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CANADIAN CASSET.

NEC DESIT JUCUNDIS GRATIA VERBIS.

VOLUME I.

HAMILTON, MAY 5, 1832.

NUMBER 12.

SELECT TALES.

"To hold the mirror up to Nature."

FOR THE CASSET.

THE LOVERS OF THE FOREST.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

At noon when he came in from work his sister had returned, and he was anxious to know how Fanny had borne what he intended as a punishment, but was mortified when she told him that she had never seen her in better spirits. This was, however, a mere artifice of Fanny's, to retort the pain he had inflicted by his absence. Out of humor with himself and every thing else, he went out where he had a number of men engaged in piling up logs. About 3 o'clock, as he was busily engaged in driving a team, he was much surprised at the well-known sound of his father's horn, an unusual thing at that hour.

"There is something wrong at home," said William; "here Robert, drive the oxen till I come back." Saying this, he threw down the whip, put on his coat, and walked hastily towards home, puzzling himself to discover a cause for the alarm. His suspense however, was soon ended, by a dreadful certainty.—His sister met him, breathless and agitated: "Fanny Homes is lost in the woods," fell upon him like a thunder-bolt, and transfixed him to the spot.

We shall leave him there a moment, to recover his self-possession, while we inform the reader that the valley where the wild currants grew in the greatest profusion, was about a half mile within the boundary of one of those large and uninhabited tracts of forest that are often found, even in the neighborhood of thriving settlements. The two friends had separated, where two paths led to their respective homes.—That taken by Fanny, was not only intricate, but was also intersected by others which led into the forest. Mrs. Homes, alarmed at her daughter's absence, had sent a servant to the valley; who, unable to discover traces of her, proceeded to Mr. Parnel's, with a hope that she had accompanied her friend, and by this means the alarm was given.

William now flew home, took down his rifle, put some bread in his pocket, and dashed into the forest, madly resolving never to return without her.—When he arrived at the valley, her parents were there before him: when he saw their looks of despair, and heard the name of 'Fanny! Fauny!' resounding through hill and dale, he exclaimed in tones of thrilling agony, "Oh! if I had been with her, which was prevented by my wretched folly, things would not have been thus."

With a heart almost bursting, he left those whom he could not relieve. He had not proceeded far before he found a path which the wanderer had marked with her footsteps; but it was soon

lost among the leaves that covered the ground. Travelling on in the same direction for several miles, he came to a creek, the banks of which he followed, examining them with the closest scrutiny, and at last discovered that she had crossed the stream; but the dark shades of evening had gathered around and he could see no more. To kindle a fire in the shattered trunk of a tree, was the work of only a few minutes; then stripping some bark from a neighboring hickory, he made a torch, with which he perambulated the neighboring woods, calling upon his Fanny! but the owl alone responded to his cry. Weary and dejected, about midnight he returned to his fire; but the howling of the wolves in the distance, were like daggers to his heart. Fancy represented to his tortured imagination, the form of his beloved Fanny torn to pieces by these savage monsters; he then fell down on his knees and prayed in an agony of supplication to Him who alone could save her from their ruthless fangs.

(To be Continued.)

THE COUNTRY BACHELOR.

BY JOHN NEAL.

Bill Simpkins was a clever sort of a fellow, living in one of our country towns, with money enough, sense enough, and just education enough, to be a pretty respectable sort of a man. Bill wasn't much of a dandy, though he did have money. He was a great gawky-looking man, with a puritanic face, which some of the girls, by way of a joke, called a hatchet face. He wore cowhide boots, a homespun coat, and a streaked handkerchief, that was tied with such a knot as none but Bill Simpkins could tie.

Bill, to use his own language, always had a ternal longing after the girls.—He never ventured to be very intimate with any one but his own family since he was two feet high; yet there was not a girl in the neighborhood whom Bill had not edged round, or stuck up to. Bill didn't do his courting by making his visits on a Sunday night, and sitting down in the kitchen, talking nonsense, pulling fingers, or casting sheep's eyes; but when he saw a girl that he took a shine to, he dressed up in his best bib and tucker; tied his cravat in his best knot; greased his boots; run a pipe stem through the locks of his hair about his ears, so as to curl them up like a cigar, and then strutted off to the dear one's house. Yet Bill never had the courage to enter a house, though he has sworn to do it a thousand times. Often, to be sure, he would get up under the windows and

peep in to see what Polly or Kate was about; and he has even taken his jack knife out to knock on the door, so as to hear the "come in" of Squire Topknot, but he never but once had the courage to knock, and then his heart failed him and he run off full tilt, as soon as they bade him come in. All the while, there was not a girl in the neighborhood who had not made quiltings and got up serapes on purpose to get Bill Simpkins there. Squire Topknot's daughter, Kate, had got a half a dozen quilts all made up, on purpose for him, I was going to say. Poll Jones had had quilting after quilting, and she always had her eyes pretty sharp on Bill whenever he came with the rest of the 'fellers.' The fact is, Bill Simpkins had two or three good farms left him by his father, and he had a house too, all fitted up; and therefore he was a slick prize to any of the gals that could catch him. Bill was no fool of a beau neither, when he was in company. All the gals owned he was the cutest fellow for a scrape, just get him set out, that ever danced a double shuffle, or played hunt the thimble. The ruination of Bill was his bashfulness or sheepishness as the girls called it. Put him alone and he couldn't say his soul was his own. I have known him to go home many a time with Suky Dyer, and for a mile and a half on a stretch, all he could find to say was, "My plaguey bad going," or "'tis quite shoshy," or something of that sort.—One cold night, I believe he did get hold of Suky's hand, but it frightened him so that he blushed back to his ears, and felt very much like a fool.

Bill was now getting to be in his 29th year, and began to feel quite serious. 'There' said he to himself one day, 'here was Kate Topknot, I might have had her, and she was a whale of a gal. I remember well when she turned up her plaguey black eyes to me, when the moon shined right in our faces, and said (oh how I felt) "Mr. Simpkins, this is the very time for falling in love. 'Tis hard to keep one's heart from going pit-a-pat!" What a fool I was, I didn't pop the question then. I know she wanted me too. I only said—yes 'tis, Miss Topknot; and looked askilling as I could, and squeezed up her arm a little. Oh, you fool, Bill Simpkins why didn't you tell her she was was the gal you liked, and not go like a great booby, and kiss the coat where her arm touched. But she's gone now—she was married three years come next Christmas night.

"There was"—(Bill continued his soliloquy) "Poll Jones, I liked Poll; she was a masterpiece for fun, and

when she was on her high heels nobody could come up to her. Poll always used to come a good way to kiss me, whenever we used to play pawns; and I always thought she liked the fun as well as the rest of us. But she's married too, and doesn't like her husband a bit, they say. I wish her name was Simpkins this very moment. How it would sound—Mrs. Simpkins! Mr. Simpkins! Mrs. Simpkins! ha, ha, haw!

"There was Suky Dyer, to tell the real truth, her I liked better than any of the others. I knew she liked me as well as I did her, for she used to come over to our house every day for just nothing at all; and though I was always plagny glad to see her, yet never could find any thing to say. Yes, Suky did once say to me, out by that very well, not a year ago, 'squire Simpkins, you'll be an old bachelor one these days, if you don't marry some of the pretty gals in the country. I should ha' thought you would have been married a good while ago, and not live alone in this great castle, so well fitted up.' Oh, that was the very jolliest moment of my life. I was just a going to say—Suky, won't you have me! when odd rot the luck, as I stepped forward to grab hold of her hand, I tripped up and fell splash into the mud puddle, and covered myself and her too all over with dirt. Suky Dyer laughed! she did, so sure as I breathe; cuss her, says I to myself, she shall never live in my house."

Things were going on pretty much in this style, and Bill turned thirty, when a handsome looking miliner came up from the town to stay with her cousin a week or so, to enjoy the country air. Miss Henrietta Augustine Adeline Jefferson Bolingbroke, for that was her name, had heard about the rich Squire (he had got to be a Squire four years ago) and she had no sort of objection to catching him if she could, for ten thousand dollars were no small sum in her estimation. "The time might come," she said, "when she might turn thirty unmarried; and she could not bear the thought of being called an old maid; that she couldn't." Miss Henrietta Bolingbrook, (her ladyship will excuse the printer for omitting some of her names so as to save room) put on her prettiest curls, and her prettiest buff gown, with her great sleeves and other accoutrements, and started off on the very next Sunday after her arrival, to meeting. Bill was there too, and had dressed himself with more than ordinary care. He went down to the 'corner' the day before to buy him a bran new white hat. In this he rigged

out next Sabbath. Bill had'n't forgot his curling tongs and pomatum, and what's more wonderful, he not only greased his boots, but blacked them over with blackball, and spent the whole morning in brushing them to make them shine. But they wer'nt used to shining, and he might work on them to doom's day before they would glisten. No sooner had Bill got fairly into the pew, than Miss Bolingbroke turned upon him her killing yes, and he was done up for it in a snap. Bill felt queer. His heart beat against his sides dreadfully, and he had to grasp them with both of his iron paws, lest it should beat a hole. "Oh," said Bill to himself, 'did you ever! ever! oh, thunder, what a beauty! oh thunder! oh how I feel! oh, thunder! thunder! thunder!"

Miss Bolingbroke's ogles killed the poor squire. He was fairly done up; and as soon as the service was over, he made for home, and full of desperation indited the following letter to "Miss Henrietta Augustine Adeline Jefferson Bolingbroke."

"My dear madam,—(Bill was a novice in the business) 'I had the—Bill had got so far in his letter when he took to fumbling the dictionary for a word to splice in here, and after much tribulation he found—'inexpressible satisfaction of getting a squint at you at meeting to-day.' Bill got through this period without any great trouble, but he put his pen into the inkstand more than four thousand times before he could catch up another idea. He turned over his dictionary in vain; and he scratched his head all to no purpose. At last he nabbed a ragged tho't and crooked it up thus—'You've heard I guess of Squire Simpkins.' Bill was puzzled again; but at half past five in the afternoon, after he had been sweating and tugging full four hours over the periods, he burst forth thus—'he's smashed with you, and I am he, and I want to know if you'll have me.'—'There, there,' said Bill in proud satisfaction, 'there is a note worthy o' Squire Simpkins. Poetry too by gosh; hear it:

And I am he,
And I want to know if you'll have me.

Bill copied his letter, did it up beautifully, though he greased the outside all over, directed it as well as he could, sent it by his 'help,' who by the way was the kitchen maid, and by seven, with his mouth as wide open as a hog'shead with the head stove out, he opened the following answer, elegantly written in a female hand.

"Mr. Simpkins: it gives me great pleasure to find that I am noticed by so

distinguished a gentleman as yourself. Be assured, sir, I have often heard of your merits, for you have not a neighbor who does not sing your praises. In regard to your proposal, it is of so delicate a nature, that I must defer answering it for the present, though I should be happy to have an interview with you tomorrow. A matrimonial engagement is of so much importance, that it should not be entered upon rashly, nor unadvisedly. Yet, sir, I cannot but feel proud in receiving such a proposal from such a source.

Yours respectfully,

H. A. A. J. BOLINGBROKE."

"That means yes—it does—it does"—Bill bawled out vociferously. 'I know'd she'd have me. See what I've gained by waiting. How the pretty Mrs. Simpkins will look under my arm.'

In three weeks from the next Sunday, Miss Bolingbroke was Mrs. Simpkins; but the gods could'n't describe what a figure was cut by the Jonathan-like squire, with his great body, legs and paws, and the little echo that he had under his arm, not bigger than his two thumbs.—[American paper.

MISCELLANY.

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

Selected.

UNCERTAINTY OF INFANT PROMISE.

The tempers of children are so various that some display their powers as soon as they speak. Pope lisped in numbers: some even presignify their glory before they articulate; as in certain latitudes the sun is discernible, though for days and weeks he never rises above the horizon; while others, and the most famous, have been tardy in unfolding their abilities. Robert of Sicily, though most famous for his learning and genius, was so torpid when a boy that he was with difficulty taught the rudiments of grammar. Claude, the unrivalled master of the dressed landscape, was a dull youth. La Fontaine had not the spirit of poetry awakened in him before his twenty-second year. Dryden gave no public testimony of his talents before he was twenty-seven. And Cowper did not become an author till he was fifty. On the contrary, Baratiere, John Condiac, and other boys of surprising abilities, produced nothing meritorious. Their minds, like those bodies which rapidly exceed the common growth, quickly decay, while those of ordinary stature attain confirmed strength, and long-lived maturity.—[Ensor's Independent Man.

THE NORMANS.

A SKETCH OF MANNERS.

Translated from the French for the Winchester Republican.

Two men came forward, one carrying a basket under his arm, the other a little cotton bag. "Which of you is the plaintiff?" demanded the judge, "It is me, your honor," said the man with the basket. "What have you to say—what do you complain of." "I have chickens at home, your honor, and beautiful chickens; my neighbor, there, whom I have summoned, entices them away, under pretext of feeding them—but in reality, in the wickedness and blackness of his heart, to treat them, poor little innocents, as you will soon see your honor." And he drew from his basket and placed in the midst of the audience a cock completely stripped of his feathers. The poor animal, ashamed, shivering, flying from the shouts of the assembly, sought to hide his melancholy nudity.

The defendant, interrogated, confessed the fact, a fact in his opinion very excusable. "I am, as every body knows, a poor shoe-maker. Two years ago, I was forced to ask a little money of my neighbor, who lent it to me; I thanked him for it. I was to return it at the end of the year: the end of the year came, your honor, and no money with it; and my neighbor demanded the money he had advanced, with the little interest, as was just. Nothing to pay, what could I do? One day he came to my house, and after shutting the door, alone with me, he said, 'Friend, have you any money? I am in want of some.' I did not know what to say, and I said nothing.—'Friend,' said he, a second time, 'have you any money? I lent you mine to oblige you, you know it; it is with that you have bought your bread; it is, then, my corn and my bread that has nourished you; it is time that you return it.' I, who had nothing to return, what could I say? Nothing, and I held my tongue. 'Do you think to pay me by your silence?' said he, at last, getting angry. 'A third time, friend, have you any money? This is for the last time; and if you have no money, the coat you have on suits me, and I will take it. Do you think, then, you are going so well dressed (it was Sunday, your honor,) while I, to oblige you, am forced to inconvenience myself?' Saying that, as I was still silent, he took off my coat, your honor; I made some objections, but he took it nevertheless, and as he was going, Hark'ee, said he, 'I shall put it in my closet; I shall leave it there two months; and if, at the end of that time,

you do not pay me my money, I shall consider it as mine? Ask him if it is not true.

"Nevertheless, your honor, his chickens came every day on my premises; like a good neighbor, I let them come; they went in my barn and picked the grain; how often have they not eaten my children's bread. I did not complain of it; between neighbors such things should be suffered; but, gift for gift. At last I was tired of it. One day the cock was in my barn—I found him there; I shut the door, and alone with him, I said, 'What are you doing here? it is my property you are eating, it is my corn that nourishes you; I expect you will pay me. Have you any money? Answer me, neighbor.' Mum. A second time, 'have you any money?' Not a word. For the third and last time, 'have you any money?' The same silence; the neighbor looked at me without saying a word. 'Ah! you do not answer me—one who says nothing does not pay, my friend. You have no money, that is possible; but you have there a dress that suits me; I want a pillow for my child. Do you think, then, you are going to strut so proudly under your fine plumage, when I am dying for want of bread? no, my friend, not so.' Saying that, I caught him, and notwithstanding some little objections on his part, I took off his coat. I showed him that I put it in a little bag, where it is yet, your honor, and this is what I said to him: 'Hark'ee, if, in two months from this time, you pay me my grain or the money, which you choose, you may be sure that I will return you your coat; if not, it is mine.' He is here to tell the contrary if I have said what is false, your honor, and here is my bag, which I will return to him when he chooses, when he returns my grain. As others do to you, do thou—this is the law of equity."

The audience greeted him with shouts of laughter; the judge alone preserved his gravity. A Norman judge does not laugh so easily. What he pronounced I will not tell you; but I ask you, how should you have decided the affair?

NATURAL HISTORY.

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

FOR THE CASSET.

METAMORPHOSIS OF INSECTS.

The different states of being through which various kinds of insects pass before they arrive at the ultimate one, is a wonderful phenomena in nature; at the contemplation of which, our minds are apt to be overwhelmed with the wonderful effects

of the living principle. What for instance, is more surprising than the different stages of existence through which the little gay and sportive butterfly passes, ere its final exit upon the fragrant breath of spring? The mother butterfly lays her small round shining eggs in a bunch, on some leaf, choosing in preference to others, those of the cherry, mulberry or some tender leaved tree, as soon as the foliage begins to expand. From these eggs proceed the loathsome caterpillars, which begin their existence by spinning about them a dirty web, intermingling with it the contiguous leaves. One would hardly imagine that so loathsome and sluggish a worm, poisoning every thing within its reach, and withering the foliage of the tree by its touch, was ever doomed to take upon itself the beautiful form and the rainbow tints of the innocent butterfly—sporting among the sweets of the mead or the flowery garden—sipping the honeyed fragrance of the most delicate flowers—which, had it touched in another state of existence, would have withered in a moment. One would hardly have imagined that the little worm crawling on its mother dirt, was in a year's time destined to assume the variegated tints of the butterfly, and soar in pride amid the air upon pinions streaked with gold. But, ere it becomes a butterfly, it has to be a chrysalis, wrapped in an apparently lifeless shade, having spun around it a protecting house of strong natural cloth, suspended from a bough, or fastened in some nook, it braves the beating storm, and the winter's cold; sunk in the silence of an apparent non-entity—an eternal sleep:—but doomed ere long (warmed into being by the genial rays of the distant Phœbus) to arise in beauty upon a smiling world—from breathless sleep, to joy again! Perhaps christians, an emblem, a divine light of nature, of your transformation from corruptness to immortal purity! when at the resurrection day, at the deafening trump of joy, throwing aside the shade of death and his loathsome oppression upon wings of immortality, gilded with the brightness of joy, you will light upon the fields of eternal bliss—immortal joy, beneath the countenance of an approving God.

Various kinds of other insects undergo a similar operation of nature. The ant, for instance, is a winged insect previous to its destined being. We see in summer the ants upon our apple and plumb trees, upon which they deposit blackish eggs. These eggs in a little while are animated and small flies, quite dissimilar to the ant that left there appear. They vanish, but no doubt pass to their intended state of being. Likewise, the common mosquito lays its eggs on the water, upon which they swim in bunches until warmed into life they assume the shape of worms or little eels, and skip and swim and play in the water, as if it was their intended element; but in a little time having taken upon them wings, legs and smellers, they fly on the wind, crawl on the earth, and live upon the blood of animals.

Such are the wonders of nature! such is the greatness of God! The more we pry

into His works, the more insuperable become the difficulties in conceiving or understanding them! It will lessen our wonder at the various transformations of insects some, by considering that by a process of nature, the same body we occupied seven years ago, is since then entirely renovated. The body we occupy now, in seven years from this time, will have entirely changed its materials, and new flesh and bones will be substituted in its place; although the operation of nature is so gradual that we are unconscious of it. The Pythagorean doctrine of the Metempsychosis or transmigration of souls into other bodies, would bear some resemblance to the transformation of insects. Pythagoras strenuously supported the belief, that he was the same person with Euphorbus, one of the Trojan warriors; and said that he was conscious of having done, when that person things imputed to him.

Thus butterflies, although they chiefly delight in skimming the flowery meadow, or sporting among the scented blossoms, still retain a consciousness apparently, of a former state of being, as we frequently see them sitting on mud, and sometimes on putrid animal or vegetable matter.

BRITON.

ESSAYS.

"The soft amusement of the vacant mind."

FOR THE CANADIAN CASKET.
INSTINCT IN ANIMALS.

The influence—the principle called instinct exercises over the animal creation, is truly wonderful. We indeed feel often constrained by a strict scrutiny into, and careful observation of the actions of animals, to admit a certain degree of rationality, reflection and intelligence in them.—Instinct in its primary sense, seems to be an essential and accompanying property, or quality of the living principle, or an impulsive principle attached to the animal creation and in an imperfect degree to vegetable creation, inseparable from life and a law resulting from the action of the living principle on passive matter. In the growth of vegetables there are indications of instinct: thus, place a plant in any dark place, hidden from the sun, and admit but a small degree of light through some hole; in this situation you will find its head or direction of growth, instinctively tend towards the rays of light. Again, place a seed in any direction or position, and the germ will grow towards the sun, and it is impossible to direct it in any other way. Dumb brutes often evince in their conduct, what according to the above description of instinct, can hardly be reconciled with it. Instinct cannot be construed into intelligence or reflection; for the moment these are added to it, it is no more an impulse of nature, but an acquired attribute. When the dog leaps into the water after his master and drags him out—defends him when abused; or directs to some lamentable scene his unsuspecting master: Can such conduct be called an impulsive instinct?—We must hesitate to own it. It surely betrays the action of intelligence or reflec-

tion. The instances of intelligence in the elephant—the monkey tribe, and the beaver, are equally striking and remarkable. Elephants are known to harbor revenge for years, and have even been detected in acts of humanity. It cannot be from instinct that the beaver knows the direction of the stream, and builds his dam accordingly. Indeed the actions of animals at various times are unaccountable for, in any other way than by the immediate direction of an invisible Providence, or the endowment of a certain degree of intelligence and reflecting faculty. I have seen a female pigeon leave her nest, for the purpose I supposed of feeding, when the cock pigeon, as if by some previous understanding, would regularly occupy the nest in her absence, without having any apparent communication with the female. Were this to occur every time she left the nest, it might be called instinct; but it is only at stated times that they thus exchange places. For curiosity I have removed a worm or caterpillar from a hop vine, and have returned and found it occupying the same place or vine. Such a thing might occur by accident once; but when having repeated the same thing several times, and removed the worm some rods from the place, to find it repeatedly return to the same stem, argues strongly for some superior directing power; or at any rate, a remarkable acuteness of smell, as they are incapable of seeing. In the migration of birds and fishes, we find the same invisible directing power; but this power, whether it is instinct, an immediate directing Providence, or intelligence is not general or confined to one line of action. Thus many birds never leave us at all, but are stationary the year round; and it appears not to be a choice in those that do leave us that impels them to migrate, but a foresight of necessity which does not necessarily belong to animal life, but seems rather a substitute for the reflecting power in us. And in the torpid state of animals there is an entire exception again, to the general impulse for migrating; yet we call all this instinct, a term in itself quite vague. This conduct of birds cannot necessarily proceed from the action of the living principle, or an undeviating instinct. Why should one species of swallow remain torpid in the banks of lakes and rivers, more than another, having at the same time the same means of escape? not certainly from instinct, but rather say intelligence, or the guidance of Providence. BRITON.

THE PRINCIPLE OF LIFE—

WHAT IS IT?

"This invisible and long-sought-for principle is in the blood of animal."—Briton. Casket Vol. I. No. 10.

The above question has given rise to many plausible theories, which after all the ingenuity of the most learned philosophers to support, have failed; and its answer yet remains beyond our ken. The answer quoted is so positive that I hardly dare offer any comment; but a few remarks will, I

think, make apparent that the principle of life is not "in the blood of animals."

Animals are organized bodies, whose organs have functions belonging to each separably; and it is plain that FUNCTIONS do not precede their organs, no more than an effect can precede its cause. Now, as functions are the effects of which organs are the cause, and effects do never precede their cause, it follows evidently that functions do never exist without organs. Life depends on organization and there is no substance which has life without it possesses organization.—Life is an assemblage and a series of functions, but it would be absurd to say that one of its functions precedes all of its organs. As well might it be said that digestion can exist without digestive organs; respiration without respiratory organs; circulation without circulatory organs; vision, hearing, tasting, smelling, touch, without visuals, auditory's, olfactory, tactiles, &c. as to say that an animal's blood is its life; because, blood is only the *product* of certain organs, and continually depending upon these organs for its existence. Blood exists where there is no life, which it could not do if it were itself the principle of life—all the blood must be withdrawn from a body, if this were true, to produce the absence of life. But organs may exist without life and it would be an abuse of reason to say that life and they have no necessary dependence, since they are able to exist separately. As well might we say that the movement of a clock is independent of the clock itself, since the clock can exist without a movement. It is only organization ceasing to be fit for moving itself by a modification which has happened to some of its parts, and not any necessary independence. I infer from this that life is nothing else than organic disposition necessary to movement. We receive this disposition at birth. The machine is then wound up; it goes on till something either naturally or accidentally gets out of order; so that the principle of life emanates from the hand of the Creator, and is kept in action by organs which manufacture its supporters, one of which is the blood. Consequently, when a body exists without life, it is the organic dispositions which have suffered derangement. All animal and vegetable structures, it is true, are formed out of fluids, but it does not follow from hence that these fluids are the life; for the most beautiful specimens of stone are sometimes formed in like manner.

If "the action of breathing depends

upon the blood," I confess I am ignorant of the physiology of respiration.-- I am aware "it throws off a certain degree of impurity," but that it "receives a corresponding quantity (of impurity) from respiration," is new theory to me. What corresponding quantity of impurity does it receive? In what way is breathing dependant on the blood? I would rather be inclined to think that the blood is depending on breathing; for, if the blood by passing thro' the lungs throws off its impurity, and thereby fits it for the nourishment of the system, which is the fact, the blood is dependant on breathing. Then the blood, or this vital principle, is depending on the air for vitality, and yet it is the principle of animal life! Man "became a living soul by the breath of life being breathed into his nostrils."

If blood be the vital principle, why is it that the doctors abstract blood?—The only answer is, that their patients are possessed of too much life, which is self-evident absurdity. But if you take away the blood, "the heart having nothing to act upon, immediate death ensues." So then, death is produced from the heart having nothing to act upon, and not from a lack of this vital principle! In whatever state, place or shape we behold animal life, whether in the meanest reptile that crawls, or in the lordly master of the desert, from that which is hardly a link from the inanimate nature to man, the noblest work of God, life in itself is essentially the same, and supported by the same means. All animals require food;—from their food their blood is made, and from their blood the growth and nourishment of their bodies are derived, until the organs which are subservient to nature's powers are impaired by disease or casualties, or worn out by long and continued action.

The more intimate we become with the machinery by which the operations of nature are performed, the more we shall have occasion to admire their great simplicity and their just adaption to each other for the perfection and continuance of one stupendous whole, and the greater will be our admiration of the Creator; who informs us in the sacred scriptures that this vital principle of man is to be again invested with a bodily shape or organism in its future state, with an organism through which it is to feel.

D. M. B.

Mr. A. formerly a member of the Constituent Assembly, now dead, ascended the tribune but once. "Gentlemen," said he, "man is an animal * *;" awed by the imposing aspect of the Assembly, he stopped short. A member exclaimed, "I move that

the speech be printed, with the portrait of the orator prefixed."

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.

MUSTACHIAL BRISTLES OF ANIMALS.

By Vrolick of Amsterdam.

Being convinced (says Vrolick) that the mustaches of several mammifera, such as the seal and cats, are peculiar organs of touch, I made choice of the rabbit for trying some experiments upon the subject.— This animal passing the greater part of its life in warrens, where the light cannot penetrate, this circumstance seemed to me to render it better adapted for the object of the inquiries which I had proposed to myself, its mustaches being also long and pretty numerous. I found in this animal the same division and distribution of the nervous filaments, in the bulbs of the mustaches as in seals and cats in general, a circumstance which removed all my doubts with regard to the use of these parts.— However, not contented with this proof, derived from analogy of structure, I wished to make some direct experiments, of which the following are the results. I arranged upon the floor of a large room a quantity of books, in such a manner as to form a sort of labyrinth, through which an animal of moderate size could with difficulty find a passage. I placed a rabbit in the middle of this labyrinth having previously taken care to produce such a degree of darkness, as to render it impossible to distinguish any object whatever. On admitting the light a few minutes after, I found the animal escaped from its prison, after finding a passage through the whole of these books, without having overturned or displaced one of them, although they were placed so near to one another that the smallest shock would have been sufficient to make them fall. In order to determine whether its sight had enabled the animal to escape from its prison, I tied up its eyes first with a piece of linen, which I tightened well, and made several folds of, and afterwards with a piece of crape folded double, and bound down, to prevent all mistakes, by means of a crucial bandage. In both cases the animal walked with great ease among the books, without knocking against any thing, even when forced to accelerate its progress. I was very curious to observe, during this experiment, the motion of the head, by which the animal seemed to have in view to measure the distance of objects; when it approached them, it touched them with the extremity of its mustaches. In order to remove all doubt

from my mind, I cut the mustaches situated at the side of the head, and those placed around the eyes. The animal was bound up again as it had been before, but now it seemed afraid to move; it knocked against the books, overturned several of them, and could only escape by sliding a long, as a blind man would do who directed himself by a wall.—[Edin. Philos. Journ.

BIOGRAPHY

"The proper study of mankind is man."

SELECTED.

PRINCESS VICTORIA.

Her studies have been pursued with as unremitting attention as her health would bear; she is quick in acquiring languages, and speaks fluently in the English, French and German; is well read in History; and has attained such perfection in music as to be able to take part in the private concerns frequently given by the Duchess of Kent, who is herself extremely fond of music. The Princess' governess (an appointment which is chiefly a matter of form in accordance with precedents) is the Duchess of Northumberland; her preceptor, the Rev. Mr. Davies; her music master, Mr. Sale; and her instructor in the English law and constitution, Professor Amos, of the London University, who attends regularly to give the Princess lessons in this important branch of knowledge. The Princess has fine eyes and a florid complexion, and strongly resembles the lamented Princess Charlotte, both in countenance and manner. She is inclined to be stout rather than tall. Many contradictory reports of the state of her health, have been spread, arising possibly from paying her regular visits for form sake, and to satisfy the Duchess's natural anxiety. We know, however, from good authority, that the Princess' health is very satisfactory, and the exuberance of her spirits is a sufficient proof of there being no cause for alarm on this head. Her Royal Highness has certainly never been strong on her feet, but this arises, more than any thing else, from her feet and ankles being particularly small, and therefore not well calculated to bear her weight.

Her disposition is spoken very favorably of, and her good humor never fails her, though she is not much in the habit of associating with young ladies of her own age, but leads, on the whole, a secluded life. The daughters of the Earl of Liverpool are favorite companions with the Princess.

This young lady is heir to the throne of England.