If we stop to witness the outset of our fellow, we may pursue in vain if his speed equal our own: We can only enhance his triumph by allowing him a *close run success*. Profit by the experience of your predecessors; but if you attempt to shape your own *course* by the progress of a cotemporary, you will always be behind the world. Take no undue advantage in the starting; otherwise you may lose the prize though you arrive first at the *goal*. Take your fair share of *weight*, or you will still be found wanting in the balance of your judges.—The man who is unwilling to bear his share of the burdens of society, however brilliant his career, is deserving of no esteem, and must fail at the end of the *course*. Above all things, beware of *bolting*. Remember Obidah's unfortunate digression from the main road. When once you have taken the line, preserve it with your eye, and pursue it with unabated ardor, remembering always that there is rest at the goal. Lastly never be discouraged while any thing remains to be gained. Though you find yourself in the rear, you may still *save your distance*, if

not become the winner; for to be distanced is disgrace. And now, should this analogy be judged a plausible one, the ardor of the course is explained by man's love of a picture of life.

A SPORTSMAN.

MISCELLANY.

"Various, that the mind of desultory man,
Studious of change and pleas'd with novelty,
May be indulg'd."

WRITTEN FOR THE CASSETT.

A FRAGMENT.

The fresh breeze was curling up dark ripples on the bosom of Ontario; the last gleam of day rested upon the towering forest like gok'un loaf, when forth from a corner of the wood, and from a narrow creek was seen to glide a boat, small, and swimming like a swan upon the water. Its motion was like the arrow from the Indian bow, propelled by a tall and ghastly figure, which stood erect, and used a paddle, as if taught to despise the ordinary power with which the common race of beings would use it. In the stern sat a form, with countenance far brighter than the twilight which shadowed all around, her face to heaven turned, her luxuriant hair floating wildly in the wind. She raised her hands as if to employ high heaven to forgive, then breathed to the wind a short but fervent prayer. All now was hush—he who propelled the boat threw from him his paddle, then turned to his companion, and with voice, sweet, and mild, much unlike what his countenance would indicate, exclaimed, "we are now near, too near eternity, my Helen; would that the mystery which hangs over you were dissipated!"—"Oh 'tis this mystery that brings death upon us!"

"Mystery! Mystery!! is there a mystery that hangs over me or conduct of mine?" replied this lovely being, "Oh if there is say what, and I will free myself from it; and perchance, Henry, it may alter your dread resolution."

Henry then raised from his seat, and from his bosom drew both a poniard and a letter, and giving the latter to Helen, he says "read this, and if one word not true thou dare to utter, this steel shall drink thy blood."

Trembling and half fainting, Helen receives, and reads the letter then bares her bosom, and exclaims "stick me dead, for I would not live and have thee suppose me false." "Thy ring I lent thee, and thou entrusted it to a sister. I am innocent."

"Good heavens! what have I done?" Henry cries, "the mystery's gone—thou art innocent. I have wronged thee, wronged thee much."

LORENZO.

MUSES' CORNER.

"With many a flower, of birth divine,
We'll grace this little garden spot;
Nor on it breathe a thought, a line,
Which, dying, we would wish to blot."

WRITTEN FOR THE CASSET.

POLAND.

The Pole now midst the storm of war is seen,
Where in the battle's rage, his country's cause,
His own dear rights first cross his troubled mind;
Then sadly o'er his country turn his thoughts,
And as he views her desolation wide,
His soul with anguish keen receives a wound;
Such as in patriot breasts gives speedy birth
To resolution firm, as when resolved
The martyr dies; such as with glowing fire,
Lights up the soul with proud resolve, that in
His GOD will be his trust, and if high heaven
Decree his country's fall, with her his sun
Shall set. Most true, his country's doom will cause
A universal sigh from every breast
That claims one kindred tie to feelings of
Humanity, if so it be, that swyn
Of tyrant shall again be felt by Pole.
Most KOSCIUSKO'S land be trod again
By hostile power? O where's the spirit that guides
The sword, with vengeance bright, forced from its
sheath
By many wrongs upon its country heaped?
Will it not drive the oppressor from the
Land where first our PULASKI drew his breath?
LORENZO.

Selected.

TO MISS F— D—

"Sae let the bonnie lass gang."—BURNS.

I lov'd thee once! thy radiant smile
Shone lovelier than Sol's orient beam;
Thy charms my hours would oft beguile,
But, ah! it was a transient gleam.

I lov'd thee once! the love was young,
And fondly sipp'd its vernal bliss;
Allur'd by outward charms, it sung
The joys of fancied loveliness.

I lov'd thee once! for then thy heart
Was veil'd with nature's sembling flow'r,
But now deception's poignant dart
Infuses deep its noxious pow'r.

I lov'd thee once! but worth assum'd,
And pride, by affection wrought,
Our tender friendship soon consum'd
And blighted hope too early sought.

I lov'd thee once! but now no more
Do blooming chaplets deck thy brow;
Their blossoms no new fragrance pour,
Nor yet invoke the minstrel's vow.

I lov'd thee once! and yet can love
External beauty, when combined
With that which ever deigns to move,
The innate beauties of the mind.

A THOUGHT.

What is Man's history? Born—living—dying—
Leaving the green shore for the troubled wave—
O'er stormy seas, mid scowling tempests flying,
And casting anchor in the silent grave.

From the Gore Balance.

A FEW VAIN WISHES.

I wish I could be what I have been,
When I knew not what was to be,
I wish the things I never had seen,
That shadow man's destiny.

I wish I could lie on the green, green grass,
As I laid to thoughtlessly;
Ere the fearful deed had come to pass,
That I have liv'd to see.

I wish I could look on the bright, bright sun,
Coming forth in his kingly pride,
As I looked, when a boy, I used to run,
O'er the mountain's dewy side.

I wish I could find the flowers of May,
Not vanishing as breath;—
Or a living thing, in the face of day,
That is not, a "living death."

I wish I could look on the rivers blue,
Flowing forth in the "vasty sea,"
Nor think that they are emblems true
Of Time and Eternity.

I wish I could watch the thunders break,
And the lightnings shoot amain,—
Nor think that so the earth shall quake,
And the mountains be rent in twain.

I wish I could list the evening gale,
Come sighing all unseen,—
Nor hear the last sad requiem wail,
O'er things that once have been.

I wish that my heart once more could move,
Ah Once! were it never again,
To the young Maria's voice of love,
Nor deem that love a pain.

I wish I could press my bosom's friend;
With the heart's unchecked embrace—
Nor feel the clay-cold in his hand,
And the death-dew on his face.

I wish I could feel what I have felt,
When I knew not what was, to feel,
I wish my heart were a thing to melt,
That it were not turned to steel.

THE AUTUMN LEAF.

Emblem of sorrow,
Where shall thy lot be cast
When with the morrow
Comes the chill Autumn blast—
Torn from thy parent tree—
Wither'd and gone thou'lt be—
Ne'er again shall we see
Thee—faded leaf!

Ne'er in the morning
With dew drops to shine again,
The forest adorning
Or dripping with crystal rain,
Shalt thou be seen though
Thy mates of the forest grow,
Scorning the winds that blow—
Red Autumn leaf.

Thus beauty flies
Like the blush of the evening sky,
Thus manhood dies
While the hopes of his heart are high,
Thus the young and the gay
Fade in the sun's first ray,
Wither and die away
Like that dry leaf!

ANECDOTES.

Trifles light as air.

RUSSIAN JUSTICE.—The following story gives a lively idea of the Russian Rule of Poland:—A Jew met a Cossack in the forest; the latter robbed him of his horse. On returning to the town, he lodged a complaint with the Mayor in command, who was (with what truth we shall see) reputed to be a most rigid disciplinarian. The Cossacks were paraded, the robber was pointed out, when with the utmost effrontery he declared he had found the horse. "How," replied the Jew, "I was on his back." "Yes," retorted the Cossack, "I found you too; but having no use for a Jew I did not keep you." The excuse was deemed sufficient, and the Jew lost his steed.

A grave magistrate sitting between two young coxcombs, who were evidently attempting to throw him into ridicule, thus addressed them—

"Gentlemen, I plainly perceive your intention; you wish to make me the butt of your wit and pleasantry, but you do not understand my character; be it known unto you therefore, that I am not precisely a fool, neither am I altogether a fop, but (as you see) something between both."

JUSTICE.—Voltaire, in his early years, wrote a very severe satire on a man of rank in France. The nobleman, one day meeting the poet in a narrow lane, where it was impossible to escape, gave him a severe drubbing. Voltaire complained to the regent and requested justice. "It is too late," replied the regent, "justice has been done already."

PUNNING.—A gentleman in company once said he could make a pun upon any thing. To test his ingenuity, the Latin geunda dum, do and di, were given him, to which he replied as follows:

When Dido found that Eneas would not come,
She mourned in silence, and was Dido dumb,
[di, do, dum.]

THE LAWYER'S OVEN.—A Scottish nobleman one day visited a lawyer at his office, in which at the time there was a blazing fire, which led him to exclaim:—"Mr. —, your office is as hot as an oven." "So it should be my lord, as it is here that I make my bread."

THE SUBLIME.—Over the stall of a public writer in la Rue de Bac, at Paris, is the following inscription: "M. Renard, public writer, advising compiler, translates the tongues, explains the language of Flowers, and sells fried potatoes."

A Judge said of one whom he sentenced to death for stealing a watch, that in grasping for time he had reached eternity.

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