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THE CANADIAN CASKET.

NEC DESIT JUCUNDIS GRATIA VERBIS.

VOLUME I.

HAMILTON, APRIL 7, 1832.

NUMBER II.

SELECT TALES.

"To hold the mirror up to Nature."

FOR THE CANADIAN CASKET.

ADALINE—THE FOREST GIRL.

A CANADIAN TALE.

[CONCLUDED.]

"I was born," said the host, "in the Parish of——on the Connecticut river, was an only son and was at an early age deprived of my father by death. I had a cousin James, residing in the same neighborhood, who was placed in like circumstances with myself. His mother and mine were sisters. Of equal ages, we were almost constant companions—at work, at study or recreation,—had one a sorrow the other shared it; had one a joy the other sympathised with him. Thus happily we lived until we had arrived at manhood, and thus we might still have lived but for my own imprudence and injustice. About the time of which I am speaking, we received a letter from our uncle, in New Haven, stating that he was dangerously sick and requesting us to come to him immediately. He was a Bachelor and a man of handsome property which he had often said he would leave to James and myself. I accordingly made preparation, for the journey to New Haven, but my cousin was prevented from accompanying me by the sudden illness of his mother. He however, gave into my hands a letter, to my uncle, full of the warmest expressions of friendship and affection, and regret that he could not be present to administer to his wants during his indisposition: and such indeed were the feelings of his generous heart—what mine were will appear in the sequel.

I commenced my journey to the city with a mind agitated by various passions. I loved my uncle, regretted his fate, and then there was the prospect of so soon coming in possession of so much property. Yes, Avarice and Ambition, at that moment, served upon my heart, and I yielded myself to their influence. And then there is James, thought I, who will have an equal share. I could not brook that thought a moment, for though I was willing when in humble life, to find him my

equal in every thing and to share with him in all my happiness, yet, when Fortunes ample favors were to be distributed, Avarice told me I sought to have them all. You shudder, sir, at the tale I am relating and well you may—I also feel to shudder." "I will not interrupt you" said Capt Smith and he proceeded. "When I had well viewed the subject in this light, as I journeyed along, though conscience struck me with a momentary remorse for these reflections, I resolved at some rate or other to obtain possession of the whole of my uncle's estate. I opened James's letter and perused its contents, and its fervent expressions of affection half baffled me in my purpose; but a heart resolved on the perpetration of iniquity can soon learn to overcome the qualms of conscience; and tearing the scroll in pieces, I scattered the fragments by the way side. My plan was fixed and I hastened with redoubled speed to put it into execution.

I arrived at my uncle's the next day and found him, as I had anticipated, inevitably on the journey to his long home. I entered the room where he lay, and which had been emptied that he might obtain repose. He was, however, awake and welcomed me with an outstretched but trembling hand.—'And where is James?' he asked faintly, 'why did not he come too?' Here was the time for the prosecution of my diabolical purpose, and I improved it but too well. I faltered as I began—it was my first essay in iniquity, and I had not yet the bold stern countenance of the hardened villain. But I promised to tell him that James, on receiving his letter, declared he would not cross the street were he expiring; and added that he was able to live without his assistance, and would. I lamented much the change which had been affected in a few months in my cousin but knew not to what to attribute it. My uncle groaned heavily, as I concluded my remarks, and covered his face with his bed clothes, for James had held a high place in his affection. At length he said 'Oh the ungrateful wretch! little would I have thought this of him' and he sobbed aloud. 'But can this be true?' he asked 'I call

Heaven to witness,' I replied 'that as I love you it is true—but,' I added, 'let this treatment not move you in regard to him—he will yet repent of it. It cannot be that he, who has so much cause for gratitude, should long remain ungrateful,' 'I will not encourage such villainess,' said my uncle, sternly—'he shall be rewarded for this.' 'Nay uncle I replied, in the language of entreaty—do not—I will reward him,' he interrupted me; and his countenance expressed too plainly what he felt within. 'Go call Lawyer B.'—and I departed for that purpose, congratulating myself on the success of my villainous enterprise.

I returned with the Lawyer, and my uncle asked him 'have you my will sir with you?' 'I have' he replied 'Hand it to me then!' The document was produced and my uncle tore it with his pale and trembling fingers into pieces. 'Why is this' said the Lawyer in surprise at his conduct. 'Sit down,' he answered, 'and make me out another. I wish to have it altered a trifle.' The lawyer seated himself at the table and I listened with exultation, while he bequeathed to me all his property, real and personal, with the exception of five hundred dollars which he gave to the mother of James, thus giving me possessor of an estate valued at \$20,000. I was extremely assiduous in my attentions to my uncle, but ere the next morning's sun arose he was no more. I tarried a few days to attend his funeral obsequies and to arrange affairs and then hastened home.

But what explanation I should give to James was my next study, and I framed a story amounting to this; that when I arrived there my uncle was deranged and raving about James ungratitude; that I attempted to sooth his turbulent mind, but that he repeated still louder, 'He is a wretch—an infamous ungrateful wretch'—and that I could not explain the cause of this; and further, I extremely regretted that my uncle's original purpose was changed, but knew not how to mend it.—My cousin received this intelligence with more resignation than I could have expected in a Stoick. 'I care not for the loss of property' he said to me 'but

for the loss of reputation in the eyes of my uncle when you well know I loved.' Certainly, I replied; and we united in attempting to conjecture the cause of his displeasure, but in vain—he knew of none, and I of course did not choose to guess aright. I immediately entered into extensive mercantile business for 8 or ten years; but, by the treachery of my partner, suddenly found myself in possession of but 1000 of the 20,000, of my ill gotten wealth. During this time, conscience often reproved me, but avarice bade conscience be still and my remorse fled.

"My cousin was now gradually rising in wealth and respectability while I was suffering this heavy loss. He came to me, on learning it, and kindly offered to assist me in any possible way; but my proud heart told me no—and I would not except of assistance from him I had so much wronged. To remain where I could behold him soaring above me was too much for my nature to endure and I resolved to go forth as an adventurer in some distant section of country. I came to this place, ten years ago, and commenced a settlement; and here have I been since, without casting a thought towards my cousin, unless it was to envy him for his prosperity; until a few months since, when it pleased Heaven to give me repentance for my iniquities.

"Thus sir, you have my history—I have been a vile monster—but I thank God I have repented of it, and Heaven has I trust forgiven me—and my cousin when I shall lay the statement before him which I propose to do next winter will also, I am persuaded, grant me pardon. At least I will fall on my knees before him and entreat him until he spurn me from his presence, or tell me I am forgiven." The narrator paused and sighed deeply and the rest remained silent for some moments. At length Captain Smith turned to his host and said "you have his forgiveness, sir—I am that James you spoke of." Surprise filled the hearts and tears the eyes of the beholders. Mr. Howard arose and extended his hand to Capt. Smith saying, as the tears trickled down his cheeks; "cousin, I am doubly your debtor now—and how to recompense you I know not, take all I have if it will satisfy you; it is justly yours." "No," said the Captain; "I am satisfied and I consider you absolved from all these debts."

The meeting was an affecting one—not unlike that of Joseph and his brethren in Egypt—and the rest of the evening passed pleasantly away in recalling recollections of former days. Capt.

Smith resolved to prolong his stay a length of time, and Geo. was pleased with the idea, for he hoped to make some impression on the heart of Adaline. In this he was not disappointed; and when afterwards he ventured to whisper his passion to her, he found her not averse to him. A union was therefore proposed, and by permission of the parents, Parson Jones received an invitation to join their hands in presence of the inhabitants of the settlement. "I now feel," said Mr. Howard to Captain Smith, when the solemn rite was concluded, "that I have made you some reparation."—"Say no more of that," he replied "we are all satisfied." Geo. continued to reside in the little village—and the passing traveller is now often pointed out the neat and elegant abode of the FOREST GIRL. S.

FOR THE CASKET.

AN INDIAN LEGEND.

The Huron nation of Indians, which was once powerful but is now dwindled to a mere shadow of its former greatness, had long been harassed and persecuted by neighboring inimical and encroaching tribes, among whom were the Winnebagos and Ottawas, but particularly the powerful tribe of Chippawas. The wars of the Hurons and Chippawas had been frequent. The cause of the battle, between these two tribes, which I am about to relate, originated in an attack that the advanced party of the latter made upon a straggling hunting party of the Hurons, near the junction of the River Sables with Lake Huron, among whom were two of the brothers and other connections of two of the greatest then existing Huron chiefs, Blackfoot and Eagle—both brothers and extremely brave and active men, middle-aged. The head chief of the invading Chippawas were Great Moose and Little Bear. The number of their warriors was said to be seven hundred.

The moment the capture of their friends, by the Chippawas, reached the Huron Chiefs, as true, by a fugitive comrade, their bosoms swelled with indignant anger and the native fire of their eyes flashed forth determined vengeance upon their enemies. That native wildness of the Indian eye and muttering and silent resentment of his heart were visibly displayed in the Chiefs. Conscious of the impending fate of their friends and the savage tortures reserved for captive enemies, they expected no mercy at the hands of so cruel a foe. They roused every energy of the soul in kindling the wrath of their warriors and preparing them for

battle: they rehearsed to them the great deeds of their fathers, the frightful courages of their departed chiefs, and their battles of old, in which they gloried in the scalps of hundred of their enemies. Having collected five hundreds affective warriors all armed with bows, arrows, warclubs and battle axes, they proceeded in solemn procession, at the rising of the sun, to the tombs of their fathers; and with their faces turned towards the East after offering their impressive orisons to the Great spirit and calling on their departed fathers to encourage them they arose and departed, singing for some distance a native and mournful air in praise of the brave: that death is a good one and must not be feared. The Cause of this solemn ceremony was their leaving their village and wigwams deserted, having sent their squaws and children with their old men some distance north to await the result of the war.

They marched along Lake Huron's sides, all day: their course might be discovered from the reverberating yells that ever and anon proceeded from their ranks and threw terror on the scene. The wily foe was not inactive in watching them with clandestine wood-rangers. The two parties, by advancing towards each other all day, were fast verging to a battle. Their encampments for the evening were pitched within a league's distance of one another: the Hurons encamped on the banks of Lake Huron, and the Chippawas a little to the East, on a plain or prairie. The distance of the two parties was not so great but what their savage and horrid shouts and night revel could be plainly heard to reach through the woods and cast fear into the hearts of each other. The light of the fires was also visible in the dark sky, blazing from each encampment, as is usual among all the American tribes of the Indians.

The night preceding the battle was partly spent in revelling and the most grotesque and frightful dances. This extraordinary Custom is very remarkable: the men, after painting themselves with their native dyes and crown and decorating their heads with feathers, ranged in groups, dance and leap in the most ridiculous manner and with all imaginable contortions of the body in a state of nudity. Imagine to yourself, reader, the appearance of the Hurons dancing in the gloom of night, and their bodies darting past the blaze of a flaming fire, and their tall shadows thrown on the gloom of night. They looked like so many darksome, infernal fiends, as their tall forms flick-

MISCELLANY.

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

ered on the still bosom of the lake and glared upon the gaze of the beholder. Having wearied themselves with exertion, they all betook themselves to rest at midnight, with the exception of stationed sentinels. Early in the silence of night, was frequently seen to start from his rest and strike in a furious manner with his battle-axe, starting the silence of night with his frightful screams, and his comrades who gripped their battle-axes, which they held in their hands the firmer.

As soon as morning's orient tints crimsoned over the sky, the Hurons arose; and, after an impressive oration an appeal to them, on the part of their Chiefs, by which the secret passions of their hearts glowed with savage fire, they marched towards their enemies, whom they met encamped upon the plain where they had rested the previous evening. The Chippawas retreated before them to the Banks of the River Sables, when turning upon them with a piercing yell which shook the forest, the Hurons gave way again wheeled upon them with horrid shouts and again gave way. The Chippawas attacked them in turn and received a second repulse; when, a company of Hurons attacking them in rear, the fight became indiscriminate. It was on this savage butchery that Blackfoot fell by his brother Eagle, an arrow having pierced his heart sent by Little Bear, one of the rival chiefs of the enemy. Eagle, thus left alone, sustained the united attack of Great Moose and Little Bear, and with one stroke of his war-club he laid the latter dead at his feet, having at the same time received a severe blow from the battle axe of Great Moose in his head. He grappled his opponent and stabbed him through the breast with his dirk, and received at the same time a corresponding wound in his back, from an enemy. The two chiefs, after struggling for a time, fell firmly grasped in each other's embrace of death, bleeding with wounds. The Hurons, having got the better of the Chippawas, pursued through the woods the stragglers and killed them without mercy wherever they found them. Many of their bones and skeletons may be seen at this day, though many years have rolled their rounds since that time, scattered thro' that country.

The Hurons returned victorious though with great loss having completely rid the country of the Chippawas for the present. Such is the sketch of an Indian Legend: although not famous, still it may deserve a place on the records of fame, with its chiefs in after song.

BRITON.

RESIGNATION.—A military officer being at sea, in a dreadful storm, his lady, who was waiting near him, and filled with alarm for the safety of the vessel, was so surprised at his composure and serenity, that she cried out, 'My dear, are you not afraid? How is it possible you can be so calm in such a storm?' He arose from a chair lashed to the deck, and supporting himself by a pillar of a bed place, he drew his sword, and pointing it to the breast of his wife, he exclaimed, 'Are you not afraid?' She instantly replied, 'No, certainly not.' 'Why,' said the officer. 'Because,' rejoined the lady, 'I know the sword is in the hand of my husband, and he loves me too well to hurt me.' 'Then,' said he, 'remember I know in whom I have believed, and that he holds the winds in his fist & the waters in the hollow of his hand.'

HOMER AND VIRGIL. Homer was the greatest genius, Virgil the better artist: in the one we admire the man, in the other the work. Homer hurries us with a commanding impetuosity; Virgil leads us with an attractive majesty. Homer scatters with a generous profusion; Virgil bestows with a careless magnificence. Homer, like the Nile, pours out his riches with a sudden overflow; Virgil, like a river in its banks, with a constant stream. And, when we look upon their machines, Homer seems like his own Jupiter in his terrors, shaking Olympus, scattering the lightnings, and firing the heavens; Virgil, like the same power in his benevolence, counselling with the gods, laying plans for empires, and ordering the whole creation. [Pope's Preface.

TRAVELLING AND THE CENSORSHIP IN LOMBARDY.—No inhabitant is allowed to leave Milan for the purpose of travelling without the permission of the Austrian authorities, which is with difficulty obtained, and, when granted is limited to a year—confiscation of property and other penalties attending an extension of the authorised period. In addition to the vexatious inquisition exercised into domestic meetings and private society, a censorship of the most vigorous nature emasculates every literary publication "Look (exclaimed our new acquaintance, with just and trembling indignation, drawing forth a card with his name and address inscribed,) even this, before it can be issued, must be submitted to the censorship."—[Dates and Distances.

THE MOON.—There is, I know not why, something peculiarly pleasing to the imagination in contemplating the Queen of Night, when she is wading, as the expression is, among the vapors which she has not the power to dispel, and which on their side are unable entirely to quench her lustre. It is the striking image of patient virtue, calmly treading her path through good report and bad report, having that excellence in herself, which ought to command all admiration, but bedimmed in the eyes of the world, by suffering, by misfortune, by calamity.

There is a singular society formed in Lincoln by a few young men called "The last man," embracing the following regulation:—A bottle of wine is sealed up in a neat mahogany case, and at a particular period of the year lots are cast by the whole society to determine in whose care the case shall remain, and that person at Christmas is bound to give either a dinner or supper to the whole of the society. The bottle of wine is to be kept sealed up so long as two of the society remain alive, and when "the last man" is left he is to open the bottle and drink the Wine to the memory of his former friends.—[Stamford Mercury.

Once allow a man to turn seventy he has then escaped the fatal three score and ten, and would consider himself an ill-used person should he receive notice of ejection a day short of ninety. Ninety comes, and he grows insolent. Death, he thinks, has passed on, and overlooked him. He asks why nature has so long delayed to claim her debt. She has suffered thrice seven years to elapse beyond the period usually assigned for payment, and he indulges in wild fancies of a statute of limitations. In his most rational moments he talks of nothing but old Parr. He burns his will, marries his house keeper, begets his son and heir, who is seventy, and names his grand-child (a lad of fifty,) for keeping late hours.

SHORT SENTENCES. Do more good than long speeches—we can remember the one, while we can scarcely find time to read the other. One is like a guide post, distinctly pointing out a way; the other like a general map, in which we are puzzled, after a long search, to find where we are. Neither Solomon nor Solon, Napoleon nor Franklin, were famous for long speeches; nor was it a long speech that made Belshazzar quake, or Felix tremble

C. M. 23

From the Juvenile Souvenir.

SPUNK AND PERIL.—There is a story, and which I believe is a fact, of two boys going to a jackdaw's nest from a hole under the belfry window in the tower of All-Saints' Church, Derby. As it was impossible to reach it standing and equally impossible to reach that height from without, they resolved to put a plank through the window; and while the heavier boy secured its balance by sitting on the end within, the lighter boy was to fix himself on the opposite end, and from that perilous situation to reach the object of their desire. So far the scheme answered. The little fellow took the nest, and, finding in it five fledged young birds, announced the news to his companion. 'Five' are there?' replied he; then 'I'll have three.' 'Nay' exclaimed the other indignantly. 'I run all the danger, and I'll have three.' 'You shall not,' still maintained the boy in the inside; 'you shall not.' 'Promise me three, or I'll drop you!' 'Drop me, if you please,' replied the little hero, 'but I'll promise you no more than two,' upon which his companion slipped off the plank. Up tumbled the end, and down went the boy, upwards of a hundred feet to the ground. The little fellow, at the moment of his fall, was holding his prize by their legs, three in one hand and two in the other; and they finding themselves descending fluttered out their pinions instructively. The boy, too, had on a carter's frock, secured round the neck, which filling with air from beneath, buoyed him up like a balloon, and he descended smoothly to the ground; when, looking up, he exclaimed to his companion. 'Now you shall have none!' and ran away, sound in every limb, to the astonishment of the inhabitants, who, with inconceivable horror, had witnessed his descent.

BURNS'S ANNIVERSARY.—The anniversary of the birth of the great Scottish poet, is this year likely to be observed with much eclat, in consequence of the presence of the Ditrick Shepherd in London, and the desire of a number of the friends of Scotland and Scots literature to celebrate the event in an appropriate manner. It is a singular fact, that Hogg's birthday is the same with Burns'—viz., the 25th of January. Genius found the one at the plough, and the other at the sheepfold; and both are extraordinary examples of nature triumphing over circumstances. Several of the most popular authors in London are taking an active part in promoting this festival; and though the Scottish nobility and

gentry will be among its chief patrons there can be no doubt but that an ample proportion of English and Irish friends will join them on an occasion which reaches the feelings of all countries. Captain Burns, a son of the bard, is engaged to be of the party, and we most cordially anticipate a day of high convivial and intellectual enjoyment at the Freemason's Tavern, to commemorate the birth of this Adelphi of Scottish Poets.—[Lit. Gazette.]

TOMB OF TOWARD THE PHILANTHROPIST.—The tomb of toward is in the desert, about a mile from the town of Cherson (a Russian settlement on the Black Sea;) it was built by Admiral Mordvinoff, and is a small brick pyramid, whitewashed, but without any inscription; he himself fixed on the spot of his interment. He had built a small hut on this part of the steppe, where he passed much of his time, as being the most healthy spot in the neighborhood. The English burial service was read over him by Admiral Priestman, from whom I had these particulars. Two small villas have been built at no great distance; I suppose also from the healthiness of the situation, as it has nothing else to recommend it. toward was spoken of with exceeding respect and affection by all who remembered or knew him—and they were many.—[Life of Heber.]

NATURAL HISTORY.

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

THE POISONED VALLEY.

A singular discovery has lately been made near Bataan, in Java, of a poisoned valley. Mr. Alexander Loudon visited it last July, and we extract a paragraph from a communication on the subject, addressed by him to the Royal Geographical Society.

"It is known by the name of Guevo Upas, or Poisoned Valley; and following a path which had been made for the purpose, the party shortly reached it with a couple of dogs and some fowls, for the purpose of making experiments. On arriving at the mountain, the party dismounted, and scrambled up the side of a hill, a distance of a quarter of a mile, with the assistance of the branches of trees and projecting roots.—When a few yards from the valley, a strong nauseous and suffocating smell was experienced: but on approaching the margin, this inconvenience was no longer found. The valley is about half a mile in circumference, of an oval shape, and about three-

ty feet in depth. The bottom of it appeared to be flat, without any vegetation, and a few large stones scattered here and there. Skeletons of human beings, tigers, bears, deer, and all sorts of birds and wild animals, lay about in profusion. The ground on which they lay at the bottom of the valley appeared to be a hard sandy substance and no vapor was perceived. The sides were covered with vegetation. It was now proposed to enter it and each of the party having lit a cigar managed to get within twenty feet of the bottom, where a sickening nauseous smell was experienced, without any difficulty of breathing. A dog was now fastened at the end of a bamboo and thrust to the bottom of the valley, while some of the party, with their watches in their hands, observed the effects. At the expiration of fourteen seconds the dog fell off his legs, without moving or looking round and continued alive only eighteen minutes. The other dog now left the party and went to his companion; on reaching him he was observed to stand quite motionless, and at the end of ten seconds fell down; he never moved his limbs after, and lived only seven minutes. A fowl was now thrown in, which died in a minute and a quarter and another which was thrown after it, died in the space of a minute and a half. A heavy shower of rain fell during the time that these experiments were going forward, which, from the interesting nature of the experiments was quite disregarded. On the opposite side of the valley to that which was visited, lay a human skeleton, the head resting on the right arm. The effects of the weather had bleached the bones as white as ivory. This was probably the remains of some wretched rebel hunted towards the valley and taking shelter there unconscious of its character.

While we are on the subject of discoveries, we must not omit the mention of a strange fossil forest, found near Rome by a pedestrian tourist, Dr. Weatherhead. An article in the January number of the Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal of the sciences represents it as being forty feet in thickness, and extending for several miles along the banks of the Tiber, close to Rome. The petrified matter is a calc-sinner, and from the layers of lignaceous debris being freely intermixed with volcanic dust, the discoverer of this interesting circumstance thinks can be little doubt but that this colossal phenomenon was occasioned by an earthquake, of which the memory is

lost—probably long prior to the foundation of Rome. It is singular that so curious a fact in volcanic geology should have escaped observation for so many ages.—(N. Y. Mirror.)

THE ARTS.

"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 moulds recoil."

VOCAL IMPROVEMENT.

At a late sitting of the Paris Academy of Sciences, some interesting facts were disclosed, in a paper by M. Bennati, on the mechanism of the voice. From his professional engagement of physician to the Italian Opera, he has had extensive opportunities of forwarding the object of his inquiries. He has observed that the voice is chiefly effected by the elongation of the ulva, which most persons who have had severe colds will readily understand: in some cases that part of the human organ becomes so enlarged as entirely to prevent the issue of any sound louder than a whisper. The case of a lady was instanced, who entirely lost the use of her voice for several months, and was reduced to the necessity of writing all she wished to say; recourse was had in vain to several eminent physicians;—she at last was advised to use a *gargle of strong alum water which completely restored her voice*. A permanent organick enlargement is not unfrequent, in which case M. Bennati, has successfully employed cauterization of the uvula, and has, in some cases, increased the timbre and even added two or three notes to the compass of the voice; Those who wish to benefit by such a curious discovery, will be glad to know how this effected. e makes use of a metalick instrument, at the end of which is a bowl containing the lunar caustick, so shaped as to touch, simultaneously, the whole surface of the uvula having a sliding lid to prevent contact with any other part, which is acted on through the handle of the instrument. The effect of the caustick is to excite the contraction of the muscles, and reduce the part to its ordinary dimension. A few applications will prove its efficacy. An instance is cited, that of a pleader, who, after speaking a short time, lost the tone of his voice, his throat became dry, and convulsive cough ensued: and he was obliged to relinquish pleading. Having consulted M. Bennati it was discovered that the uvula was considerably elongated. He employed the caustick, and in nine applications his voice was completely restored, and he is now a distinguished advocate.

TO MAKE SEALING WAX.—Those who use large quantities of sealing wax may find it economical to make it, which is very easy. Take equal weight gum lac, vermilion and pure Venice turpentine. Melt them over a gentle heat, and stir them well together.—Take a detached portion of the mass and roll it with the hand upon a plate of copper slightly heated; or rather it may be cast in a mould made on purpose, of plaster, of horn, or of copper. Instead of vermilion, other colours may be used, according to the tint which it is desired that the wax may have.—*Jour. de Connois, &c.*

TO PREVENT IRON AND STEEL FROM RUSTING: heat it till it burns the hand; then rub it with pure white wax. Warm it a second time so as to melt and divide off the wax, and rub it with a piece of cloth, or leather, until it shines well. This simple operative, by filling all the pores of the metal, defends it completely from rust, even though it should be exposed to moisture.—*Idem.*

HISTORICALS.

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

CUSTOMS OF THE NORTHMEN.—The Scandinavians were a remarkable people. They founded the empire of Russia; and joined by some Teutonic tribes, they subdued England after it was abandoned by its Roman masters; they explored the Baltic sea, and roamed boldly over the great northern and western ocean, without chart or compass; discovered the Orkades and Faroe isles, and the country consequently called Iceland, from the dreary aspect which its rugged mountains, covered with eternal ice and snows, presented to the eye. They moreover discovered Greenland, and are even said to have sent out an expedition, in the early part of the eleventh century, that landed on the coast of America, and planted a colony here; which, however, soon perished. Mr. Wheaton, in his history of the Danes and Normans, gives a vast fund of matter relating to the tribes that have spread over the north of Europe; and we believe, there is scarcely a lover of the history, who would throw aside the volume till he had reached its close.

The Icelanders did not adopt the Christian religion until about the close of the tenth century, soon after which they abolished the trial by battle, a mode of procedure recognised by the early laws of all the northern nations, which, with this exception, were full of the spirit of litigation and subtlety, to be found generally mark-

ing the Norman character. The saga of the famous chieftain Egill, furnishes us with a curious and picturesque account of a civil trial in Norway, respecting an inheritance which he claimed.

"Soon after the battle of Brunanburg, (934,) in which Egill had aided King Atholstano with a band of Vikingar, and other northern adventures, his wife's father died in Norway, and his brother in law. Bergaumund, took possession of the entire inheritance, of which Egill claimed a part, in right of his wife, which circumstance compelled Egill to make a voyage from Iceland to the parent country. On his arrival in Norway, he brought a suit against Bergaumund, who was protected by the interest of King Erik and his queen Funilhda. The suit was tried at the Gulo thing assizes, where the parties appeared, attended by numerous bands of followers and friends. In the midst of a large field a ring was stretched out, with hazel twigs bound together with a chord, called a sacred band (vo bond.) Within this circle sat the judges, twelve from the district called Foodefylke, twelve from Horda-fylke; these two districts being thus united into what may be called one circuit for the administration of justice. The pleading commenced in due form, and Bergaumund asserted that Egill's wife could not, as the child of a slave, inherit the property in question. But Egill's friend, Arinbiorn, maintained, with twelve witnesses, or compurgators, that she was of ingenuous birth; and as the judges were about to pronounce sentence, Queen Gunilhda, the old enemy of Egil, fearing the result might be favorable to him, instigated her kinsman to cut the sacred cord, by which the assizes were broken up in confusion. There upon Egill defied his adversary to a single combat in desert isle (holmganga) in order to decide their controversy by battle, and denounced vengeance against all who should interfere. King Erik was sorely incensed, but as nobody, not even the king and his champions, were allowed to come armed to the assizes, Egill made his escape to the sea shore. Here his faithful friend Arinbiorn informed him that he was declared an outlaw in all Norway, and presented him with a bark and thirty men to pass the seas. But Egil could not forego his vengeance, even for a season, and returned to the shore, where he lurked until he found an opportunity to slay, not only his adversary Bergaumund, but King Eriks son Ragnvold, a youth of only eleven years old, whom he accidentally encountered at a convivial meeting in the neighborhood. Before Egill set sail again for Iceland, he took one of the oars of his ship, upon which he struck a horse's head, and as he raised it aloft, exclaimed:—'Hore I set up

the red of vengeance, and direct this curse against King Erik and Queen Gunilhda! He then turned the horse's head towards the land, and cried aloud;—"I direct this curse against the tutelary deities who built this land, that they shall forever wander, and find no rest or abiding place, until they have expelled from the land, King Erik and Queen Gunilhda." He then carved this singular formula of imprecation in Runic characters upon the oar, & fixed it in a cleft of the rock, where he left it standing."

ESSAYS.

"The soft amusement of the vacant mind."

FOR THE CANADIAN CASSET.

WAR.

Among the many virtues on which mankind pride themselves, one which stands very conspicuous in the catalogue is consistency. This they call one of their most precious jewels, but in how many cases does this jewel become tarnished by the grossest inconsistency; for instance, in the idol worship which is paid to military glory, and the homage bestowed on the successful destroyer of his species. To prove this statement, let us mark men's conduct when the blood stained conqueror approaches; not a man who has spent a long life in dispensing justice to mankind—nor one who has shown himself liberal to the poor and the distressed—not one who has distinguished himself by unfeigned piety—not one who has attempted to ameliorate the condition of the savage—nor one who has restored the suffering African to his liberty—but one who has devoted his life to the scenes of the Camp—whose arms have been crowned with success in contending against his real or fancied enemies—a man who has imbrued his hands like a second Cain in a brothers blood, who has rent the strong ties of affection asunder, and bathed the eyes of the widow and the orphan in tears. The multitude throng around him as he passes along, and with deafening plaudits shower their praises on the victorious hero and yield him the highest meed of earthly glory—and while they re-echo his fame, Ladies strew his path with flowers and deck his brow with laurel wreaths. But while these crowd around with exultation, where is the widow and the orphan? They retire overwhelmed with sorrow, to weep in silence over their accumulated ills—or if they mingle with the concourse, and approach the conqueror, it is with heartfelt agony to demand, Where is my husband? Where is my father? But in vain may they make these enquiries—their voices are drowned in the maddening shouts of the multitudes. Before this hero, the man of piety and jus-

tice sinks into oblivion, the philanthropist is shrouded with the veil of obscurity, and the man distinguished for benevolence and charity, is treated with cold indifference and undeserved neglect. Take another example. Perhaps at the solemn hour of midnight the assassin enters a private habitation and with one deadly thrust ushers the soul of its occupant into eternity. He escapes concealed by the mantle of evening, but when the morning light discovers the foul deed, the news flies as quick as the electric shock through the community, and the narration heard with universal groans of horror—and exclamations of pity and indignation—justice is on the alert—her blood-hounds are scenting for their prey—the forest is scoured—the mountain clambered and the valley enclosed—nor do they cease their exertions until the murderer is ferreted out—justice appeased—and the assassin's corpse upon the gibbet, a spectacle for a gazing multitude. Here the weeping widow and the orphan in every eye, behold the tear of commiseration, and in every voice recognize the sympathizing tone of pity. What a contrast! and yet, how undeniable are these facts: "One murderer makes a villain, millions a hero."

Here is a display of men's boasted consistency or rather inconsistency. This victim is truly a jewel, but it is one seldom worn without the precincts of Heaven. Should we enquire what can be the cause of this difference, we must seek for it only in their want of consideration. They are deceived, and have not the will or desire to consider any farther of the matter: they are dazzled with the glory of war and forget its evils: they behold the fair side of the picture only and have not the inclination to turn it that they may inspect the other. Let us therefore review it.

What means that clangor in every quarter to which we turn our eyes—that sound of trumpets—that beating of drums—that prancing of steeds—that waving of banners—that glittering of bayonets—and these many flashes gleaming from ten thousand eyes? It is an army arranging themselves in order of battle; in regular phalanxes, panting for the blood of their brothers, and impatiently awaiting the attack with the fury of maniacs; the chaplain having first implored the blessing of heaven on the encounter. On the opposite side we behold a similar movement, another equally powerful body are approaching with irresistible ardor. They advance, and when arrived at a proper distance, pause, and gaze intensely upon the foe for a moment, not with the pure affection of brothers longing to rush into each others

arms, but with the maddening phrenzy of demons fresh from the regions of Tartarus. Some, indeed, feel a tremor of fear passing over their heart, but dare not manifest it, dreading the reproofs and ridicule of their more ruthless companions. The voice of the commander is heard through the ranks and the awful pause is broken by the signal gun. And every other sound, is drowned by the thunder of artillery and discharges of musketry. An awful cloud of smoke arising hides the combatants from our view, but from the repeated and unceasing discharges of cannon and small arms, we can fancy something of the reality. The foremost ranks are thinned by death, but their places are supplied by those in the rear. Here is heard the yells of victory, there the screams of despair and dying agony. Here falls a severed limb to the ground—here a head, and here a hundred mangled bodies forming a death-like barricade to their friends behind them. Here horses are mingled with their fallen riders. But let us pause a moment and ask ourselves if this is a source whence we would desire to acquire glory and honor.

Must the laws of humanity and justice be trodden under foot, and the glad tidings of 'Peace on earth, and good will to man' be totally discarded, that we may treasure up earthly glory? Could the Antediluvians, who in the midst of their wickedness fell sacrifices to the overwhelming deluge, arise from their watery graves and view this scene, convulsed with horror, they would shrink from it, exclaiming with indignant feelings, 'ye are worse than we.' Had the monster Cain, while his hands were yet reeking in the blood of his brother, beheld this sight, he would shed a tear that he first set the example, and that his descendants had so far surpassed him in this species of human degradation. But we return to our picture.

The combatants have become weary with their bloody toil, and victory is hovering over them, uncertain on which side to light—but at length one party yields and flies—while the other with all the ardor of blood-hounds pursue and cut them down.

The warriors having left the field, we may be permitted to examine it; what heart-rending scenes here present themselves to our view. Some are gasping with the last agonies of expiring nature—some are piteously calling upon their friends for that assistance that cannot be rendered—and some with all the ecstasy of delirium are shouting, 'Victory! Victory!' And here lie thousands sleeping the sleep of death, unconscious of all around them—

bleeding bodies, severed limbs, and heads, present a scene, at the narration of which humanity turns aside to weep. Females who with anxious hearts awaited the termination of the battle, are now come to ascertain whether their lovers, husbands, brothers or sons are among the fallen number. Here a tender mother bewails the untimely fate of her only son, the solace of her old age, the staff of her declining years; here the affectionate wife sits in agony by a lifeless body, and laments the doom of the object of her early love; and here a sister bemoans a fallen brother. How melancholy is the reflection while passing over the blood-stained field, that those persons whom we saw in the morning, in all the vigor of life flushed with anticipation, and perhaps contemplating a triumph at eve, are now slumbering in silence, entwined with the icy arms of death—victims to the murderous hands of their brothers.

Mankind are deluded with the fancy that the warriors death is a glorious one, like the followers of the eastern Prophet, supposing death in battle almost a certain passport to Paradise. But have they ever witnessed this death? To die—one would wish for a place affording them an opportunity for reflection, but it is not to be found here. The soldier falls, and while weltering in his own blood, is trodden under foot by his surviving comrades or the prancing cavalry; and his own body is made the pillow of a fallen brother, added to which the roaring of fire arms—the shrieks of the fallen, and the shouts of the combatants are sufficient to drive reason from her home. No friendly countenance appears to comfort him—no hand of sympathy is stretched out to support him in his dying agony, and he sinks unpitied and unseem. Who could envy such a death as this; and yet it is the death of the soldier. Where then is the glory of War? It is glory soavn in collision and reaped in blood, mankind have never looked at the aggregate of evil attending it.

Were all those who have fallen in battle since the foundation of the world collected together, from what mountain could the observer behold the extent of the mighty mass which would present the heterogeneous compound of every grade, from the rude and uncultivated Cannibal to the enlightened and humble Christian? Were the whole amount of blood shed in battle poured into the sea, methinks the whole of the vast expanse from north to the south Pole would be rendered florid by it. And were the whole amount of property of all kinds, expended and destroyed by this horrible custom collected into one mass it would form an aggregate that the mines of America could not purchase.

These are the consequences of war, and

will a nation of Christians continue to tolerate this wretched custom, or will they rather seek to hasten that blissful era when 'nation shall not lift the sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.'
E. W. H. E.

THE CASKET.

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

HAMILTON, APRIL 7, 1832.

• **SPRING.**—The snow is gone, the snow, which in the recollection of the oldest settlers, has continued longer and been more severe during the past winter than any other for the last 50 years, is now over, and that season of the year the most agreeable and delicious to man, has returned.

The spring, whose genial influence revives all nature, now banishes every remembrance of a long and dreary winter. How gratified did I feel at an early hour this morning while listening to the wood-notes wild of some of our singing birds perched on apple trees; they were the first I heard for the season, and the effect was inexpressible; how joyous does every part of animated nature appear even at this early period of the season. But man, he whom the great ruler of the universe hath endowed with reasoning faculties, yes, it is to him the present time of the year is most precious, and by him most justly valued; behold how he loves the early morn, how bounteous the rising sun, how grateful the early dew. See the Farmer surrounded by his laborers, his oxen, his ploughs, what bustle in the farm yard, every body is busy, the men, the women, the grown children all on the alert, the chopping, the sugar boiling, the logging, are all going on, and all for the sustenance, the comfort and happiness of the human race. Almighty regulator of the world, by whom all things were made, make us truly thankful to thee for all thy unmerited favors, and grant unto the people of this country thy constant protection in their just and honest undertakings. How many other useful and beneficial occupations present themselves to busy man at this happy season: observe your mercantile man stepping out in the morning and rubbing his hands, ah! he says, we shall now in a few days have the navigation open, I must be first to ship my Pork and Flour, and in return bring up the Summer Goods. Oh! happy Hamilton, how partial has nature been to thee. Placed at the head of the finest inland navigation in the world, how bright are thy prospects. The Country teeming with all the valuable productions of the earth, and inhabited by thousands of respectable, industrious, and hon-

est people. Governed by the just laws of your Country, thy speedy increase to a City is certain, and may the happiness and prosperity of thine inhabitants be unbounded.

LADY'S BOOK.—We have received the March No. of a very interesting periodical under this title, published monthly in Philadelphia, on a fine Super Royal sheet, in pamphlet form: each No. containing upwards of sixty pages. It is printed in a very neat and handsome manner, and the present number, which is the first we have ever seen, contains a most interesting variety of original and selected matter, and is embellished with several elegant engravings. We hope, and doubt not, that it will receive the liberal patronage which it so highly merits.

NEW GAS.—The Birmingham papers have just announced the discovery of a new Gas in that fruitful depot of inventions. It is for brilliancy, superior to any now in use, for illuminating streets, or for domestic purposes, and it is entirely the produce of water.

ENGLAND contains 10,000 leagues of roads, 15,000 leagues of canals, and 12,000 leagues of rail roads. The territory of France is twice as extensive as that of England, and has only 1,500 leagues of roads, 500 leagues of canals, and forty leagues of rail roads.

RUSSIAN IMPROVEMENTS.—The Directors of roads and causeways in Russia have just offered a prize of 10,000 rubles to the author of the best treatise, having for its object the acceleration, by the aid of mechanical power, of navigation in small and large rivers.—Roch. Mir.

NEW AGENTS.—Duncan McGregor P. M. Raleigh—William McCormick P. M., Colchester—James L. Green, Waterford—Michael Homer Burlington Beach.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—"Ode to Canada," "P." and several other communications have been received, and shall appear soon.

RECEIPTS.

From Messrs C. Ingersoll, P. M.—W. J. Sumner—J. S. Howard, P. M.—N. Barnhart—F. R. Comer—H. V. A. Rapelgie—Obed W. Everett.

REMITTANCES.—Messrs Wm. Hixon \$2, David Camfield \$1, John Robinson \$1, F. R. Comer \$2, John Moseley \$2, Duncan Mc. Donald \$2, Wm. Ross \$2, H. V. A. Rapelgie. \$2.

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 GASKET.

THE HERMIT'S PRAYER.

Afar amid some forest wild,
Whose nature silent roigns,
In native beauty undost'd,
Amid her lone domains—

Alone to dwell my lot be cast;
Her scenes I long to haunt,
And muse upon her mighty waste,
Far from the world's proud vaunt.

O let me rest a hermit sad,
A wand'ring pilgrim thro';
In skins of beasts my limbs be clad,
The forest herb my fare;

My only draught, the limpid stream;
The massy rock my bed, [beam,
Where, 'neath the moon's pale wanning
I'd rest my weary head.

Thus let me slumber all my days,
Which fly me as a dream;
Thus let me shun, O world! thy ways,
And flee thy troublous stream.

As mariner, on ocean's hill,
His fading Country sees, [thril
While, through his frame, he feels the
Of inward love increase—

The distant speck he sees no more,
Her vision haunts his eye,
He waits content another shore,
And heaves her but a sigh.

So from my solitude afar,
Forgot and known by none,
I'll smile upon thy distant jar,
And all that's in thee done.

I'll see thy ages roll in peace,
Thy nations rise and fall;
Till death my slighty soul release
From life's embitter'd gall.

O solitude thy sacred name,
Thy calm and peaceful breath,
Shall ease this life's last flick'ring flame
And smooth the thornes of death.

I'll set me down beneath some tree,
Whoso fav'ring shade shall sooth,
And listen to the chirping glee,
The songs of native truth,

That float upon mine aching ear,
And greet me at the dawn
Of painted warblers that appear,
When wintry blasts have gone.

The bubbling brook shall call to sleep,

Their songs shall cheer the morn,
And o'er my soul a musing keep,
In solitude forlorn.

With all my heart their strains will chime.
Its secret chords will move,
And smooth the hasty flight of time,
As forth I go to rove.

The storms of heaven the thunder's peal,
My wooden cot will fly—
The wintry blast will never steal
Upon me with a sigh.

Deep hidden in some lonely vale,
The tempest ne'er will find,
I ne'er shall feel the cutting gale,
Or winter's piercing wind.

Adieu fair world, farewell to thee,
Thy pleasures I despise;
Thy prospects fair are misery,
That ne'er can dupe the wise.

Thy empty pomp and riches too,
I long could boast in vain—
Thy poverty I also know,
But ne'er shall know again.

BRITON.

FOR THE CANADIAN GASKET.

TO MARGARET.

Could I forget thee? sooner might
This earth forget its daily path,
And sooner might yon orb of light
His brightness veil in sudden wrath.
Could I forget to love thee? No,
Far sooner might the ocean cease
Its morning ebb, its evening flow,
And let its surges sink to peace.

Could I forget the pleasing smile
That banished sadness from my heart?
Far sooner could I laugh the while
Keen sorrow bade my tears to start.
Could I forget the thrill of joy
That wrapt my heart in ecstasy?
No—sooner might the liveliest boy
Forget his Christmas jubilee;

I will remember thee—I will—
Still doat on thee tho' far away,
Till death my faithful heart shall chill
Which now doth glow with ecstasy:
And when this life hath almost flown,
This world and all its vanity,
For thee my love, and thee alone,
My latest prayer shall offered be.

E. W. H. E.

THE CANADIAN GASKET

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

A. CROSMAN, Publisher.

ANECDOTES.

"Trifles light as air."

THE TWO BLOWS.—Cardinal MAZARIN was dictating one day a letter to his Secretary. The latter overcome with incessant work, fell asleep, and the Cardinal continued dictating, while pacing up and down his study. When he had come to the conclusion he turned towards his Secretary, saying, "and as usual." He then perceived that the first lines of the letter were written. The Cardinal was very partial to that Secretary, and treated him as a father. To awake him, he gave him a box on the ear; the Secretary, in a fury, returned the blow. The Cardinal, without showing the least emotion, said, coolly, "Now, Sir, as we are both wide awake, let us proceed with our letter."

When Sam Foote was once at Bath, he was asked what company he usually met at Dr. Delacour's table. "Sir," replied the satirist, "we have always a piece of beef, a saddle of mutton, a couple of chickens, and Captain Matthews."

About a hundred years ago, a zealous preacher at Glasgow, used to employ his eloquence to animate his flock against Louis XIV. "O, Lord," would this pious man exclaim, "be pleased of thine infinite mercy, to take this haughty tyrant of France, and shake him over the bottomless pit: but, gude Lord, dinna let him fa in-dinna let him fa in."

It was not a bad reply of a young lady, who was asked, why she did not marry: that she did not know which to choose, when there were only two orders of men, each of whom might pass under the denomination of Sir Harry Harmless, or Sir John Brute.

A member of the French Jacobin club, said to his colleagues, "I have been very lucky this morning; a mad dog passed between my legs without biting me."—"That is not surprising," replied a member, "it was because he knew who you were."

It was once observed to Lord Chesterfield, in the course of conversation, that man is the only creature endowed with the power of laughter. "True," said the earl; "and you may add, perhaps, he is the only creature that deserves to be LAUGHED AT."

A poor pun will sometimes answer a good purpose. A baker once calling upon Mr. Justice Jones, of Coventry, with the last loaf in his basket, was observed, as he returned through the court yard, to lay hold of a fat goose, on which his worship, who was at one of the upper windows, bawled out, Baker! Baker! Baker! The varlet took no notice, but trudged off with his prize. When the justice in the afternoon coming to his house, and asking him how he could have the villainous impudence to take the goose. "God bless your worship, (returned he) I only did as you commanded,—you bid me bake her, and so I did, and drank your worships health at the eating of her." "Tis a poor pun, (said the justice,) but it shall make thy peace."