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# CANADIAN CASSET.

NEC DESIT JUCUNDIS GRATIA VERBIS.

VOLUME I.

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## SELECTED PAPERS.

"To hold the mirror up to Nature."

FOR THE CASSET.

### THE LOVERS OF THE FOREST.

(Concluded.)

Though the night dragged heavily on, yet it passed away, and by the morning light on a marshy piece of ground near the creek, he discovered the direction she had taken. Journeying on for several hours he arrived at the summit of a hill that overlooked a wide extended valley, in the midst of which rolled a broad and noble river; following along the brow of the hill, he found a path formed by deer or other wild animals, which led down to the valley, and on this path he found the footsteps of her he sought. On arriving at the river he beheld with dismay, the hat his Fanny had so often worn, the basket in which she had gathered the currants, and a copy of some verses he had presented her a few weeks before. A groan of horror issued from his inmost soul, and he exclaimed, "Oh God, she has destroyed herself in the waters!"

Full of this melancholy idea he followed along the banks, searching for all that remained of a being so lovely and beloved. But the dying embers of hope were again rekindled by observing her footsteps near the river, which rolled on the left, while on the right at a considerable distance, rose a range of hills which bounded the valley.

Anxious and wayworn, he travelled on till the day was nearly spent, when he found that the stream which had gradually inclined towards the hills, now reached their very base, and formed a craggy and precipitous shore, which prevented his farther progress. Here he had hoped to find her, but was again disappointed, and now he sat down in despair. Soon however, he was aroused by the sound of a human voice, and looking through the trees he beheld a form with disshvelled hair advancing towards him. Transported to ecstasy, he uttered a shout of joy, at which the figure started—then fled with precipitation. Almost confounded with surprise, he pursued, overtook

and clasped her in his arms, from which she madly endeavored to escape; and to his endearing expressions, she returned only the shrieks of the maniac, and the terrified stare of incomprehension. Now the awful truth broke upon him—terror had deprived her of reason. In wild and incoherent wailings she called upon him who was near her, though she knew it not, to rescue her from the hands of violence. This swept over his heart-strings, and their vibration was agony: in that single hour he suffered a concentration of misery, which if expanded would have spread the gloom of sorrow over a year of ordinary existence. By degrees she became more calm; he offered her the bread which in despite of his own hunger he had preserved, and she devoured it with famished eagerness. It was now that he was obliged to do, what nothing but the energy of despair could have enabled him to perform—to bind her with his handkerchief to a tree that she might not escape, while he went back in search of his rifle, which he left on the margin of the stream. Having found it he returned, and with difficulty kindled a fire: and as darkness gathered around, he collected a quantity of dry leaves, on which, partly by constraint and partly by persuasion, he induced her to repose; taking off his coat he threw it over her, and she soon sunk into a peaceful slumber.

While watching by her side, he had leisure for contemplating his situation. He was above thirty miles from home, "in the midst of a howling wilderness," with the being whom he loved more than life, a wild and almost uncontrollable maniac. How was he to convey her home? and to return without her was impossible! Sleep at last overcame him, and buried his sorrows in repose.

When he awoke the sun had risen, and Fanny was gone. Starting up he gazed wildly around, but no Fanny could he see. This was more than his feelings could support: uttering a cry of despair, he threw himself on the earth, but soon he was raised from his prostration by a well-known voice: it was Fanny's. This time she did at-

tempt to fly from him, and in a moment he clasped her in his arms. Unable to speak, they sat down on a fallen tree. When her agitation had partly subsided, she faltered, "Oh, William, how are my dear parents?" "Fanny," said William, "think not of their misery; think only of their joy on your return. Thank heaven," he continued, "that calm eye assures me that reason has resumed her empire." "What? William have I then been wandering in my mind, as well as in the forest?" "Ah, Fanny! you know not then the situation in which I found you."

He then related the means by which he had traced her—his feelings on arriving at the river, and the manner in which he found her. During the recital, floods of tears flowed down her lovely cheeks, and when he had ended she raised her eyes to heaven in thankfulness, for having been relieved from the most terrible of all calamities, the deprivation of reason. Then turning to William she said, with a look which expressed more strongly than her words, "Oh William, what do I not owe you!" "Fanny," said he, "speak not of it; that look more than repays me for all that I have suffered. But tell me when and how you lost your recollection."

"I need not relate," says she, "what I felt when I found that I was astray. Towards evening, I found a path that I fondly hoped would have led to some habitation; but woful was my disappointment on arriving at the river. Almost dead with terror and fatigue, I sat down and recommending myself to Divine protection, and endeavored to reconcile myself to my melancholy fate. Here I remained perhaps only a few hours, but to me it seemed an age, when I heard in the distance the cry of wolves; they came nearer and in a short time the hill above resounded with their dreadful howlings; I thought they were coming to devour me, and was going to plunge into the stream to avoid a death still more terrible.—But Providence in mercy preserved me from such impiety by a suspension of reason: A strange wildness came over my brain and I recollect no more

until this morning when I awoke.— You may imagine my surprise and joy, on finding that you were with me. I thought only one night had elapsed since my melancholy wanderings, and how you had found and conveyed me here without my knowledge, was a mystery I could not solve. Anxious for your awakening, I retired to a little distance: and now it is all explained.”

Love, pure and ardent as it was, could not alone support the fatigues of a long and difficult journey. William took up his gun, and had not proceeded far, when he found a deer within the range of his shot; a number of these he had seen the day before, but killing deer was not then his object. In a few minutes some of the venison, suspended by bending twigs, was roasting over the fire. This seasoned by hunger, made a delicious meal.

They now arose and pursued their journey. When they arrived at the path which led to the river, Fanny recovered the things she had lost. They now ascended the hill and travelled on until evening, when they prepared to pass the night, where few lovers would wish to bivouac. However, this passed happily, compared with the two which had preceded it.

The next morning they fell in with some of the numerous people who were scouring the woods; and by the firing of guns and blowing horns, their party increased as they journeyed on. Who is that venerable person advancing with hasty steps?

“My child! my child!” was all that the old gentleman was able to utter as he clasped his daughter in his arms.

“Oh my father! how is my dear mother,” was Fanny’s immediate inquiry. “She is dreadfully afflicted,” said her father, ‘but trusts in heaven.”

Fanny then taking William by the hand, says—“here father is my deliverer.”

“God bless you, my son,” said Mr. Homes, embracing him, ‘God bless you: but for you, our grey hairs would have went with sorrow down to the grave! can we ever repay you?”

William looked towards Fanny with an expression which seemed to say *you can*, and Fanny’s responding glance did not speak despair.

The joyful tidings flew before them; and an affecting scene ensued when the mother and daughter met! Nature would have sunk under the feelings which she herself created, had not tears relieved her bursting heart.

William, overwhelmed with congratulations, after taking leave of Fan-

ny, returned home to seek that rest he so much required. His parents and sister formed part of the large circle that gathered around their evening fire, all anxious to hear from Fanny the history of her lonely sojourn; and the tale brought tears from every eye. Long the company lingered, unwilling to break up; and ere they retired to rest, a prayer of thanksgiving, warm and ardent as ever flowed from the lips of man, rose from this happy dwelling.

In a few weeks, another company was assembled at Mr. Homes’ and William saluted a lovely bride, amid the congratulations of numerous friends, rendered more dear to them and to each other, by the adventures of the forest.

NEWBURN.

#### MISCELLANY.

“Various that the mind of desultory man,  
Studious of change and pleas’d with novelty,  
May be indulg’d.”

WRITTEN FOR THE CASKET.

#### REMINISCENCE OF OAKVILLE.

It was in the month of April when I last visited the harbor of Oakville, G. D. the scenery of which brought to my recollection a few hours I spent at that place about six years ago. At that time only one miserable deserted log hut was erected, which now stands as a monument of past years and present curiosity. To take shelter in this forsaken, and said to be, haunted hovel seem’d to me, who was then about eighteen, hardly possible. One hour the sun had been sunk below the western horizon before I reached this dismal place. The winds whistled through the branches of the long-stripped trees; the clouds flew swiftly across the face of heaven, and the agitated lake roared with wild confusion.

A few steps and I reached the eastern bank of the Sixteen which brought fully to my view, the rolling waters as they beat upon the beach and broke in whitened foam. The shrubby oaks bent beneath the wild wind; the lofty pine nodding beneath the oppressive element, seem’d almost willing to give up its ancient possession, whilst others too weak to resist, tumbled from their base, making the earth tremble as they reached its face, and leaving a mist of branches loosely floating round; in fine, all the elements appear’d to have conspired to present the most awful picture of horror and dismay.

On a little eminence I paused, placing the butt of my rifle on the ground and leaning upon the muzzle, I contemplated in the most solemn manner, the scene before me. To retrace my steps

homeward was not possible; to seek for an inhabited house would be folly, because the nearest was at least two miles distant and the path unknown; but to remain in the place where I was would be the wisest resolve. Looking around for a spot on which to build a fire, I pitched upon one in a ravine which ran towards the creek, and with a good deal of difficulty kindled a fire, and the old wood around afforded plenty of fuel to make a large flame. I seated myself on a log near my fire, and with my rifle began to keep a watch for the night.

The wheels of darkness rolled on in stern majesty over the broad wilderness of shadows, and nothing brought with it any diversity of sight or sound but the crash of a tree, at considerable intervals, whose weight jarred the wide extended forest. About midnight the wind abated and nearly a calm followed. The roar of the lake yet echoed through the air. The rebounding wave rolled along the shore, hearing with it the bright sparkle of its foam. The owl hooted his dismal cry from the nodding pine; the wolf’s long wild howl rose upon the startled echoes afar off, amid the frowning trees on the west bank, and the astonished pack followed downward the winding of the creek with a steady pace. Every yelp indicated their nearer approach, and every silent moment brought with it the weight of oppressive terror. With all the firmness of a youth whom danger had never started from the straight forward path, I rose from my seat, cocked my rifle, and waited for the burst of the next howl, which in all probability, would not be many hundred yards from my position. It came—it rolled along the stream in all the wildness of a ferocious sound, reverberating from “hill to glen;” it rung through the forest till it could only be heard in startling echoes and lost amid the voice of the waters. Hung by suspense and nearly trembling with fear, I awaited the attack of my enemies, who by this time had forded the stream. Another startling howl aroused my remaining senses, and told me their distance; and I stood watching with earnest expectation for the first to make his appearance, determining to be the death at least of one. \* \*

The death-like howl told me that my aim was fatal! Again all was still! no sound—no noise! all appear’d as silent as death! The long rolling wave yet sent forth its slow harsh voice, and the hooting owl at times still issued his plaintive notes among the dark trees of the forest. Hardly did my breath steal its way, or my eyes move from the di-

rection of my foes, expecting every moment a fresh attack for the loss of their companion. In this manner I watched till the waning stars told the approach of day; and when the light was sufficient for me to discern my way I made my journey home.

It is worthy of remark, that where a merchant's store now stands, is near the place, that I beheld, leaning on my rifle, Lake Ontario in its discordant agitation. And only a few yards in front of the "Oakville House," is the spot on which I took up my uneasy lodgings for the night; and where the foaming surf rolled o'er the shoals at the mouth of the creek, now floats the broad winged vessel, bringing her treasures home. And where the shrubby oak withstood the tempest, now stands many valuable buildings; all of which indicate the growth and prosperity of Canada, whilst it points out to the observer a place that bids fair not to be the least for convenience, comfort and pleasure, of any in the Province. So much then, for the hand of industry in the improvement of the wilderness.

D. M. B.

#### A SKETCH.

A mother was kneeling, in the deep hush of evening, at the couch of two infants, whose rosy arms were entwined in a mutual embrace. A slumber, soft as the moonlight, that fell through the lattice over them like a silvery veil, lay on their delicate lids—the soft bright curls, that clustered on their pillow, were slightly stirred by their gentle and healthful breathings, and that smile, which beams from the pure depths of the fresh spirit, yet rested on their lips. The mother looked upon their exceeding beauty with a momentary pride—and then as she continued to gaze on the lovely slumberers, her dark eye deepened with an intense and unutterable fondness, and a cold shuddering fear came over her, lest those buds of life, so fair, so glowing, might be touched with sudden decay, and gathered back in their brightness to the dust.— And she lifted her voice in prayer, solemnly, passionately earnest, that the Giver of life would still spare to her those blossoms of love, over whom her soul thus yearned. And as the low breathed accents rose on the still air, a deepened thought came over her, and her spirit went out with her loved and pure ones into the strange wild paths of life; and a strong horror chilled her frame as she beheld mildew and blight settling on the fair and lovely of the earth, and high and rich hearts scathed with desolating and guilty passions.— And the prayer she was breathing

grew more fervent—even to agony, that He, who was the fountain of all purity would preserve these whom He had given her in their perfect innocence, permitting neither shame, nor crime, nor folly to cast a stain on the brightness with which she had received them invested from His hand as with a mantle.

As the prayer died away in the weakness of the spent spirit, a pale shadowy form stood beside the infant sleepers. "I am Death," said the spectre, "and I come for these babes—I am commissioned to bear them where the perils you deprecate are unknown; where neither stain, nor dust, nor shadow can reach the rejoicing spirit. It is only by yielding them to me you can preserve them forever from contamination and decay." A wild conflict—a struggle as of the soul parting in strong agony, shook the mother's frame; but her faith, and the love which hath a purer fount than that of earthward passion, triumphed, and she yielded up her babes to the spectre.

"Behold!" said Death, as he touched the fair forms, and the beauty of life gave place to a holier and yet deeper loveliness, "behold, the smile of innocence is now forever sealed. They will waken where there is neither light nor tempest." And the benign Power, whom we call the Spoiler, bore away the now perfected blossoms of immortality to the far off sky.

#### THE WRONG MAN.

A few days since, among other travellers that took lodgings for the night at the eastern stage house, Boston, were a couple of Irishmen, who were to leave the next morning, one for Providence, and the other for a place somewhere in New Hampshire, called Keene. At four o'clock the Providence stage coach drove up—the horn wound a shrill blast, but not shrill enough to rouse the sleeping Irishmen, and the waiter was despatched to summon him who was first to take his departure. In a short time he made his appearance, half dressed and half waked, and having taken a glass of bitters at the bar, he threw himself into the coach, and long ere the sun had risen, he was whirling away, with a dozen other passengers, among the hills and dales on the road to Providence.

At Dedham our traveller again moistened his whistle with another dram—this operation he repeated at every stopping place, till at length they wanted but a few miles before reaching Providence. Our Irishman, who had not been remarkably talkative during the ride, notwithstanding the efforts of

a Yankee to make something out of him, now thrust his head from the stage coach and took an observation—then turning to one of the passengers he inquired,

"And can you tell me, man, how far it may be to Kane?"

"To Keene, did you say?" said the other.

"Aye, and to Kane I said, and what should I say but Kane?"

"Why, it may be a hundred and fifty miles or more," said the other.

"And surely, now," said the Irishman, "isn't this the road to Kane?"

"To Keene, far from it—we are going in an opposite direction, and are now within a few miles of Providence."

"And sure, if you are right, there is some mistake here. Driver! driver! stop driver!" exclaimed the Irishman, "I took passage for Kane and here you are carrying me to Providence, and sure now you have got the wrong man—put me down, driver."

So saying, our Irishman, after travelling the whole morning a distance of more than thirty miles, in a direction opposite to the one he intended, got out of the stage and shouldering his pack, forthwith commenced retracing on foot the journey back to Boston.

#### THE INDIAN AND THE BEAR.

A Delaware hunter once shot a huge bear, and broke its back bone. The bear fell, and set up a most plaintive cry, something like that of the panther when he is hungry. The hunter, instead of giving him another shot, stood close to him, and addressed him in these words:

"Harke ye! bear; you are a coward, and no warrior as you pretend to be. Were you a warrior, you would show it by your firmness; and not cry and whimper like an old woman. You know bear, that our tribes are at war with each other, and that yours was the aggressor. You have found the Indians too powerful for you, and you have gone sneaking about in the woods stealing their hogs; perhaps at this time you have hog's flesh in your belly. Had you conquered me, I would have borne it with courage, and died like a brave warrior; but you, bear, sit here and cry, and disgrace yourself by your cowardly conduct."

A person being present at the delivery of this curious invective, after he had despatched the bear, asked how he tho't the bear could understand him? "Oh," said he, "he understood me very well, did you not see how ASHAMED he looked while I was upbraiding him?" This is a historical fact.

## HISTORICAL.

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

### ANCIENT DRUIDS.

Before the invasion of the Romans, the ancient Britons had among them various schools and seminaries of learning, which were wholly under the direction of the Druids; to whose care the education of youth was altogether committed. These Druidical academies were very much crowded with students, as many of the youths of Gaul came over to finish their education in this island. The students, as well as the teachers, were exempted from military services, and from taxes, and enjoyed many other privileges, which much served to increase their number. Their academies were situated in the deepest recesses of woods and forests; partly because such situations were best adapted to study and contemplation; and principally because they were most suitable to that profound secrecy, with which they instructed their pupils, and kept their doctrines from the knowledge of others. In these seminaries, the professors delivered all their lectures to their pupils in verse; and a Druidical education, comprehending the whole circle of the sciences that were then taught, is said to have consisted of about twenty thousand verses, and to have lasted in some cases twenty years. The scholars were not allowed to commit any of these verses to writing, but were obliged to get them all by heart. When the youth were first admitted into these academies, they were obliged to take an oath of secrecy, in which they solemnly swore that they would never reveal the mysteries which they there should learn.

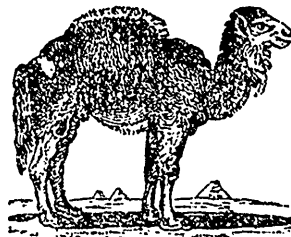
The noble art of rhetoric, which enabled them to display their wisdom and learning, and which contributed to the support and advancement of their reputation, was diligently studied and taught by the Druids of Britain. Among their deities was one named Ogmius, signifying in their language, the power of eloquence, who was worshipped by them with great devotion, as the patron of Orators, and the god of Eloquence. He was painted as an old man, surrounded by a great multitude of people, with slender chains reaching from his tongue to their ears. Lucian, expressing his surprise at this picture, received from a Druid the following explanation of it:

"You will cease to be surprised when I tell you that we make Hercules (who we call Ogmius) the god of eloquence,

contrary to the Greeks, who give that honor to Mercury, who is so far inferior to him in strength. We represent him as an old man, because eloquence never shows itself so lively and strong as in the mouths of old people. The relation which the ear has to the tongue justifies the picture of the old man, who holds so many people fast by the tongue. Neither do we think it any affront to Hercules, to have his tongue bored; since, to tell you all in one word, it was that which made him succeed in every thing, and that it was by his eloquence that he subdued the hearts of all men."

## NATURAL HISTORY.

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



FOR THE CANADIAN CASSET.

### THE CAMEL.

This animal is an inhabitant of the sands of Arabia; but it is frequently seen in many parts of America, attached to the extensive caravans that travel the eastern and southern states.— Authors differ as to the length of time it is capable of sustaining life without drink. Capt. Riley, was wrecked on the coast of Africa, and was taken prisoner by the Arabs, with whom he travelled the desert for a number of years, before he was ransomed, says the camel seldom gets fresh water oftener than once in fifteen or twenty days; and he mentions one instance where abstinence continued for twenty-eight days. As the wells, or watering-places on the desert are situated at a great distance from each other, it has often occurred in slaughtering one of these hardy animals a week or ten days after it had been watered, that several gallons of water have been taken from its stomach. Burckhardt says that "the best Arabian camel after three whole days abstinence from water, shows manifest signs of great distress; in case of absolute necessity, it might possibly go five days without drinking; but this he says can never be required, since there is no route across the Arabian desert in which wells are farther distant from each other than three days and half. The extremity of thirst, indeed, induces the traveller, unable to support the

exertion of walking, to cling as a last resource to this servicable animal;—nor does it stomach, unless on the first day's watering, afford by any means, a copious supply." On the authority of Capt. Riley, and Archibald Robbins, second mate to Capt. R. with whom we were personally acquainted, both before and since his captivity, we doubt some parts of M. Burckhardt's observations. The camels never receive any water, only at the wells; and the Arabs carry their water in gazelles, or in case of emergency, untanned camel's hides are called in requisition, and these reservoirs contain a number of gallons each, and are carried astride of the camels.

The swiftness of the camel has been greatly exaggerated; 115 miles in eleven hours, during which occurred two passages over the Nile in a ferry boat, each requiring twenty minutes, is the most extraordinary performance which was ever authenticated; and this, in all probability, has been surpassed by an English trotting mare. There is not the least doubt, that if left to its own free will, the camel, generally speaking, would travel from 175 to 200 miles in twenty-four hours. Twelve miles an hour is the utmost trotting pace of a camel; it may gallop nine miles in half an hour; but it cannot support that pace, which is unnatural to it, for a longer time. Nothing can be easier than its common amble of five and a half miles an hour; and properly fed every evening, or, as is often the case, once in two days, it will continue this pace for five or even six days.

Mr. Burckhardt gives as a reason, which by the way, we are unwilling to believe, that "while the hump continues full, the animal will endure considerable fatigue on a very short allowance; feeding, as the Arabs say, on the fat of its own hump." Now there is not the least truth in this last quotation; for it is evident that the camel cannot live without food, no more than any other beast: and further, the hump is composed of muscles, attached to and a part of the back bone. The full growth of the camel is attained at the age of twelve years; he lives forty;—but, at about, or under thirty, his activity declines.

In Egypt camels are kept closely shorn, and are guided by a string attached to the nose-ring. Those of Arabia, are seldom perforated in the nose, and readily obey the short stick of the rider. The camel saddles of the Arabian women are gaudily fitted out; and a lady of Nadja considers it a degradation to mount any other than a

black camel, while an Æzenuan beauty prefers one which is grey or white.

No pain can induce this patient animal to refuse or throw off its load. If it once sinks, however, overpowered either by hunger or toil, it cannot be compelled to rise again.

Spiders live and grow without food. Out of fifty spiders produced on the last day of August, and which were kept entirely without food, three lived to the 8th of February following, and even visibly increased in bulk. Was it from the effluvia arising from the dead bodies of their companions that they lived so long? Other spiders were kept in glass vessels without food, from the 15th of July till the end of January. During that time they cast their skins more than once, as if they had been well fed.

### ESSAYS.

"The soft amusement of the vacant mind."

FOR THE CANADIAN CASKET.

#### SPRING.

When we take a review of the dreary season which has just passed away, and cast a thought back upon the joyless and insipid prospects which then presented themselves in unbroken succession to our view, and then turn away to take a survey of the prospects which are but just rising to our view and judged of only by anticipation, founded on the experience of the vernal scenes of past years, what a transition of feeling occurs in our bosoms! From the gloom which overhangs the mind when the eye has witnessed a scene, marked with desolation and ruin, that placid dawning gleams thro' it, which takes place when such dreary prospects emerge from the view, and are succeeded by those full of delight and perfect beauty. It is pain, which gives pleasure its highest relish; sickness, which proves to us the true value of health, and the sight of deformity, which leads us to duly prize true beauty; and it is the horrors of war which make peace desirable.

Hence it follows, that the contemplation of spring derives its satisfaction from its being so widely at variance with the reflections fostered by the gloominess of winter, and the dreariness of all its aspects.

On the one hand, when we turn our attention to nature, we behold her as it were, in ruins; her verdure is all faded and destroyed by the withering frost; the forests which we were wont to behold in summer, arrayed in all the richness of vernal foliage, are now stripped of it all, and present nothing but the most abject and desolate ap-

pearance, and the sweet warbling of the birds which made their happy residence among their boughs, is exchanged for the rude howling of the wintry winds; and man accustomed to walk abroad—to enjoy the genial influence of the summer's sun, is now shut up in his habitation to protect him from the tempest and the storm; and moreover, the cold remains of nature are enshrouded in a sheet of ice and snow: But when we turn our view on the opposite hand, what do we see? We behold the spring breathing the warmth of the solar ray upon the cold tomb of the inanimate goddess; to indulge in the allegory, taking her by the hand, spring raises her reclining head to new life and existence. She revives and similar to a monarch who has been dethroned and divested of his regal garb, and who regains once more his lost power, she resumes again all her former elegance and perhaps clothes herself in a far richer costume than she was ever arrayed in. I leave this to be pursued by the contemplative mind, into the wide field to which it leads, and no subject is more productive of pleasure to the mind; that delights to loiter on the beauties of nature, than that of spring. Many useful observations might be drawn from the subject, and great accessions be made to the precepts of morality. But this task I decline, and leave it to the moralizer, who is accustomed to make deductions from such circumstances as afford a clue to the bent of his mind.

C. P.

FOR THE CASKET.

Mr. EDITOR.—I am glad to see in your last number an argument advanced by your communicator "D. M. B." in confutation of my doctrine, of the blood's being the principal of life as stated in an article written for your 10th number. I do not pretend to a great share of erudition, and therefore my opinion is as likely to be wrong as that of any other person. "Humanum est errare." "Verum Deis solum pertinet." I only write with a view of drawing from the public something better.

"D. M. B." my opponent, says "life depends on organization, and there is no substance which has life without it possesses organization." What, we will ask him, constitutes life in the vegetable kingdom? or does he deny that vegetables have life? Their organization is so imperfect, no one will admit that their organs can lay claim to life. The only thing that can lay claim to life in them, and which alone constitutes their life, is the circulating sap, which rises in the spring

from the roots of the tree and extends throughout its trunk and branches.—From its diffusion, spring, the blossoms sweetly scenting the air, and the tender leaves burst forth to life and greenness. If you cut a chip out of a tree in the spring, you will find by the close of the fall the wound will be partially healed, from the prevalence of the principle of life during this time. But if a tree be wounded in the winter in the absence of the sap, no healing will take place until the following summer. This action of the sap, is in vegetables a resemblance of that of blood in animal bodies. No one can deny that vegetables have life, and that in as perfect a degree as animal bodies.—If the organization of vegetables constitutes life, why will a tree not live when cut down? Evidently because the courses of the sap is checked for the organization is the same as before.

"Blood exists where there is no life," says "D. M. B." That cannot be. It cannot exist in the same state as when alive by heat and motion. Life itself is a mere name, and as long as certain properties of matter formed after certain fashions continue accordant in their functions, so long will life continue. I then contend that the blood in animals constitutes the primary and essential requisite for supporting life, nourishing the body, and keeping it from decay. "I infer," says "D. M. B." "that life is nothing else than organic disposition necessary to movement." But pray what enables an animal to move its limbs? is it not blood? can it in the absence of the blood from any limb, move it? Is that limb not wholly powerless? The blood extends the veins and swells the flesh; thus enabling the nerves and muscles to work well which in its absence, are slack and helpless. The organs of the body it is true precede the purposes for which they were intended. But it is ridiculous to say, that passive instruments, such as the different organs of the animal frame, can possess any active principle in themselves. On the contrary with the blood although it is dependant on these organs for a due discharge of its functions the difference is very great. The first symptom of life begins with its circulation through the heart, and death never ensues while the system has power to propel it through the heart and lungs. But upon its ceasing its motion, the body is void of life and warmth, although all its mere organs remain as they were. What, I ask, infuses throughout the animal frame, that essential preservative of life, heat? is it not the continual and never-ceas-

ing flow of the blood? Certainly it is.—Then where can there be a stronger proof of its constituting the essential principle of life? It is the only property in the animal frame, possessed of a continued motion; and motion is essential to life. Were the body composed of nothing but organs, it would be a mere clod of earth. The great circulating principle of the blood refreshes and reanimates the system and heals it when injured by its presence. The blood when fresh drawn from an animal has been found to possess an active principle and to be alive. I contend that the extraction of too much blood from animal bodies operates in the same manner that the extraction of sap or gum does from the vegetable or tree. It hurts the well-doing of both. "If life consisted in organic disposition necessary to movement," how can the idea of life in trees and vegetables be reconciled, since they have no motion except in the circulating medium the sap or vegetable substitute for blood? In them the organization has no motion. "We receive this organic disposition at birth," says my opponent. "The machine is then wound up, so that the principle of life emanates from the Creator." Life in a perfect degree commences long before birth, or any visible outward tokens are apparent. The moment the circulation of blood commences, life has begun. The machine is wound up long before the birth takes place. That every thing we enjoy in this transient world, is allowed by God, and comes from His ever-protecting goodness, I heartily and humbly believe. But the principle of life is a law stamped upon nature and upon organized matter. Any one that pretends to a knowledge of the "physiology of respiration," must admit that breathing depends on the blood. It is the pressure of the blood through the lungs as it comes through the heart, that inflates them, and of necessity creates breathing.—In this passage of the blood through the lungs, it throws off a certain share of its impurity or nitrogen qualities, and receives a quantity of oxygen, or healthful vital air, which purifies the blood and gives it its scarlet glow, by the act of inhalation. It was never my intention to say that the blood threw off "a certain portion of its impurity and received a certain portion of impurity:" that is nonsense, I grant. The blood's receiving a certain portion of its vitality from the air, goes not to confute my doctrine; but shows how essential it is to the animal system by its being the reservoir through which the healthful influence of the air is conveyed throughout the system. "Man became a living soul by the breath of life being breathed into his nostril." Animal life is possessed by animated nature, but a soul only by man.—

God breathed into man a living soul, an immortal spirit'.

If the above quoted sentence refers to animal life, what is the difference between man and a brute? Was man the first animal created? Why then should not the breath of life be breathed into other animals, as well as into him, since he was made the last of all creation?

Indeed, I consider the arguments of "D. M. B." quite futile, and many of them unworthy of refutation. For instance, he says "the principle of life emanates from God;" thinking it, it would seem, the source; and again, that it is a mere "organic disposition; and he seems to deny throughout the whole of his arguing, that "vegetables have life," giving it only to animals. This is nonsense.

I before promised to make some further remarks on the principle of life; which I will do hereafter. I hope I have convinced by the preceding remarks, my learned opponent "D. M. B." of the unfoundedness of his attack. *W. B.* BRITON.

#### BIOGRAPHY.

"The proper study of mankind is man."

#### WENDA, PRINCESS OF POLAND.

This princess was of surprising beauty, of great talents, and of still greater ambition. Power she deemed too sweet to be divided with another, and she therefore resolutely refused all offers of marriage—incensed at her haughtiness, or in the hopes of accomplishing by force what persuasion had attempted in vain, Rudiger, one of her lovers, who was a German prince, adopted a novel mode of courtship. At the head of an army he invaded her dominions. She marched against him; and when the two armies met, Rudiger again besought her to listen to his suit, and thereby spare the effusion of blood. But the maiden was inexorable; she declared that no man should ever share her throne; that she would never become the slave of a husband, since, whoever he might be, he would surely love her person much less than her power. Her answer being spread among the officers of Rudiger, produced an effect which he little foresaw. Filled with admiration at the courage of the princess, whom they perceived hurrying from rank to rank in the act of stimulating her followers to the combat, and convinced that all opposition to her will would be worse than useless, they surrounded their chief, and asked him what advantage he hoped to gain from such an expedition. "If thou art subdued, will she become more disposed to love thee?" The passion of Rudiger blinded him to the rational remonstrance of his followers; he persisted in his resolution of fighting, and they refused to advance; in utter despair he laid hands on himself, and turned his dying looks towards the camp of the Poles. Wenda, we are told showed no kind of sympathy at the tragical news, but returned triumphant to

Cracow. Her end was not less violent... Whether, as is asserted, to escape similar persecution, or as is equally probable, from remorse at her own cruelty, having one day sacrificed to the gods, she threw herself into the waters of the Vistula, and there perished.

#### THE CASSET.

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

HAMILTON, MAY 19, 1832.

THE PRIZES.—As we still have on hand several Tales, &c. written for the prizes, we are under the necessity of postponing the decision for one month.

LADY'S BOOK.—We have the pleasure of announcing the April number of this interesting periodical, which far excels the last, in our estimation. It is embellished with a colored plate of the Philadelphia Fashions; latest fashions for Caps and Bonnets; Turtle Dove; Humming Bird, and "Oh! for shame little Cupid, 'twas you," set to music, which is the sweetest piece (we profess to be a judge) that has come within our observation for some time. Accompanying this number is a super royal sheet of patterns for the lady's work table, and of course "dedicated to the ladies, by the publishers."

HISTORY.—We understand that there is now in press at Niagara, a small work entitled "History of the late war between Great Britain and the United States of America; with a retrospective view of the causes from whence it originated; collected from the most authentic sources. To which is added an appendix, containing public documents, &c. relating to the subject—by David Thompson, late of the Royal Scots."

In our opinion, a work of this description has for a great length of time been exceedingly needed; "for the publications which have heretofore appeared on the subject were so distorted by national prejudice, and gross and palpable perversion of fact, as to be utterly unworthy of public attention or countenance. Whether Mr. Thompson has been able entirely to divest himself of those prejudices and partialities, which are so liable to be imbibed by the participant in such exciting scenes as those which he has undertaken to describe, and which are therefore so liable to give a bias to his delineations of those scenes," we are unable to say. The author is in possession of all the necessary information requisite to make his narrative very complete, and no doubt it will be favorably received and liberally patronized.



**HARMONY.**—The dignity of the arts, like that of birth, seems founded on three illustrious prerogatives: the antiquity of its origin; the power that attends it; and the veneration of mankind. That music enjoys this triple advantage, is what we will in some future number attempt to show.

The historians of the arts and sciences, like those of states and empires, have generally fallen into one common error: both of them admirers of the marvellous rather than lovers of truth, have too often ascribed a fabulous origin to the art or state they meant to celebrate, or at least involved it in impenetrable darkness; and it would seem as if they could not bear the thoughts of deriving it from small or obscure beginnings; not remembering that there was a time when the most majestic rivers were only inconsiderable brooks, proceeding from sources almost imperceptible.

Authorized by such examples, we might draw a mysterious veil over the cradle of harmony, or pompously introduce her as the daughter of Apollo, the progeny of some favorite muse on the sacred top of Olympus, or some imaginary Parnassus.--- But in truth, music existed long enough before such imaginary gods had a being, even in fable.

To these sublime fictions, we might join the golden dreams of Pithagoras; we might extol the music of the stars, the melodious revolutions of the planets in their several orbits round their respective suns, joining in harmonious concert through all the systems of the universe.

In consulting the archives of the world—those venerable records that have triumphed over oblivion—those ocular witnesses of age—the cotemporaries of every art, and what do they tell us? why, that music is as old as the creation. They tell us that the amiable mother of mankind was the first who invented harmonious sounds; that the melodious notes of the little birds, naturally exciting her curiosity, soon inspired her with an ambition to rival them and try the compass of her own voice;—that the surprising flexibility, the superior graces she found there, soon convinced her that music, as well as speech, was a talent she had received from the hands of nature to enable her to praise her great Creator. We have reason to believe that her first attempts were gratefully employed in that noble, that delightful service; and we must conclude that this gift was some consolation to our unhappy parents after their disgrace, in cheering their hearts and raising their drooping spirits when exiled from the delicious garden.

But if this may not be thought sufficient, let us open the sacred records; there in the very first pages, we see that Jubal the

son of Lamoch, was the father and master of those who first sung the birth of nature and the recent bounties of the Creator on the harp and organ: we must of necessity conclude that vocal music was an art well known before his time; since instrumental music, which is only its imitation was already invented. Whether this last invention was the effect of chance, or an effort of genius, we shall not stop to inquire—nor is it of any importance.

Taking our departure then from the morning of time, this infancy of the world, let us gradually descend through every succeeding age, and at every step we will find fresh and legible traces of the antiquity of this noble art; we shall see it advance from beauty to beauty, from nation to nation, from throne to throne. Originating in the east, the first nursery of taste and genius, every age is ambitious to improve its charms. The Hebrew nation, the happy Assyria, the learned Egypt, the wise and polite Greece, have successively made harmony a fundamental law of their several constitutions, till at last it has become the common depository of all her public monuments.

**MEMORY.**—How seldom it is that mankind confess a diminution of their intellectual powers, even in old age. There is a record of one solitary instance, and only one. Fontenelle, in speaking of the loss of his memory towards the latter part of his life, says “I am on the point of removing into another country, and memory is sent off before, with the heavy baggage.” He well knew how necessary memory was to the understanding, and consequently to the supply of wit: and frequently remarked that memory collected ideas; that the understanding arranged them, and judgment determined the propriety of their union.—It is necessary that a person should have an extensive and prompt memory to present to his choice a number of ideas, for the mind to apply and use at pleasure.

Various have been the opinions as to the origin of the Italian language. Dr. Lardner in his Cabinet Cyclopædia, says that Frederick II. was Italian as well by language as by affection and character. The Italian language, spoken at his court, first rose above the *patois* in common use thro'out Italy, regarded only as a corruption of latin; he expressed himself with elegance in this language, which from his time, was designated by the name of *lingua cortigiana*. He encouraged the first poets who employed it at his court, and he himself made verses; he loved literature and encouraged learning; he founded schools and universities; he promoted distinguished men; he spoke with equal facility, Latin, Italian, German, French, Greek and Arabic: he had the intellectual suppleness and

fineness peculiar to the men of the south, the art of pleasing, a taste for philosophy, and great independence of opinion.

**EMIGRATION.**—Late English papers state that preparations are now making in every part of Great Britain for emigration to America. One hundred and fifty-six persons left Frome on their way to Bristol, to embark for Canada. The greater portion of these emigrants leave the county in consequence of the entreaties of their friends who have gone before them and prospered.

**LITERARY COTTAGE.**—It is a remarkable fact, that Homer wrote his tragedy of *Doglas*, Dr. Blair composed his *Lectures*, and Dr. Robertson compiled his *History of Charles V.* in the same small white cottage still to be seen at Burreisford Links in Scotland.

**TO CORRESPONDENTS.**—Our correspondents “*Briton*,” and “*D. M. B.*” must be aware that it is impossible for us to do justice to our readers generally, if we give preference to their lengthy communications on a subject that will not interest only a small portion of them, to the exclusion of our usual variety. We shall always be happy to receive their communications, but let their subjects be of a more general character.

Does the author of “*Beauties of Agriculture*,” consider his communication a proper subject for the *Casket*? We hope to hear from him again.

The lines to an “*Absent Friend*,” have been received, and if we can make any thing of them, they shall have a place.

We confess ourself under some obligation to “*J*,” we recognize his *J* but not his meaning. At our leisure we will look into the affair.

#### RECEIPTS.

LETTERS.—From William H. Merritt, P. M.

REMITTANCES.—Alfred Barrett, \$1.

#### POETRY.

Written for the Canadian *Casket*.

TO MISS M. L\*\*\*.

Oft do I view thy rosy cheeks,  
And oft I turn away;  
Yet whilst I turn, the bursting sigh  
My inward thoughts betray.

Why should my weakness thus be seen,  
Or why thus sigh for thee,  
When thy proud spirit soars above  
My humble destiny?

Fain would I hush these weaker thro'ts  
Nor let them here remain:  
But soon thy presence lights the flame  
And brings them back again.

D. M. B.



## 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.

### THE DIALOGUE.\*

*Fair Lady.*—"Oh! sweet little captive how sad is thy strain!"

*Canary.*—"Tis sad! and will o'er be, if here I remain.  
*F. L.*—"What is it can prompt thee like this to complain?"

*C.*—"Tis unfeeling imprisonment's drear galling chain!

*F. L.*—"All these little murmurs I justly may chide;  
*C.*—"Ah! 'tis power Fair Lady your arguments guide.

*F. L.*—"For daily thou knowest, thy wants are supplied."

*C.*—"Yes! with tasteless food, I would fain throw aside!

*F. L.*—"Dost shady trees tempt thee to quit thy abode?"

*C.*—"Ah! yes, they'd relieve this sad heart from its load.

*F. L.*—"Do the beauties of nature invite thee abroad?"

*C.*—"Tis Nature and Instinct both given by God.

*F. L.*—"If Instinct informs thee 'tis summer's bright day,"

*C.*—"Oh! do let me go forth, Fair Lady, I pray;—  
*F. L.*—"I then do not wonder that thou wouldst away."

*C.*—"Nor should you, when here I'm confined all the day.

*F. L.*—"But where pretty captive, oh! where wouldst thou go?"

*C.*—"Oh! to yonder fine grove, and forget all my woe.

*F. L.*—"When mountains and valleys are buried in snow,"

*C.*—"To my own Native Isle, where the oranges grow.

*F. L.*—"When groves are dismantled and cold the sun's beam,"

*C.*—"I'd flee with fair summer, which fairer would seem.

*F. L.*—"And winters chill breath binds each sweet gliding stream?"

*C.*—"I ne'er would know winter but in a sad dream.

*F. L.*—"So pray be contented my sweet little Bird,"

*C.*—"Ah! contentment hath flown—such sounds I ne'er heard.

*F. L.*—"For I can assure thee thy fate is not hard,"

*C.*—"Then why dost thou walk the gay park and the yard.

*F. L.*—"Though nature's inviting in summer's gay form,"

*C.*—"Yes! each tree and each bud hath its own native charm.

*F. L.*—"Know, that after the sunshine there follows the storm."

*C.*—"I once lived in sunshine—now beg for reform."  
C. S. B. T.

\*See N. Y. Albion No. 33, Vol. 10—a pretty piece it contains—i. e. "To my Canary," and as the "pretty captive" could not take its own part, I have attempted to do so by answering line by line; nothing can be so cruel as imprisoning a poor bird.

### THE BEST STOCK.

Money, they say is evil's root,  
But we may justly doubt it;  
Can we expect good thriving fruit,  
From any stalk without it?

FOR THE CASKET.

### THE OMNIPOTENT.

When thro' the vaulted plains above  
The rattling thunder rolls,  
And light'nings flash from sable clouds,  
And earthquakes rend the poles:

When roaring winds burst from the sky,  
And toss the lab'ring billows high,  
And dash the foaming surge to land,  
Breaking o'er the rocky strand:

When every demon of the storm  
Scours the aetherial space,  
And ever vengeful, ruin sends  
Upon the human race:

'There's One who reigns in glory bright,  
In endless day, unfading light,  
At whose command the demon flies;  
Thunder and lightning leave the skies;  
The winds are hushed and calm the sea,  
And all is sweet serenity!

What wisdom then in Him to trust,  
'To Him our cares resign;  
On Him to fix our earnest hopes.  
And live for bliss divine. P.

FOR THE CASKET.

### MY FIRST AND LAST.

Now Spring returns, but not to me  
Will o'er return again  
My health is gone I know I see  
The fleeting visions of my pain.

Then get thee gone all worldly pleasure  
To me you're only worthless toils;  
Be gone I say—fill up my measure  
Pour not on me your balmy oils.

This is the last of twenty springs  
That o'er my soul has run—  
This is the last of a million strings,  
And all are cut but one

That one is cut—but not quite through,  
The worm is gnawing fast:  
Then farewell friends—farewell adieu;  
This is my first and last.

DERNIER.

### YOUTHFUL FANCIES.

BY LOUISA P. SMITH.

Oh, youth's gay dreams are witching things  
And false as still than fair;  
Fragile harps of a thousand strings,  
Sounds of the summer air.

What are they like to? the song of a bird,  
In summer only known;  
The voice of music, a meeting word,  
Things bright and quickly flown—

The farewell beams of the setting sun,  
So beautiful in parting;  
The feeling woke by a song just done,  
Light through waters darting—

The rainbow in June: the rising moon;  
The buds of infant spring—  
Oh, youth's gay dreams are witching things  
That fly on a chainless wing.

## ANECDOTES.

"Trifles light as air."

When Mr. Thomas Sheridan, son of the late celebrated Richard Brinsley Sheridan, was a candidate for the representation of a Cornish borough, he told his father, that if he succeeded, he should place a label on his forehead with the words 'to lot,' and side with the party that made the best offer. "Right, Tom," said the Father, "but don't forget to add the word 'unfinished.'"

\* A little girl three years and a half old, passing along the streets of Goshen, a few days ago with her Ma, and observing a goose with a yoke on, exclaimed, "Why, Ma, there's a Goose with corsets on."

BEFOREHAND.—Addison was in the habit of keeping one hand behind him, and upon being asked the reason, said, he "wished to be beforehand in the world."

A domestic informed his master that the house was on fire. "Tell your mistress of it," said he, "for I do not meddle with household affairs."

COOKE.—Two professed critics in the new world, without invitation, intruded upon G. F. Cooke when in Boston, and commented with freedom upon the tragedian's personification of Richard. "Gentlemen," said the veteran, "if you wish to have a correct acquaintance with the drama, unlearn what you have learned. Hero John," said he to his servant, "take a candle and alight it at both ends, and then show the Yankee critics down stairs."

A quaker was asked if Guillo would ascend in his balloon? "Friend," said he, "I do not meddle with flying reports."

FIRST DISCOVERY.—A gentleman praising the personal charms of a very plain woman—Poote whispered him "why don't you lay claim to such an accomplished beauty?"—what right have I to her," said the other, "Every right by the law of nations, as the first discoverer," replied F.

When the Distressed Mother was first performed in Dublin, Elrington acted Orestes so very naturally, that it had a dreadful effect on a musician in the Orchestra—he caught the infection of Orestes' madness and was removed from the play-house to the mad-house, where he soon after died.

BOYCE, whose poem on Creation ranks high in the poetic scale, was absolutely famished to death; and was found in a garret with a blanket thrown over his shoulders fastened with a skewer, and a pen in his hand:

### THE CANADIAN CASKET

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