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THE CANADIAN CASSET.

NEC DESIT JUCUNDIS GRATIA VERBIS.

VOLUME I.

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SELECT TABLES.

"To hold the mirror up to Nature."

THE PANTHER.

Elizabeth Temple and Louisa proceeded along the margin of the precipice, catching occasional glimpses at the placid Otsego, or poising to listen to the rattling of wheels and the sound of hammers, that rose from the valley, to mingle the signs of man with the scenes of nature; when Elizabeth suddenly started and exclaimed—

'Listen! there are the cries of a child on the mountain! Is there a clearing near us? or can some little one have strayed from its parents?

'Such things frequently happen,' returned Louisa. 'Let us follow the sounds; it may be a wanderer, starving on the hill.'

Urged by this consideration the females pursued the low mournful sounds that proceeded from the forest, with quick and impatient steps. More than once, the ardent Elizabeth was on the point of announcing that she saw the sufferer, when Louisa caught her by the arm, and pointing behind then cried—

'Look at the dog!'

Brave had been their companion, from the time the voice of his young mistress lured him from his kennel to the present moment. His advanced age had long before deprived him of his activity; and when his companions stopped to view the scenery, or to add to their bouquets, the mastiff would lay his huge frame on the ground and await their movements, with his eyes closed, and a listlessness in his air that ill accorded with the character of a protector. But when aroused by this cry from Louisa, Miss Temple turned, she saw the dog with his eyes keenly set on some distant object, his head bent near the ground, and his hair actually rising on his body, either through fright or anger. It was most probably the latter; for he was growling in a low key, and occasionally showing his teeth, in a manner that would have terrified his mistress, had she not so well known his good qualities.

'Brave!' she said, 'be quiet, Brave! what do you see fellow?'

At the sounds of her voice, the rage of the mastiff, instead of being at all diminished, was very sensibly increased. He

stalked in front of the ladies, and seated himself at the feet of his mistress, growling louder than before and occasionally giving vent to his ire by a short surley barking.

'What does he see?' said Elizabeth; 'there must be some animal in sight.'

Hearing no answer from her companion, Miss Temple turned her head, and beheld Louisa standing with her face whitened to the colour of death, and her finger pointing upward, with a sort of flickering, convulsed motion. The quick eye of Elizabeth glanced in the direction indicated by her friend, where she saw the fierce front and glaring eyes of a female panther, fixed on them in horrid malignity and threatening instant destruction.

'Let us fly!' exclaimed Elizabeth, grasping the arm of Louisa, whose form yielded like melting snow, and sunk lifeless to the earth.

There was not a single feeling in the temperament of Elizabeth Temple that could prompt her to desert a companion in such an extremity; and she fell on her knees, by the side of the inanimate Louisa, tearing from the person of her friend, with an instinctive readiness, such parts of her dress as might obstruct her respiration, and encouraging their own safeguard, the dog at the same time, by the sounds of her voice.

'Courage. Brave!' she cried, her own tones beginning to tremble; 'courage, courage, good Brave!'

A quarter-grown cub, that had hitherto been unseen, now appeared dropping from the branches of a sapling, that grew under the shade of the beech which held its dam. This ignorant, but vicious creature approached near to the dog imitating the actions and sounds of its parent, but exhibiting a strange mixture of the playfulness of a kitten with the ferocity of its race.—Standing on its hind legs, it would rend the bark of a tree, with its fore paws, and play all the antics of a cat for a moment and then by lashing itself by the tail, growling and scratching the earth, it would attempt the manifestations of anger that rendered its parent so terrific.

All this time brave Brave stood firm and undaunted, his short tail erect, his

body drawn back on his haunches, and his eyes following the movements of both dam and cub. At every gambol played by the latter, it approached nigher to the dog, the growling of the three becoming more horrid at each moment, until the younger beast, overleaping its intended bound, fell directly before the mastiff. There was a moment of fearful cries and struggles, but they ended almost as soon as they commenced by the cub appearing in the air, hurled from the jaws of Brave, with a violence that sent it against a tree so forcibly as to render it completely senseless.

Elizabeth witnessed the short struggle, and her blood was warming with the triumph of the dog, when she saw the form of the old panther in the air, springing twenty feet from the branch of the beech to the back of the mastiff. No words of ours can describe the fury of the conflict that followed. It was a confused struggle on the dried leaves, accompanied by loud and terrible cries, barks, and growls. Miss Temple continued on her knees, bending over the form of Louisa, her eyes fixed on the animals with an interest so horrid, and yet so intense, that she almost forgot her own stake in the result. So rapid and vigorous were the bounds of the inhabitant of the forest, that its active frame seemed constantly in the air, while the dog nobly faced his foe, at each successive leap. When the panther lighted on the shoulders of the mastiff, which was its constant aim old Brave, though torn with her talons and stained with his own blood, that already flowed from a dozen wounds, would shake off his furious foe, like a feather, and rearing on his hind legs, rush to the fray again with his jaws distended and dauntless eye. But age and his pampered life greatly disqualified the noble mastiff for such a struggle. In every thing but courage he was only the vestige of what he had once been. A higher bound than ever raised the wary and furious beast far beyond the reach of the dog who was making a desperate but fruitless dash at her, from which she alighted in a favorable position on the back of her aged foe. For a single moment, only, could the panther remain there, the great strength of the dog returning with a convulsive effort. But Elizabeth saw, as

Brave fastened his teeth in the side of his enemy, that the collar of brass around his neck, which had been glittering throughout the fray, was of the colour of blood, and directly that his frame was sinking to the earth, where it soon lay prostrate and helpless. Several mighty efforts of the wild cat to extricate herself from the jaws of the dog followed, but they were fruitless, until the mastiff turned on his back, his lips collapsed, and his teeth loosened; when the short convulsions and stillness that succeeded announced the death of poor Brave.

Elizabeth now lay wholly at the mercy of the beast. There is said to be something in the front of the image of the Maker that daunts the hearts of the inferior beings of his creation; and it would seem that some such power, in the present instance, suspended the threatening blow. The eyes of the monster and the kneeling maiden met, for an instant; when the former stooped to examine her fallen foe, next to scent her luckless cub. From the latter examination it turned, however, with its eyes apparently emitting flashes of fire, its tail lashing its sides furiously, and its claws projecting four inches from its broad feet.

Miss Temple did not, or could not move. Her hands were clasped in the attitude of prayer, but her eyes were still drawn to her terrible enemy; her cheeks were blanched to the whiteness of marble, and her lips were slightly separated with horror. The moment seemed now to have arrived for the fatal termination; when a rustling of leaves from behind seemed rather to mock the organs, than to meet her ears.

'Hist! hist!' said a low voice; "stoop lower, gall: your bonnet hides the creator's head."

It was rather the yielding of nature than a compliance with this unexpected order, that caused the head of our heroine to sink on her bosom; when she heard the report of the rifle, the whizzing of the bullet, and the enraged cries of the beast, who was rolling over on the earth, biting its own flesh, and tearing the twigs and branches within its reach. At the next instant the form of the Leatherstock rushed by her, and called aloud—

'Come in, Hector, come in, you old fool! 'tis a hard-lived animal, and may jump ag'in.'

Natty maintained his position in front of the maidens most fearlessly, notwithstanding the violent bounds and threatening aspect of the wounded panther, which gave several indications of returning strength and ferocity, until his rifle was again loaded; when he stepped up to the enraged animal, and placing the muzzle close to its head, every spark of life was extinguished by the discharge.

FOX AND O'DWYER, OR IRISH ECCENTRICITY.

Mrs. Hall is the authority for the facts which are here related:—

Many years have elapsed since Chas.

James Fox visited Ireland, and some venerable friends of mine still recount the delight my country-folk felt at his frank and Irish manners. A portion of his time, during his sojourn, was spent at the palace of the Bishop of Waterford,—a churchman of the old school, with a cauliflower wig, a gold-headed cane, and as much importance of appearance and address as any one attached to dignity and formality could possibly require. One of his lordship's intimates, or, as he used in brief moments of relaxation to denominate him, "his familiar," was a merry, jovial, fox-hunting squire, of large hospitality and small fortune—one of the genuine six-bottle school, with more heart than head, and more wit than judgment—and Dermot O'Dwyer by name. It was, in truth, a strange companionship; to which I can liken nothing, except a species of regard that once existed between a grave Newfoundland dog of my own (Neptune he was called) and a mischief-loving ringtailed monkey of my cousin's. The great dog would sit for hours, blinking his eyes in the sunbeams, and watching with a sort of sleepy interest Jacko's manifold tricks and capers: and when the skipping thing was tired, permit him to nestle in his thick coat, and submit to the pushing and scratching he exercised to form a bed to his own taste, with extraordinary good nature.

When the worthy bishop succeeded in obtaining a promise from Mr. Fox, that he would visit his country residence, it will be easily believed that the reception he purposed giving the great M. P. was in keeping with his usual compositeness. Cards of invitation were duly sent forth, and one of the first despatched to his eccentric friend Dermot. On the appointed day, his tenants were drawn up on each side the avenue, his servants drilled into new stiff liveries glittering with gold and embroidery; even his wife's lap-dog had its little throat garlanded with true blue riband; and every servant maid in the house was compelled to wear shoes, which, at that period, were an extraordinary novelty, and occasioned much stumbling and more confusion. All things, however, were at length in proper order, every thing arranged *comme il faut*; my lord bishop complimented his lady on the taste and judgment of her dress (stiff flowered satin and high pinners,) and she declared that his lordship looked as handsome and far more portly than when he led her to the hymenial altar. During these old fashion'd courtesies (husbands are not particularly famous for complimenting their wives now-a-

days,) Dermot O'Dwyer, attended by his favourite hounds, Fan and Free-love, burst into the state drawing-room. "Come an hour earlier than dinner-time, my boy, to have a long chat with the parliament man. Saw him driving down the hill, threw him clean out at the corner, and, egad got here first—An't I a buck?—quite the thing, eh?" "Boots!" "Why, what the devil! have me ride without boots? We'll make a night of it. Ay, here's Charlie, black muzzled as a terrier—fine face though. I wish he had'nt come so soon, for I wanted to read you a speech I intended to make after dinner. The poor bishop was terrified at his friend's oratorical talents, for an entire month he had been lecturing O'Dwyer on the greatness and importance of Charles James Fox, and the necessity for "proper behaviour in his presence;" how was he petrified when, on presenting his friend to the M. P.; "as one of the free and independent landholders of the county." Dermot unceremoniously interrupted him, and shaking Fox by the hand until his very arm ached, exclaimed, "It's part of my lord bishop's trade to blarney the people: you, I suppose, are Charles James Fox, M. P., a sturdy independent fellow; and I am Dermot O'Dwyer, a hater of ceremony and Tories; so there now, my worthy friend in the glorious wig has an acre of breath saved for the next oration." This originality was highly entertaining to a man of Fox's disposition. The party separated at about 4 the next morning, neither the wiser nor better, that I could learn, for having met, which I believe is generally the case at gentlemen's dinner parties. Certainly the hair-dressers occupied a most unusual time next day in arranging his lordship's wig.

Mr. O'Dwyer lived bachelor fashion, in the dilapidated home of his ancestors, about three miles from the bishop's abode. The house was spacious, and, in one sense of the word, well furnished, for there was no lack of inhabitants; a family of favoured pigeons occupied the attics, and reared their young in undisturbed tranquility amid the ruin of old bedsteads and mouldering furniture. Whenever there was need of provender Denis O'Hay, huntsman, footman, head groom, and valet, mounted the once handsome but then decayed staircase, and making his way over piles of broken balustrades and recumbent trophies of field and chase, brought down, to use his own phrase, "two or three dozen birdeens wid the end of a stick, though sorra a mouthful on each, the craters." The middle rooms were sadly off for want of en-

tire windows, and other little conveniences deemed matters of absolute necessity in English houses; the oak flooring was only partially concealed by tattered carpets, and venerable tapestry hung in fragments from the mildewed walls. Below, indeed, with all my fastidiousness, I confess there was much to interest the lovers of animated nature. Large folding doors, leading from the great hall to the dining-room, remained hospitably open, the hinges positively refusing to perform the office for which they had been designed some eighty years previous to the date of which I write.

O'Dwyer's miscellaneous favorites had here ample space to range in—various perches were stuck in the painted walls: the principal and largest was occupied by an old white-headed eagle—a noble fellow, who looked with calmness and contempt on the bipeds and quadrupeds which passed his stand. Three or four hawks, a buzzard, and innumerable stuffed birds, skins of foxes, horns of deer, fishing tackle, and fowling pieces, completed the motley garniture. Graceful stag-hounds, wary terriers, stately yet gentle house dogs, and very many litters of puppies, were scattered in various attitudes and astonishing harmony on the ground; two or three magnificent cats also shared the territory, though their most luxurious haunt was their kind master's bed, which in one of his usual whims, he had conveyed to the dining room, where he usually cooked his own dinner after his own fashion.

The morning succeeding his interview with Fox, he arose at the customary hour of six, partook of a stir-about breakfast, traversed the farm, returned home, and suspended by a woolen line, in front of a roaring sparkling turf fire a fat and lusty goose—his intended dinner; and leaving it in charge of his nephew (a young collegian, who bore with him his uncle's whims for the sake of his inheritance,) went to superintend some other matters either in the kennel or stable. The youth twisted and twirled the string, basted the savoury bird with one hand, and held a volume of Homer in the other—meditating on his uncle's oddities one moment, and on the heroic deeds of Achilles the next—when suddenly both his reveries and employment were interrupted by Dennis, who, advancing half his unwieldy person beyond the door, ejaculated "Master Jack! Master Jack! here's the great parliament man and his valet coming riding up the steps: where's master?" Death and destruction! the young tyro to be detected in the vile act of goose

basting!—it was 'quite too much.' In an instant the dinner was deposited, string and all in the dripping-pan, and thrust unceremoniously under the bed, the only hiding-place he could at the moment discover. Master Jack then advanced, with shining face, 'to do the honours,' and despatched Denis to summon his uncle. Dermot O'Dwyer entered, but his eye unfortunately rested on the spot 'where once a goose had been;' and without the slightest notice of the M. P., the exclamation burst forth: "Blood and thunder and turf! where's my goose?—where's my goose, I say?" When espying a small portion of the embrowed string which strayed from its resting place, he bent on one knee, drew forth the hidden treasure, carefully replaced it, twirling the worsted with skill and dexterity—then, and not till then, cordially welcomed his guest to his hospitable but eccentric abode, saying: "Now, as I have found my goose, the Fox will not, I am sure, refuse to partake of it." How the invitation was accepted as frankly as given—how a merry party joined them in the evening—how the blind piper played, and how light feet and bounding hearts echoed his music until the gray beam of morning warned them homewards—I cannot now describe: but this I can assert, upon unquestionable authority, that all parties were pleased with each other—a thing of rare occurrence at costly and fashionable entertainments.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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

MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.

It is mentioned in the *Encyclopædia Americana*, as a characteristic of the Mississippi belonging to a very few of the long and large rivers, that it rises in very cold regions, and runs towards the equator. By thus flowing through almost every variety of climate, it is the channel of conveyance to a corresponding variety of products, and must thus become the scene of the most active internal commerce on the globe, in which the products of the extreme north will be exchanged against those of the almost tropical regions in which it disembogues. "If," says the article quoted, "we except the Amazon, probably no other valley on the globe will compare in size with that of the Mississippi; and it probably surpasses all others in the richness and variety of its soil, and its general adaptation to the support and comfort of civilized men. In extent, it is like a continent; in beauty and fertility, it is the most

perfect garden of nature. It embraces twenty degrees of latitude, and thirty of longitude, which we may observe to be equal to the distance between Gibraltar and Edinburgh, and to that which, in the same latitudes in Europe, comprehends Portugal, Spain and Italy and the Mediterranean inclosed between them and the western coast of Greece. From Oleanne point on the Alleghan, to the highest point of boat navigation on the Missouri, is 5000 miles—by water, of course. What a picture is this of magnitude and prospective wealth. But how is the conception of it enlarged by the reflection, that it is the demesne of a people, whose institutions give the greatest spur to industry, and make life in such a region best worth having.

RESPECT FOR AGE.

A Russian Princess of great beauty, in company with her father and a young French Marquis, visited a celebrated Swiss Doctor of the last century, Michael Scuppach: when the Marquis began to pass his jokes upon the long white beard of one of the Doctor's neighbors who was present, and offered to bet twelve louis d'ors that no lady present would dare to kiss the dirty old fellow. The Russian Princess ordered her attendant to bring a plate, and deposited twelve louis d'ors, and sent it to the Marquis, who was too polite to decline his stake. The fair Russian then approached the peasant, to salute you after the manner of my country," and, embracing, gave him a kiss. She then presented him the gold which was on the plate, saying, "take this as a remembrance of me, and as a sign that the Russian girls, think it a duty to honor old age."

LEAP YEAR.—The following is extracted from an old volume printed in 1606, entitled "Courtship, Love and Matrimony:"

"Albeit is nowe become a parte of the common lawe, in regard to the social relations of life, that as often every be-stextile year dothe return, the ladyes have the privalege during the time it continueth, of making love unto men, which they may do either by words or lookes, as unto them it seemeth proper; and moreover no man will be entitled to the benefits of the clergy who dothe refuse to accept the offers of a ladye, or who dothe in any wise treat her proposal with slight or contumely.

Providence conceals from us the moment of our death, that we may employ all the others well.

WINDSOR CASTLE.

A more magnificent and delightful royal residence can hardly be imagined than that of Windsor Castle. The eminence on which the castle stands is detached from every other, and advanced into the plain which it commands; it falls in a bold slope on one side, while it is easy of access on the other; and as the palace occupies almost all the brow, the whole hill seems but a base to the building. It rises in the midst of an enchanting country, and it is there the most distinguished spot; but though the situation is singular, it is not extravagant; it is great, but not wild. It is in itself noble, and all around it is beautiful.

The view from the terrace is not the most picturesque, but it is the gayest that can be perceived. The Thames diffuses a cheerfulness through all the counties where it flows, and this is in itself peculiarly cheerful. It is luxuriantly fertile; it is highly cultivated, it is full of villas and villages, and they are scattered all over it, not crowded together; no hurry of business appears, and no dreary waste of silt; country churches and gentlemen's seats are every where intermixed with the fields and the trees. Every spot seems improved, but improved for the purpose of pleasure; all are rural; none are solitary; and the amenity of the plain is at the same time contrasted with the rich goods in the Great Park, their height their shade and their verdure.

The prospect is the most interesting, as all the environ, of Windsor are classic ground. The forest prompted the first essays of Pope's muse; and Denham owes all his fame to his poem on Cooper's Hill. That beautiful eminence overlooks Runnemede, a place illustrious in English history. Behind it is Chertsey, the retreat of Cowley; before it Horton, the residence of Milton; and directly in front of the castle is stroke churchyard, which Grey chose for the scene of his Elegy, and the place of his burial.

The castle itself and its appendages abound with monuments of antiquity and of genius. The remains of chivalry every where occur in this seat of the Order of the Garter; and the rude achievements of Edward III., his family and his peers, are proper decorations for the hall of his knights. The pride of Wolsey still appears in his chapel which he intended for his obsequies, and which might be the mausoleum of a race of kings with propriety. The terrace was built by Elizabeth—was the resort of her warriors and statesmen, and it is a work worthy of her reign. Here Shakspear laid the scene of his comedy, when the queen dictated the subject; and Datchen Mead still retains its name; and the sawpit where the fairies lurked, may be traced; and the oak of Herne the hunter is standing. The poets of latter days have always haunted the spot, and have celebrated the delights of Windsor as refinements on the pleasures of Charles II.'s dissipated court, and the majesty of the seat as reflecting lustre on the trophies of Queen Anne's triumphant reign.

The vast dimensions, also, and the style

of the building, which, however deficient in some points of elegance and proportion, always retains an air of magnificence; the appropriation of distinct apartments to the several great officers of state, and the extent of the domains appendant on the castle; the groves in the Great Park, of eighteen miles in circumference, and the hills of the forest retiring to a distant horizon, are additional circumstances to distinguish this from all other royal residences.

Census.—'I know of no such thing as genius,' said Hogarth to G. Cooper: 'genius is nothing but labor and diligence.' Sir Isaac Newton said of himself, 'that if ever he had been able to do any thing, he had effected it by patient thinking only.'

ESSAYS.

"The soft amusement of the vacant mind."

From the *New Monthly Magazine*.

ANTI-INNOVATOR.

Plague take the world! why cannot it stand still, and go on as it used to do when I was a boy? What do the people mean by the progress of events and the march of intellect? What good ever came by change? How is it possible that any man can be wiser than his father? and his father cannot give him more than he has got to give. Ah dear! ah dear! I remember the time when the parish beadle was a man of some consequence, when a lord was a thing to be stared at, and a sight to be talked about—and the king!—why no man in his senses ever thought of the king but with the profoundest respect. Every day after dinner as soon as my father had said grace, he poured out a bumper of port, and drank "Church and King."—It did one's heart good to see and hear him; it was as good as a sermon. The wine itself seemed conscious of the glory of its destination to be swallowed not unblest, and it looked bright in the glass and seemed to dance with eagerness to meet his lips. But now o' days, if I venture to toast church and king, I am hurried to do it in a hurried, irreligious sort of way, with a kind of a sneer, as much as to say, it's all in my eye; or my boy Tom will laugh at me and drink the majesty of the people. The majesty of the people! I should like to see it.—There used to be some reverence shown to lords in former times—but how are they treated now? Snubbed at in the newspapers, elbowed in the streets, quizzed in epigrams, peppered with pamphlets, shown up in novels, robbed of their boroughs, and threatened with annihilation. People call that the march of intellect—I call it the march of insolence. When I was a boy, all the books we had in the house were the Bible and Prayer Book, and the Court Calendar; the first two containing our religion, and the last our politics: as for literature, what did we want with it? It is only the means of turning the world upside down, and putting notions into people's heads that would never have got there without.

All the evil in the world came by inno-

vation; and there is no part of the world free from innovation, neither the heavens above, nor the earth beneath, nor the waters that are under the earth. What business have men in the air with balloons? What good can they get there? What do they go there for but merely to come down, and perhaps break their necks? They would be much safer upon dry ground.—Our ancestors used to be content with the sun, and moon, and stars, and four or five planets; now, forsooth, the impertinent ones must be poking their telescopes up to the sky, and discovering new planets, almost every night, as if we had not got as many planets already as we could do with.

Steam engines—I do not think we should ever have heard a word about parliamentary reform if it had not been for steam engines. I hope Mr. Colburn will not have his magazine with this article printed with a steam press, for if he does I shall not dare to read it for fear of being blown up. What did we want with steam engines? Did we not beat the French without steam engines? To be sure we did. I hate innovations. I should like to know what is to become of all the hackney coach-horses, if we are to have steam carriages. The poor beasts look half-starved as it is; they will be ten times worse if they are to be turned out to make room for steam engines; and what shall we do for dog's meat if there are no horses to cut up? Then we must have Macadamized roads too! our ancestors did very well without macadamized roads. They took their time in travelling from one place to another; and if they happened to be too late for the stage, they had nothing to do but run after it and catch it. Let them try do so now.

Buildings, too! did ever any mortal see such an overgrown place as London is now? There is not a dirty ditch within five miles of London that has not some Paradise-row, or Mount Pleasant, or Prospect-place stuck into it. Why can't the citizens live in the city as they used to do, and stick to their shops? There is no such place as the country now, it is all come to London.—And what sort of houses do they build? Look at them—a bundle of matches for the timber, and a basket of bricks for the walls.

Rail roads—a pretty contrivance, forsooth! to pick the pockets of the good old waggon-horses, and the regular legitimate coach-horses that had stood the test of ages. Pray what is to become of the farmers, if there are no horses to eat their oats? And how are the rents to be paid, and the taxes, and the tithes, and the poor rates? and who is to pay the interest of the national debt? and what will become of the church if horses do not eat oats to enable the farmers to pay their tithes and feed the clergy? Manchester and Liverpool were quite near enough without the assistance of a rail road; and if the building mania goes on much longer, there will be no need of a road from one to the other, for they will both join, and the people may be in both places at once. People are talking now of rail-roads superseding canals, half of which

are already three-quarters full of dockweed and dead cats.

Look at the population, too! People go on increasing and multiplying as if they never intended to leave off. Hundred and hundreds of people are coming into the world who have no right to be born. The world is as full as it can hold already, there is positively no room for any more. There was nothing like the number of children to be seen about the streets when I was a boy as there is now. I have sometimes half a mind to ask those lubberly boys that I see about the streets, what right they had to be here; but perhaps they would make me some impertinent answer, for they swagger about as if they thought that they had as good a right to be here as any one else. They should be ashamed of themselves for existing to the manifest inconvenience of gentlemen and ladies to whom they are exceedingly annoying.

Look at the reform bill, that sink of innovation, to speak metaphorically; that climax of novelty, that abominable poke in the ribs of our constitution, the destroyer of all that is venerable. Its opponents have been accused of talking nonsense against it. Very likely they have talked nonsense, for they have been so flabbergasted at the innovation, that they have not known what they have been saying.

If things go on changing at this rate for the next hundred years as they have done of late, we shall scarcely have a relic of the good old times left. The weather is not as it used to be when I was a boy.—Oh! those were glorious old times when we had sunshine all through the summer, and hard frost all through the winter, when for one half of the year we could bathe every day, and for the other half could skate every day. There is nothing of that sort now. If a man buys a pair of skates in the winter, it is sure to thaw next day; and if a boy buys a pair of corks one day, there is sure to be a hard frost next morning. There is nothing but wet weather all through the winter, and no dry weather all through the summer. Formerly we used to have an eclipse or two in the course of the year, and we used to look at it through smoked glass, and very good fun it was, only it used to make our noses black, if we did not take care to hold the glass properly. If we look into the almanac for an eclipse, we are sure to see that it is invisible in these parts; and even if it is visible we can never see it, for there is always cloudy weather. I scarcely know any thing that is now as it used to be when I was a boy. Day and night have not quite changed places, but night and morning have. What used to be Sunday morning, when I was a little boy, has now, by strange mutation, become Saturday night. I wonder why people cannot dine at dinner-time as they used to do; but every thing is in disorder, a wild spirit of innovation has seized men's minds, and they will do nothing as they used to do, and as they ought to do. Things went on well enough when I was a boy; we had not half the miseries and calamities that one sees and hears now. What an absurd

and ridiculous invention is that nasty, filthy gas? The buildings where it is made look like prisons outside, and like infernal regions within; and there always is some accident or other happening with it: people have their houses blown up, and it serves them right, for they have no business to encourage such now-fangled trimmery. The streets used to be lit up well enough with the good old-fashioned oil lamps, which were quite good enough for our ancestors, and I think they might have done for us; but any thing for innovation! I must confess I like to see the good old greasy lamp-lighters and their nice flaring torches, they were fifty times better than the modern gas-light men with their little hand lamps, like so many Guy Fawkes.

And what harm have the poor old watchmen done, I wonder, that they must be dismissed to make room for a set of new police men and blue coats? The regular old legitimate watchmen were the proper and constitutional defenders of the streets, just as regular as the king is the defender of the faith, and a more harmless set of men than the watchmen never existed; they would not hurt a fly. Things went on well enough when they had the care of the streets.

But innovations are not confined to the land, they have even encroached upon the water. Were not London, Blackfriars, and Westminster bridges enough in all conscience? What occasion was there for Waterloo bridge? a great, overgrown, granite monster, that cost ten times more than it is worth. And what occasion for Southwark bridge and Vauxhall bridge? Our ancestors could go to Vauxhall over Westminster or Blackfriars bridge. But of all the abominable innovations, none ever equalled the impudence of New London bridge. It was not at all wanted. I have been over the old one hundreds and hundreds of times. It is a good old bridge that has stood the test of ages, and it ought to have been treated with respect for very antiquity's sake. As for people being drowned in going under the bridge, nonsense! they would never have been drowned if they had done as I did—I always made a point of never going under it: and besides, if people are to be drowned, they will be drowned elsewhere if they are not here.

Talk of innovation, what can be a more outrageous innovation than steam-boats? They have frightened the fish out of the river already, and if they go on increasing as they have done of late, they will frighten the fish out of the sea too; and I should like to know where all the fishes are to go then? We shall be in a pretty mess, if they all come ashore. Besides, the sea is obviously made to sail upon, or else what is the use of the wind? And if we have nothing but steam-boats, what will be come of the sail-makers? People in these revolutionary times care nothing about vested interests. I hate innovation. I hate every thing that is new. I hate new shoes, they pinch my feet; I hate new hats, they pinch my forehead; I hate new coats, they put me in mind of tailor's bills. I

hate every thing new, except the New Monthly Magazine and I shall like to see if the editor rejoices in my case.

Devised to Select from Sketches from Biography, Natural and Civil History, Poetry, Anecdotes, the Arts, Essays, and Miscellaneous Miscellany.
HAMILTON, FEBRUARY 11, 1836.

The Closet.—We have reached our haven at length, and cast hope's anchor once more on the bed of futurity's ocean. And shall we be again dragged from our moorings? Prudence forefend it! The sky-winders with which we have been battle-doomed into the darkest clouds—the sweeping thumps by which we have been ricketed along, from pillow to post—the dizzy whirls with which we have been spun around by those who have made it their boast to toy with us—all these “shivering shocks” have so bewildered our brains that we should doubt the reality of our present situation, were it not for the repeated assurances of kind and attentive friends who trip as cautiously into our little cage as if they dreaded upsetting it, peering as inquisitively as though entering the gallery of fine arts, and venting the first impulse of surprise with “So you are here!”—or, “This is the Casket office!”—“or, perhaps, forgetting alike the weather and the irritability of genius, reminding us of the mortifying necessities which pushed on the event, with—“Ha! moved again.” Such unremitting hunches and hints have inspired us with a degree of something like confidence and security, though we are still, for all the world, in the very temperament to paint a day after the ball.

But at last the gossiping train have all satisfied their caprice, and left us to reconcile our perplexity by communion with Solitude. This is our natural element—the peculiar bent of our childhood. We could never profit much by the intercourse of society, nor the instructions of a second person. When a school-boy, we were sometimes put to the nonplus by the ambiguity of an arithmetical problem, and such extremes would push us into the yawning presence of our tutor; but, alas for the credit of his inseparable companion! we always forgot every word from the former, as soon as uttered, and avoided the more lasting impressions of the latter by nodding to keep up appearances; and finally retired to our bench and solved the enigma alone. So have we grown up, with our insinuating nods, yeas, and amens, while the only real commerce which we carry on with society is by our agents, the three necessities and the Press.

But now to the point. To say that we have been in some confusion is needless. To apologize for the many brittle promises which we have lavished upon the public, would be too much like looking over a large droid's bill of broken crockery, where we had had the misfortune to trip up a dining-table sagging beneath its load. But Prudence be our motto in future—not forgetting the “Nec desit ju-

cundis gratia verbis," and its donor whose career has so aptly demonstrated the convenience of *two mollos*."

"We have at length reached our haven," said we? And now prudence suggests the propriety of proving this assertion by something more tangible and constant than the assurances of friends. Our great grandfather, who was a merry old boy, used to collect from the reminiscences of his juvenile years many amusing anecdotes which we frequently find convenient. The following is much in point—An Indian, yielding to the march of improvement and civilization, had solaced his bosom to freely with *fire water*; and in the helplessness of intoxication, fell a victim to the incantations of a corps of youngsters. On awaking from his debauch, he found himself metamorphosed into one of the feathered race, the place of bear's grease and vermilion being supplied by pitch and down. He surveyed himself with astonishment, and grew skeptical of his identity. At length, he called his dog, but the animal failed to recognise his master, who consequently came to the conclusion that he was some other person. We have hit upon a similar expedient—though too poor to feed a dog, we keep a pair of slippers which always fit us when we are ourselves. Although the phantom of our apparent situation might otherwise prove us sickle as Aladin's palace, the conformation of our slippers and their appendages precludes all deception; for the peculiar turn of a scientific gentleman's *under-standing*, & all the nameless inimitabilities of a literary pair of feet, would as much mock the skill of Crispin at hoax, as the adjustment of a peaked-toad shoe to the cloven-foot of Ischizebub. * * * * They fit! And now behold us,

On three-leg'd stool by gonty table plac'd,
Whoreon in emulous confusion lay

Our standish, wafers, calendar and paste,
With all the current knowledge of the day—

But a truce to this rhyming—There will time to establish a poetical reputation, after having re-established the vehicle of our muse. We must be more staid, too, in our editorial scribbling. An impertinent fellow lately took the liberty to rally us on this subject; remarking, that when the Casket once came out with *two editorial heads*, he foresaw that the hydra would next appear with naked shoulders, in this respect. And so it turned out; for a wind that blew good to no one, unceremoniously puffed out our *lights* and left us to a Lapland night, in consequence of which our last editorial head was rather addle-brained. Now, though our prerogative allows us as many heads and horns as the beast seen by John the Revelator, or the usual number, or none at all, as caprice may will—still, for the gratification of those who look modestly into the casket without ginsaying or ridicule, we intend to cultivate a talent for writing about something or nothing, whether cheerful or moody, well or ill, by feeling or sight.

Having proceeded thus far by way of preamble, as used to say a certain prea-

cher after having sermonized us through a comfortable doze, we shall now lay open our subject. An *Editor's Closet*, notwithstanding the spells that hang about it and the curiosity with which it is visited, is of all subjects least attractive in painting—nothing of those enchanting colours and fantastic shapes delicate symmetry or sober grandeur which Nature and Art, in maturation or decay, present to the admiration of oven vulgar eyes. In short, like an allegorical non-plus, it racks metaphor for a similitude—but too hasty—one finally occurs, the Source of the Nile. We behold the endless flow of its waters, the grandeur which they acquire at a distance—the fertilizing influence of their inundations—and the extravagance of fancy, we exaggerate the origin into a mighty lake glowing and waving in splendor. But trace the river to its fountain—your expectations are quashed in a diminutive spring, a dusty garrat. Approach an editor's threshold—the damps which hover over the access presage the deeper disappointment impending. Fancy pictures you at the portal of some splendid *camera obscura*, where all the beauties of the ambient region bask on a sheet of marble—near the focus of all that is sublime and pleasing—but ah, the reverse! Having formed some plausible apology for the nervajarring medley of worn out pens, lacerated papers, fragments of glass and pipe-clay, floor dust and skeletons of bosom, soaked ashes and soggy fuel, interspersed with sundry other rubbish about the door * * * you enter a dusky apartment—a kind of *dark chamber* indeed—but instead of Imagination's splendid collection of shadows, you only meet a meagre phantom of something in human shape, a spectre whose drowsy looks accord with the somnific raylessness of the solitude, surrounded by slurred periodicals and semi-legible manuscripts, over which he sways a sceptre wrenched from some of the *Quack* lineage. He hangs up no maps, for the exhalations of pipes, cigars and lamps would soon bury them in smoky oblivion; he keeps few books, for his numerous visitants are always borrowing and forget to return; he keeps but few chairs or other furniture, for this would be robbing forums, theatres, museums, taverns and billiard-rooms of their guests. He sits there, like a humble door-keeper, to tend the great thoroughfare between obscurity and publicity. Such was the plight in which our visiters found us—nay worse—and went away perhaps disgusted. "There he sat, looking more fit to lend a pair of long ears in silence, than bray through the columns of a literary casket." Yes, there we sat, in a similarly sprawling attitude to that into which we had just pitched a huge bundle of manuscripts—some published and others unpublished, some promised and others rejected, some doubtful and some unread. * * * Oh, this moving—moving! What can have become of 'Tom Bowlin's' long Yarns, the proposed "Lectures" by "Hyginus," and "Nothing venture, Nothing

have? Translated, perhaps, to the regions whence inspiration handed them; or pilfered from their place of honour in the cock of our hat, by some pickpocket plagiarism who wishes to scrape an acquaintance with our correspondents. We shall be pushed to the necessity of enlisting a body-guard of supernuated poets and punsters, whose Argus eyes shall surply that defect in our optics which disqualifies them to trace such a line as was described by a ball from Baron Munchausen's curved rifle.

"Here John," said a venerable old gentleman to his secretary, after having pored and puzzled himself out of patience over an illegible letter—"Here, John, find out what this is, or we will both fall down and worship it; for it hath no likeness in the heavens above, nor the earth beneath, nor in any thing under the earth." And so might an editor worship, without violating the decalogue, though this is the least of his perplexities. Notwithstanding the nice rules to which Penmanship has been reduced, no two men write naturally alike—some emulate the smoothness of the copy-plate, and others imitate the writing on the wall mentioned in Daniel; but there will, after all, be such shades of difference that one may as soon identify an undisguised hand as an unmasked phiz. Why not then as rationally study the mind in the former as the latter? Nay, more so—this is the perfection of Physiognomy, and one needs no better Lavater than his own experience in this matter. Suppose we make an experimen on the aforesaid bundle. Well, having pitched them upon the table, palm, which is somewhat like shaking a bag, now let us see who came out foremost. "Straws swim on the surface," and there is an old saying that "the D—l may take the hindmost," so that the alternative of being first or last out of the bag might as well be made by slipping a copper; still, if any correspondent feels ambitious on this subject, let him communicate, before our next publication, the number where he would prefer being stationed, and a transposition shall be made in his favor.

Notes by the Way.—The proposed excursion has been made, and afforded much that was interesting, which may in a future number be submitted to our readers.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—"D. W." "Jasper Beryl," "Silena" "A Child of Solitude," and several of our former correspondents have sent us articles which were excluded for want of room.

RECEIPTS.

LETTERS.—From Daniel H. Cornell, Robert Heron, W. J. Sumner, J. W. MacCaulay, O. S. Phelps, Abel E. Barker, H. Mittleberger, Griffin Smith, H. Scadding, J. Keefer.

REMITTANCES.—H. Scadding, \$2, N. Sears \$1.

NATURAL HISTORY.

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

WRITTEN FOR THE GASKET.

THE REDBIRD.

Of all the birds of the Canadian forests, there are none more interesting in my estimation than the Redbird. Its size equals that of the Red wing Blackbird. The Redbird seldom appears till late in the spring, when its splendid colour among the deep green and rich and glossy foliage of the fresh-blowing grove is most conspicuous and beautiful. I have watched two of the mated of these birds, sitting on contiguous branches of the same tree, for long lengths of time, without any motion on the part of either; which circumstance had often led me to believe the male and female of the same colour, and that this was their manner of courtship: but from subsequent experience and observation, I found myself quite mistaken. I have since found the female to be of green colour mixed with dun; and that this inexplicable conduct of the males was the result of contention for some favourite mistress. Such is the chivalric love of birds. Although the song of this bird is not long, still its whistle and notes are not excelled by any of our sylvan songsters. I have never observed the female sing; but the male, among the thickly waving tops of the maple, ash or beech, has often delighted me at morn or sun-set with his mellow notes. During the time of incubation with the female, he can often be heard to utter a harsh and grating cry. He seldom visits the nest of his partner till the young are hatched; whereas, on the contrary, the female may always be seen about the nest, of which she is extremely careful, and shows her anxiety at the approach of large birds by elating her feathers and uttering harsh sounds.

CAROLUS.

Charles Darwin

SKELETONS OF LEAVES, FLOWERS, &c.
—We often see in museums and scientific collections, those beautiful and delicate preparations, which afford the reflective mind materials for contemplation, at the creative power of the Omnipotent Deity. The manner in which these specimens, or skeleton leaves, as they are denominated, are made has been kept a profound secret by those who are in the habit of making them; but the method is extremely simple, and performed as follows:—The leaves are to be placed in a small portion of water until it is perfectly putrid, and for this purpose hot water is to be preferred; it is then to be taken out and laid upon a marble slab, or flat surface; a delicate stream of clear water is then gently to be poured upon it, and thus the putrid particles are washed away, leaving nothing behind but a series of apparently woody fibres, or sap vessels, which constitute a beautiful net-work, particularly in the smaller leaves. This operation being performed, it is to be placed in its natural situation to dry, and when this is accomplished, it may be glued on a table of black velvet (as is usually done,) placed in a glazed frame, or glass case as fancy

may direct. This being done, it may be put in a museum, and be preserved for years. Until the student is *au-fait* in these preparations, he should commence his experiments with the largest leaves, as he will be less likely to fail, than with the more delicate.—*Scientific Gaz.*

THE SNOW-BIRD.

The Snow-Bird of America is remarked among ornithologists for the obscurity which hangs round its history. On the first approach of winter it suddenly makes its appearance at the farm house, apparently driven by the inclemency of the weather to court the society of man. Whence it comes, no one can tell; and whither it goes, (for his exit is as sudden as its entrance) no one has yet been able to discover. It is supposed to be in reality another bird; only that its plumes by some mysterious and irresistible power, has been suddenly changed. It delights to loiter near hay ricks, feeding on the wheat they contain while in very bleak weather, when the ground is clad with universal snow, and the air is piercingly cold, it may be easily attracted to the parlor windows, by throwing fourth a few crumbs—the desolation of its lot causing it to forget its natural fear of man. There is a feeling of melancholy passes over the mind when the bleak and dreary landscape, deserted by all other tenants of the air, is only enlivened with the presence of the mournful Snow-Bird. Yet, even in the bitterest weather, he is always gay and lively; and the desolation of the scenery around him seems to have no saddening effect upon his cheerful heart.

POETRY.

The author of the following piece has sent us several articles of poetry, but does not say whether they were ever published. We admire his effusions, and shall publish all in their turn.

I'D LET HER ALONE TO BE SURE.

If the maid I adored, so faithful and true,
My presence would never endure,
The case would be trying and what should I do?
Oh, I'd let her alone, to be sure.
I'd say to her "go and do as you will;
Find some one whose love is more pure,"
For I never could bear to wish her an ill;
And I'd let her alone, to be sure.
There's another, I'd say, whose eyes glow as bright,
As sweetly as her's ever could;
Whose countenance beams with as noble a light—
And I'd let her alone so I would.
There are others, I'd tell her, whose faces are clad
With smiles as delightful and pure;
Who'd smile e'en thro' tears, when I am seen sad—
And I'd let her alone to be sure.
There are others, whose tears flow as softly & sweet,
Whose hearts with kind pity can bleed,
Whose presence can make the dull hours as fleet—
And I'd let her alone, sir, indeed.
Then what should I care for the maid proud and coy,
That cannot my presence endure;
There are others who'd give me a welcome with joy
And I'd let her alone to be sure.

W. E. H. E.

WRITTEN FOR THE GASKET.

A FRAGMENT.

O happy days for you I sigh—
The days when I was young;
When innocence play'd in mine eye,
And virtue taught my tongue.
When this gay world's delusive scene,
To me was little known,
And I liv'd happy and serene,
Beneath a peaceful home.
My hours were past with gay delight;
All then was bliss to me;
No dark foreboding seem'd to blight
Sweet homo's felicity.
But ah, those happy days are fled;
Short have my pleasures been;
Reflection fills my soul with dread,
My heart with sorrows keen.
My flattering lips forbid me tell
When all my woes began;
When innocence a victim fell
To vain deceitful man.
For man my early ruin sought,
Which caus'd me far to roam—
My heart feels broken at the thought
When first I left my home.
O happy days! for you I sigh—
The days when I was young,
When innocence play'd in mine eye,
And virtue taught my tongue.

G. H.

AGENTS FOR THE GASKET.

Messrs. G. W. Whitehead, *Burford*; J. Williamson, *Stoney Creek*; Henry Neiles, *Grimsby*; H. Mittleberger, *St. Catharines*; John Crooks, *Niagara*; W. J. Sumner, *Nelson*; J. H. VanEvery, *O. W. Everett, Paris*; J. Harris, *West Flamboro'*; A. Bates, *Wellington Square*; Robert Heron, *London*; David Gillet, *Norwich*; William Clay, *Streetsville*; J. B. Spraggo, *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, *Dunnville*; Abel E. Barker, *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*;

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THE CASKET.

With a soft sigh
 From the heart of the
 The world rolls on—away

Finally the west horizon gleams,
 Still crimson'd with the sun's last beams;
 And fancy in the lingering light
 With magic visions mocks the sight.

The world rolls on—away
 To other climes now flies the day:
 Thick thro' these pines the gloom descends,
 Their lofty tops the night wind bends.

Does these some dark unearthly power
 Oppress my spirits at this hour;
 Or dimly in my startled sight,
 Stands there some bold infernal spright,
 Such as the murderer's pillow haunt,
 With blood red eyes, and visage gaunt.

Ah no! the spell that o'er me throws
 Its music over my spirit flows,
 More softly than a flood of joy
 Bursts on the soul without alloy,
 When entering on a world of bliss
 From the troubled scenes of this.

And ah! the form my fancy views,
 Is lovelier than Bernesean hues,
 When like fair glorious spirits of light
 They flit away the verge of night.

But as the wild deer of the woods
 When sporting near their favorite floods,
 With curious eyes a moment stay
 To gaze on you—then flee away;
 So transient L * * * is the joy
 When thoughts of you my mind employ.

As the swift meteor's short lived light
 Leaves deeper shades upon our sight;
 So to my glowing fancy brought
 With thy loved form, unasked, unsought,
 The fates appear in dark array;
 And all my golden dreams betray.

Nor need I a prophetic mind
 To read my destiny unkind;
 For have not thrice mine years been tried,
 Has not each rolling year replied,
 That each bright hope but plumes its way,
 To quicken disappointment's sting.

Even thou, whose innate sense refined
 With admiration filled my mind,
 Perhaps by wayward fortune driven,
 Shalt fall, (prevent it gracious heaven,)
 A prey to some unfeeling one,
 Whom kindness smiles in vain upon:

Whose form of bland desceptive kind
 Enshrines a selfish brutish mind;
 So strange the fates employ
 To poison every earthly joy.

Is there a wretch whose countless crimes
 Ask vengeance doubled seven times;
 Great God! anow his native mould
 And in his opening mind unfold
 Ruds of sincerity—impart
 To him a deeply feeling heart:
 Give every generous impulse birth;
 Place him thus forward upon the earth,
 And ere he thirty courses run
 With our swift orb around the sun,
 Stern justice will in pity weep,
 To see his slighted feelings sweep
 Across the life chords of his heart;
 And worse than hell's fierce pang impart.

Mad with the scene impatience burns;
 And reasons wavering influence spurns.
 Oh! that yon spangled stars would fly
 In wild disorder through the sky;
 And mingling tempests fiercely roll;
 And sweep the earth from either pole.

High on some frowning rock I'd stand,
 That overlooked the groaving land;
 And laugh at the destroying wind,
 So like the tempest in my mind;
 Till by the furious whirlwinds caught
 Thro' the fast dark'ning air I'd float,
 Far in the o'ceans boiling wave,
 When no human art could save:
 Oh then the tossing deep would ouench
 My burning thoughts—

But true to such ungoverned spicen,
 Let me with candour view the scene;
 And let not all my hopes and fears
 Lie bound within a few short years.
 Come, thou, that ever pointing stands
 To future joys, and fairy lands
 Come, Hope, no longer gild the toys,
 That cheat me with untasted joys:
 Leave this strange chaos to despair,
 But lead me on to scenes more fair:
 For thou, I know, canst truly tell
 Where truth and generous spirits dwell:
 Oh! firmly nerve my fainting heart
 Thro' joyless life to bear my part.

Roll on then, Time, more swiftly roll,
 More swiftly urge me to the goal;
 Shake, thou, my limbs with age and pain
 Since thou must make me young again:
 For the last sigh that heaves this mortal
 frame,
 Shall fan my spirit to a brighter flame.

AN OLD JOKE IN A NEW DRESS.
 "However you may snurr," says Ned,
 "My friend's no fool—he has a head,"
 "True" says the other with a grin,
 "He has a head—so has a pin."

FOR THE CASKET.

FIRST LOVE'S IMMUTABILITY.
 When first his torch lit up my soul,
 Is down on Cupid's docket—
 Since then my head is Passion's scroll;
 My heart is Beauty's locker,
 In which, with memory's jewels set,
 Her likeness glows as fair
 And fresh as when our eyes first met,
 Oh, I remember where.

Beneath my native villago spire,
 Where Habit's potent spell
 Attracted many a dame and sire,
 And Fashion many a belle—
 There came the devil on two sticks,*
 Dress'd in a fair disguise;
 And, imp! by fascinating tricks,
 Caught me with Beauty's eyes.

I loved but once—I love but one,
 To whom I'll constant prove—
 But "deepest waters stillest run,"
 And so it is in Love:
 With silent vows and sighs suppress'd,
 I cherish'd long her name,
 And hoped she still might make me blest,
 But dared not own my flame.

Since aye my tongue would faultier when
 It pleas'd my poor behalf,
 I chose an Aaron in my pen,
 To introduce—a calf—
 Myself, in ardent billet doux;
 But when I sat me down,
 By sheepish proxy thus to woo,
 The Graces seem'd to frown.

Curs'd Diffidence! though wisdom's mark,
 As sure the course of sorrow—
 Only for thee, I had been spark,
 And dared a grace to borrow.
 I doubted till a bolder beau
 By storm his suit had carried—
 'Tis now too late my worth to show,
 For they, alas! are married.

Did she not love? Ha! I suspect;
 For once she eyed me kindly—
 Perhaps upbraided my neglect:
 "Coward, to doubt so blindly!"
 Did I once ask and she refuse?
 No—that my pride had bitten.
 Well, I must wait her husband's shoes.
 If not his widow's mitten.

HEIGH-HO.

TIME.

"Unfathomable sea! whose waves and years:
 Ocean of time, whose waters of deep woe
 Are brackish with the salt of human tears."

*A new name for the god of love.

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A. CROSMAN, Publisher.