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THE CANADIAN CASKET.

NEC DESIT JUCUNDIS GRATIA VERBIS.

VOLUME I.

HAMILTON, JUNE 16, 1832.

NUMBER 15.

SELECT TALES.

"To hold the mirror up to Nature."

FOR THE CASKET.

VIOLA.

A TALE OF PATRIOTISM.

The sun had sunk behind the western hills with unusual splendor, and the tint of dun which he left upon an October sky chimed well with the "sere leaf," and the drooping of nature, and when night stole silently in a breathlessness, a portentous silence seemed to reign all around. At this time I was standing upon the heights at Queenston. Every body knows who has ever been upon these heights, what a charming prospect they present to the eye. On one side he sees the distant ranges of mountains aspiring towards the heavens: on the other the little villages that dot so beautifully the long line of the famous "Ridge Road;" and again his eye rests upon that beautiful stream, the Niagara, winding its way to Lake Ontario, whose waters "meet and mingle with the far-off sky." But I said I was standing upon these beauteous heights when night, (a night that I ever shall remember) full of portentous forebodings, spread its dark veil o'er all the earth. It was a time of gloom to my country, for war had displayed her bloody flag, and "red with uncommon wrath," strode with exterminating vengeance across her fair fields. All day I had stood in sight of the two hostile armies, separated only by a river, not sufficiently wide to prevent a cannon ball from doing execution. It had been a day of activity on both sides, and the gleam of steel met the eye in whatever direction it turned.

All was quiet. The evening gun from both batteries had spoken forth upon the stillness, and the sound had died away in the distance with long and repeated echoes. Our sentries

had been set near the height, and when the massy bolt sent its clink to my ear, I knew that it was the gate of the pickets, that closed in all but the guard. I sat me down and gazed upon the heavens—and meditating upon the Omnipotence of Him who had spread out such a scene, slumber crept upon me, and I was transported to the region of dreams.

* * * * * The sudden discharge of a musket from one of the guard, brought me to my feet.—It was answered immediately by another, and in a moment all were stirring. Casting my eyes towards the brow of the hill, I discovered forms in the dimness of the night, as they ascended one by one, and then dropped into the hollow which lies just behind its summit. I knew they were the enemy, and lest the ranks of my countrymen should mistake me in the darkness, for one of the foe, I left the place for my lodgings, to prepare myself to meet the invader in the ranks of my countrymen. I pass over the struggle of that day, and confine myself to that which decided the battle.

Already had the sun witnessed a scene of bloodshed and carnage, which made his orb shrink from the contest—and again he was setting amid thick wreaths of clouds and smoke, which seemed to hang in awful import upon our destinies.—Another, and a last attack was made, and victory crowned our arms.

Just as we had prepared to march forward to battle, there was one joined our ranks as a volunteer, whose youthful and delicate appearance attracted my attention. His limbs quivered with agitation as he entered the ranks, and took his place next to me. I observed his small white hand, as it grasped with a kind of reluctance the musket which he held, and the deathly paleness which set

upon his countenance, as the order to move forward was given. Seeing this, I encouraged him with the hopes of victory, and as he turned to reply his lips moved, but no utterance followed. At the commencement of the attack, he fell—from extreme agitation, but with my assistance he rose again, and during the next round, clung to me for support, though evidently overcoming his fears, and at the third round he became firm and fired with us. The enemy retreated towards the brow of the heights, and the firing ceased. At this moment, we were ordered to charge bayonets, while the enemy was upon the brink. We did so, and hundreds fell from our sight as if an impenetrable veil had been thrown between us. I looked for my friend, and he had fallen upon the ground. On raising him up, I perceived he had fainted. This being the conclusion of the sanguinary conflict of 18—on the heights of Queenston. I handed my musket to a comrade, and taking my friend in my arms, I left the place for my lodgings.

* * * * * In the township of A—, in the year 18—, in the very early settlement of Upper Canada, there lived two families in the bonds of love and friendship. Each succeeding year only added new ties that bound them together, till not only their respectable heads, but their offspring, became united in the strong links of devoted love. It was natural that, while the friendliest feelings existed among the children of those families, that others, of a deeper kind should be stealing into some of their bosoms. This was indeed so. A daughter, whose opening beauties had seen their seventeenth year, found herself beloved by one who had played by her side, from her earliest days—and while she was herself cherishing these tender emotions towards

him which she supposed him a stranger to, with what a magic did she find herself stricken, when she learned from his lips that her own feelings were but a transcript of his own! I need only add that the fortunes of *Halbert N—*, and *Viola S—*, were cast together. Theirs was the devotion of the soul, founded on the basis of virtue—a love beginning upon earth, and reaching up to Heaven! I need not paint to the reader the beautiful workings of a passion so pure and disinterested as theirs. Every good mind can judge of the happiness of two beings, who, like the twin-stems of the rose, had grown up, and expanded into each other's embrace!

But, reader, you are looking for a change—aye, you think doubtless, that such perfect peace on earth, cannot be of long duration—you remember “that the fairest flower finds the earliest blight,” and that “the course of true love never did run smooth.” A change came over the affairs of the two families mentioned. A viper that had been nurtured in the bosom of one of them, sought to plant his deadly fang in the bosom that had warmed and sustained him. Jealousy, that terrific, “green eyed monster,” crept in upon the unsuspecting peace of the hitherto loving families. Envy reared its head, and at intervals cast out its forked tongue. Malice with her dark eye, and slander with her envenomed fang cast a gloom upon the scene, while revenge, with *demon smile*, seemed waiting to rush in! Destruction followed hard upon this train of evils, and a cloud big with anger, overshadowed those who had but yesterday enjoyed all that virtue and innocence could desire. During this time, you ask for Halbert and Viola. Ah! they were involved in the breaking up of the deep fountains of former friendship; and although each felt the more attached to the other, in proportion as difficulties arose in the families, yet for a time, they were separated; when they did meet, it was only for a moment—and that moment communicated to each the decree that had gone forth against their union. Time rolled on, yet he healed nothing with his softening influence. At length

the country became involved in war, and then it was, that the families became in a measure reconciled. In consequence of the enlistment of two sons from each family, who could not longer live in a state of jealousy and turmoil, overtures were made by Halbert, which resulted in part in restoring peace. This done, Halbert, became anxious to join the army, but how will the reader suppose Viola received such an idea.

It was a beautiful afternoon in autumn, that the lovers walked by the cool and placid Lake, arm in arm. A long silence had been preserved by both, and the countenance of Halbert had become pale and his eye set, and motionless. Viola perceiving the vacant stare of his eye, said in soft accents, yet evidently under deep emotion.

“Halbert, I fear you are premeditating evil—is it so?” “Viola,” said he, and he paused to sigh—“I must leave you for a time—perhaps forever. I must join the army.”

“I do not object,” said the noble-spirited girl, “if duty calls you to the defence of your country, I will trust you in the hands of him, who crowns the victorious and frowns upon the vanquished. Go, my dear one, and when in the battle you strive for victory, remember that you are purchasing peace for a future-fireside.”

“Viola,” said he, grasping her hand, “you have yet to hear a determination that I fear.”

“Why do you pause,” said she looking upon his agitated countenance.

“Viola, I must join the American Army!”

“What! the enemy! wilt thou thrust the sword to the hearts of thy brothers!—nay wilt thou unsheath it against *this bosom!*”

Halbert shook with convulsions, while the astonished girl, remembering her love, said in a soothing tone;

“Dear Halbert, those words were not thine own—thou art unwell, and thy thoughts have overcharged thee.”

“Viola—much as I love thee and desire thy happiness, the determina-

tion just expressed is fixed. I must go!”

“Then thou art *already* mine enemy!” said she starting back, and turning towards her home with haste, gave one scream of madness, and was immediately lost in the thicket.

Halbert stood as if bereft of reason. A strange and awful feeling came over him, and he sunk to the earth. When again his reason returned he found himself upon the bank of a river many miles from the place of parting with Viola. It was the river that divided the hostile countries—and putting off all thoughts of kindred, of home, of friends, and of his dearly beloved—he crossed, and enrolled his name against that fireside and that home, where he had been nurtured and caressed, through many years of peace and happiness!

Reader, I will not tax your patriotism farther, nor add to your indignation by any remark of mine—but I will leave you to express what of indignation may seem to you just. The act was a rash and unnatural one, and if it had any palliative traits they are all unknown.

The battle of Queenston was in Oct. 18—. In that battle Halbert N—, lost his life! It was the first battle he had been engaged in—and he was among that unfortunate number who were thrust down the Heights at the point of the bayonet!

And now gentle reader, since we have come to the spot where the soldier-youth fainted, and was borne off by his companion, if you will return with me to the lodgings of him who bore off his fainting companion, then we shall have seen the end of one present tale. But I will let my friend's language tell you the remainder of the story, as he has often told it to me.

“After several unsuccessful attempts to revive the fainting spirits of the young soldier (said he) I at length succeeded—but a kind of aberration of mind being over him for several days; all enquiries relative to his parentage and home, seemed beyond his power to answer. But by a singular accident, I found upon a piece of parchment his history. I cannot unfold the manner of my discovery, but suffice it to say

that my patient was none other than a young and artless girl! she had taken up arms in defence of her country being prompted by a deep feeling of patriotism, which she had inculcated & cherished from her earliest youth. Added to this, she had a lover in the armies of the enemy, and she thought to reprove a recreant spirit by her example, whether she lived or fell on the field of battle. She met that recreant lover upon the heights of Q. she says herself that she did not recognize her unnatural foe until just as he was sinking beneath the brow of the precipice!—that when just ready to drop into eternity he raised his eyes which caught her's, and he said in a subdued voice, "*Viola! save me!*" She saw him hover a moment over the awful gulf—and when he fell, a wild and haggard look sat upon him, which told how bitter was that death which was brought to him by the *hand of love!* That hand would have spared him, but could not.

"Come to my house," my friend said and I will show you the female soldier who has so much interested you. *She is now my wife!* C. S.

MISCELLANY.

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

THE SALTED PUDDING.

I had been journeying all day with my merry old friend, Uncle Jacob, as every one calls him, and both of us had become completely "jogg'd out." At length we came to a public house, having the sign of a golden ball. "Here," said my droll companion, "we shall find small potatoes, or I lose my guess, for I never had any great opinion of these pumpkin taverns." But, fatigued as we were, indifferent accommodations would be acceptable, rather than push on farther. So, after seeing to our beast, which was pretty well provided for, we called for refreshment for ourselves. We soon found that Uncle Jacob's guessing was not far out of the way, for all the house seemed to be in a state of dishabille. "Ah slattern and aliphod," said he, as he passed from bar room to kitchen, reconnoitering. They promised to pick us up some-

thing to stay our stomachs. It was Saturday evening, and the landlady had commenced the work of making hasty pudding, according to N. England custom. As my companion and I were seated by the bar-room fire, a stout, strapping wench, not the sweetest and most delicate in all the world, brought in a dish of hashed meat, and placing it upon the hearth, left it uncovered. There was a large bull dog in one corner and three cats in the other. Jowler scented the savory morsel and made for the dish. I was about to drive him off, but uncle Jacob, shaking his head significantly, pushed me back. So the dog commenced operations and soon finished the work, licking the platter clean. Uncle Jacob watched him attentively all the while, and when he had done his meal, he went to the kitchen door, and, all grave as a churchman, addressed the lady. "Madam, the dog has done, and, I suppose, it is our turn next?" There was a most terrible hurly-burly in the family; and father and mother and daughter were all by the ears! The canine gentleman had disposed of all their fresh meat, and, by way of aiding his digestion, Dolly had made him feel the force of one of her ponderous hoofs, and sent him howling out doors. To ease the matter and comfort our poor hostess we told her that we would sit down with the family, if she pleased, to a dish of hasty pudding, which was a favorite of both.

Fondly now I waited the enjoyment of this charming Yankee repast. Uncle Jacob however was not at all satisfied with their slovenly appearance about the house, and, though now in no fear of the dog, he chose to take a peep into the kitchen, lest all would not go in so cleanly a style, as our worthy grandmothers were wont to have it.—"John," said the landlady to the boy, "I'm going to run over to Mr. Darby's a minute. Tell Dolly to remember to salt the pudding." But John heard only the three last words, and so administered the salt himself. Next came Dolly, intent on seeing the cookery well attended to, and gave it another seasoning. By and by the mother returned, and the fam-

ily being all out, concluded nothing had been done as she directed, and so she dashed in another handful, and, giving it a hearty stir, went up stairs. Presently the old man came bolting in from the stable. He stood enjoying the smoking mush for a minute, and muttered over to himself "I'll bet a goose there's no salt in it;" and then going to the salt box he took a fist full and shook it into the pudding. "Our turn next," exclaimed uncle Jacob, as the landlord passed into the bar room, and in went the fifth handful!

Now, reader, behold us all around the old pine table with each a bowl of milk and a pan of homany foaming in the centre! All but the rogue, Jacob, anticipated a charming feast. The landlord took the lead. He made out to gobble down one spoonful, when, as soon as his throat was at liberty, he dashed his spoon upon the table with violence and vociferated aloud—"In the name of Lot's wife, Cape Cod and Turk's Island, what have ye got here? Who salted the pudding, Dorcas?" "Why? why? what's the matter Mr. Blaney? It was I that salted it." "Why mother," says Dolly, "it was I that salted the pudding!"—"Well, I know granny told me to salt it, and so I did, by jinks," says the boy. "Gallows take it!" cried the old man, "did you salt the pudding? What a pothe is here! I was determined the business should not be neglected, and so I chucked in a handful." "And I too," said uncle Jacob, "supposing it to be the custom of the family, followed suit." "O, flanders and flamation!" ejaculated our host. "What shall be done now?" I really felt a sympathy for the disappointed people, and determined to get rid of as much trouble as possible, so I called for bread and cheese, and with this we made out a tolerable supper, washing it down with small beer. I undertook to scold uncle Jacob, after we retired to our lodgings, for carrying his sin to such a pitch; but it was to no purpose. "I was determined to eat none of their flummery," said he, "and was glad to experience the truth of the old adage, that 'too many cooks will spoil the broth.'"

A AFFAIR OF HONOR.

"The clotied blood within my nose,
That froth my wounded body flows,
With mortal crisis doth portent
My days to appropriate ad oit."

Hudibras.

That fighting a duel does not imply courage, few, we believe, will pretend to deny. That killing one's man does not imply skill, the following may be taken as a case in proof. It was related to us, some years since, as having happened on the northern frontiers, during the last war. But whenever and wherever, it happened the moral is the same.

There belonged to the army a Lieutenant, who was very cowardly, and an Adjutant, who was supercilious. He treated the lieutenant with great contempt, and especially before his brother officers. Among other modes of expressing this feeling, he gave him a supercilious glance over the shoulder.

This behavior vexed and irritated the lieutenant to such a degree that he consulted his friends as to some mode of retaliation.

"Why," said they, "the next time the adjutant treats you in this contemptuous manner, you must pull his nose."

"I'll be shot if I don't!" said the lieutenant, well pleased with the project, which did not, to his apprehension, involve any idea of gunpowder. Wherefore, coming up to his antagonist the next day, he bade him—"Good morning, Mr. Adjutant!"

The latter treated him with his usual supercilious look over the shoulder, when the lieutenant promptly took his nose between the first and second finger, and gave it a prodigious wrench. Well satisfied with this exploit, he went his way, boasting how prettily he had wrung the adjutant's nose. But his feelings of triumph were short, for he was presently served with a challenge.

He was now in more trouble than ever. This was a result he had not looked for; and he again repaired to his friends for advice.

"Wh-wh-what a bloody fellow that adjutant is!" said he, in great perturbation—"he's challenged me!"

"Of course," returned his friends coolly—"no military man would allow his nose to be twisted with impunity."

"No!—Why in the name of blood and thunder did not you tell me of that before? I'd seen the devil had his nose before I'd touched it, if I'd known what was going to be the consequence. But what must I do now?"

"Fight to be sure."

"What! f-f-fight! I—I—fight? No—no—that'll never do—I shall be shot to a dead certainty."

"As like as not. But it's the business of the soldier, you know, to smell gunpowder."

"Yes—but to feel cold lead!—that's the worst of it!"

"Well, better or worse, there's no help for it—the adjutant has challenged you, and fight you must. They say he's a devil of a fellow on the trigger."

"I'm a dead man, then. I wish his

nose had been at the north pole before I'd touched it."

As there was no getting off, however, agreeable to the laws of honor, the lieutenant chose his second and went to meet the adjutant. The combatants took their ground, each with his side towards the other. But such was the tremor of the lieutenant, in order to steady his pistol, he held the breach against his hip, and in this manner let fly. The adjutant fell, bored through the loins with a mortal wound; while the trembling lieutenant, scarcely knowing, for a time, whether he was himself alive or dead, escaped unhurt—conveying with him from the field of glory the reputation of an honorable man! —[Constellation.

JUSTICE AND MERCY.

From the Usurer's Daughter.

Speaking about identifying a person whom the father considers as concerned in the riots which had the previous night put his house in danger:—

"Margaret," continued the father, "you must know that the writer of the letter, which I received on Wednesday night, was among the crowd. You can swear to his person. When the law loses a victim, it loses part of its value, and so fails the object for which it was made, and when law fails of its object, it is a non-entity, a dead letter, a thing of no value; it might as well not have been made at all as made in vain; and when there is no law at all, or what is the same thing, when laws are made in vain, there comes a disruption of the bonds of society, all is confusion and disorder, plunder and murder. Margaret, would you wish to see society in sad disorder, so that there be no safety for life or property?" "Certainly not, my father," answered Margaret;—"but I am of opinion that there is no danger of such a result from my abstaining to give positively a doubtful testimony against accused men." "If all thought as you do, my child, there would be no justice." "And if all thought as you do, my dear father, there would be no mercy."—"Such a reply to any other father than Mr. Erpingham, would have brought a rebuke down upon the child that should have uttered it; but he heeded it not; on the contrary, without any abatement of his usual placid smile, without the slightest wrinkle on his brow, or cloud of anger on his countenance, he continued:—"Mercy, my child, what is the use of mercy? Justice holds society together; but mercy relaxes those bonds, and leaves us in a sad disunion. Mercy is a word of wide, weak, and foolish meaning. It is the insinuating craftiness whereby men plunder the honest and industrious. Margaret my child, I did not gain my wealth by mercy, and I will not lose it by mercy. They who came to me for gold to supply their wanton cravings, and pledged to me their title deeds, and gave me large premiums, measured not those premiums by any mercy towards me. If I had no money at command, they would not have put themselves and their reversions into my power.

Had I been utterly poor and penniless, I might for aught that mercy would have done for me, have sat down in the dust of humility, and have bowed my neck to the foot of the proud man, and have eaten the thankless bread of poverty, and have sunk down to an unmarked grave. Justice is intelligible, definite, written, and marked down. We know where to have it. But mercy is of indefinite and rambling meaning." "Oh, my dear father!" replied the daughter, "it grieves me indeed to hear you talk thus—contradicting all the pleasant and sweet lessons which I heard from my dear departed mother: it pains me to the heart to hear the people almost curse you." "They are foolish to curse me, Margaret; it does them no good and me no harm." Margaret turned her face and wept; and while her tears continued to flow, and her sobs to be heard, her father was silent; but when the passion of her sorrow was abated, he renewed the conversation precisely in the same tone and with the same purpose, saying, "my child, I would fain have you go with me to the Mansion-house, where the aldermen are examining prisoners. You must give your testimony according to the best of your ability." The tears which Margaret had shed, while they relieved her grief, abated the firmness of her resistance to her father's will and she replied, "if it be your pleasure, sir, that I should accompany you, my duty as a daughter compels my obedience; but I must say, that no consideration shall make me give testimony in a doubtful matter." "The testimony required of you will be according to the conviction of your own mind. Besides, in the present case you will not be upon your oath." "My dear father," replied Margaret, "I always speak as though I were upon oath." "In so doing, replied her father, "you do wrong." The daughter echoed the usurer's words with astonishment; and the callous man coldly proceeded—"Yes, my child, you do wrong; you diminish, you destroy the peculiar sanctity of an oath by such a proceeding. Only imagine for a moment how insignificant the law would be, if every one acted upon the principle of being no more bound by an oath than without one." "But think again, sir, how much better than many laws, would be the universal prevalence of the love of truth." "You are supposing, my child, what will never take place.—Besides, it would be inconvenient—very inconvenient. It is enough that a man can be believed on his oath; that is all the law requires—all that can be expected in this imperfect state. You will go with me, Margaret." "I will go with you, sir, but the conscientiousness that makes me obey you in this instance, will make me disobey you if you request of me any testimony which may destroy a life, which the withholding of that testimony may save." "Child, you have strange notions." * * * *

What is that which lives in winter, dies in summer, and grows with its root upwards?
An Icicle.

BIOGRAPHY.

"The proper study of mankind is man."

PRINCE LEOPOLD OF SAXE-COBURG.

The leading incidents of the life of prince Leopold have not only been remarkable in their coincidence with, but effects upon the destiny of another exalted individual. We allude to the prince of Orange, between whom, and two crowns, it has been the fate of H. Roy. II. to step, while, as if to render his own career more wonderful, a third has been offered to his acceptance.

The prince Leopold was in the midst of the Russian army long before the memorable campaign of 1812 had commenced. He accompanied the allied army to Silesia and Saxony; was engaged in the battles of Lutzen and Bautzen; and, on the expiration of the armistice, proceeded with the army to Bohemia, and thence to the Saxon frontier where he particularly distinguished himself with the division of Cavalry under his command. For his eminent services on those days, the emperor Alexander, invested him, on the field of Battle of Nollendorf, with the cross of St. George and the emperor of Austria subsequently conferred on him the order of Maria Theresa. He was at Leipsic, and throughout the whole of the campaigns which ended in the capture of Paris, in 1814. Hence he passed over to England with the allied sovereigns, in a natural anxiety to witness the land which had aided so greatly the cause which had been so nobly consummated. At this time prince Leopold was twenty-four years of age, remarkable for his good looks, and distinguished from the crowd of princes with whom he was associated, for great amenity of manners, equanimity of temper and every accomplishment of good society. The Princess Charlotte of Wales was, at that time, in her eighteenth year, and remarkable above her years, for great insight into the characters of those with whom she associated. It is not therefore surprising that she should have been captivated with the prince Leopold; nor is it necessary, at this time of day, to doubt the excellence of her judgment in her preference of an individual, who made her, without any dispute, the happiest of women, during the short period which she was permitted to call happy in her short eventful life. It is well known that her hand had been destined for the prince of Orange, by the policy of the British Cabinet, as well as at the desire of her royal father; and the princess had so far yielded to these wishes, as to consent to appear with him in public at the queen's drawing-room this year. She was not however of a disposition to be willingly made an instrument of others in a matter so near her heart, and when she found a man more suited to her mind, she at once broke off a forced attachment, and loved him alone with all the intensity of woman's affection. The British people unaccustomed to marriages of convenience, admired the spirit which influenced her

conduct; and she felt encouraged by their approbation to carry her point with all the resolution she inherited from her family.—When one day Colonel Addonbroke returned from Kew to Cranbourn Lodge, in Windsor Park, where the princess at that time resided, and told her the report of the day, that her Royal Highness was to marry prince Leopold, she at once evinced the settled determination of her breast, by the reply "He is the only man I ever will marry."

The king of the Belgians is still in the maturity of his life and in the full vigor of his faculties. He has undertaken a task which must be difficult and laborious and which many people think is not capable of a successful result. He may however reflect, that he occupies a throne, the right to which is less capable of dispute than any one in history—for the hereditary sovereigns of the land renounced their claim to Austria, or to France; and the right of conquest alone and that not a conquest over Belgium, gave it to the Kingdom of the Netherlands. He is one of the sovereigns, who, without even the bright to the land of his rule, has obtained a crown without the sword having been drawn, or a drop of blood spilled, in the acquisition of it. If he should happily succeed, he will deserve the gratitude of four millions of subjects, and the applause of surrounding nations,—if he should fail, he will lay down a sceptre, which he never sought, and return to that private station, the splendid prospects of which few would have had the virtue to have quitted, although the object were to retain the blessings of peace to Europe and to consolidate the principle of constitutional government.

NATURAL HISTORY.

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

From the Canadian Watchman.

Mr. Editor,—While perusing your last number, I observed an extract from the Canadian Casket, concerning a cave "in the Township of Clinton," which presented a singular phenomenon of ice formed in summer, which thawed and disappeared in winter, with an observation that "frequent calls through the publick press had been made upon the scientific" to account for so strange an inversion of the order of Nature. Although I have never heard those "frequent calls," nor was I aware before that there was such a cave in the country: and although I do not arrogate to myself the honor of being one of the "scientific," I will venture to offer a few remarks upon the subject, and endeavor to give the *rationalis*.

It is well known that evaporation is a cooling process. It is an invariable law of nature, that when a body passes from a rarer to a denser state, heat is involved, as when a gas is condensed into a liquid or a liquid to a solid, and vice versa. Bodies passing from a denser to a rarer state absorb caloric, as when a solid becomes a liquid, or a fluid is converted into gas.—This results from having its capacity for

caloric increased in the latter case, and diminished in the former. It is impossible to heat water above 212 degrees in an open vessel, because the water commences immediately to evaporate, when its capacity for caloric is so much increased, that it absorbs the heat which would otherwise go to raise the temperature of the water: the sensible heat of the water is continually absorbed and enters the steam as heat of capacity. It is the law of nature, or principle of cooling by evaporation, which the Caravans, who cross the great deserts of Africa, take advantage of. They have occasion for great quantities of water which they convey on camels in earthen bottles, and which would become very disagreeably warm in passing over the burning sands of that country, was it not for the perpetual evaporation which they manage to keep up by enveloping each bottle in lienon, and keeping that wet throughout the journey; thus, not only is the water reduced to a refreshing temperature, but also the formation of ice is not unfrequently the result. Upon the principle the inhabitants of the torrid Zone, and particularly at Bengul, furnish themselves with one of the greatest luxuries which could be desired. At night when the Thermometer does not stand below 50 degrees they place shallow earthen pans of water upon moistened Bamboos, this moisture being carried off by evaporation, produces the same result: in the morning the pans are covered with a thin sheet of ice, which, being collected in considerable quantities, is preserved under ground, in contact with non-conductors. The Alcazaras of Spain act upon the same principle. These, which are very porous earthen vessels, are prepared for use by first soaking them in water until they are perfectly saturated with that fluid.—Within these jars are vessels containing the wine or other liquor, when the constant oozing of the water upon the outside, accompanied by evaporation, cools the interior, and consequently reduces the temperature of the wine within them.—And so may the Mercury in a Thermometer be driven down to, if not below, the freezing point, by dropping ether upon it, which being the most readily evaporated of any known fluid, is instantly volatilized and produces an extreme degree of cold. And by dropping the same fluid upon a small animal, as a rat or a mouse, it can be frozen to death in a short time, notwithstanding it may be exposed to the driest rays of a summer sun.

After this summary, Mr. Editor, the seeming paradox becomes perfectly intelligible. As the water oozes from the top of the cave the elevated temperature of the surrounding atmosphere is sufficient to volatilize that part of it which is near the opening; and so having passed from a denser to a rarer state, its capacity for caloric is increased; the sensible heat becomes latent. Thus the warmth of the air without is prevented from having access to the interior by being continually absorbed by the formation of vapor: and by a continued series of the same process, a sufficient quantity of caloric is absorbed to reduce

frequently, as the temperature falls below the freezing point, the consequence of which is the formation of the ice in question.

But the second query remains unanswered. Why does the ice thus formed disappear on the return of the cold season? Upon a superficial view of the case, this would indeed appear perfectly paradoxical, and the question would seem to admit of no rational reply. But by looking deeper into the subject, it is evident that this must be the natural consequence, as it is removed by a negative principle, or from the absence of that principle which caused it in the first place to form: which is a sufficiently high temperature of the atmosphere to produce evaporation. And it follows as a natural consequence that when this cause ceases to act, the ice would no longer be formed. Now the water which continues coming, being undoubtedly much above the freezing point, is sufficient to gradually dissolve the ice which was already formed; for, as the water in a deep well maintains the same temperature throughout the year, it will as readily dissolve ice in winter as in summer. **BREVIS.**

Wellington, May 5th.

* Caloric is used generally as a term synonymous with heat, but it means rather the cause of heat, being the effect, or the sensation felt upon touching a heated body.

Caloric is supposed to reside more or less in all bodies; and according as it exists in a greater or less degree, a body is said to have greater or less capacity for caloric; and heat thus residing in bodies is called latent heat or heat for capacity.

It must be a fact familiar to most of our readers, that there are several species of this bird in N. America. We give an extract of two of the common kinds among us, viz:—the Golden and the Bald Eagle.

BALD EAGLE.

"Elevated on the high dead limb of some gigantic tree that commands a wide view of the neighboring shore and ocean, he (the eagle) seems calmly to contemplate the motions of the various feathered tribes that pursue their avocations below; the busy tringæ scouring along the sands; trains of ducks streaming over the surface; silent and watchful cranes, intent and wading; clamorous crows; and all the winged multitude that subsist by the bounty of this vast liquid magazine of nature. High over all these hovers one whose actions instantly arrest his whole attention. By his wide curvature of wing, and sudden suspension in the air, he knows him to be the fish hawk, setting over some devoted victim of the deep. His eye kindles at the sight, and balancing himself with half-opened wings, on the branch he watches the result. Down, rapid as an arrow from Heaven, descends the distant object of his attention, the roar of its wings reaching the ear as it disappears in the deep, making the surges foam around. At this moment, the eager looks of the eagle are all order; and levelled his neck for flight, he sees the fish hawk once more emerge, struggling with his prey, and mounting in the air with screams of exultation.—These are the signals for our hero, who,

plunging into the air, instantly gives chase and soon gains on the fish hawk;—each exert his utmost to mount above the other, displaying in these recourtes the most elegant and sublime aerial evolutions. The unincumbered eagle rapidly advances, and is just on the point of reaching his opponent, when, with a sudden scream, probably of despair and honest execration the latter drops his fish; the eagle, poisoning himself, for a moment, as if to take a more certain aim, descends like a whirlwind, snatches it in his grasp ere it reaches the water, and bears his ill-gotten booty silently and triumphantly into the woods."—[Wilson's Am. Ornithology.]

GOLDEN EAGLE.

This powerful bird breeds, in the recesses of the sub-alpine countries which skirts the rocky mountains, and is, seldom seen farther to the eastward. It is held by the aborigines of America, as it is by almost every other people, to be an emblem of might and courage; and the young Indian warrior glories in his eagle plume as the most honorable with which he can adorn himself. Its feathers attached to the calumets or smoking pipes, used by the Indians in celebration of their solemn festivals, which has obtained for it the calumet eagle. Indeed so highly are these ornaments prized, that a warrior will often exchange a valuable horse for the tail feathers of a single eagle. The strength of vision of this bird must almost exceed conception, for it can discover its prey and pounce upon it from a height at which it is itself, with its expanded wings, scarcely visible to the human eye. When looking for its prey it sails in large circles, with its tail spread out but with little motion of its wings; and it often soars aloft in a spiral manner, its gyrations becoming gradually less and less perceptible, until it dwindles to a mere speck, and is at length entirely lost to the view. A story is current of the plains of Saskatchewan, of a half-bred Indian who was vaunting his prowess before a band of his countrymen, and wishing to impress them with a belief in his supernatural powers. In the midst of this harangue, an eagle was observed suspended as it were, in the air directly over his head upon which, pointing aloft with his dagger, which glistened brightly in the sun, he called upon the royal bird to come down. To his own amazement, no less to the consternation of the surrounding Indians, the eagle seemed to obey the charm, for instantly shooting down with the velocity of an arrow, it impaled itself on the point of his weapon.—[Zoology of North America.]

HISTORICAL.

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

PALACE OF VERSAILLES.

The palace, as it now stands, with all its appurtenances, was erected by Louis XIV. in the midst of an expensive war, and cost the nation, from first to last, an outlay

of many millions sterling. In one week alone, 22,000 men and 6,000 horses were employed daily, at an expence of 250,000 francs: and for a considerable length of time the labourers actually composed an army of not less than 36,000. Lead is usually considered rather a heavy article, and the French exchequer found it so, for its consumption amounted to a modest item of 32 millions of livres. Indeed the expenditure could not be otherwise than enormous, for the attractions of Versailles are all of them exclusively created by dint of labour and indefatigable art. Nature, it is apparent, has been strictly neutral, and the Duke de Crequi had certainly no less than reason to call his master's darling residence "a favorite without merit." The reckless indifference with which monarchs in those days could dispose of the national resources, appears to be well exemplified by the simple act of Louis when the tremendous account of the cost incurred by the chateau and gardens was laid before him. His Majesty was "graciously pleased," after having glanced at the sum total, to throw the paper behind the fire. There is, moreover, abundant cause to believe that the progress of Marlborough gave him no such uneasiness as a casual blunder of his architect or gardener. To those who are conversant with the intrigues of court, the alleged origin of the war of 1688 will hardly appear improbable. The king it is said, one morning discovered that a window in *Grand Trianon* was not uniform with the rest, and immediately became so incensed against the superintendent of the works, that Francois, Marquis de Louvois, keeper of the seals, exclaimed to one of his intimates, "I am lost if I do not find occupation for one who thus easily loses his temper. Nothing but a war can wean him from his buildings, and a war he shall have!"

"What dire effects from trifling causes spring!"

The palace has been uninhabited since 1789, and stands in its dreary grandeur a solitary memorial of fearful associations. Who can ascend without emotion the splendid marble stair case, where the *garde de corps* was murdered while the wretched queen made her escape from another part of the building. Who can regard without some tenderness of sentiment the scene consecrated to classical recollection by the touching apostrophe of Burke:—"It is now seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France, then the dauphiness, on the terrace of Versailles, and surely never lighted on this orb, which she scarcely seemed to touch, a more delightful vision!" Who can call to mind without a shudder the memorable fifth of October, 1789, when the mob of the revolution, for the first time, profaned the sanctuary of the royal throne,

old, and armed Treason desecrated those household shrines of an august and ancient dynasty! Then indeed, did the unhallowed intrusion of a rebellious rabble but too literally illustrate the description of the Poet—

"Apparant domus intus et atrin longa patescunt,
Apparant Priami et veterum penetralia regum."

THE ARTS.

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

ARTIFICIAL HUMAN BODY.

A French surgeon, Dr. Azoux, after the labour of twelve years, has completed an artificial human body, intended as a substitute for the actual subject. The fidelity with which his machine represents the different parts of the human body, is said to be astonishing. Dr. Azoux, during the past winter, took it to London, where it was exhibited a few weeks since before the Westminster Medical Society, when the inventor separated every muscle in its turn, until the skeleton was entirely denuded, while Mr. Castello, the lithorist explained its uses. He observed that although the invention of Dr. Azoux could not teach the structure of the membranes, to communicate any notion of the feel, the pulp, and consistence and resistance of the tissue, yet it would be a most useful auxiliary to the anatomical students, and most valuable means of reference for practitioners, who have no time to bestow on the labors of the dissecting room.

PRINTING IN CHINA.

This art was known in China early in the 10th century, four or five hundred years earlier than it was known in Europe. From the earliest to the present time, their mode of printing has been remarkably simple. The characters are cut on wooden blocks of the size of the page to be printed, forming a stereotype like that used by the western nations. From these blocks the impression is taken off by a single person, and by his own hands, without the use of any machinery whatever. In this way the work can be executed with much rapidity and elegance. But in large works the blocks will be cumbersome and occupy much space;—while for light ephemeral works it requires too much time and expense to procure them. Hence moveable types have been considered a great desideratum for diffusing Christian and useful knowledge among the nations speaking the Chinese language.

About a century ago, Kanghe invented, or at least brought into use, moveable metal types. His successor, Keenlung, was so delighted with these types, that he called them the "congregated pearls." But strange to tell, he soon after caused them to be melted down, and his imperial majesty, Keaking, suffered or rather compelled them to go into entire disuse.

Of late years several attempts have been made by Europeans to employ moveable

metal types, which should combine cheapness, elegance, and facility of use. None as yet seem to prove so satisfactory as those recently prepared under the care of the Rev. Mr. Dyer, of the London Missionary Society, at Penang. The types were cast in moulds taken from wooden blocks, and produce, judging from the specimen which I have seen, as fair a character as any of the types cut by the best artists in China.

The lithographic press was recently applied to Chinese printing at Macao, by J. R. Morrison, Esq. assisted by a native Christian who is learning the art, and at Batavia, by the Rev. Mr. Medhurst. The elevation of the character above the surface of the stone is so small, that an impression can be taken on both sides of the thinnest Chinese paper. This by their own method of printing the Chinese can never do.

THE CASKET.

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

HAMILTON, JUNE 16, 1832.

TO OUR PATRONS.—We would once more ask subscribers to forward the amount of their subscriptions as soon as convenient; as we intend at the expiration of this volume, to enlarge the Casket to a Super-royal size, and otherwise improve the appearance of it, and afford it at the same cheap rate. Yea, and more—we have contracted for ENGRAVINGS to embellish each Quarterly Number of Vol. 2.—and our Subscribers will see the necessity of complying with our request, in order to enable us to meet our extra expences.

CANADIAN LITERATURE.—Descended from ancestors, who brought from the old world a portion of its literary treasures,—Canadians have resembled more than a century past, persons who have been removed in childhood from the city to a desert, and forgetful of the illustrious home and parentage from which they sprung. Regarding themselves as a new race of beings, they have slumbered in the dream of neglectful self-distrust; and it is therefore that they have been so long awaking to a sense of intellectual duty. They begin to feel that they possess the same physical and mental energies with the most renowned Europeans, and are only waiting for similar incentives to provoke the exertion of their powers. The physical features of our country are calculated to fire the imagination of the Bard. The cloudy grandeur, and trackless extent of our mountains; the solemn whispers of our deep and rapid rivers—the awful stillness and sublimity of our vast ocean-like lakes—our endless labyrinth of forests—the magnificent variety of our landscapes—and the simple

but intruding aspect of our cities and villages, breathe the very air of poetry, which the contemplative enthusiast must inhale. The historical associations of the primitive settlers of our country—of the aboriginal Indians—of the revolutionary war, numerous circumstances of which, live only in recollection, constitute treasures for our historians and philosophers, to weave the garland of immortality around their native land. Though proud of the distinguished names which have adorned native literature, we regret that any obstacles should retard the promotion of its fame.

"He that goes a borrowing, goes a sorrowing."
FRANKLIN.

Now a-days it is considered disrespectful to be a habitual borrower—only change the custom, and make it more disrespectful to be a constant lender. Now the mechanic sorrows for the missing tools which he has lent, the farmer sorrows for his implements of agriculture, and Editors sorrow most of all, because they have more borrowers than Subscribers.

John Speed, the historian, and Stow, the antiquarian, whose writings became the admiration of succeeding generations, were originally tailors; Franklin, the great American philosopher and statesman, was once a printer's boy; Simpson, the Scotch mathematician, was originally a poor weaver; Herschel, the eminent astronomer, was a fifer-boy in the army.

The Lady's Book.—We have had the satisfaction of a slight perusal of this thrice welcome monthly visitor, for June. Ever since our boy-"hood", we have had a peculiar fancy for periodicals of this stamp. This number contains as embellishments—"The sea side Toilet"—engraved title-page, (a lovely thing)—"Rose of the Forest set to music, (one of Thos. Moore's best)—"Ornamental Artist"—"Rencontre between Clevelly, Buckland & Herrick"—"Cropper Pigeon"—"Gold Finch, &c."

RECEIPTS.

LETTERS.—From Messrs. Daniel H. Cornell, William Clay, S. O. Bouchier, A. McDonald, Robert De Cou, W. N. Bottom.

REMITTANCES.—Robert De'Cou \$2.—Thomas Cartwright \$1.—Rev. Andrew Bell, \$1.—John M. Jackson, \$2.

NEW AGENTS.

Messrs. I. Draper, Port Burwell;—James Watson, Loyd Town; D. Li Thorp, Fredericksburg; J. D. Gilbert, Adolphustown; A. McDougal, Alexanderdria; S. O. Bouchier, Georgina; Robert DeCou, Middleton; W. N. Bottom, Kemptville.

MUSES' GOSPEL.

"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.

TIME'S CHANGES.

"Leaves fall, and flowers do wither at the north
wind's breath,
But oh—thou hast all seasons for thine own, O,
Death."

My native home—my native vale

That once delighted me;

How art thou past, and how does fail

My treacherous memory—

Thy babbling streams and secret nooks,

That once I wander'd through,

How have they faded in their looks

In memory's darken'd view.

The thoughts of all my wanderings,

Happy amidst thy streams,

Are like the crazy ponderings

Of childhood over dreams,

And all my fellows in those hours

Of childhood's sunny day,

Like the sweet odour sip'd from flowers,

Have flown, and pass'd away.

A change has pass'd o'er every thing,

As 'twere destruction's breath—

Time bears us on his ample wing,

And hurries on to death.

My native home, my native vale,

My memory cannot cling

To any spot within thy pole,

But with deep sorrowing. S. E.

TO L.—.

Sweet! when last before you kneeling,

Breathing passion deep, in sighs,

While the very soul of feeling

Mingled in our beaming eyes,

How you wiled me from my sorrow,

By your woman's witching power,

Till I thought not of the morrow,

In the bliss of that sweet hour.

While your rosy smiles were wreathing,

In their beauty, round my heart,

And your lips soft music breathing,

Could I think that we must part?

And when in my arms I prest you,

In our silent last farewell,

How my very spirit blest you,

The last kiss alone can tell.

Soon, O soon the gloomy morrow

Shed its darkness o'er my soul,

And again the shades of sorrow

To my heart's recesses stole.

Thus the young, bright hopes we borrow

From the morning's sunny ray,

Soon, with evening, set in sorrow,

Or in night clouds melt away.

FOR THE CANADIAN CASKET.

ODE TO CANADA.

Hail land of bliss, thou garden of the west!
The poor man's home, the rich man's place of rest!
Thy air is health, and wafts to all unspent;
The breath of freedom mingled with content.
What lovely prospects spread unnumber'd round,
What beautiful landscapes on thy face abound!
Thy glassy streams that flow along the vales;
Thy hills, thy forests, and thy woodland dales,
Alike the aspect of thy scenes improve,
And deck the tempting haunt of youthful love.
Thy soil, luxurious clothes the fertile plain,
Lending its nurture to the waving grain;
Thy forests crown'd with waving oak and pine
Yield wealth more precious than Peruvia's mine;
Thy inland seas pour forth their finny store,
And wide as ocean wash the woodbound shore,
Whilst o'er their bosoms, swift wing'd vessels roam
To bring thy rich exhaustless treasures home.
No slavish realms with thee can e'er compare,
Slaves cannot breathe who taste thy liquid air;
From dom o'xhales with ev'ry breath we draw,
And walks upheld by virtue and by law;
Nature exclaims whilst pointing to her throne,
Behold the land that freedom calls her own;
Thy cheerful villas rise the pride of art,
Thy manly sons are brave and kind of heart;
Proud Science hails the splendor of the sight,
Bursts chains of vice and gives to darkness light.
The name of Wolf, Canadian breasts inspire,
With all the ardor of heroic fire;
His glories shine in the historic page,
In death a conqueror and in life a sage,—
He died in battle, but his honor'd name
Will live for ever on the scroll of fame.
The gallant Brock, shed glory on thy page;
The pride of war and hero of his age,
Where rolls Niagara with rapid tide,
A lofty dome shows where he nobly died,
And towering, like Colossus, o'er the wave;
Points out a soldier's and a hero's grave.
Thy daughters to the muses delights to praise,
And speak their worth in sweet poetic lays:
Beauty is theirs, her lavish hands impart
What e'er can please the eye or charm the heart;
Wilds none unknown now to the savage eye,
Bloom like the rose, and human wants supply;
Where once the Savage trod the sylvan wood,
And dy'd his ruthless hand in kindred blood;
Where once the wigwam rear'd its savage form,
And wand'ring tribes took shelter from the storm;
Now stands the tow'ring spire or lofty dome,
The town, the farmer's cot, or tradesmen's home.
O! thou most awful being, mighty cause!
Eternal one, who gives to nature laws;
Whose mighty finger rolls the seasons round,
Winds up the wheels, makes light and life abound;
To thee I bow—O hear a suppliant's prayer,
Make this the land of thy paternal care!

WRITTEN FOR THE CASKET.

TO ———.

Oh ever may the light of mirth
Within those eyes be beaming,
And never may they gaze on earth
With tears of sorrow streaming.

And ever may thy path be bright,
And strewn with lowliest flow'rs,
And never may keen sorrows blight,
Distract thy happy hours.

And when these pleasures all are flown,
And life from thee is riven;

Oh mayst thou gladly seize upon
The purer joys of Heaven.

E. W. H. E.

THE BROKEN VOW.

Hark! the gay peal is ringing,
The Bridal is o'er;
And the hope which I foster'd
May flourish no more.
See! See! all rejoicing
Together are gone,
And have left me distracted—
Heart-broken—alone!

Yet one there, the brightest,
Where all are so bright—
Whose heart seems the lightest,
Where all hearts are light;
Though her eye dances gaily,
Though smooth is her brow,
There's a barb in her bosom—
A broken vow!

In the pomp of her bridal
She thinks of me yet;
Though her lips have renounc'd me,
She cannot forget.
Yet think not I blame her—
'Tis fate is my foe;
May it grant her that comfort
I never can know!

ON THE HOT WEATHER:

Said Tom to Ned, let's give a call
On all our friends, for truly,
This is the time, what might befall,
'They can't receive us coolly!

AGENTS FOR THE CASKET.

Messrs. G. W. Whitehead, *Burford*;
J. Williamson, *Stoney Creek*; Henry
Nelles, *Grimshy*; H. Mittleberger, *St.
Catharines*; John Crooks, *Niagara Falls*;
W. J. Sumner, *Nelson*; J. H. Van Ever-
y, O. W. Everett, *Paris*; J. Harris,
West Flamboro'; A. Bates, *Wellington
Square*; Robert Heron, *London*; David
Gillet, *Norwich*; William Clay, *Streets-
ville*; J. B. Sprague, *Credit*; J. S.
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Boyes, *Etobico*; J. Wilson, *Hallowell*;
Arthur McClean, *Brockville*; John M.
Camp, *Smithville*; Oliver Blake, *Sim-
coe*; David H. Cornell Lower Settlement,
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Guelph; John Gamble, *Dundas*; H. F.
Fay, *Brantford*; Robert L. Mackenzie,
Yarmouth; D. Campbell, *Simcoe*; Jon-
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