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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

the fine young man I was mentioning to you; shall I introduce you?"—Edward without answering continued walking, and as they passed the stranger, he made a low bow and seemed to wish to stop, but meeting the eye of Edward, his dark brow involuntarily shrunk into an abashed scowl, and he passed on.

Edward had learned something of his character, and found him to be a gambler, and dissipated fashionable coxcomb. He had heard likewise of Robert's intriguing with Jane and of her love for him, and her apparent coolness for himself of late. He therefore took this opportunity of expressing his affectionate regard for her, and his expectation of a mutual return of affection and fidelity towards, and for him, on her part. She protested her innocence; and although she admired Robert, yet Edward was the true idol of her heart.

Edward and Jane were at this time engaged, and were to be married the following winter. Satisfied with the appeal of his Jane, though conscious of the weakness and pliancy of woman's heart, Edward contented himself with this admonition. The crafty and treacherous Roberts never lost an opportunity for bringing about his infernal intention.—In the absence of the family, he frequently prevailed on Jane to walk out with him; in these walks he vilified to her the character of her present lover Edward, by insinuations, and made her fair promises, if she would change her intention of marrying him, of an ample reward and fortune. Indeed he exhausted his fund of artful persuasion, convincing love, pretended affection and brazen duplicity, in trying to seduce her from the cause of virtue and constancy.

Could thy heart, O woman, withstand such temptations, delivered in the gentlest manner, and with the most consummate skill of an arch seducer? Where was chastity, the diamond of thy nature, pure as the glittering beam of the morning sun upon the mountain snow, or as the midnight rose that steals the silver beam of Cynthia, whilst the southern blast its fragrance sips; could not thy virgin purity, shielded by thy

loveliness, astound the villain's eye? Lovely virtue! thy intrinsic worth and beauty feels too oft the viper sting of vice! Though distant vengeance never fails to come around.

Edward and a companion of his were walking out one evening on the green skirts of a wood, when his eye caught the form of his fickle Jane, supported by her treacherous lover, Roberts. As they approached towards him, Edward's bosom swelled with that indignant feeling, injured love and conscious innocence ever assume in such a situation. He viewed Jane with a species of mingled pity and love, and his heart forgave her inconstancy from his conscious belief of Jane's virtue. But his eye sparkled with contempt at the base wretch who could thus plot, premeditatedly her unsuspected ruin. As they passed, Jane blushed and hung down her head; but Roberts looking at Edward with a contemptuous smile, bade him "good evening." Edward's anger burst upon Roberts with—"villain, will you add contemptuous provocation to your treachery?" and, raising his cane, would have laid him level at his feet, had he not consideration for the feelings of Miss Somers, and the remonstrances of his friend, prevailed upon him to desist. When turning upon his heel he said, "Vaunting Coxcomb! show your courage by meeting me at the dawn of morn, as a gentleman?" "*En tout mon cocur!*" was the reply of Roberts with a bow. All things were arranged for an early meeting, seconds chosen, and place and time appointed to act that scene of barbarous origin, and tragic results.

When morning came, Edward and his second, before the sun had risen—when the dewy fragrance of morn and the rapturous twittering of songsters in the woods cheered his spirits, proceeded to the place appointed for the duel. No one had yet arrived of the opposite party. Edward some time, seated on a log, remained absorbed in thought. Though unshaken in his courage, still from a consideration of the whole affair, he grew melancholy and dejected; conscious of the folly of an appeal to arms, and unwilling to become the murderer of a silly young man; still

a sense of his wrong, a hope of his being able to bring the young fellow to his senses, and that he strove to regain falling virtue, ere its ruin, induced him to await the result of the battle.

The sun had tipped the forest's head, and shone brightly—beautifully on the glowing scene, and to the exhilaration of the animal creation; adding lustre to the vegetable world. No Roberts appeared; and a degree of impatience was visible on the face of Edward Winton, as he paced the ground to and fro with the rays of the sun shining on its pale and intelligent expression. When turning to his second, he says, "I told you so—I thought him a coward—I thought he would escape." Chagrined and disappointed, they were forced to return home.

Roberts had agreed with Miss Somers that evening, to escape and leave the country. By a masterly manoeuvre she was let down from her chamber window in the dead of night—when the moon spread its silvery covering on the scene around, and wooed the silence of the night; yes, when the moon was towering in the majesty and sullen splendor of its round, with the stamp of its Maker's greatness on its virgin landscape, this armour of vice was going on; this wicked man was imposing upon the blind infatuation of a well-meaning, innocent young woman. Having a post chaise at hand, they fled, and were never heard of more, leaving her parents to lament their negligence and her wanton credulity and folly.

Edward, when he heard of this elopement, was much affected; he had always had a sincere affection for Jane. However, time gradually erased the vividness of her memory from his mind; his worldly occupations engaged the attention of his thoughts, and he was married two years after this, to the sister of Jane. More than ten years after this, Doctor Winton, as he was a medical man, in taking a tour through the United States, stopped in the vicinity of Boston, at an Inn. While sitting reading a newspaper in one of the back rooms, he heard an earnest inquiring for a Doctor: that Miss Clifton was on the point of death

Being a physician himself, he prof-
fered his assistance, which was rec-
dily accepted. He was conducted
up stairs to the bed side of a female,
who had recovered from a swoon
which had caused the alarm, and lay
calm and still with her eyes shut.

Mr. Winton perceived at once,
that she was far gone in a consump-
tion, and could not recover. After
inquiring into her history, and
finding she was a stranger, he
became more interested in her for-
tune. As he was thus gazing upon
her pale features, and interesting face,
white as alabaster, saw a flush of pale
red, a token of her disease. The
sun bursting through the window
shutters, partly closed, threw his de-
parting rays full upon her face, which
had been previously rather hid-
den.

Edward Winton, as her features
became more recognizable, was as-
tounded and amazed, when he be-
held in the arms of death before him,
the long lost Miss Somers. Could
it be her? he could scarce believe
his senses. Wretched emaciated
creature! Was that the once beau-
tiful Miss Somers? Oh humanity!
Oh virtuous feelings of our nature!
The victim of a villain's seduction,
who left her in the hour of need, and
left her a forlorn inexperienced girl,
to the rude rebuffs and pitiless
wiles of a cruel world; to the scoff
and jeer of whom? Oh name them
not! Oh Champions of humanity!
Guardians of Christian Purity!—
Friends of the golden virtues of our
nature! Check this growing evil!
The cause of her ruin, where was
he? A gambler, a spendthrift, and
a drunkard; as one vice leads on to
another he had committed suicide!

Mr. Winton with tears in his
eyes, taking the poor girl by the hand,
asked her if she recollected him, call-
ing her by name. She gazed on
him. When with a convulsive
shriek, "Oh my Edward! Oh my
Edward! is that you?" She swoon-
ed away, but by his assistance she
again recovered, as the flickering
blaze of the candle in its socket, but
to ask his forgiveness, and get him
to plead for that of her parents. Is
this not a warning to vice? Surely
it is.

BRITON.

MISCELLANY.

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

BOTANY.—In early ages of the world
when man was in the simple state
of nature an attention to the vegeta-
tion, by which he was on all sides
surrounded, must have been one of
his earliest and most pleasing occu-
pations; and, without doubt, his
pleasure was much enhanced when
he discovered that, while some plants
were subservient to the nourishment
of animals, others were no less use-
ful in restoring to vigor the exhaust-
ed faculties of the body. History in-
forms us that the ancients entertain-
ed many superstitious ideas concern-
ing plants, especially the Mistletoe,
Vervain, and Savin. The former
they allowed to be cut only by a
priest with a golden knife, and when
so prepared, it was dispersed to pre-
vent sterility and to counteract the
effects of poison. The Vervain,
was employed to conciliate friend-
ships, and the Savin to prevent mis-
fortune. It was truly observed by
Dr. Pultney that, "in the enlighten-
ed ages of Greece and Rome, and in
the most flourishing state of Arabian
literature, Botany, as a science, had
no existence." Near the close of
the 16th century, Conrad Gesner of
Zurich and Cæselpinus of Rome, at-
tempted a classification of plants ac-
cording to their fruits and flowers.
Botany is taught in the schools of
Sweden, and the effects are very ob-
vious in the piety and patriotism of
the rising generation. From the ex-
amination of the products of their
country, they became attached to
their native land; and from a view
of their structure and mechanism
they learn to adore the Universal
Creator. The study of Natural His-
tory, whether in the animal, mineral
or vegetable kingdom, gives us very
exalted ideas of Him who is the au-
thor of all things. No field is so
barren but that it affords employ-
ment and pleasure to the Botanist.

LORD HAREWOOD AND HIS HOUNDS.—
Prince Puckler Muskau, who fell in with
Lord Harewood at his country seat, gives
the following description of the happy con-
dition of his Lordship's hounds, which man-
y of our readers will contemplate with

envy:—"Just as I drove past the house, I
saw the possessor, Lord Harewood, with
his pack of a hundred hounds, his red-coat-
ed huntsmen, and a number of high
mottled horses, coming down the hill on
their return from a fox-hunt. He receiv-
ed me with a singular courtesy. What
interested me most, as being new to me,
was the kennel. Here I saw 150 dogs in
two perfectly clean rooms, each contain-
ing a large bed for 75 dogs. There was
not the slightest offensive smell, nor the
least dirt. In each yard was a tub of run-
ning water, and a man armed with a broom,
whose whole business is to keep the
ground continually washed, for which pur-
pose he can let the water flow over it at
pleasure. It is a great art to feed them
properly. This was perfectly accomplish-
ed—and there could not be a more beauti-
ful sight than these slender, obedient, and
happy looking animals."

AN EVENING ON THE BOSPHORUS.—It
was a calm and warm evening, and a num-
ber of boats were passing in different di-
rections, filled with well dressed Turks,
who had come from their dwellings and
gardens, to enjoy the freshness of the hour.
And no where in the world, not even in
the boasted bay of Naples, is the evening
hour so delightful, lovely and luxurious as
on the Bosphorus, flowing, it may be said
through the heart of a vast city, whose no-
ble mosques and gilded domes and minar-
ets crown every hill. There is a stillness
and peace here, quite different to the noisy
clamors of the Italian shore, and far more
luxurious to the imagination; it is more a-
greeable also, to sail amid the dwellings
and palaces of a splendid city, that de-
scend to the water's edge amidst trees and
groves, than in a wide, open and barren
bay. The bark that contained the sultan
was richly ornamented, and swept on with
magical rapidity beneath the quick strokes
of the rowers; he was seated, and plainly
dressed as is his wont, with a few attend-
ants, and looked on the beautiful scene a-
round with a calm and placid aspect, dif-
ferent from the stern and disdainful one he
had worn on a former occasion. No other
monarch in Europe, perhaps, could gaze
on a spectacle so gratifying at once to his
pride and pleasure, as the one, that now o-
pened to the sultan. His vast capital ex-
tended along the stream as far as the eye
could reach, and of its countless popula-
tion he was the sole and despotic master.
The Asiatic mountains in the distance on
the right, now covered with the soft blue
outline that evening had given them, show-
ed the extent of his dominion over the fair-
est part of the globe.—[British Magazine.

C. 112. D

INDIAN SUPERSTITION.—Among the more innocent superstitions of the Indians, of which there are as many as among my countrymen in the Emerald Isle, I shall relate the following, as it happened to be personally concerned in it. A fine Indian youth of shining copper colour, with hair of jet flowing down his shoulders, called at the great gate of the house at which I lodged, and requested "for the love of Maria Santissima!" to be permitted to pass into my rooms, for he had a subject of infinite importance (*suma importancia*) to communicate.—He passed on, and entering my rooms, threw himself on his knees in an attitude of supplication, from which I with difficulty raised him, saying, that that was the posture for addressing heaven, but not me. He replied, that "I could now be of more use to him than Heaven; and implored with tears in his eyes, that I might assent to his prayer.

I was all amazement, and after forcing the man to rise from his kneeling posture, he said, "He was a servant of the Condesa, who had turned him out of her house in consequence of a silver dish having been stolen last night, and his fellow-servant having accused him of being the thief. He knew," he said, that I was in possession of an armadillo, which had discovered to me on a former occasion the thief who had stolen my silver plates. He now threw himself again on his knees, and prayed that I would consult the armadillo as to the theft, & thereby relieve him from a charge, of which I should soon know that he was altogether innocent." Being aware of the strange superstitions of the Indians respecting these little animals, and having heard several curious stories concerning them, this application was not altogether surprising to me. I, however, assured the Indian that I did not possess an armadillo, but only the shell of one which I produced in the hope of satisfying him on that point; but I was mistaken, for he insisted that "it was well known I had one alive, and that by means of it had detected the thief who stole the pick-axe, as also several other things in Potosi, and that I was in the habit of conversing with it every night at twelve o'clock." My assurance that I possessed no armadillo, and the declaration of my belief that if I did I could gain no information from it, seemed only to distress the Indian, without producing any conviction of the unreasonableness of his request, which he felt persuaded I refused because it was not accompanied with a fee. He pleaded poverty, but vowed his services in any way that I should think fit to command, if I would but consult my infallible oracle, which it was in vain to deny that I possessed, for "my nocturnal conversations with the armadillo were notorious through the whole neighbourhood." The earnestness of the Indian so plainly bespoke his honesty, that I was induced to intercede with good old lady Condesa, and had him restored to favour. He was afterwards proved to be innocent.—[Temple's Travels in Peru.]

"Give us something new," says the

public. "Here are original communications," says the paper. "An invitation," cries the patentee. "New fashions," echo from the high priests of coats and frocks. But prithoo, is there after all, any one "track untrodden before," for the footsteps of this sage generation? In vain does the romantic swain die in rhyme, in one corner of a country newspaper;

The course of true love never did run smooth.

and ladies have been fickle, and poets very wretched, ever since time began. In vain are whole villages burned, and fair maidens carried off, and cannon, small swords and Indian scalping knives, with the whole machinery of blood and murder, put in requisition through column after column of "tales" and "sketches," it is alas, a repetition of what we have had ninety-nine times already. We have coaches raised by magic, and boats moving by invisibles, and so had they in days of yore. We array ourselves in the latest fashions a la Francois, promenaded Broadway, and verily believe the wise man was moon struck when he said "there is no new thing under the sun"—when lo! forth starts the wardrobe of our great grandmother from the sleep of a century, and puts its poor counterpart to sham. Surely there is nothing new on earth. N—A.

THE ARTS

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

Selected.

RAIL-ROADS.

No subject has, since the foundation of the government, engrossed the public mind so entirely as this. The interest which has been excited arises from one of two causes—either from an expectation that Rail-Roads would be profitable to individuals and the public, or from the hope that they would furnish the materials of speculation. A country cannot be so effectually improved in any way, as by internal communications. The greater the facility of communication, the more active will be social and commercial intercourse, and the transmission of the fruits of the earth and manufactures, and the dissemination of knowledge. The principle on which a Rail-way operates in the transportation of bodies, differs essentially from that of a canal; in the later, the body to be moved is sustained by the greater gravity of the fluid on which it is placed. Upon a canal, even with moderate motion the difference between the weight to be moved and the propelling power is great. The resistance lies in the gravity of the greater. On a level Rail-way, the resistance lies in the friction at the axles of the carriages and the flexure of the rails, and it is not materially increased by the velocity.—Canals are confined to comparatively low districts on account of the supply of water; Rail-ways can be made to traverse any regions, and the ascents and descents are easily overcome, owing to the superiority of inclined

planes over locks. Canals are effected by drought, floods, and frost: Rail-ways are not affected by the two first, and probably not by the last. The Baltimore and Ohio Rail-road continued open and in use during the last year, while all communications by river or canal were suspended. The question of the practicability of Rail-roads in winter, is of no serious import, on account of the almost exclusive use of steam power on them; and should be decided before entering on the construction of any road, the utility of which would depend on the business in the winter. If, however, it would apply against Rail-roads, it would apply with greater force against Canals. The first mention of Rail-roads in England, was in 1600. It is only within a few years, however, that they have been in general use, and their superiority to other modes of conveyance established. The length of all the Rail-Roads in England is about three thousand miles. The introduction of the steam engine promises to work as great a revolution in affairs, as the application of steam to the purposes of navigation. Twenty years ago, the mails did not travel faster than seven miles an hour: how shall we estimate a discovery that carries us from 20 to 30 miles an hour? Experiments made in England, prove that they have not yet arrived at the greatest point of improvement. The present average rate of speed on the Manchester and Liverpool Rail-way is 16 miles an hour—the greatest velocity is 32 miles. With a load of 16 tons, Mr. Stevenson's engine (the Rocket, travelled at the rate of 16 miles an hour, and a London Engine at the rate of 23 miles an hour. Explosion, if it takes place, will not injure the passengers, as they are in a separate conveyance.

The practicability of Rail-roads has been fully tested. Many companies in England owning profitable canals, contemplate draining them, and substituting Rail-ways. From experiments on the English Rail-ways, it appears that the following were the results: One pound moved 334 lbs. and kept it moving at the rate of 4 1-2 miles an hour. One pound moved 470 lbs. and kept it moving at the rate of three miles an hour. One lb. moved 616 lbs. and kept it moving at the rate of 2 1-2 miles an hour.

A Rail-way costs about two-thirds of a canal, through the same route. A single Rail-way will cost from 9 to \$12,000 per mile—a double Rail-way will cost from 15 to \$18,000 per mile. Both of the estimates are made for a favorable country.—The part of the Baltimore and Ohio Rail-road completed, of 61 miles, cost but little short of \$20,000 per mile. One cent per ton per mile will, it is estimated, cover all the expenses of transportation on a Rail-way. The daily expense of the engine on the Manchester road, England, is about \$2-28 per day. Supposing the engine to carry 30 tons at the rate of 10 miles an hour, and to work ten hours a day, performing 100 miles a day, the cost will be about 1-10th of a cent per ton per mile.

NEW BOILING APPARATUS.

Mr. Perkins, the celebrated engineer, has recently discovered and obtained a patent for a new mode of boiling, by a process so simple, that it is a subject of surprise to all who see it, that it has not been earlier among our useful improvements. It consists in placing within a boiler, of the form common to the purpose to which it is applied, and of all capacities, from coffee pots to steam boilers, a vessel so placed, that it may, by slight stays be kept at equal distances from the sides and the bottom of the boiler, and having its rim below the level of the liquid: the inner vessel has a hole in the bottom about one third of the diameter. On the application of the fire to the boiler, the heated liquor rises in the space between the two vessels, and its place is supplied by the descent of the column in the inner vessels, or, as Mr. Perkins calls this part of the apparatus, the circulator; for the ascending portion having the space it occupied supplied by the descending liquid in the centre, and the level of the centre being kept up by the running in of the heated portion which has risen on the sides—a circulation rapidly begins and continues; thus bringing into contact with the heated bottom and side of the boiler the coldest portion of the liquid. By this process the rapidity of evaporation is excessive far exceeding that of any method previously known whilst the bottom of the boiler, having its acquired heat constantly carried off by the circulating liquid never burns out, nor rises in temperature many degrees above the heat of the liquid. In manufactures this is a most important discovery, especially in salt works, brewers, boilers, and for steam boilers; and, applied to our culinary vessels no careless cook can burn what she has to dress in a boiler by neglecting to stir it, as the circulation prevents the bottom of the boiler from ever acquiring heat enough to do mischief.—We need hardly add, that this discovery is esteemed by men of science to be one of the most useful and important of the present day.—*Literary Gazette.*

HISTORICAL.

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

Selected.

BRIEF HISTORY OF ENGLISH EPIDEMICS.

One of the principal epidemics which have prevailed in England was that too appropriately named the Black Death which occurred in the reign of Edward III. Like the Cholera it originated in the marshes of the Indies; it travelled all over the world, and is said to have swept away a fourth part of mankind. It destroyed about 50,000 persons in London alone, and so deeply was it felt as a universal calamity, that it had the effect of and prolonging the truce between England and France. May we not conjecture that the malady which has for the last twelve months afflicted the north of Europe, has produced a similarly pa-

cific effect upon the continent. powers, and impressed their minds with the religious necessity of not adding to pestilence the still more formidable evils of a general war? The Black Death was the great scourge of the 14th century. Towards the end of the 16th (1593) London was visited by a plague, which killed nearly 12,000 individuals. Ten years after that visitation, (1603) London was again afflicted by another plague, which was imported from Ostend, while it raged violently there as in the Low Countries. On this occasion, our capital lost upwards of thirty-six thousand of its inhabitants, who fell victims to the disease. Nearly the same number were carried away by a similar malady in 1625; in 1636, it appeared in the metropolis again, and destroyed upwards of thirteen thousand persons, and 1643-4, the armies engaged in the civil war diffused a malignant fever over the whole country, which was attended with a roughness and sliminess of the throat and jaws, with pain, but scarcely any swelling or inflammation. But the most formidable pestilence by which the metropolis has been invaded, was that which commenced in 1665, immediately after the great frost, and consigned to the tomb, or rather to the earth, for there was no time for the construction of tombs, for sixty-eight thousand five hundred and ninety-six persons according to the lowest computation.

"Since that time," says Dr. Sims, as quoted by Dr. Hawkins, "the plague has vanished from London, and all other epidemics seem to have become less malignant, owing to many causes, among which may, perhaps, be a greater use of fish, and universal use of tea, superior cleanliness in our persons, a greater attention to the poor in times of scarcity, which are now scarcely felt in any degree: and lastly, the tremendous fire in 1686, since which the streets have been widened, and the houses so enlarged, that the same number of inhabitants now occupy double the space." Since that period, London and the country generally have been free from contagious diseases, with the exception of the year 1740, when occurred the severest frost that had been known for three hundred years; it was accompanied by a malignant spotted fever, which caused great havoc in Bristol and Galway, and which reached London in the following year, where it produced a degree of mortality nearly equal to the great plague. Unless we enumerate the small pox and occasional typhus and catarrhal fevers, we may say that for nearly a hundred years, England has not been visited by a general malady, and this fortune it owes partly to its strict quarantine regulations, but chiefly to the improved habits of the people. Within recent memory several other countries, with which we have been in constant intercourse, have been severally visited by the plague: Egypt, Turkey, Spain, Malta, Gibraltar, and the United States of America, have been, within the last twenty years, the seats of pestilence, and yet has never touched our shore.—[Eng. paper.]

"All are but parts of that stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul."

THE BIRD OF PARADISE.

Among the spicy and luxuriant groves of the Phillipino and other Indian islands, the Birds of Paradise associate in immense numbers. It is a popular error that they always follow the king bird, who is distinguished by the exceeding beauty of his plumage: he is about the size of a Black-bird; two filaments proceed from the tail, which are mere shafts, until within a short distance of the extremities, where they become boarded on one side, and terminate in a large circle, open in the centre, of an emerald colour, bright and ever-varying. The greater or common Bird of Paradise, is principally remarkable for the peculiar feathers, terminating in white, which emerging from beneath the wings, extend to a considerable distance beyond the feathers of the tail. The webs of these beautiful plaits are open, and resemble very fine hairs.

The Gold-Breasted Bird of Paradise is about the size of a Dove: its head, cheeks, back, tail, wings, and part of the throat, are a fine black, shaded with violet; its neck and breast are of a gold colour, and a fine band crosses the back of the neck, of an united and varying tint of gold, green, red and violet. Several black feathers, the beards of which are separated like those of the Ostrich, point upwards, and, as it were, embrace the wings; and three long black filaments, terminating in oval webs, spring from each side of the head, diverging in angular forms, and extend to a fourth part of the length of the tail. The genus comprises several species; among them the Lays is conspicuous from the form and beauty of its tail, which bears a singular resemblance to the musical instrument from which the bird takes its name. In the evening, the Birds of Paradise, perch on lofty trees, in which the natives lie concealed for the purpose of shooting them with blunt arrows. Their principal food is said to be the larger kind of butterflies and moths. The absurd notion of the Birds of Paradise wanting legs and feet, was, doubtless, occasioned by the natives of the islands, where they are taken, cutting off those parts before they sold the stuffed birds.

THE GUINEA FOWL.

The head of the Pintado, or Guinea fowl, is naked, like that of the Turkey. Its plumage, although plain when at a distance, is singularly beautiful if closely examined: the general colour is of a darkish grey, sprinkled with white, round, pearly spots: a sort of cone-shaped horn ornaments the top of the head, and from the sides of the upper mandible depend two loose wattles; those of the male are rather blue; those of the female red.

The Guinea Fowl was, originally, a native of Africa, and thence, in the year 1508, introduced to America, where its numbers increased surprisingly. It is now

frequently disturbing them with its loud and unmusical clamor, its potulant sprightliness, and assumption of a dominion which it is incapable of maintaining. Its flesh is very much like that of the Pheasant; it also resembles that bird in many of its habits. In ancient Rome, the Pintado was much more highly prized, as an article of luxury for the table, than with us.

ANECDOTE OF ANIMALS.

A Singular Device.—A singular circumstance exhibiting in a remarkable degree the reflecting faculties of a wolf, is related as having taken place at Signoy le Petit, a small town on the borders of Champagne. A farmer one day, looking through the edge of his garden, observed a wolf walking around his mule, but unable to get at him, on account of the mules constantly kicking with his hind legs. As the farmer perceived that his beast was so well able to defend itself, he considered it unnecessary to render him any assistance. After the attack and defence had lasted fully a quarter of an hour, the wolf ran off to a neighboring ditch where he several times plunged himself into the water. The farmer imagined he did this to refresh himself after the fatigue he had sustained, & had no doubt that his mule had gained a complete victory; but in a few minutes the wolf returned to the charge, and approaching as near as he could to the head of the mule, shook himself, and spouted a quantity of water into the mule's eyes, which caused him immediately to shut them. That moment the wolf leaped upon him, and killed the poor mule before the farmer could come to his assistance.

Singular Interposition.—A lady had a tame bird, which she was in the habit of letting out of its cage every day. One morning as it was picking crumbs of bread off the carpet, her cat who always before showed great kindness for the bird, seized it on a sudden, and jumped with it in her mouth upon the table. The lady was much alarmed for the safety of her favourite, but, on turning about, instantly discovered the cause. The door had been left open, and a strange cat had just come into the room. After turning it out, her own cat came down from her place of safety, and dropped the bird, without doing it the smallest injury.

The Sparrow protected.—M. Hecart, of Valenciennes, procured the kitten of a wild cat, which he so effectually tamed, that she became the friend and protector of a domesticated sparrow. M. Hecart always allowed the sparrow to fly about at perfect liberty. One day, a cat belonging to a neighbouring house, had seized upon this sparrow, and was making off with it; but this wild cat, observing her at the very moment, flew at puss, and made her quit the bird, which she brought bleeding and half dead, to her master.—She seemed from her manner, really to

indicate the situation of the poor sparrow, and rejoiced when it recovered from the injury, and was again able to amuse itself with this wild grimalkin.

Indicators of Earthquakes.—The following extraordinary anecdote of the sensibility of cats, to approaching danger from earthquakes, is well authenticated. In the year 1783, two cats belonging to a merchant of Messina, in Sicily, announced to him the approach of an earthquake. Before the first shock was felt, these two animals seemed anxious to work their way through the door of a room in which they were. Their master observing their fruitless efforts, opened the door for them. At a second and third door, which they likewise found shut, they repeated their efforts, and on being set completely at liberty, they ran straight through the street, and out of the gate of the town. The merchant whose curiosity was excited by this strange conduct of the cats, followed them into the fields, where he again saw them scratching and burrowing in the earth.—Soon after there was a violent shock of an earthquake, and many of the houses of the city fell down, of which number the merchant's was one; so that he was indebted for his life to the singular foresight of his cats.

BIOGRAPHY.

"The proper study of mankind is man."

FREDERICK THE GREAT KING OF PRUSSIA.

Man is the creature of circumstance.—His character is determined by the manners and customs of the country, and the spirit of the age in which he lives. The close of the reign of Frederick William, was characterised by the ignorance and superstition which covered his domains.—The mists which had shrouded the dark ages, had been dispelled from the rest of Europe; and the cheering light, which science and literature shed on others, served only to make more visible the "blackness of darkness" that brooded over Prussia. Although the people were under the influence of laws little inferior to those framed by the Grecian lawgiver—although Frederick the Elector and Frederick William had, by persevering industry, opened sources of commerce and devised means for the increase of wealth, still they moved not. The Iron hand of ignorance held them fast, and they yet retained, as they ever had done, the character of a superstitious, deluded nation. They had a religion it is true, but it was one consisting of outward forms and vulgar prejudices, void of vitality.

Such was the condition of Prussia when Frederick the Great ascended the throne. His having been educated abroad, his acquaintance with the other nations of Europe, some of whom were in the zenith of their prosperity, made him the more sensible of the degradation and unhappy situation of the people over which he was called to rule. Adding to great energy of mind,

an inordinate ambition, he made it the height of the latter to clovate the character of his subjects, and the unshaken constancy with which he preserved in it, could only have proceeded from a sincere attachment to their welfare. Military powers was then in great repute, and "by a steady and severe discipline" he raised from his small kingdom, the best and most skillful army in Europe, and with it himself, (no mean warrior) at its head, he struck terror into the whole German Empire. All Europe was dazzled by the splendor of his military talents, and unanimously bestowed upon him the epithet he so richly deserved.

Nor is it as a general only that he is deserving of applause. Well versed in literature, he appreciated its advantages, and he applied the whole energies of his vigorous mind to shed its influence upon his benighted people. Universities were established, and no pains spared to disseminate knowledge among all classes. As a patron he stood pre-eminent. Men of letters ever were in favor at his court, and as few such were to be found among his own countrymen, no inducements were by him thought too strong—no expense too great, if thus he could entice them there from foreign nations. The consequence of these admiral qualities as a sovereign was, that the limits of his kingdom were extended, its population and industry increased, and its march in the road to wealth and prosperity rapid.

Would that a veil might be thrown over the rest of his character. Would that after he had raised his subjects from the degraded situation in which he found them, to that elevation, to bring them to which he had so long and so ardently striven, he could there have left them. But no—he only raised them that they might fall. In supplanting ignorance and superstition, he scattered seeds, in the springing up and growth of which, every principle of virtue and morality, the only sure basis of government, was rooted out, and at last, (as says Tytler) brought them to the feet of an ungodly conqueror.

Such was this distinguished, but vicious man. And while those, who are opposed to him for qualities which have made his name approbrious, give these the prominence they deserve, let them not neglect those other better qualities, which have justly entitled him to the sir_name of the Great.—[Adelphi.]

CURRAN.

Four times was the intrepid spirit of Curran dared to the field in a duel: but even there he could not refrain from indulging his wonted humor. On one of these occasions, when he fought Mr. St Leger, the other demanding which was to fire first, Curran answered "that he came as a guest merely—it was for St. Leger himself to open the ball, since he gave the invitation." Next, seeing that St. Leger presented the pistol wide of the mark, Curran gave him the word of command fire, which the other obeyed, without any mischief of course, when Curran discharging his pistol in the air, the affair ended. Another duel which he had with the Lord Chancellor Clare was,

equally unproductive of incident. For, as he used to tell the story himself, "though both the combatants discharged two very long cases of pistols at each other, neither of them were killed, wounded, satisfied, or reconciled; nor did either of them wish to prolong the engagement." In his last illness, his physician having remarked early one morning that he coughed with much difficulty—"That is rather surprising," answered Curran, "since I have been practising all night." And not long before, having received a slight apoplectic shock, and his physician telling him not to mind it, it would pass away—"I am to understand it then," said Curran, "only as a boyish runaway knock at the door, eh?"

THE CASSET.

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

HAMILTON, JUNE 2, 1832.

HARMONY.—In early days when the art of writing and painting was yet unknown, men had no other way to preserve their history but in verses, which were frequently sung in order to make a lasting impression on their memory. By the help of this tradition they called to mind their origin, the exploits of their heroes, the precepts of their arts, the praises of their Gods, their morality and their religion; yes, their religion itself was founded, established and supported by the help of music. By this, the first legislators of nations were sure to engage, to persuade and to captivate the minds of the people. They well knew that the surest way to gain the human heart was by the bait of pleasure; that duty becomes easy when associated with amusement; that the austerity of virtue needed to be softened, and its lessons made palatable; that wisdom must wear a smile, and reason, when she makes her visit must appear in an amiable dress. They knew that man is a valetudinarian; if, in order to cure him, you mean that he should take some bitter potion, it will be necessary to sweeten the lip of the cup, that he may take a full draught of life and health. Thus Hermes, Trismegistus, Orpheus, the latter Zoroaster, the Gymnosophist, and all the founders of the different religion, knowing the natural taste of man for musical sounds, availed themselves of this sensibility, they gave harmony the first place in the sanctuary: in giving Gods to nations, they intrusted her with the history of these divinities, their hymns, the laws of their feasts, the ceremonies of their sacrifices, their triumphal, their nuptial, their funeral songs: persuaded that their religion placed on the altar by the side of peaceable harmony, would preserve its authority, longer than if engraven on tables of brass

and marble, or propagated by fire and sword.

Here, perhaps, some critic will be ready to interrupt us and say—"we acknowledge the antiquity of music, but what was the music of the ancients? that art must then have been in its infancy, songs without delicacy, voices without taste, airs without sentiment, instruments without spirit, harmony without expression, and sound without sense; to compare such music as this with the elegant music of our days, would be to compare the doubtful light of the morning to that of the sun in his meridian glory."

Such is the blindness of prejudice; different ages are rivals and consequently enemies; the present age has always modesty enough to think itself wiser than those that went before it, and too much generosity to leave any thing to the invention of posterity. But we will take the liberty to say on the faith of a learned critic, with whom we have a slight acquaintance, and is no bad judge in the matter,—"that music was never more regular than among the first inhabitants of the earth; then like a virgin in her lovely prime, fair without paint, lively without affectation, she trod in the steps of amiable nature; since those happy days, too often like an antiquated coquet, she is more studious to recover the beauties she has lost, than to acquire new attractions."

Can we be so arrogant as to imagine that the first-born of nature, her favorite children, were worse provided in the gift of invention than we? had the ancients no taste for music? when among them, it is certain, that musicians were more honored than at the present day—among them music produced surprising effects, such as are not even to be expected in our days;—nor would gain our belief were they not supported by irresistible evidence. By their music seditions, were appeased:—a stop was put to the most obstinate battles—tyrants were humbled—mad-men were restored to their senses—the dying were rescued from the tomb. If any one shall pretend to doubt these prodigies attended by profane authors. We are ready to appeal to the sacred oracles; here, at the sound of the harp or organ, we see a company of Israelites instantaneously filled with spirit of prophecy, intoxicated by a sacred enthusiasm, and as it were by intuition instantaneously instructed in the history of futurity. After so many notorious facts can we entertain a doubt of the charms of ancient harmony? let it not be said that their music was too simple—had too little variety; for we have already seen the brass the ivory, and every precious wood animated by the breath of harmony.

In those days they understood the use of

many instruments unknown to our music; for where now are the ancient lyres, the Hazurs of the Hebrews, the golden Cysters of the Memphians, the Kynnors of Tyre, the nables of Sedon? scarce are their names handed down to us—their use is irrecoverably lost—but we know enough to convince us that their effects were prodigious; an irrefragable proof that their music wanted neither beauty nor energy. This we think, fairly proves the antiquity of its origin.

RURAL REPOSITORY.—This interesting semi-monthly visitor, published at Hudson, N. Y. by our old friend, Wm. B. Stoddard, is steadily progressing towards perfection.—We have before us the last number of Vol. 8. and as we have in a former number sounded our tocsin of praise, we deem it unnecessary to add any further remarks than a short sentence of the editors prospectus:

On issuing proposals for publishing the Ninth Volume of the Rural Repository, the publisher would renew his pledge to his patrons, and the publick in general, that his unremitting endeavours will be exerted to meet their expectations. The Repository will continue to be conducted on the same plan and afforded at the same convenient rate, (\$1 per annum,) which he has reason to believe has hitherto given it so wide a circulation; and such a durable and flattering popularity as has rendered it a favourite and amusing visitor during the eight years of its publication. As its correspondents are daily increasing and several highly talented individuals will the benefit of whose literary labors he has not before been favoured, and whose writings would reflect honor upon any periodical, have engaged to contribute to its columns, he flatters himself that their communications and the original matter already on hand, together with the best periodicals of the day, with which he is regularly supplied, will furnish him with ample materials for enlivening its pages with that variety expected in works of this nature.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We have received a favor from our friend "D. M. B." It is on file for our next.

"Croaker"—Had better write a treatise on *Frog Soup*;—but, by the by, a slight perusal of Lord Dexter's "Pickel for the knowing ones," would not be an "injury."

"Time's Changes"—Came under our observation, and met with deserved merit. Will the author be as good as his word?

"Love and War."—We shall be under the necessity of filing "Chapt. 1." until our friend sends us the remaining chapters.

RECEIPTS.

LETTERS.—From Messrs. B. K. Brown, James Watson, D. L. Thorp, John Gamble, J. Maitland, J. D. Gilbert, J. Draper, E. H. Whitmarsh.

DUNN'S 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."

FOR THE CASSET.

THE SUICIDE'S GRAVE.

You heaving mound amid the heath,
All desolate and lone;
The dark abode of grisly death,
No friend there comes to own.

O humane stranger pass not by,
For humble tenant's tomb,
But bend thereon a friendly eye,
And read his forlorn doom.

Stop but a while, kind pity claims
A kindred feeling sigh,
Humanity sits there and shames
The heedless passer by.

The wild winds rave around his head,
And o'er his grassy grave;
Lamenting 'neath the slumb'ring dead,
Compassion's tear to crave.

The heedless sparrow builds her nest,
And sings her time away,
Among the grass that shades his breast,
Or on the thorny spray.

The wild flow'r wastes its sweet perfume
Above his lowly head
And seems to welcome to his tomb,
The stranger thither led.

Frail man stop here a tear bequeath,
A kindred tribute tear,
To him who lies in peace beneath,
The weeds that sprung up here.

His bosom's swell his eye's gay smile,
As yours once joyed in life;
His passions spoke in manly style,
And shar'd the world's loud strife.

His name disgraced, his honor stain'd,
By villain's meddling tongue;
His character he ne'er regained,
Upon the rude world flung.

He sought the peace, nought here could
Then tremble for his fate, (give,
He quenched that flame that scorn'd to
live,
And view'd the world with hate.

And now the loud winds angry chide,
And howl around his tomb,
And to tell a suicide
Beneath it claims a home.

BRITON.

C. 1117.
EPITAPH ON MR. MONDAY.

Blessed be the Sabbath day,
But woe to worldly wealth—
The week begins on Tuesday,
For Monday's hang'd himself.

FOR THE CANADIAN CASSET.

ABSENT FRIENDS.

How many an anxious thought to thee
Home of my heart, this bosom sends!
How oft my wand'ring visions flee,
To hover round thee—absent friends.

Creative fancy! freely rove;
And while thy blissful power extends,
Oh, waft my soul to those I love:
My wife and child—dear absent friends.

Then whisper to my heart, that one
In thought the wand'ers path attends;
And say, though weary, far and lone,
His image lives—with absent friends.

But busy memory, banish care;
Bright hope! on thee this heart depends,
Be every thought as free as air,
I move to greet thee—absent friends.

Once more upon the waters cast,
My bark towards her haven winds;
And ere the shades of night be past,
Those arms shall clasp dear absent friends.

CRITIC.

ANECDOTES.

"Trifles light as air."

SORROW DEFERRED.—The heir apparent to a country squire, being awaked at midnight, and informed that his father had just died of an apoplexy, turned himself in his bed, heaved a deep sigh, and cried out in a piteous tone, "Oh, how I shall grieve in the morning, when I wake again!"

FEMALE EYE.—A modern writer gives the following enumeration of the expressions of a female eye: The glare, the stare, the sneer, the invitation, the defiance, the denial, the consent, the glance, of love, the flash of rage, the sparkling of hope, the languishment of softness, the squint of suspicion, the fire of jealousy, and lustre of pleasure.

AN "ALARMIST."—A robustious countryman, meeting a physician, ran to hide behind a wall; being asked the cause, he replied, "It is so long since I have been sick, that I am ashamed to look a physician in the face."

A NAFT REPARTEE.—"Is'nt your hat sleepy?" inquired a little urchin of a gentleman with a "shocking bad one" on.—"No—why?" inquired the gentleman.—"Why, because I think it's a long time since it had a nap."

BRIEF EPISTLE.—A lady received a laconic letter from a lady to her husband. "I write to you because I have nothing to do; I conclude because I have nothing to say."

CONGRESS WATER.—Two country lads passing by a sign which had on it the words "Congress Water," one asked the other what sort of water that was. "Why you fool you," replied his companion, "that's what they spout at Congress."

HIBERNIAN INGENUITY.—An Irish rascal was once indicted for stealing some sheep from Gerard FitzMaurice Esq. and pleaded his ignorance of the owner, or that they were common property, as (he said) he found them on the Commons in the neighborhood. "What (said the Magistrate) did you not see G. F. M., the initials of the owners name, on the sheep?" "Yes, I saw the letters; but I thought they meant Good Fat Mutton given for me."

A PUN.—"Two or three weeks ago, Theodore Hook dined with a Mr. Hatchett. "Ah! my dear fellow," said his host deprecatingly, "I am sorry to say that you will not get to-day such a dinner as our friend L. gave us." "Certainly not," replied Hook; "from a Hatchett one can expect nothing but a chop."

PALLIATION.—A man being upbraided for contracting a number of debts, coolly replied that he did nothing of the kind; "On the contrary," said he, "I have invariably done every thing in my power to enlarge them."

CHINESE PAINTER.—When a person who wished to look better on canvass than he did in the looking glass, found fault with a chinese painter, that his portrait was not handsome, he replied, "No hab handsome face, how can hab handsome picturo."

What gives a cold—cures a cold—and pays the doctor?—a draft.

AGENTS FOR THE CASSET.

Messrs. G. W. Whitehead, Burford; J. Williamson, Stoney Creek; Henry Nelles, Grimsby; H. Mittleberger, St. Catharines; John Crooks, Niagara;—W. J. Sumner, Nelson; J. H. Van Every, O. W. Everett, Paris; J. Harris, West Flamboro'; A. Bates, Wellington Square; Robert Heron, London; David Gillet, Norwich; William Clay, Streetsville; J. B. Spragge, Credit; J. S. Howard, L. A. Phelps, York; James Boyes, Etobico; J. Willson, Hallowell; Arthur McClean, Brockville; John M. Camp, Smithville; Oliver Blake, Simcoe; David H. Cornell, Lower Settlement, Norwich; A. S. St. John, Dunville; B. N. Brown, Walsingham; T. B. Husband, Guelph; John Gamble, Dundas; H. F. Fay, Brantford; Robert L. Mackenney, Yarmouth; D. Campbell, Simcoe; Jonathan Burbee, St. Thomas; Phineas Varnum, Waterloo; Seth Keith, 10 mile Creek; T. G. Chapman, Galt; C. Ingersoll, Oxford; Duncan McGregor, Raleigh; William McCormick, Colchester; James L. Green, Waterford; Michael Homer, Burlington Beach.

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