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THE CANADIAN CASKET.

NEC DESIT JUCUNDIS GRATIA VERBIS.

VOLUME I.

HAMILTON, JULY 14, 1832.

NUMBER 10.

ORIGINAL TALES.

"To hold the mirror up to Nature."

FOR THE CASKET.

EDWARD PERKINS.

Sally, said Mr. Ware, pressing the warm hand of his daughter in his, while he gazed upon her with a parents'tenderest solicitude, "the time has now arrived when it has become proper for me as your father to have an eye upon your future welfare and settlement in life. And while I would most cheerfully grant you every proper indulgence of your own inclinations, it will become my duty to offer you some advice in your choice of companions." He paused, and Sally while a crimson blush mantled her cheek, as if anticipating what he was about to say, asked, "and do you intend to make any retrenchments from my present list?" "Yes" replied Mr. Ware, "I do, and I think for your interest. The war is now raging between us and the United States, and Edward Perkins, one of your most intimate associates is among the champions of the Republic, while I am a friend to the King. I have therefore this objection to him, that we are of opposite political parties." Sally blushed deeply as he proceeded,—"I have become acquainted with a Mr. Devail an officer in our army, now at Fort George, whom I have promised to introduce to you to-morrow," and continued he, in a tone of unusual firmness, "should he make you an offer of his hand I shall expect you will not refuse it." Sally felt her heart painfully throbbing at this unexpected intelligence and looking up calmly as she could, replied,—"But you will not compel me to this course contrary to my own feelings!" "And what objection my daughter can there be to him. I know him to be an interesting and intelligent gentleman, and said to be allied to

some of the first families in England in wealth and honor." Fears rushed into her eyes and her tongue for a moment refused to perform its office. "But why do you weep my daughter?" "Dear father I am sure I cannot love him—my heart is even now another's,"—"What! that villain Edward, he exclaimed in indignation. It is his unqualified however with that epithet;" He deserves the epithet and shall wear it, and you may warn him never to come into this house again; I must be obeyed," He dropped her hand and departed from the room in the height of ungovernable passion leaving his daughter alone to reflect with pain and tears upon the dark and dreary futurity which seemed to await her.

Mr. Ware resided not far distant from the Niagara on the Canadian side, and the low log cottage that gave birth and shelter to Edward Perkins was on the opposite bank near the spot where Lewiston now stands. Previous to the irruption of war between the United States and Great Britain Edward was a familiar visitor at the mansion of Mr. Ware and by degrees had won the affection of Sally, a lovely and amiable girl such as seldom falls the lot of man to look upon. Their natural passion was however concealed from all for some ample reasons, and on the breaking out of war, Edward joined the champions of his country of a small band of which he was Captain while Mr. Ware as a matter of course, took part with his own government. Although previous to this event the visits of Edward were received with much pleasure at Mr. Ware's, yet so far did his feelings carry him that he had come to the determined resolution never to admit him beneath his roof again.—At this period he had met with Mr. Devail, an English officer in the regiment stationed at Fort George,

who had seen Sally and become enamoured with her and though a stranger, had already made proposals to Mr. Ware for her hand.—Mr. Ware overjoyed at the prospect of the honor which such an union would bestow upon his family encouraged him in his suit and promised him the opportunity of proffering it himself in person. The next day after the conversation which commences our narrative the expected Mr. Devail arrived, welcomed by the father, as he was secretly feared by the daughter. While his partial eyes, saw in him the perfect and finished gentleman—she beheld but the coxcomb and the man of fashion and vanity; and while the father saw in Devail's narrative of his connexions noble and honorable blood the hope of so valuable an alliance, she saw the naked deformity of a heart too weak to be gazed upon. He mentioned to her the object of his visit to which she calmly replied that she desired some time to consider on the subject before she could decide, and he departed.—"Well my daughter," said Mr. Ware, when Devail had retired, "what do you think of your new suitor? Is he not as I assured you, a man of superior intelligence and accomplishments—and in all things infinitely superior to that poor boy Edward Perkins?" "I think" she responded, and she trembled as if with a secret dread of paternal censure which she had much reason to fear would follow the disclosure of her thoughts. "I think as I did before, but"—"And is this the manner in which my plans for your good are to be frustrated," exclaimed Mr. Ware, interrupting her while the fire of passion was glowing in his eyes. I repeat it, I must be obeyed. Any time and any moment that Mr. Devail says the word you must become his wife or you mark the consequence—

ces—I have ordered my will written in which I have bequeathed all my estate real and personal to him, and if you refuse him, you must leave this roof penniless and choose your own path to destruction.” Sally fell upon her knees before him as he finished, and amidst the most heart-rending sobs entreated him as he valued her happiness in this life to reverse his decree for never could she consent to become the wife of Devail. But it was in vain that she pleaded, she could make no impression upon the resolute and strong heart of her parent and he left the room muttering to himself as he passed the threshold, something about obstinacy and ingratitude. His was a heart-rending situation—a painful struggle between duty to her father and love to Edward. To be forever exposed to the anger and under the displeasure of a parent she loved, was something she could not reflect upon, but with horror, and to submit to an union with Devail, when her heart was in the possession of another, was an idea utterly revolting to her nature.—What could she, what ought she to do under these circumstances? was the question she asked herself a thousand times and yet could not answer. She dropped upon her knees and breathed a fervent prayer to Heaven asking assistance to decide the important point, and praying for deliverance from the evils which seemed to hang over her head. There is something that breaths of Heaven in the reflection that when our best earthly friends forsake us in the hour of trial there is one friend to whom we may present our case, and with firm reliance on his mercy implore his aid. So Sally felt, and when she arose from her kneeling posture and wiped the bedimmed tears from her eyes, they fell upon one little expected thing—it was Edward Perkins. “Sally why are you weeping,” said he grasping her hand and pressing it with fervent affection “why are you weeping? Oh Edward, she answered I have much cause for grief, but speak softly or my father will hear you” and he sat down by her while in an artless manner that spoke her heart, she told him the determination and cruelty of her father, and the intentions of Devail,

Generous girl, said Edward, clasping her to his throbbing bosom, how unworthy am I of such love, but fear not the threatening clouds of adversity I will protect you my possessions though small will be sufficient for us, and love shall make the scales preponderate in our favor. “But my father forbids your coming again beneath his roof and the war will prevent our intercourse?” “never fear but the darkness of evening will assist me to cross the river, and the bower in your garden would be as delightful a place of resort as any other. Send for me in case of emergency and come life or death I will try to assist you. Farewell!” He departed leaving Sally to fan into a flame, the spark of hope which he had inspired until she could at length with a degree of cheerfulness look upon the path before her.

Devail made several visits at Mr. Ware's, unwelcome indeed to Sally, he mentioned not the alliance for some time at length: he again asked her hand, but was met with an hesitating and unequivocal refusal which he had not expected. “But why is this?” he asked in apparent surprise, “I have your fathers permission.” “True,” she replied “but you have yet to obtain mine, and it is but justice to myself and you to state, that you can never have it—and further if you value your honor you will abandon the idea of an alliance, so repugnant to my feelings.” “But do you not know that I have your fathers will made out in my name?” “I know it sir, but am not to be swayed by the prospect of wealth, or the fear of poverty—wealth without love would be insupportable, but poverty when the heart is pledged loses its terrors.”—“Well Miss. Ware, I shall not, I hope, be so wanting in chivalry as to give up the pursuit immediately—you must yet be mine.” He left her, but that last expression, “you must yet be mine,” sounded like the knell of her hopes, as it was the reiteration of her fathers stern mandate.

(To be Continued.)

It is by studying at home, that we must obtain the ability of travelling with intelligence and improvement.

Johnson.

BUYING A PRIZE.

There's many a slip between cup and lip.
Old Saying.

A fellow not much acquainted with the tricks of Dame Fortune, went into a lottery office in Broadway a few days since, and wished to purchase the highest prize, which was exhibited before the door in glaring figures, “\$20,000!” He was asked if he would have a half ticket or a whole one.

“A whole one, to be sure,” said Hodge, “there's no use in plaguing one's self with half a prize; give us the whole or none—twenty thousand dollars say I.”

He paid the cash, took his ticket and went away. During the interval between the purchase and drawing, his head ran continually on the twenty thousand dollars. He could not sleep o' nights, or if he slept, it was only to dream of money—of gold and silver by the bushel, or bank bills by the acre—and to talk in his sleep of the wealth he was about to possess. His reveries—his day dreams as well as his sleeping ones—were of riches. He speculated on the pleasure he would enjoy—on the figure he would cut in the world. He would purchase houses, horses, carriages; he would live in fine style; he would have servants to attend him; and above all he would eat as much gingerbread and lick as much lases as he had a mind to. He would also get him a handsome wife. The haughty Tabitha Tallboy, who had so long baffled his gallant endeavors, would no more turn up her nose at Mr. Hodge—the rich Mr. Hodge—Peter Hodge *Esquire*.—He would bring the proud huzzy to terms, if he did'nt he would eat a live racoon, that's all.

The drawing took place, and Hodge, after a sleepless night, called at the lottery office for his prize. Walking in with the gait and dignity of a man who comes to receive money and not to pay it, he laid his ticket upon the counter and said—

“Now Mister I will take that little change if it is convenient.”

“Change!”

“Ay, that prize.”

“But, sir, you've drawn a blank.”

“I've drawn a blank! I wonder if I have?—I tell you what it is,

Mister, I hadn't nothing to do with the drawing---I didn't touch a finger to it. But I purchased a prize here of you t'other day of twenty thousand dollars; and so that's what I am come after now---so none of your fooling.'

'But I tell you sir, that your ticket has drawn a blank.'

'Well, I dont care if it's drawn a blanket that's no consain of mine. All I want is the twenty thousand dollars that I bought and paid for, not a week ago.'

'But consider, dear sir-----'

'Consider? I tell you I wont consider---I'm none of your considering chaps---I always go straight ahead---no quips and quorks for me---none of your ramfoozling. --'

'I tell yo sir, you'er mistaken.'

'Mistaken! So I am deucedly mistaken---I thought you was an honest man. But you see there's no use in trifling with me---I'm a man after my own heart. I purchased the highest prize and I'll have it by the holy poker. P've got a cart here at the door. Here you whipper-snapper, bring in that are large trunk, will you?'

'But I repeat, sir, you have no money to receive; I am sorry to say it.'

'So am I bloody sorry you should say it. But tell me, Mister, will you count out that are money or not?'

'I cannot.'

'Do you see this sledge-hammer?' raising his brawney fist.

'I see it.'

'Do you calculate to pay it in gold, or silver, or bank bills?'

'Here is some very strange mistake, sir; and if you will allow me to explain, I can convince you---'

'Very well---but if you don't convince me you see this ere death-maul,' again elevating his fist.

The lottery man entered into an explanation of the freaks of Dame Fortune, and at length succeeded in convincing his customer that his expected prize was actually a blank. Still the disappointment was so great, that he could not bear it with a calm mind, and he exclaimed---

'Well, if this doesn't beat all my great grandmother's relations then there's no snakes---to pay the sum of ten dollars for the highest prize, and not get a cent at last!'

'Such a thing will happen sometimes.'

'It's jofired hard though, I'll be hanged if it aint. At least, Mister, you ought to circumfund the money.'

'I cant afford that.'

'Well, just pay the cartman then.'

'I'm sorry to say I can't do it; but if you'll purchase another ticket I think I can promise you better luck next time---the highest prize is thirty thousand dollars!'

'Thirty thousand dog's tails! don't tell me none of your palaver---I've been cheated onc't and that's enough for me---I'll never get caught a second time. Here, you cartman, you may load up this ere trunk again---I'll never trust these lottery sellers any more, if I do, dang my gizzard, that's all.' Then giving the broker a look of irreconcilable hatred, he left the office. He, however, pretty soon accommodated his mind again to his humble prospects---declared that houses, horses, and those sort of things were only a plague to a man---and as to Tabitha Tallboy, she might go to the Old Nick for him---he'd never think of her again as long as he lived---N. Y. Constellation.

MISCELLANY.

HOW TO TELL BAD NEWS.

SCENE.—Mr. G's room at Oxford, enter his father's steward.

Mr. G.—Ha! Jervas, how are you my old boy? how do things go on at home?

Steward.—Bad enough, your honor, the magpie's dead.

G.—Poor Mag! so he's gone---How came he to die?

S.—Overeat himself, sir.

G.—Did he faith! a greedy dog, why, what did he get he liked so well?

S.—Horse-flesh, sir; he died of eating horse-flesh.

G.—How came he to get so much horse-flesh?

S.—All your father's horses, sir.

G.—What! are they dead too?

S.—Aye, sir they died of over-work.

G.—And why were they over-worked pray?

S.—To carry water, sir.

G.—To carry water! and what were they carrying water for?

S.—Sure, sir, to put out the fire.

G.—Fire! what fire?

S.—Ah, sir, your father's house burned down to the ground.

G.—My father's house burned down! how came it set on fire?

S.—I think, sir it must have been the torches.

G.—Torches, what torches?

S.—At your mothers funeral.

G.—My mother dead?

S.—Ah, poor lady she never looked up after it.

G.—After what?

S.—The loss of your father.

G.—My father gone too?

S.—Yes poor gentleman, he took to his bed as soon as he heard of it.

G.—Heard of what?

S.—The bad news, sir, and please your honor.

G.—What! more miseries, more bad news?

S.—Yes, sir, your bank has failed, and your credit is lost, and you are not worth a shilling in the world.—I make bold, sir, to come to wait on you about it, for I thought you would like to hear the news.

AFFECTION.—If there be any thing thoroughly lovely in the human heart, it is affection! All that makes hope elevated, or fear generous, belongs to the capacity of loving. For my own part, I do wonder, in looking over the thousand creeds and sects of men, that so many moralists have traced their system from love. The errors thus originated have something in them that charms us even while we smile at the theology, or while we neglect the system. What a beautiful fabric would be human nature—what a divine guide would be human reason—if love were indeed the stratum of the one, and the inspiration of the other! What a world of reasonings, not immediately obvious, did the sage of old open to our inquiry, when he said the pathetic was the truest part of the sublime. Aristides, the painter, created a picture in which an infant is represented sucking a mother wounded to death, who, even in that agony, strives to prevent the child injuring itself by imbibing the blood mingled with the milk. How many emotions, that might have made us permanently wiser and better, have we lost in losing that picture!—*Engene Aram.*

MATERNAL INGENUITY,

OR, TRYING TO HOOK A BACHELOR.

"Don't you think my daughter Zephyrina is a very fine figure?" said Mrs. Long, the other evening to Mr. Short, as she was sitting beside him on the sofa, and Zephyrina was playing on the harp. Mrs. Long had several daughters to dispose of, and Mr. Short was a bachelor well to do in the world. His temper was a little crabbed, and his wit a little sarcastic: but Mrs. Long had daughters to marry, the oldest of whom, Zephyrina, was none of the youngest. Her precise age we do not know, and if we did, it would not be polite to mention it.

"Don't you think my daughter Zephyrina is a very fine figure?" said Mrs. Long with a glance of maternal satisfaction.

"Umph!" muttered Mr. Short, as he tapped his snuff box for the third time, "very much like a figure 5, I think!"

"A figure 5!" said Mrs. Long, a little mortified, though she knew the disposition of Mr. Short. "A figure 5, do you say, Mr. Short? Oh, now you must be thinking of your interest table. Compare my daughter Zephyrina to a figure 5! Fie, fie on you, Mr. Short; you'll never get married as long as you live."

"If I don't it will be no fault of yours, Mrs. Long," said Mr. Short, as he threw a long pinch of snuff up his nose.

"True, true," said Mrs. Long, with a look of great kindness, "I take an interest in the welfare of my neighbours, and like to see all the single gentlemen provided for. Don't you think Zephyrina plays the harp and sings with a great deal or taste?"

"I think her execution is uncommon."

"I am glad you approve it, Mr. Short."

"I didn't say I approved it, Mrs. Long; I merely said 'twas uncommon—very much like the noise of two cats in a gutter."

"You shocking man! Mr. Short—you've no taste, no feeling."

"But I can hear very sensibly, Mrs. Long," putting his fingers in his ears.

"You've no music in your soul, as Handmill says."

"That cursed noise has driven it all out."

"Indeed, Zephyrina's voice is not exactly in tune to night; but I think she plays and sings remarkably well, for one of her age, don't you Mr. Short?"

"Umph! ay—for that matter, she is indeed rather old to learn."

"Old! Mr. Short?"

"Ay, madam, you know they learn these things much better in their younger days."

"How old do you take my daughter Zephyrina to be, Mr. Short?"

"Lord! ma'am, how should I know? I was 'nt at the christening. But she's no ebicken."

"As true as I'm alive, Mr. Short, she is only nine—"

"And twenty, Mrs. Long? Well, I'm not a judge of these matters, but I should say—"

"She looks ten years older than she really is. She has a very womanly look for one of her age—don't you think she has, Mr. Short?"

"Umph! I think she has some resemblance to a woman."

"She was as forward at fifteen, though I say it, as most girls are at twenty-five."

"I hate your forward chits."

"But you don't understand me, Mr. Short I mean she was as forward in womanly accomplishments, and in a womanly appearance."

"Oh, as to the appearance, I could swear she had been a woman these dozen years."

Dancing was now proposed, and as Mr. Short protested against shaking the foot, even though Zephyrina was ready to be his partner, Mrs. Long still entertained him with the accomplishments of her daughter.

"Don't you admire Zephyrina's dancing?"

"I can't say that I am a judge of those small matters, Mrs. Long."

"You're too modest, Mr. Short."

"It's a rare fault, Mrs. Long."

"Observe with what grace she moves; I really think she dances remarkably, for one of her age, don't you think so, Mr. Short?"

"Umph! I think she dances much better than the elephant. In fact, the elephant is a very clumsy dancer."

"Fie, fie on you! Mr. Short, to compare my daughter Zephyrina to a four legged beastess."

"Why, that's not her fault, you know ma'am."

"Whose fault?"

"Why, your daughter's that she was 'nt made a beastess too, as you call the elephant."

"I hope no insinuations, Mr. Short?"

"Oh Lord! no ma'am, I hav'nt an insinuating turn."

"Don't you think Zephyrina is just about the right height?"

"I think she's rather Long."

"Do you indeed Mr. Short? I hope you don't think it an objection."

"Objection! Oh by no means—she may be Long—ay, as long as she pleases—I've no objection."

"I'm glad to hear you say so, Mr. Short, Zephyrina is certainly rather tall of her age."

"I hate a beanpole."

"How your mind is always wandering from the point, Mr. Short. If I talk of music, you talk of cats in the gutter; if I speak of a lady's dancing you talk of the movements of an elephant: if I speak of a tall young woman you immediately fly to a beanpole."

"That is my misfortune, Mrs. Long."

"Well, well, every body must have their little peculiarities. Did I ever show you my daughter Zephyrina's drawings?"

"Of beer, or cider?"

"What are you thinking of, Mr. Short?"

"Why, I Don't pretend to know, I'm sure, ma'am."

"I spoke about Zephyrina's drawing and you talk about beer and cider, I mean her drawings of birds and flowers, Mr. Short."

"Oh—ay—yes—I understand you."

"Just step to this table, Mr. Short, and we can examine them to more advantage. There! what do you think of that, Mr. Short?"

"That's a beautiful crow."

"A crow! Mr. Short—ha! ha! ha! a crow! Why, what in the world can you be thinking of? That's a robin red-breast."

"Well, I dare say it is, now you mention it Mrs. Long—but I really took it to be a crow. The truth is, these things should always have the name written underneath."

"So I told Zephyrina—but la! she said they'd speak for themselves."

"Caw! Caw! I beg your pardon, ma'am that's the note of a crow, and now I recollect you said this was a robin red-breast."

"This was one of Zephyrina's first attempts: the next is more perfect. Look at this, Mr. Short," turning over a leaf.

"What a pretty looking goslin!"

"Oh murder! Mr. Short—I thought you was a man of more taste."

"I admire a young goose, well stuffed and roasted."

"I mean in drawing."

"Did you ever see me drawing a cork, Mrs. Long?"

"Nonense! Now you've got from beer and cider to corks. A gosling indeed! Why, this is a goldfinch, Mr. Short."

"I'm very glad you informed me Mrs. Long, for really my taste in painted birds is so small, that I took that to be a gosling. Ah, what's here? A codfish, as I'm alive, and a charming one it is."

"Oh, Mr. Short, Mr. Short, how can you be so stupid? That's a butterfly."

"Is that a butterfly! Mrs. Long! do you say, upon your honor, that codfish is a butterfly."

"Fie! fie! Mr. Short; I've as good a mind, as ever I had to eat, not to show you another living thing. You've no taste in ornithology. Perhaps you'll like the flowers better. Is 'nt that beautiful?"

"What that cabbage? I never could abide a cabbage."

"Cabbage! Oh shocking! call that rose a cabbage."

"Is that a rose?"

"Indeed it is a damask rose. Look at this, Mr. Short."

"What, that mullein? Well, that is pretty I must confess—it's as natural as life."

"That's a carnation, Mr. Short."

"Oh! a carnation, is it? well I dare say you're right—yes, it must be a carnation, now I think of it."

"Don't you think on the whole, Mr. Short, that Zephyrina draws surprisingly for one of her age?"

"I must confess I never saw the like."

"I'm charmed to hear you say so, Mr. Short—the approbation of a man of taste is highly gratifying."

"I've very little taste in these things, as I said before."

'Take a piece of this cake, Mr. Short, and a glass of wine. The cake is of Zephyrina's own making.'

'Umph.'

'Light as a cork—don't you find it so.'

'Heavy as a grindstone,' muttered Mr. Short—'Sha'n't be able to sleep a wink to-night—terrible thing for the dyspepsia. I'll take another glass of wine, if you please ma'am. Confound the cake!'

'Zephyrina, dear, I wish you'd entertain Mr. Short a few moments, while I—'

'I'll take my leave, Mrs. Long. Good night.'

Mr. Short took his leave, and Mrs. Long declared to her daughter Zephyrina, that she thought any further attempt to catch the crabbed old bachelor would be labor thrown away, and that she should presently bait her hook for some smaller fry.—*N. Y. Constellation.*

EXTRACTS FROM PAULING'S TALE OF THE POLITICIAN.

* I was called out of my bed, early one cold winter morning, by a person coming on business of the utmost consequence, and dressed myself in great haste supposing it might be a summons to a cabinet council. When I came into my private office, I found a queer, long-sided man, at least six feet high, with a little apple head, a long queue, and a face critically round, as rosy as a ripe cherry. He handed me a letter, and recommended him particularly to my patronage. I was a little inclined to be rude, but checked myself, remembering that I was the servant of such men as my visitor, and that I might get the reputation of an aristocrat, if I made any distinction between man and man.

"Well, my friend, what situation do you wish?"

"Why—y-y I'm not very particular; but some how or other, I-I think I should like to be a minister. I don't mean of the gospel, but one of them ministers to foreign parts."

"I'm very sorry, very sorry indeed, there is no vacancy just now. 'Would not something else suit you?'"

"Why—y-y," answered the apple-headed man, "I would'n't much care if I took a situation in one of the departments. I would'n't much mind being a comptroller, or an auditor, or some such thing."

"My dear sir, I'm sorry, very sorry, very sorry indeed, but it happens unfortunately that all these situations are at present filled. Would you not take something else?"

My friend stroked his chin, and seemed struggling to bring down the soarings of his high ambition to the present crisis. At last he answered,

"Why—y-y, ye-s-s; I don't care if I get a good collectorship, or inspectorship, or surveyorship, or navy-agency, or any thing of that sort."

"Really, my good Mr. Phippeny," said I, "I regret exceedingly that not only all these places, but every other place of consequence in the government is at present occupied. Pray think of something else."

He then, after some hesitation, asked for a clerkship, and finally the place of messenger to one of the public offices.—Finding no vacancy here, he seemed in vast perplexity, and looked all round the room, fixing his eyes at length on me, and measuring my height from head to foot. At last, putting on one of the drooliest looks that ever adorned the face of man, he said, "Master, you and I seem to be both pretty much alike, haven't you some old clothes you can spare?"

THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA.

But the most stupendous work of this country is the great wall that divides it from Northern Tartary. It is built exactly upon the same plan as the wall of Pekin, being a mound of earth cased on each side with bricks or stone. [The astonishing magnitude of the fabric consists not so much in the plan of the work, as in the immense distance of fifteen hundred miles over which it is extended, over mountains of two and three thousand feet in height, across deep valleys and rivers.] The materials of all the dwelling houses of England and Scotland, supposing them to amount to one million eight hundred thousand, and to average, on the whole, two thousand cubic feet of masonry or brick work, are barely equivalent to the bulk or solid contents of the great wall of China.—Nor are the projecting massy towers of stone and brick included in this calculation. These alone, supposing them to continue throughout at bow-shot distance, were calculated to contain as much masonry and brick work as all London. To give another idea of the mass of matter in this stupendous fabric, it may be observed that it is more than sufficient to surround the circumference of the earth on two of its great circles, with two walls, each six feet high and two feet thick! It is to be understood, however, that in this calculation is included the earthy part in the middle of the wall.—*Barrow's Travels in China.*

At a certain age, experience removes the bandage which has hitherto prevented us from seeing reality. This is done by degrees: the illusion does not vanish all at once, but grows weaker, and at length wholly disappears. Fatigued by a vain chase after good, through tortuous paths, strewn with both thorns and flowers, along which the impulse of example and the fever of the passions hurry our steps, we pause: and soon we recall to our recollection a straight and even path, not before tried, that of repose; we seek it, find it, follow it, and obtain our object. Such is the usual progress of human life; and the habit of achieving great things does not make us cease to be men.

* *Byron's idea of hope.*—What is hope!—Nothing (says Lord Byron) but the paint on the face of existence; the least touch of truth rubs it off, and then we see what a hollow-cheeked harlot we have got hold of.

When rogues fall out, honest men get their dues.

NATURAL HISTORY.

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

'THE OURANG OUTANG.—This singular animal, of whom all have heard, and so much has been said and written, but of whom so little is certainly known promises to afford a subject of much conversation, so soon as the preparations for exhibiting the one lately imported are completed. The Ourang Outang brought to this port in the ship Octavo, Capt. Blanchard, in the year 1825, was a native of Borneo, from whence he was carried to Batavia, and falling into possession of Mr. Forrester, of that place, he was sent consigned to Mr. Charles Thatcher, of this city, but died on the first night after his arrival. He was three feet and a half high. Dr. Jaffries, who has described him, relates the following account of his habits and manners:—'He was put on board the Octavo, under the care of Capt. Blanchard, who first saw him at Mr. Forrester's house in Batavia. While sitting at breakfast, he heard some one enter a door behind, and found a hand placed familiarly on his shoulder; on turning round, he was not a little surprised to find a hairy negro making such an unceremonious acquaintance. George, by which name he passed, seated himself at table by direction of Mr. Forrester, and after partaking of coffee, &c. was dismissed. He kept his house on ship board clean, and at all times in good order; he cleared it out daily of remnants of food, &c. and frequently washed it, being provided with water and a cloth for the purpose. He was clean in his person and habits, washing his hands and face regularly, and in the same manner as a man. He was docile and obedient, fond of play and amusement, but would sometimes become so rough, although in good temper, as require to correction from Capt. Blanchard, on which occasion he would lie down and cry very much in the voice of a child, appearing very sorry for having given the offence.—His food was rich *paddy* in general, but he would, and did, eat almost any thing provided for him. The *paddy* he sometimes ate with molasses, and some times with tea, coffee, fruit, &c. which he was fond of, and was in the habit of coming to the table at dinner, to partake of wine; this was in general claret. His mode of sitting was on an elevated seat, and not on the floor. The directions given by Mr. Forrester, were, in case of sickness, to give him castor-oil. It was administered to him once, on the beginning of his passage, with eventual relief. He sickened a second time on the latter part of his voyage, and resisted the attempts of the captain and several strong men to get the oil into the stomach. He continued to fail gradually, losing his appetite and strength, until, he died much emaciated, soon after the ship anchored.'

"The Ourang Outang is generally supposed by naturalists to be exclusively an inhabitant of the larger Islands of the Indian Ocean; and the opinion that this animal is a native of Africa, has probably originated

from the accounts, related by travellers, of the Pongo, an ape of extraordinary magnitude, of whose exploits the negroes narrate incredible stories. The Westminster Review, however, sanctions a belief in the existence of the African Orang Outang of whom the following anecdote is related in a late number of that Journal.—"The name of the Orang Outang in Africa is *Rong Otan*, which is believed to mean wild man. In confirmation of the name's signifying wild man, the Africans maintain that there are two races, a black and a white, which they consider as a harmony with what takes place in the human species, and it is true, as stated by some of the old voyagers, that there is a popular opinion that the Orang Outangs are men, who refuse to speak, lest they should be made to work."

Naturalists have differed on the origin of the Orang Outang, some contending it was but one or two removes below the human species, and others that it was in fact a branch of the human family itself. Its anatomical structure, however, is essentially different from the human body, and other animals exist approaching much nearer to the latter species. It is greatly to be desired that the specimen now in Boston may be well taken care of, and be generally exhibited throughout the country. It is decidedly as great a curiosity as the Siamese youths.

FOR THE CANADIAN CASSET.

ICE SPRING.

Much speculation having arisen respecting the ice springs in Clinton, Niagara District, I would suggest to those who have doubts respecting its existence, and those who disbelieve altogether, to visit the place during the present month, where they will have ocular demonstration that ice will freeze in summer, and thaw in winter. Those who are fond of viewing natural curiosities will be well paid for their trouble by making a journey to this spring. The road to it lies a little west of John Henry's Tavern; and the spring is about one mile and a half distant after reaching the road. P.

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.

REMARKABLE PHENOMENON.

If we hold a narrow slip of paper vertically, about a foot from the eye, and fix both eyes upon an object at some distance beyond it, then if we allow the light of the sun or the light of a candle to act strongly upon the right eye without affecting the left which may be easily protected from its influence, the left hand strip of the paper, will be seen of a bright green colour, and the right hand of a red colour. If the piece of paper is sufficiently broad to

make the two overlap each other, the overlapping parts will be perfectly white and free from colour, which proves that the red and green are what is called *complimentary*. When equally luminous, or candles are held near each eye, the two strips of paper will be white.—If when the candle is held near the right eye, and the strips of paper are seen red and green, then on bringing the candle suddenly to the left eye, the left hand image of the paper will gradually change to a green, and the right hand image to a red.—*Brewster's Optics.*

ESSAYS.

'The soft amusement of the vacant mind'

SELECTED.

DRESS.

Dress, that was at first our shame, has become our pride; and we therefore glory in our shame. It was first used for a covering; it is now made for display. A fashionable dress may hardly be defined as a covering; it is so scanty that the plainest coat is half show. The sober drab of the Quaker, cut in straight lines, is yet ornamented in its own way. It is cut in a shape that gratifies the wearer, and that makes him proud of his humility.

All our fashions are fleeting, and the form of a cloud is not more liable to change. In the shoe and the boot, those minor and inferior parts of dress, what change may come ere we have shuffled off this square toed pair: All human inventions, however, have a limit; for all combinations may be exhausted, and new fashions, like new boots, are but imitations of the old. Of shoes, we remember the duck billed, the snipe billed, the pointed, the rounded, and the square; shoes horizontal, that exactly coincide with a flat surface, and others so much hollowed, that the heel and toe only leave a track in the sand. Others are turned up at an angle, equal to the eighth of a circle, and my toes are now pinched by a pair, small and square, of the exact fashion that has for centuries prevailed in China, that happy country where wise laws make the fashions unchangeable.—Boots have been more mutable than shoes, but after a course of changes return to an old form. In the sculptures around the Parthenon, the work of Phidias himself, the equestrians have boots of as finical a fit and wrinkle as any in later times. Their form is that of the old white tops.

There are boots military, civic, and dramatic there is the bootee, which is a sheer abridgment and the jack boot, that would not be filled after having swallowed them all.

The fashion at one time requires the boot to be wide and stiff in the back; and at another close and limber. Suwarrow and Wellington have a greater name among cordwainers than among soldiers. Of their victories, the remembrance will fade away, but their boots promise immortality. I remember my first pair of Suwarrows; they made a part of the great equipment with which I came from Col.

lego into the world. Four skeins of silk did I purchase of a mercer, and equal expense did I incur with the sweeper, for aid in twisting them into tassels for the boots. I would incur double the expense now to have the same feeling of dignity that I enjoyed then, when walking in those boots. I stepped long and slowly, and the iron heels, which it pleased me to set firmly on the pavement, made a greater clatter than a troop of horses—"shed with felt." But if I wore them with pride it was not without suffering; nor did I get myself into them without labor. Before I attempted to draw them on, I rubbed the inside with soap, and powdered my instep and heel with flour.—I next drew the handles of two forks through the straps, lest they should cut into my fingers and then commenced the "tug of war." I contracted myself into the form of a chicken, trussed for the spit, and whatever patience and perseverance Providence had given me, I tested to the utmost. I cursed Suwarrow for a Scythian, and wished his boots "hung in their own straps." I danced round the room upon one foot many times, and after several intervals for respiration, I succeeded in getting my toes into trouble, or I may say purgatory.—Corns I had as many as the most fanatic pilgrim would desire for peas in his shoes, yet I walked through the crowd (who were probably admiring their own boots too much to bestow a thought upon mine,) as if I were a carpet Knight, *pelonaising* upon rose leaves. I was in torment, yet there was not a cloud upon my brow,

Spem vultu simulat, premit altum corde dolorem.

I could not have suffered for principal as I suffered for those memorable boots.

The coat I wore, was such as fashion enjoyed; the skirts were long and narrow, like a swallow's tail, two thirds at least of the whole length. The portion above the waist composed the other third. The waist was directly beneath the shoulders; the collar was a huge roll reaching above the ears, and there were two lines of brilliant buttons in front. There were nineteen buttons in a row. The pantaloons, (over which I wore the boots,) were of non elastic corduroy. It would be unjust to the tailor to say that they were fitted like my skin for they sat a great deal closer. When I took them off, my legs were like fluted pillars, grooved with the cords of the pantaloons. The hat that surmounted this dress had three quarters of an inch rim, and a low tapering crown. It was circled with a ribbon two inches wide. There is no modern dress that does not deform the human shape, and some national costumes render it more grotesque than any natural deformity. Dress, at present, seems as much worn to conceal the form as language is used to hide and not to express the thoughts. In a fashionable costume, all are alike; there is no difference between Antinous or Esop; Hyperion or a Satyr.—*N. E. Magazine.*

THE CASSET.

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

HAMILTON, JULY 14, 1832.

Music is a language of delightful sensations, far more eloquent than words; it breathes to the ear the clearest intimations: but how was it learned, to what origin we owe it, or what is the meaning of some of its most affecting strains, we know not. There are few who have not felt the charms of music and acknowledged its expressions to be intelligible to the heart.

So plainly we feel music touch and gently agitate the agreeable and sublime passions that it wraps us in melancholy, and elevates in joy—that it dissolves and inflames—that it melts us in tenderness, and rouses to rage; but its touches are so fine and delicate, that like a tragedy, even the passions that are wounded please; its sorrows are charming, and its rage heroic and delightful; as people feel the particular passions with different degrees of force, their taste of harmony must proportionably vary. Music then is a language directed to the passions; but the rudest passions put on a new nature, and become pleasing in harmony; let us add also, that it awakens some passions which we perceive not in ordinary life particularly. The most elevated sensation of music arises from a confused perception of ideal or visionary beauty and rapture, which is sufficiently perceptible to fire the imagination, but not clear enough to become an object of knowledge. This shadowy beauty the mind attempts, with a languishing curiosity to collect into a distinct object of view and comprehension; but it sinks and escapes like the dissolving ideas of a delightful dream, that are neither within the reach of the memory, nor yet totally fled. The noble charm of music then, though real and affecting, seems too confused and fleeting to be collected into a distinct idea.

Harmony is always understood by the crowd and almost always mistaken by musicians—who are, with hardly any exceptions, servile followers of the taste or mode, and who, having expended much time and pains on the mechanic and practical part lay a stress on the dexterities of hand, which yet have no real value, but as they seem to produce their collections of sounds that move the passions. The musicians of the present day are charmed at the union they form between the grave and the fantastic, and at the surprising transitions they make between extremes, while every hearer who has the least remainder of the taste of nature left, is shocked at the strange jargon.

If Shakespear, Milton or Dryden, had been born with the same genius and inspiration for music as poetry, and had passed through the practical part without corrupting the natural taste, or blending with it prepossessions in favor of the sleights and dexterities of hand, then would their notes be tuned to passions and to sentiments as natural and expressive as the tones and modulations of the voice in discourse. The music and the thought would not make different expressions: the hearers would only think impetuously, and the effort of the music would be to give the voice a tumultuous violence and divine impulse upon the mind. Such of our readers as are conversant with the classic poets, will see instantly that the passionate power of music we speak of was perfectly understood and practiced by the ancients; the music which the Greeks always sang, was the echo of the subject, which swelled their poetry into enthusiasm and rapture.

ENVY.—This evil may, as it frequently has been, be compared to a stubborn weed growing spontaneously and widely in the mind, and seldom yielding to the culture of true philosophy. No one can nurse it for the sake of the pleasure it affords, for it is proved to produce only shame, remorse, and perturbation to its possessor.

Envy is so base and detestable—so vile in its origin—and so pernicious in its effects, that the predominance of almost any other failing is to be desired. It is above all other vices, inconsistent with the character of a social being; because, it sacrifices truth and kindness, to very weak temptations. It is one of those lawless enemies of society against which poisoned arrows may honestly be used. Let it therefore be considered, that whoever envies another, confesses his own inferiority; and let those be reformed by their pride, who have lost their virtue.

It is no slight aggravation to the injuries which envy incites, that they are actuated against those who have given no intentional provocation; and that the sufferer is marked out for ruin, not because he has failed in any duty, but because he has done more than was expected he could.

"CONTROVERSY"—"Tis no uncommon circumstance in controversy, for the parties to engage in all the fury of disputation, without precisely instructing or truly knowing themselves, the particulars about which they differ. Hence that fruitless parade of argument, and those opposite pretences of demonstration, with which most debates, on every subject have been infested. Would the contending parties first be sure of their own meaning, and

then communicate their sense to others in plain terms and simplicity of heart, the face of controversy would soon be changed and real knowledge instead of imaginary conquest, would be the noble rewards of literary toil.

THE PRIZE.—We have not been able to obtain a compliment of uninterested gentlemen for a decision, in season for this number of the Casket. We hope to be able to give it in our next without fail.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We would advise a "Critic" in his contemplations to turn his eye rather to praise-worthy than the blameable: that is, to investigate the causes of praise rather than the causes of blame. Though an uninformed beginner may in a single instance "happen to blame properly" it is more than probable, that in the next he may fail, and incur the censure passed upon the criticising cobbler.

We would drop a hint to "Cholera" from Dryden's Tables:—

"Better hunt in field's for heat a unbought,
"Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught,
"The wise for cure on exercise depend;
"God never made his work for man to mend."

The comparison of human life to the burning and going out of a lamp, was familiar with Latin authors, as we know by the terms *scæpe decrevit*. Plutarch explains the origin of this metaphor thus:—The ancients never extinguished their lamps, but suffered them to go out of their own accord, that it be the last crackle; hence a lamp just about to expire was said—*decrepitare*, to cease to crackle. Hence, metaphorically, persons on the verge of the grave, were called *decrepid* men.

In great matters of public moment, where both parties are at a stand, and both are punctilious, slight condescensions cost little, but are worth much. He that yields them is wise, inasmuch as he purchases guineas with farthings. A few drops of oil will set the political machine at work, when a tun of vinegar would only corrode the wheels, and cank the movements.

"Time," said Lord Plunkett, "is the great destroyer of evidence, but he is also the great protector of titles. If he comes with a scythe in one hand to mow down the muniments of our possessions, he holds an hour glass in the other from which he incessantly metes out the portions of duration that are to tender these muniments no longer necessary." In the celebrated trial of Rowan, Curran beautifully said— "You are standing on the scanty isthmus that divides the great ocean of duration; on the one side is the past, on the other is the future, a ground that, whilst you yet hear me, is washed beneath your feet."

MUSES' CORNER.

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

FOR THE CANADIAN CASKET.

ON THE DEATH OF A BEAUTIFUL CHILD.

To who with sympathies glow,
Have felt the pang that parents know,
When death's grim hand with iron grasp,
Steals from thine arms the child they clasp,
Listen to a poet's lay.

Among life's rosy train there Bloom'd
A flow'r of brighter hue,
Than others who were haply dom'd
To run life's summer through.

I saw the smile upon her cheek
By innocence pourtray'd
I saw her tender passions speak
As on my knee she play'd

The rosy tint and blushing hue
Was then upon her cheek—
The Crystal tear like morning dew,
While trickling seem'd to speak.

But now how chang'd the Lily's face—
Her Pallid cheeks dispiay
No more the dimpled smile you trace,
The bloom hath fled away.

So beams the bow of varied hue
Upon the eastern sky
And then its beauty bids adieu,
And leaves our gazing eye.

Or as the lightning in the sky,
That shines through sable gloom,
With meteor flash then passes by,
Amid the thunders boom.

She shone as bright as beautifully,
But tarried not long here,
Summoned to better worlds on high,
Why claim for her a tear?

No more she lisps upon his knee,
While smiling in his face,
Nor gives her father's heart that glee
Which nought can e'er replace.

As lambskins sport upon the mead—
As daisies scent the vale,
As roses blush and sweetly shed
Their fragrance on the gale.

Upon the blooming thorn of may,
Or weeping willows head,
The lonely bird his loftest lay,
In melody will shed.

As mindful of the former bloom
Of her who lies beneath,
Who sporting 'mong the waving broom
Or on the flow'r clad health.

A flow'r she was that rear'd her head
Among a kindred train;

But now alas! that flow'r has fled
No'er ne'er to come again.

But hush! my muse thy wanderings stay
Why mourn an age's bliss,
When left for heavens felicity,
A world so bad as this.

C. M. D.

BRITON.

WRITTEN FOR THE CASKET.

REFLECTION.

Oh! these were days when blissful dreams,
My slumber still adorning,
Were only broke by brighter beams,
That usher'd in the morning.

The orbs of joy that rul'd my fate,
Were always quick returning;
And when one star of rapture set,
Another still was burning.

Thus warm'd my bosoms early day.
Was tun'd to love and gladness;
But soon there came a fiercer ray,
That fill'd my heart with sadness

A clouded fate is now my doom
No beam its shadows blighting;
But those that flash across the gloom,
Like Heavens rapid lightning.

Ne'er shall I know that peace again,
That bless'd my moments vernal—
Till severed from a world of pain
I rest in sleep eternal. CRITIC.

THE BRIGHT SUMMER-TIME.

We met in a region of gladness,
We met in the beautiful bowers,
Where the wanderer loses his sadness,
Mid blossoms, and flowers;
Around us, sweet voices were breathing
The songs of a far distant clime;
Above us, in garlands were wreathing
The buds of the bright Summer-time!

That vision of fairy-land never
Can fade from my heart or my sight—
It casts on my pathway for ever
Its sparkles of magical light;
I still hear the harp's joyous measures,
Still scent the faint bloom of the lime;
Oh! years cannot banish one pleasure
I felt in the bright summer-time!

ANECDOTES.

"Trifles light as air."

The clergyman of a country village desired his clerk to give notice that there would be no service in the afternoon, as he was going to officiate for another clergyman. The clerk, immediately as the sermon was ended, rising up called out, "I'm desired to give notice that there will be no service this afternoon, as Mr. L.—is going a fishing whith another clergymen." Mr. L., of course, corrected the awkward yet amusing blunder.

A Lincolnshire man observed in company, that in some parts of the county of Lincoln the soil was so prolific, that if you turned a horse into a new mown field at night the grass would be grown up to his fetterlocks next morning! "Pshaw!" say's a Yorkshireman, "if you turn a horse into a new mown field at night in our country, you can't find him next morning at all."

AN HONEST CARPENTER.—A gentleman whose house was undergoing repairs, called in shortly after the job was commenced to see how the workmen got on, and observing a quantity of nails lying about, said to the head carpenter, "Why don't you take care of these nails? they will certainly get lost." "Oh no sir," replied Mr. Foreplane, "you'll find them all in the bill."

"Where is that pretty girl I saw with you a few evenings since?" inquired a dashing buck of an acquaintance. "The one in blue, I presume you mean—Henrietta." "Henry ate her!" exclaimed the other in astonishment, "what a cannibal!"

A COMPARISON.—Dr. Cox, speaking of Alcohol, at a meeting of a Female Temperance Society remarked that there was no more nourishment in Alcohol, than in a flash of lightning.

AGENT'S FOR THE CASKET.

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

THE CANADIAN CASKET

Is published every other Saturday, in the Town of Hamilton, Gore District, U. C. at 10 shillings per annum, in advance, free of postage. A handsome title page and index will be furnished at the expiration of each volume. Persons procuring five subscribers and forwarding the amount of their subscriptions, shall receive a sixth copy for their trouble. Subscriptions received at the offices of the Western Mercury, and Canadian Westeyan.

A. CROSMAN, Publisher.