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THE CANADIAN CASKET.

NEC DESIT JUCUNDIS GRATIA VERBIS.

VOLUME I.

HAMILTON, FEBRUARY 25, 1832.

NUMBER 9.

SELECT TALES.

"To hold the mirror up to Nature."

FOR THE CANADIAN CASKET.

THE RIVALS.

The fortunes of war had made them competitors at the shrine of Mars, in times of national hostility; and returning peace revived that rivalry at the shrine of Cupid. The brand of devastation was superseded by the torch of love; the soldier's ferocity had melted into the tenderness of the suitor; the weapons of death and the splendor of martial equipage were laid aside for music, poetry and the decorations of the toilet. Each followed the dictates of caprice in forming his plan of attack upon the fair citadel of a virgin heart, though almost equally ignorant of the worth of that prize and the effectual means of making the conquest.

Young Clare had long been known and esteemed by the connexions of Caroline May; their personal acquaintance had been more intimate than lengthy, though less so than it might have been had not his modesty equalled his merit; and though they knew something of each others real characters, yet Clare unjustly believed Caroline too much under the influence of fashionable vanity; which, though he despised in a man, it seemed necessary to comply with, rather than lack in those attractions borrowed by his gaudy competitor. Arnold, the other rival, was comparatively a stranger in the neighborhood, having recently settled in this country which a few years before he had visited in the character of a marauder—but let us turn to that period.

"We will breakfast in little York, dine at Kingston and sup at Montreal," said the American commander, tauntingly, as he gave orders at midnight for crossing the Niagara, that indelible line of Nature evidently designed for the boundary of two kingdoms. "We will breakfast at little York"—ah! but they stopped at the half-way house for supper, and supped too on sorrow. In drawing up this nice bill of entertainments, the valor of our Canadian pioneers had not been taken into the account; but their unlooked for and obstinate resistance so impeded the

march, of the insurgents that night overtook them within twenty miles of where they decamped eighteen hours previous.

Other circumstances than the resistance which they ought to have expected, retarded the movements of the invading corps. Avarice and insubordination hung like dead weights on the designs of those inflated leaders, who with more experience and prudence might have anticipated the hazards to which they would have been exposed even with the most disciplined soldiers. As it was, too many of their followers broke all restraint, and disgraced their country and her cause by disobedience, desertion and plunder. Such are the degrading effects of war. The man of tolerable principles, in a well regulated society and under the restraints of civil law, too often loses all reserve in the camp, and satisfies his real or imaginary wants by acts at which men of true virtue would blush. And many of their brothers in arms did blush, while their officers remonstrated, when subalterns and privates turned aside from their country's service to rob the defenceless for their own private aggrandizement.

Of these who fled for personal safety, at a moments warning, and left their unprotected habitation to the mercy of an enemy, the female members of Mr. May's family betook the woods, he with his sons having repaired to the British standard. Scarce had Caroline reached a neighboring thicket, at the margin of which she turned to contemplate the roof that sheltered her infancy, when half a dozen straggling soldiers, who had outstripped the main body, made a predatory incursion into the house. One of these was Arnold, our rival, who little thought that he invaded the sanctuary of her for whom he would one day be as ready to sacrifice his life, as he now was his honor for lucre. Among the articles which fell to his share of the pillage was a golden breast pin of peculiar workmanship and containing several rare gems of considerable value. This pin was lettered with M. C. the initials of the maiden-name of Caroline's mother who on her death bed put the present in her fond daugh-

ter's bosom, where it had since been almost constantly worn. In the hurry of dressing, on that morning of dismay, the pin had been left with other jewels to gratify the rapacity of Arnold and his companions.

Turning to the night scene of these invaders, we find them, after a tedious evening march, encamped near the head of lake Ontario exhausted and disheartened. Their numbers had dwindled away, while the opposition of the backwoodsmen grew more formidable; and they now began to think of exercising something like prudence. Dreading that want of fidelity which had become so manifest during the day, every man was compelled to commit his money and trinkets to a common charge during the night. This treasure was deposited in a bucket and let down in a well over which a centry was placed. Having stationed a piquet guard and taken other precautions the camp retired to needful repose.

At the head of Burlington Bay may still be seen the ruins of a fort, where were stationed a few troops at the time of which we are writing. Intelligence soon reached this fort of the near approach and encampment of the enemy; and before midnight a few regulars, reinforced by volunteers who kept constantly pouring into the ranks, were making a forced march to surprise them. The American camp was chained in slumbers haunted by dreams of disaster, while the tears of evening fell on their unsheltered brows; and the darkness of the night rendered more dense by heavy fog, concealed their danger from the centries till alarm from them was needless. Some of the Americans were awoke by a heavy fire which confirmed many of their fellow soldiers in eternal sleep; and those who were so fortunate as to survive the first fire saved themselves by flight without a feint of resistance.

After the enemy were dispersed, their camp was spoiled and the dead and wounded respectfully disposed of. In this rummage, the well was examined, the bucket of treasures drawn up, and a token of merit conferred on the volunteers by the distribution of its contents among them. The breast-pin fell

to young Clare, who shouldered his hunter's rifle on the first alarm, and acted a conspicuous part throughout the whole affair. And the jewel which had lingered in fond remembrance on the affectionate bosom of Caroline, now basked in pride on the martial breast of her future admirer.

Peace had returned, as already observed; Americans from the Republic were again welcomed into Canada; and the tide of emigration brought Arnold among the young men whom the great natural resources of this country had seduced from that home for which many of them had but recently been in arms.

At this period Caroline was spending her vocation with connexions in the neighborhood of the Clares, where Arnold had settled. Miss May soon gained the admiration of the circle in which her friends figured; and being very much her own counsellor, it appeared no great error to play a little of the coquette, especially where so attractive a beau as the gay American stranger attempted to cross a plain young man of whose modest merit she was not insensible. Thus, by holding out hopes to both, she was amused for some time by observing how an increasing attention to fashion to gayety on the part of the latter, and a gradual conquest over his natural effrontery and insensibility on the part of the former, more and more assimilated the rivals.

With mortification, Arnold marked the growing confidence of his competitor, the unwonted grace with which he began to make his addresses at the fashionable parties, and the attentions which Caroline would often return. Clare on the other hand, saw his better feelings aped by one whom he knew to be acting under the mask; and a mutual jealousy between them continued to ripen into rancour which was not long in finding a pretext to display itself.

One evening at a ball, the breast-pin was playfully plucked from the bosom that wore it by right of conquest, by a young lady in whose hands it was exposed to the scrutiny of Arnold who immediately recognized it. He pretended to have derived it from a source that endeared it to him by tender associations, and demanded its immediate restitution in terms not much calculated to forward his wishes. Clare hesitated and this hastened the crisis. The next day he received a note from the claimant, purporting that as he retained the jewel as a trophy of valour, he should prove that valour by an equal combat or stand convicted of cowardice. The bearer of this note was authorised to make the arrangements.

The American side of the Niagara was chosen for the scene of that tragedy which the rivals had agreed to act; and though Clare concealed from his own family the motive for which he took temporary leave of them, yet on parting with Caroline he could not refrain from telling her that this might prove his last adieu. Her importunity prevailed upon him to disclose what was pending, and her curiosity was gratified by an inspection of its cause, which had before escaped her notice. She immediately identified it with that jewel the loss of which had cost her so much regret, and it needed no other argument to convince her that the feelings by which her lovers were actuated in their present rivalry were as different as the motives from which they had acted in the field. Arnold now stood convicted of baseness that degraded him beneath the regard of a man of honor or a woman of sense, and here the rivalry ended.

SOPHIA.

BIOGRAPHY.

"The proper study of mankind is man."

FOR THE CASSET.

CAPTAIN BRANT.

We know of no individual in Upper Canada whose heroic deeds and chivalrous acts in life would fill a better space in history than the late Capt. Brant, chief of the Six Nations. His history is connected with some of the most important events of the American Revolution—he was a warm supporter of the cause of his King and country. There are many incidents, connected with that eventful struggle in which Capt. Brant bore a distinguished part, that would be highly interesting to the public. At the close of the war, he emigrated, with the Nations over whom he was chief, to this country. His high standing in life had but few equals and his name perhaps stands unrivalled amongst the Nations of America. Noble and magnanimous, he was generous to his enemies in war; and possessing a well cultivated mind, his company in private was inviting to all. Capt. Brant visited England, where he was invited to the highest circles, all of whom were delighted with his keen discernment and penetrating judgment. It is surprising that no competent writer should undertake to compile a work on his life, which would be sought after with avidity, as it would not owe its interest to fiction but real fact.

We should be happy to see announced the forth coming of a work of the kind.—Communicated.

HISTORICAL.

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

PRIMITIVE RUSSIAN ASSEMBLIES.

When Catherine Alexowna was made Empress of Russia, the women were in an actual state of bondage; but she undertook to introduce mixed assemblies, as in other parts of Europe; she altered the womens' dress, by substituting the fashions of England; instead of furs, she brought in the use of taffeta and damask, and coronets and commodoes, instead of caps of sable: the women found themselves no longer shut up in separate apartments, but saw company and visited each other, and were present at every entertainment. But as the laws to this effect were directed to a savage people, it is amusing enough to see the manner in which the ordinances ran. Assemblies were quite unknown among them: the Czarina was satisfied with introducing them, for she found it impossible to render them polite; an ordinance was therefore published according to their notions of breeding. It is as follows:

1st. The person at whose house the assembly is kept; shall signify the same by hanging out a bill, or by giving some other public notice, by way of advertisement, to persons of both sexes.

2nd. The assembly shall not be open sooner than 4 or 5 o'clock in the afternoon, nor continue longer than 10 at night.

3d. The master of the house shall not be obliged to meet his guests, or conduct them out, or keep their company; but, though he is exempt from all this, he is to find them chairs, candles, and all other necessaries that company may ask for; he is likewise to provide them with cards, dice, and every necessary for gaming.

4th. There shall be no fixed hour for coming or going away; it is enough for a person to appear in the assembly.

5th. Every one shall be free to sit, walk or game as he pleases; nor shall any one go about to hinder him, or take exceptions at what he does, upon pain of emptying the great eagle (a pint bowl full of brandy;) it shall likewise be sufficient, at entering or retiring, to salute the company.

6th. Persons of distinction, noblemen, superior officers, merchants, and tradesmen of note, head workmen, especially carpenters, and persons employed in chancery, are to have liberty to enter the assemblies, as likewise their wives and children.

7th. A particular place shall be assigned the footmen, except those of the

house, that there may be room enough in the apartments designed for the assembly.

8th. *No ladies are to get drunk, upon any pretence whatsoever, nor shall gentlemen be drunk before nine.*

9th. *Ladies who play at forfeitures, questions and commands, &c. shall not be riotous: no gentleman shall attempt to force a kiss; no gentleman shall strike a woman in the assembly, under pain of future exclusion.*

Such were the statutes upon this occasion; which, in their very appearance, carry an air of ridicule and satire; but politeness must enter every country by degrees, and these rules resemble the breeding of a clown—awkward but sincere.

MISCELLANY.

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

FOR THE CASSET.

BACHELOR'S HALL TO LET.

Though sensible that the only way of discharging our debts for parental care, is to pay them over to posterity in maintaining the strongest bond of society—I had settled a resolution to incur the charge of ingratitude and open a bachelor's hall. This purpose did not result from any disrelish for conjugal happiness; but rather from the conviction that I could never prove a successful gallant.

"None but the brave deserve the fair;" and with all the ardor of my feelings there was blended a kind of sheepish restraint, which clung to me like a bur and resisted every attempt at the execution of those insinuating advances which my imagination had reduced to a perfect theory. I could never brook the shadow of a sneer; and yet it is doing too much violence to nature for belles to suppress their risibility, when a timid beau looks embarrassed, bites his finger nails, stubs his toe on the threshold, or takes a chair at too respectful a distance.

During three years probation as a Cœlebs in search of a wife, all my purposes with the fair had either been overdone or left undone; and as there seemed nothing left for me but to put my reluctant project into immediate execution, I gave orders to my agent who has fitted up the hall accordingly. But just at this crisis, chance afforded me a demonstration that gave all my preconceptions of single blessedness the lie.

Presently after the holidays, accident led me, for the first time, into the domicile of a practical old bachelor.

The occupant, who looked young for forty, had been one of the earliest merchants of the country and enjoyed a considerable monopoly at two hundred per cent; was formerly a close applicant to business, and had consequently accumulated an immense fortune. It was whispered that he had once hesitated between women and wine, but in consequence of an unfortunate affair of love, had abandoned the former and entered into closer intimacy with the latter. Several years had elapsed since he retired from business to this solitude, enlivened only by an old male servant, and yet his purpose remained resolute.

I looked round the premises for that charm which bound the bachelor and his wealth in so narrow a shell, but all was loneliness and decay. The mangled skeleton of luxury, scattered over the hall, seemed only calculated to haunt its tenant with recollections of happier days. The costly furniture wore a mask of dust concealing its quality, and a rich Persian carpet was indebted to the same disguise for a sackcloth aspect; a bed composed of the richest materials was littered with parcels of receipts, obligations and other mercantile papers, wardrobe and drowsy kittens; the mahogany dining table was spread with counting-room appendages, a writing desk with plates, knives and forks, and the same pesty-turvy order prevailed all. The walls were covered with fishing-rods and game bags, pictures, maps and time-pieces, fowling-pieces and rifles, powder-horns, buck horns and dried vegetables, gridirons and other culinary articles; and the ceiling was clad in a drapery of overlaid cobwebs, groaning under loads of anatomized flies, which bore ample testimony that the cunning fabricators had met with no sweeping exceptions to their patron's hospitality. Heirlooms and remnants of merchandize jumbled together in every corner, all seemed to languish for the interference of female taste and industry, and pushed me to the sudden determination of renting my unopened hall to some fortunate husband, in whose family I would become a constant boarder.

While contemplating the scene, my eye fell on the new calendar which had just been posted conspicuously over a large mirror. One line on the titlepage, assisted by the sickening spectacle of this hall, dissuaded me from my purpose of celibacy and lured me into one more hope from a new expedient. "Being bissextile or Leap Year," it occurred to me that there would now be no impropriety in fe-

male gallantry; and having some confidence in the old adage—

There's ne'er a Jack but has a Jill—
If one won't the other will,

I determined to lay my case before the fair, through the press, and advertise for a wife. It is needless to describe my person or my choice—every madam within wooing distance has doubtless become so familiar with my gait that I should be detected even under a mask. As to notions of beauty temper and acquirements, the best descriptions are personal; and all cards or visitors will receive respectful attention from
ONE.

Niagara, February, 1832.

PORUS SAVED BY HIS ELEPHANT.—King Porus, in a battle with Alexander the Great, being severely wounded, fell from the back of the elephant. The Macedonian soldiers supposing him dead, pushed forward, in order to despoil him of his rich clothing and accoutrements; but the faithful elephant standing over the body of his master, boldly repelled every one who dared to approach, and while the enemy stood at bay, took the bleeding Porus up with his trunk, and placed him again on his back. The troops of Porus came by this time to his relief, and the king was saved; but the elephant died of the wounds which it had received in the heroic defence of its master.

PRIDE.—Diogenes being at Olympia, saw at that celebrated festival some young men of Rhodes, arrayed most magnificently. Smiling, he exclaimed, "This is pride." Afterwards meeting with some Lacedæmonians in a mean and sordid dress, he said, "and this also is pride."

POMPEII.—During the progress of the excavations in the "Casa del Fanni," on the 24th of October last, a large painting in mosaic, of extraordinary beauty, was discovered. It is about sixteen feet eight inches in height; and the human figures which it depicts, are half the size of life. The King of Naples went to inspect it in company with his sisters, and expressed himself in the highest degree delighted with the acquisition of so splendid a specimen of ancient art.

Speaking of the goods of life, Sir William Temple says—the greatest pleasure of this life is Love—the greatest treasure is Contentment—the greatest possession is Health—the greatest ease is Sleep—the greatest medicine is a true Friend.

PERPETUAL MOTION.

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

FOR THE CASKE.
PERPETUAL MOTION.(A *Neo Theory*.)

Considering the clearly demonstrated laws of motion, by which we know that the momentum of a body can only be proportionate to the force by which it is put in motion, and that this motion must meet with continual resistance from surrounding obstacles, it is surprising that any one acquainted with the rudiments of Natural Philosophy—much more any Christian—should ever so far credit the practicability of perpetual motion in machinery as to attempt its demonstration; for to succeed, would he to emulate that skill by which the Almighty carries on the great movements of Nature. I have not seen the absurdity of this speculation better illustrated than in the shrewd remark, that, "when a man could contrive to lift himself by pulling at the waist of his breeches, he might have a perpetual motion." Yet celebrated theorists have spent years in the search of principles by which a machine may not only retain its impulse, but even possess a kind of creative power which shall produce force to excelerate its own movements and impel other machinery. I shall not here attempt a description of the ingenious models which I have seen constructed upon their plans; but merely, instead, start a theory of my own, which I will apply to a model that may be sufficiently described without a diagram.

Admit, first, magnetic attraction in a vacuum, or without the influence of the atmosphere—but as the means of ascertaining this fact are not convenient, I must assume my first position upon conjecture—and here, already, I incur one of the hazards inseparable from such projects. Next, admit that a body of steel may be supported by the attraction of a proportionate mass of loadstone; so that placed below the magnet, at a certain distance, it will be drawn into immediate contact; lower, it will fall by the attraction of gravitation; and that somewhere between these two extremes, it will be exactly balanced—but then, whether the increased magnetism, by constant exposure, would not draw the steel from its balance, is another obstacle to the confidence I might otherwise put in my theory. Third, admit that the curvilinear motion of the planets, consequently of any body, is naturally perpetual where that motion meets no resistance. Now let us suppose a minute steel globe, (as that form is best adapted to motion,) which is to move within the sphere of a glass drum, known in pneumatic apparatus by the name of a

receiver. The top of this receiver is to contain a quantity of loadstone from which another magnet will be suspended by a thread, the length of which must correspond with the imaginary plane where the steel globe would be balanced. This magnet must possess sufficient attraction to balance a certain degree of resistance at the distance of the receiver's radius. The steel globe must then be made to perform its circuit round a plane supposed to pass from the circumference of the glass drum through this magnet. The tendency of the globe to fly off on a tangent, when revolving round the receiver at a certain degree of velocity, acting as a centrifugal force, will be resisted or balanced by the attraction of the magnet, acting as a centripetal force. This globe is to be put in motion by a spring, fixed in the drum, which may be let off by a valve placed in a tube of mercury which will rise by taking off the pressure of the atmosphere. Then, the machine may be put in motion by placing the receiver on an air-pump and rendering it a vacuum. Now, as this ball, when put in motion, meets no resistance from friction, gravitation and the atmosphere, I see no reason why it should not be at least as near an approach to perpetual motion as any other plan that has come within my knowledge. The theory I believe to be new—but after all, it remains to be tested by experiment; and as the vacuum will be imperfect, and the proportion and adjustment of the model require the greatest accuracy, some bungler, perhaps, will tinker it up in such a crazy manner, that I shall be ridiculed as a visionary theorist and indiscreet innovator.

SPECULATOR.

ESSAYS.

"The soft amusement of the vacant mind."

FOR THE CASKE.

GENIUS AND TALENT.

Genius, I conceive to be an innate mental superiority—a sublime and original faculty of the soul, or peculiar temperament of the mind—rendering its possessor a being of superior order to the rest of mankind, and at the same time burdening him with many weaknesses almost incompatible to its nature and other sublime qualities. Genius, as observed in most great men, has always been accompanied with a certain degree of eccentricity and inexplicable inconsistency. Its powers, effects and particular tendency have commonly varied in all whom it has adorned. It is always however, noted for a loftiness of conception, quickness or aptness in perception, and a wonderful capability and penetration of mind, in arguing upon most subjects. A contemplation of nature swells its powers to a dazzling admiration and its ebullitions

of greatness and originality no man can comprehend. A daring impetuosity of determination, an obstinate confidence in its own lofty powers make it ride but with an increased vividness and oppressive splendor and reliance in itself from opposition and irritation. It is, when compared with ordinary minds, as a fiery-trained comet, amid the myriads of twinkling stars in the midnight scene of the heavens—it blazes upon us with astounding splendour for awhile; and leaves us as soon, between the points of admiration and doubtfulness of its reality, to contemplate its powers, admire its career, and sigh for its loss. Oh frailty of sublimary things!

It is difficult at first sight, to draw the distinguishing line between Genius and Talent. I am aware that they are frequently taken as the same power or quality, or perhaps inadvertently represented as such. Such a doctrine is, however, not just or tenable. Every one, upon consideration, will perceive a manifest difference between them. That they are both gifts of nature I do not deny; and in my opinion talent (which some say is attainable by every one by study and observation,) is not to be construed in the sense of learning and knowledge, which every one I admit can attain, but consists in superior faculties of the mind, in less noble qualifications than Genius. Knowledge or erudition is not talent, but merely an adornment of it. The most learned men are not always men of talent; and again the man of but common education is frequently a man of talent—and yet this man of talent is not a man of genius. Men of talent are, comparatively with men of genius, abundant, but with men of learning scarce. There is a talent for eloquence, a talent for painting, a talent for music, and a talent for poetry. The masters of all the above sciences and faculties of mind may be men of talent. A poet may be a man of talent and not a man of genius: as instances take Pope, Cowper, Addison, and Sir Walter Scott, as Poets of talent; yet no one will say that every man can be a Pope or an Addison; and yet Pope Addison or Scott is not an original genius, or man of true genius.

Thus I think you can say, talent is not attainable by every one, nor is it synonymous with knowledge or learning. The great Michael Angelo perhaps and the modern musical genius Paganini may be called men of genius in the apartments of painting & music; yet every painter or musician who may be a man of talent would strive in vain for the mastery of such original characters. What man ever had the fire of the immortal Homer—his boldness of thought, justness of conception, admirable invention and philosophic views? Who the intensity of thought and chasteness of

in manner so conspicuous in Milton's works? His mind grasped, in its reach, at ideas and figures we shudder to behold. So expanded were his views and mighty his mind. In Shakespeare what a command of language we see—knowledge of human nature, unequalled and original ideas. In Byron again we see a genius of a different turn—a mysterious spirit not contented with a knowledge of the present world, but longing to pry into the shades of futurity and unknown existences. We see him in his true character when buried in the solitude of his contemplation—banished from the noise of the world, his ideas rang over the visible creation; and with a hankering and doubtful curiosity, he sits in judgment on the illusory creations of his own fancy. There was something very original and eccentric about Byron. The policy of Scott was just when he gave up the field of poetry to such a powerful mind. Scott wrote for fame; Byron to oppose the the literary world and ridicule its inferiority. Freedom from restraint genius must have—it cannot be confined. Mark this trait in the boldest of spirits, Buonaparte, an undoubted genius. I cannot pass over the great Newton whose intensity of thought was never equalled, or grasp of mind excelled by any one. *C.M.D.* BRITON.

NATURAL HISTORY.

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

FOR THE CASSET.

THE NORTH AMERICAN WEASLE.

This most diminutive though not least admirable, of the feline species is one of the rarest animals of the country; and, on account of its activity, is seldom seen, though possessed of a most daring spirit, which seems almost to disregard the approach of man. Its boldness appears to result from instinctive consciousness of its ability to escape in the last extremity, for there is nothing of stupor or listlessness in its constitution—hence the old adage, "catch a weasle asleep." The weasle of this country is something larger than the red squirrel, though very differently proportioned, being naturally longer, and capable of extending its spine about one fourth in the length of the body. This tenseness facilitates its habits, as it is thereby enabled to pursue smaller animals into their holes and to gorge without inconvenience. It subsists principally upon animal food, if not wholly carnivorous, and its voracity is almost incredible. It aims at the jugular vein, with the accuracy of a practised anatomist, and revels on the blood of its victim. I have heard the brown and white weasle spoken of; but this is an erroneous impression taken from the circumstance of its colour changing with the season. In

summer it is of a dark brown, and in winter white, with the exception of a broken line of brown running along the back and on the tip of the tail. When irritated it emits a pungent fetid odour, at other times hardly perceptible. The skin is said to contain strong medical virtue, and is preserved by some with great care. A minutely zoography of this animal would doubtless be highly interesting, as it is of an extremely eccentric disposition; but the above sketch contains all the features that I have been enabled to draw from ordinary observation.

The following reminiscence of my boyhood may serve to illustrate the character of this little animal, and I therefore pen it as much for my own amusement as for the instruction of others. An old weasle had long been a welcome occupant of my father's dwelling and outhouses, to the no small annoyance of the mice, rats, and other predatory intruders. In the necessary revolutions of the wood-house and corn-barn, I have frequently found a litter of young rats, with their dam, murdered in the nest, where the merciless assassin had drank the vital blood, and left them with their throats cut, the monuments of his impartial cruelty. In one of his eccentricities, this old domestic turned traitor to the cause of his patron, and awakened in me reasonable apprehensions that his transactions among the poultry were dishonourable. Eggs began to be broken and partly devoured, and several chickens were found with their necks horribly wounded. This skirmishing, assisted by his native boldness, soon gave him confidence to wage an exterminating warfare against the whole cackling generation, without respect to age or sex—even the venerable Chanticleer was irreverently butchered in his sentry-box. At length one winter evening, the male members of our family were summoned from the fire-side by cries of consternation in the hen-roost. On arriving at the scene, we found the weasle clinging like a leech to the throat of a vigorous young cock which made desperate resistance, while the arena was strewed with several dead fowl and others complaining sadly of sore throats. As the weasle persisted, he was a fair mark to strike at; and one of our company, having procured a coice club, made several passes at the rioter, but he eluded them with the celerity of thought, though seemingly buried in his debauch when the club received its impulse. Nothing could induce him to desist more than a few minutes, when he again returned to his victim. The fowls were all removed, except one badly wounded, which was left as a bait. I then placed this invalid near a crevice through which the weasle had several times escaped; and on the side of approach, set

a small steel-trap, and retired. After a short time I returned to the spot and found the little gormandizer still apparently gorging on the fowl, though he exhibited signs of restlessness and irritation. On closer observation, I found him fast in the jaws of the trap which firmly hugged the body a little behind the middle. I attempted to take up the trap, but he would turn suddenly upon my hand till withdrawn, when he would again fasten upon the fowl; which, at length, I look up by the legs, raising the trap and weasle by his teeth, and in this manner transported him to the place of execution. AMATOR NATURE.

THE CASSET.

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

JOHN GLADWIN, EDITOR.

HAMILTON, FEBRUARY 25, 1832.

The Bow.—There is still something expressive in this gesture, notwithstanding the mere formality to which fashion has reduced it—and who that has the politeness to exchange a score of them through every day's occurrences, has not learned to interpret the various bows which one meets? Suppose the patrons of the Casket attend to a few hints on this subject, preparatory to the bow with which they are about to be saluted.

Ceremonious bowing becomes ridiculous or disgusting in proportion to its abuse; and therefore those formal bipeds in flexible cravats, who go nodding about like a brood of snipes, ought not to feel chagrin because their civility is not always reciprocated; for discerning gentlemen, who prop their chins with patent leather stocks and their waists with whalebone and buckram, find it irksome to ape all this ductility at the expense of so much resistance. Yet even such empty bows afford a *polite hint* on the force of habit.

Flattery is the agent of self-interest, and its insinuating congenie is more imposing than that of mere listless habit, because it has a design—yet who cannot see in the studied gracefulness of this action, some insidious scheme as nicely digested?

As genuine reverence excites the purest energies of the soul, so it may the best faculties of the body; and the reverential bow is sometimes as gracefully sublime as its mental concomitant. Yet that pathos incompatible with self-possession, is oftener accompanied by embarrassment which becomes more obvious as respect approaches to veneration. Who does not love the homely courtesy of rustic simplicity, and the fluttering complaisance of unsullied youth? An awkward obeisance possesses the most intrinsic grace, because it is least susceptible of hypocrisy. Here ladies is a clue to the intentions of your suitors.

Do mortals hang their heads under heavy dispensations? Wanting humility, such is the bow of servile submission.

yet who can cower to an oppressor without affording a pantomime hint at the resistance of a latent spirit which would sooner break than bend?

Then there is the nod of command and the nod of assent, the repulsive nod and the nod of invitation—in short, one might collect a volume of peculiarities, not forgetting those unaffected bows which readers naturally drop over long wordy articles interspersed with remote unconnected thoughts.

But lest even variety should grow tedious, omit the rest and conclude with one of the ball room graces, the scraping bow of fashion. At this Babel of ceremony the silent language of Nature would fain be confounded—yet in this perversion, who but detects that littleness of soul which can be hampered by rules of etiquette on all occasions?

Under the predicament of mere fashionable obscurity comes the *bow editorial*—a circumstance which ought to render the usage avoidable, only for its being an old fashion. But there is something so irreverent in discarding customs and opinions which our grandfathers and great grandmothers, ten generations back, have held in veneration, that an editor who should step upon the stage without subjecting his buskin (or rather *slipper*,) to the scrape of editorial etiquette, would incur not only the hiss but the charge of downright infidelity. "Bow!"—"Prologue!" would interrupt the astounded actor, as he attempted to proceed with the drama.

And since editorial howing is not free from the restraints of rule, he who presumes to innovate does so at the peril of his character. The scourge of criticism is always in reserve for the wayward novice who ventures to deviate from the old formula, or who unfortunately blunders in the act of imitation. Now, therefore, sensible of a kind of stiff-necked inability to please all in the performance of an unaccustomed grace, we are half inclined to show a good will by some specious apology, rather than hazard an awkward attempt. Suppose—in excuse—a little of the *discerning gentleman*. But an editor in days would be a new hyperbole, and too incredible considering the habits of men of letters. There is no getting round this knotty point.

Well, then, here is nod for nod to those who bow because they acquired the habit at school—to the sycophant, here is a bow, a smile and a volume of the Casket, for which he will please pay the publisher ten shillings—to superiors we bow with feeling reverence, wishing loyal subjects to those who rule wisely, and plentiful harvest to those who plough diligently—to contributors and correspondents we repeat the reverential bow, and hope for a better acquaintance—to the conceited dandy we scrape with supreme consequence—to the critic we shrug up the shoulders, and submit on condition of his sparing the rod.

But though critics should sneeringly remark, "There is indeed something ex-

pressive in this gesture," by which the blockhead has exposed himself in the outset—though neither "pity" nor "contempt" should "protect" the Casket and its editor from their brand of disgrace—who will admire such an achievement against a periodical assuming to be no more than an "incentive for calling up the energies and developing the faculties of the youth of our own country?" Let them recur to the prospectus of this little work, for by that chart the editor will be guided, while he hopes to sail prosperously and harmoniously upon hailing terms with a *Voyager* of higher pretensions. The future editor of the Casket is content to be esteemed "a snapper of unconscious trifles;" and with a will to make it as interesting as such means will admit, he remains the Public's humble servant,
JOHN GLADWIN.

A CARD.

Mr. Crosman improves the present occasion for returning his sincere and hearty thanks to those who have so generously aided his literary attempt with their pens, as he feels confident that none of them have been influenced by "mercenary" motives, or by any other wish than to promote literary taste and encourage a laudible experiment. Though disappointed in two or three instances where pledges were given him, Mr. C. has received contributions from more pens than he ever could have flattered himself with the hope of enlisting in so humble an enterprise, especially in a region where he was told but little talent in that line existed. He also acknowledges the debt of gratitude due to editors who have given publicity and credit to the Casket. It may here be proper to remark that but one disapproving voice has been publicly raised against Mr. Crosman's publication; and that the indiscriminate contempt expressed in that instance, showed too plainly that the author of that censure wrote at the request of the proprietor of another literary paper about to be established here, (conclusions confirmed by said proprietors own acknowledgments,) without knowing enough of the "foul imposture," which he condemned, to point out the obnoxious matter. As the new editorial arrangement will not render the gifts of former contributors less acceptable, Mr. C. begs a continuance of their favor, notwithstanding the sweeping censure which their effusions have called down upon the Casket in one instance. Grateful for the patronage of a generous public, Mr. C. relies on a continuance of the same.

Though I could reach from pole to pole
And grasp the ocean at a span,
This would not prove a greater soul—
The mind's the measure of the man.

It is hoped that parodising the above sentiment, for want of the original, will not "warm with red resentment the wan cheek" of an eminent poet, who was obnoxious to an inference which he reproved in a similar extemporaneous effusion. How many great souls, renowned for lof-

teness and originality of conception, have animated forms remarkably ugly.

"God mend me!" once ejaculated an immortal bard—"God make a new one!" replied another, surveying the deformed author, cap-a-pie. And there have always been persons, of this same narrow and unteeling mind, ready to ridicule the physical deformities of others; while the moral deformity of their own minds, to those who saw it, must have rendered them far more the objects of pity—not ridicule—for to a truly benevolent mind pity alone can accrue from the moral and physical defects of others.

Unfortunately, some remark in the last Casket seems to have afforded a pretext for this kind of pity, and a certain officious expositor has been actively endeavoring to excite that feeling mingled with *contempt*. This was uncalculated for. It is hoped that all the readers of that article have sagacity enough to detect any improper sentiment thrown in their way. Now, what stranger to the aggrieved did not as perfectly understand the design of those remarks about an editor's "slippers and their appendages," as any one can in this town? Or who could have supposed any personality intended, but for an unhappy coincidence, unintended of while writing the article? The remarks were such as might naturally have occurred to the most chaste author pursuing the same figure—but had a different been chosen; had a coat of certain disproportion been supposed, this expounding busybody might, with as much justice, have snatched it from beneath the goose, and fitted the hump back of some modern Esop as laboriously. Or, had a beaver of peculiar dimensions been adopted in allegory, some blockhead like the officious person in question, would probably have intruded his noddle into the hat and vowed that it was blocked to his own measure.

Trusting that no one whom the shoe might have fitted has ever cared for its description we would remind others that the editor and his slippers are old cronies, and that it is his prerogative to shape them to his liking.

Nota Bene.—Comparatively few of our contributors write prose, while poets introduce themselves almost daily. How is this to be accounted for? Perhaps by supposing harmony the conductor of thought. There are somewhere two lines affording a hint upon this subject, where the poet admires the magical effect of associations:—

Strange how associations hook
Ideas from oblivion's brook.

The associations of harmony suggest a host of words corresponding in sound, which renders rhyme easy. Then the associations between ideas and their representatives "hook" up a multitude of thoughts from the smooth running pool of harmonious words, as they flow over the poet's ear while he waits for the right one; and thus his imagination is constantly replenished with spontaneous materials, from the Pierian spring, which only

require judgment in their selection and taste in their arrangement. Hence, too, the versatility of some writers, who turn aside to grasp at every poetic image, without much regard to their connection.

On the other hand, the prose writer penetrates his subject, assisted by a few analogies; and when study and invention have collected his materials, those ideas suggest the words which only preserve the author's thoughts instead of conducting them. Thus prose becomes to many a sort of drudgery, while its rival, poetry, is regarded as pastime. Now, if any contributor doubts this theory, let him come down from his stilts, in the Poet's Corner, and degaude his magic hand with the pen of prose, long enough to expose our sophistry: or, is he averse to contending for a point, we will cheerfully pick up our glove, on condition that he shall start another theory, tell a story, or write an essay; for at this time prose articles are in great request.

"The Forest Girl—a Canadian Tale," is received. The author, it is hoped, will contribute regularly.

RECEIPTS.

LETTERS.—From Messrs. C. Ingersoll, H. Mittieberger, Thomas L. Ritter, Duncan McGregor, E. H. Campbell.

POETRY.

FOR THE CASSETTE.

STANZAS.

Ah! see yon star so brightly beaming
'Thro' the western purple's hue,
Its golden rays so sweetly streaming
O'er the soft, the liquid blue.

Like the Eolian harp's wild measure,
Gently touch'd by evening's wind,
It imparts a mournful pleasure
To the pensive musing mind.

Yet, fleet and transient is its glory,
Like most earthly prospects vain;
It sinks in Ocean's bed so hoary,
Again to rise, to sink again! P.

FOR THE CASSETTE.

ON HEARING THE EVENING BELL.

It is too soon—I do not love
To hear so soon the solemn toll;
It tells how fast old Time can move,
How swiftly does his chariot roll.
It tells how idle I have been,
To let the hours unnumber'd fly—
Hours that shall never come again,
Hours that have sought eternity.

A few more times I'll hear thee sound,
A few more times thou'lt chide me so,
A few more times my heart rebound,
And I no more thy notes shall know.
Then thou wilt sound thy voice again,
With solemn toll—I may not hear—
And friends if such I have, 'twill pain,
While the sad requiem strikes the ear.
F. W. H. E.

The following article was so altered in sense by errors in its first insertion, that the shortest errata is to re-publish it entire. It is hoped that such occasions, though not like angel's visits may be "few and far between"—but this is the compositor's fault.

WRITTEN FOR THE CASSETTE.

TO L * * *.

I write; but in my words there lies
A mystery hid from Critics' eyes.
Yet one—but one, of all the train
Can read aright the mystic strain.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Even thou, whose innate sense refin'd
With admiration fill'd my mind,
Perhaps by wayward fortune di'en,

Shalt fall, (provent it gracious heaven,)
A prey to some unfeeling one,
Whom kindness smiles in vain upon:
Whose form of bland deceptive kind
Enshrines a selfish brutish mind;
So strange the means the fates employ
To poison every earthly joy.

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

Mad with the scene impatience burns,
And reason's wavering influence spurms.

Oh! that yon spangled stars would fly
In wild disorder through the sky;
And mingling tempests fiercely roll;
And sweep the earth from either pole.

High on some frowning rock I'd stand,
That overlook'd the groaning land;
And laugh at the destroying wind,
So like the tempest in my mind;
Till by the furious whirlwinds caught
Thro' the fast dark'ning air I'd float,
Far in the ocean's boiling wave,
Where not all human art could save;
Oh then the tossing deep would queach
My burning thoughts—

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

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

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 CASKET.

ON VISITING A WATERFALL NEAR DUNDAS

BY JASPER BERTL.

'Thou flow'st a virgin stream
With thy forest woven crown,
Aye cherish'd by the beam
The wooing sun sends down.
Encradled midst thy rocks,
No hand the axe has put
To do the deed which shocks
The haunts of Nature's foot.
Unshackled yet by man,
In the simpleness thou worest
When thy joy of waves began,
Thy showy stream thou pourcest.
To its rocky bed it rushes
Into foathery clusters thrown—
As when our young love gushes
O'er a reckless heart of stone.
The Indian's glancing eye
As he slakes him in thy brook,
Nor the stag in tripping by
Scarcely gives thy charms a look;
For they stand as they have stood
When the sun first on thee smil'd—
The glory of the wood,
And the music of the wild.
O'er thy waves in lands of old
A magic would be flung—
A hundred tales be told,
A hundred lays be sung:
Old Ossian's harp would saint thee
As a white hair'd maden's haunt,—
A Roman bard would paint thee
As a green-rob'd Naiad's font.
Why joys the heart to fill
With the element's career,
Till tits nerves are fix'd, and thrill
With an ecstasy of fear?—
And why delights the soul
In the tempest's widest crash,
In the thunder's loudest roll,
In the water's wildest dash?—
In the soul are clouds that lower—
In the heart are storms that rack,
Which may with no other power
Sympathize and echo back.
When affection's cheering voice
On the ear all joyless falls:
When the cup of pleasure cloyes,
And the tone of music palls;
When the works of man seem vain,
And to the wearied eye
Art's monotony gives pain,
'Tis to Nature then we fly:
There says dwell in the fountains,
And spirits in the breeze,
Companions in the mountains,
And songsters in the trees;
There mental strife subsides—
There flies the feverish dream;
Thro' flowers the fancy glides
Like thee, thou playful stream;
And nameless tho' thou be,
The deed to me belong
Thy to dedicate to thee
Thy maiden weed of song.

FOR THE CASKET.

MORE TRUTH THAN POETRY.

I've drain'd the cup—I've drank the gaul,
Whereon fair bubbles floated;
I've learn'd the fallacy of all
On which I vainly doted;
And banish'd now are Hope and Fear,
With all they once could borrow—
The present claims at worst a tear,
The best is Fate's to-morrow.

Through distance view'd, as hills remote
Seem mounds of vellum green,
That gently rise where broozes float—
Se look'd life's distant scene:
I chased the rainbow phantom down:
Young hills to Alps arose—
Who climbs for science or renown,
Meets mountains to oppose.

I've seen Hope's fairest paintings fade—
The ardent hopes of youth,
I've join'd the world in masquerade,
And through her mask seen Truth:
False shapes deceive in all we meet—
Smiles beam from stifled malice;
Who pays the reconciling treat,
Hands poison in the chalice.

The pearls of Principle I've sought,
In bosoms deep as ocean;
Vain fisherman! I only caught
The restless billow's motion:
Found wealth the magnet of esteem;
Self, friendship's prime ingredient;
Conscience, a vane; Content, a scheme;
And Reason, an expedient.

Lo, shall I look beyond the vale,
Where schisms contend to guide me?
Still dare another hope to hail,
While perish'd hopes deride me?
Too oft, at Superstition's call,
I've been where phantoms floated—
I've felt the fallacy of all
On which I vainly doted. J. G.

ANECDOTES.

"Trifles light as air."

A COUNSELLOR, on cross-examining a witness, on an occasion to address him with, "Well my old luck, I suppose you are one of those people who do not often go to church." "Perhaps," said the other, "if the truth was known, I am as often there as you are." The promptness of the reply produced a laugh, in which the witness very cordially joined. "What makes you laugh?" said the lawyer. "Is not every body laughing?" replied the other. "True," said the man of law, "but do you know what they are laughing at?" "Why I think in my heart," rejoined the fellow, "that they take either you or me to be a fool, but I do not know which."

BURKE AND GIBBON.—Croker in his edition of Boswell reports a remark of James Mackintosh, who, on being questioned as to his opinion of the comparative merits of Burke and Gibbon, replied that "Gibbon might have been cut out of a corner of Burke's mind, without his ever missing it."

A singular sort of a man sent for a magistrate to write his will. After mentioning a number of bequests he went on: "Item, I give and bequeath to my brother Zack, one thousand dollars." "Why, you are not worth half that sum," interrupted the magistrate. "Well, no matter if I ain't," replied the other; "it's my will that brother Zack should have that sum, and he may work and get it if he's a mind to."

A gentleman having married a lady of the name of Lamb, who had very little beauty, but a very great fortune, was told by an acquaintance, that he would not have taken the lamb, had it not been for the *fl. ecc.*

Well Sam, shall we have rain or snow about these times? "Oh, I don't know," looking wondrous wise, "but I am inclined to think we shall have rain, or it may be snow, but that will depend very much on the weather."

The Greenlanders suppose that thunder is caused by two old women flapping seal skins in the moon; and the aurora borealis owing to the spirits of their fathers frisking at foot ball.

There is an ancient saying, that "Truth lies in a well." May not the modern adage run, "The most certain charity is at a pump."

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