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THE CANADIAN CASSET.

NEC DESIT JUCUNDIS GRATIA VERBIS.

VOLUME I.

HAMILTON, OCTOBER 29, 1831.


NUMBER 2.

SELECT TALES.

"To hold the mirror up to Nature."

FOR THE CASSET.

THE REWARD OF ENVY.

No two passions are more uncongenial in their operations, and unlike in their results, than Envy and Emulation. The first arises from that heaven born principle by which man, formed for a  and destined to rise in the scale of beings, is taught to look with admiration upon superior excellence, and constantly abated to the attainment of some eminence that lies but just one step above him. But envy is the offspring of avarice; the criterion of a mind naturally weak, or narrowed by education. It is the canker-worm of the soul, which gnaws at the root of every generous feeling; and which inspires its victim with ambition for an eminence, gained not by his elevation above others, but by basely reducing them beneath himself. That every picture of human society might be so diversified, as that its brighter colours might glow with a more lively hue by the effect of contrast, when Nature had drawn the finer feelings of the soul, she permitted a demon to strike a line of darker hue. Essaying, at one dash, to mar the beauty of the whole, he touched the heart with a pencil dipped in gall, and called the stain Envy.

Though the baser passions are too often triumphant, yet we generally find virtue, in the end, the vanquisher of vice; and sometimes the latter, when conquered, becomes the passive and happy captive of the former. We could wish that this had been the sequel of the following extraordinary incidents.

Some forty years ago, two enterprising and intelligent brothers—the elder united to a most amiable lady, who brought him a considerable fortune; the younger a bachelor, dependant, like many young Englishmen of that fraternity, upon the patronage of an elder brother, and upon his personal enterprise—bid adieu to the attractive shores of England, to adopt a new home amid the rugged charms of Upper Canada.

After having been in this country but one year, and while his bosom was still tenderly alive to the wounds it had sustained in being severed from all the en-

dearments of his native land, the elder Carlisle (for this was their name,) was visited with an affliction to which his fortitude was unequal. On abandoning England, affection for his lovely wife had taken the place of every other attachment; and when Death, wrested her from his bosom, the grief of the mourner was as intense as had been the love of the husband: he gave himself up to the deepest melancholy and sometimes to distraction.

Mr. Carlisle was the father of two children, both sons, the younger of whom was still in the nurse's care at the time of the mother's exit. But these little prattlers, instead of engaging their father's affections and dissipating his melancholy, seemed only the objects of oppressive care; and his brother, who had been a principal agent in inducing him to leave England, he looked upon as a seducer who had led him into an abyss of wretchedness. There seemed not a being left on earth upon whom his affections could devolve.

At length, leaving his children, with the charge of his fortune, to his brother's care, Mr. Carlisle determined to seek the boon of health and tranquility, on the broad waters of the Atlantic and in the bosom of his native island. He bid adieu to the little village of —, with the intention of sailing on the earliest opportunity. For week; his brother anxiously awaited intelligence of his embarkation from Quebec; but as no information could be obtained concerning him, the melancholy conclusion arose, that in one of his fits of despondency he had fallen a victim to suicide.

The younger Carlisle—who was now left to the most depressing reflections, in a strange land, to which, however he had long felt an attachment—very naturally placed his affections on his young nephews, to whom he became, in all the momentous duties which that name involves, a father.

George, the eldest of the two boys, possessed little of that energy which is the harbinger of distinction in life, but was of a kind and affectionate temper, more fond of pleasure than of study, and not at all disposed willingly to sacrifice his ease to the acquisition of knowledge,

or the accumulation of fortune. For the latter, however, there was little need of his exertions; as the estate left by his father had, under the judicious direction of his uncle, become so large as to place him in a state of affluence. Nature, too, had endowed him with a form adapted to his character; he possessed great personal attractions. The younger brother, James, on the contrary, was a lad of good parts, Naturally quick in his perceptions, active and ambitious. His predominant passion was emulation, and he soon acquired the reputation of being the most talented youth within the circle of his acquaintance.

Between dispositions so opposite, it need hardly be said, that the bias of a patron who had been all his life a man of the world, always preponderated in favor of the younger brother. And though his affection for both, and his high sense of justice, forbade the thought of neglecting the elder, he early determined to leave his estate to the younger, in which his partiality was justified by the superior fortune of George.

Fondly going as he did on his James, all that affection could do towards instilling into his mind the precepts, and forming the habits, which would tend to make him wise and virtuous, was done by Mr. Carlisle; and in this he met with few obstacles, as he had only to provide those means and procure those privileges of which his nephew was ever eager to avail himself. At the same time, he avoided every occasion for jealousy on the part of George, from whom he so effectually concealed his partiality, that the latter flattered himself with the mistaken impression, that in the affections of his patron he maintained an enviable ascendancy over his brother.

George was favored with every advantage that had been placed within the reach of James; and his uncle would often say to him, "George, when I am gone, the only return you can make, is that you imitate the example I have set you. be kind to your brother, assist him when he wants assistance, and counsel him when he wants advice. And remember the poor; as you never saw one go in want from my door, so let yours be ever the portal

to hospitality and benevolence." And from such expressions, parts of which he always eagerly caught, George inferred that his brother was to be placed in a state of dependence upon himself, and that, of course, he must heir his uncle's property; for he had not yet learned, that mutual assistance are equally essential to happiness among the rich and poor.

Conscious of the vicissitudes of life, though a hale and vigorous man, Mr. Carlisle had made his will and arranged all his affairs, when the late war with the United States broke out. His father had been an officer in the service of his King; and the military spirit of the family was so far from being extinguished, that, tho' Mr. C. was exempt from military duty, he turned out promptly, and heading a company of volunteers, led them to the defence of their frontier.

James deeply impressed with the justice of our cause, and emulous of military renown, caught the enthusiasm of his ancestors; and he possessed the ability to impart that flame to others. Soon after the departure of Mr. Carlisle, and through his influence at head quarters, his nephew obtained authority to raise a volunteer corps under his own command: and he soon succeeded in marshalling a company of the flower of the country, who after taking leave of their homes, their relations, and, perchance, many whom they held still more dear, followed their gallant commander to the field of war.

George, either from real or affected indisposition, declined entering the service. His effeminate soul probably shrunk from the scenes of blood and carnage which floated in his imagination. Spleen, too, arising from the distinction of his brother, might have determined him not to serve in a lower capacity; and because he possessed not enterprise enough to attain the same rank, he chose rather to owe his protection to spirits and sinews more worthy of their country.

Other considerations, perchance, constrained the envious brother to linger treacherously in the background. James had long and tenderly loved Julia Wilmet, who was every way worthy of his heart. And though she was poor, like himself, in fortune, they were both rich in that which would have reconciled them to a hut, a hermitage, or a desert, could their hands, and names, and destinies have been one. And although George had never evinced any partiality for Julia, yet he often betrayed his envy of that felicity which his brother derived from her unwavering love; and now that there was twofold grounds for envy, he resolved to attempt the rivalship of her absent suitor.

(Remainder in our next.)

Selected.

JAMIE LAWDIE.

Eccentricities of character have afforded the theme of many a lengthy and grave dissertation on human nature; but from the little story I have to tell you to day, it is not my object to deduce propositions or to draw conclusions of any kind. I had almost forgotten my old friend, Jamie Lawdie, and an odd circumstance recalled him to my mind the other evening. As I was taking a walk in a retired wood, some distance from Alesbury, my attention was arrested by the sound of music, which as it mingled with the whistle of the winds among the branches of the trees around, softly fell upon my ear and created within me a resistless curiosity to see whence it originated. I followed in the direction from which it came, and having reached an open space on the side of the great road, a spectacle presented itself too ludicrous for description. A huge brawny figure, with arms and legs like handspikes, flying in every direction, was dancing what, for aught I know, was a "Highland walloch" on the green turf, to the sound of a bagpipe, which ever and anon a black looking fellow squeezed under his left arm. At the foot of a large tree sat a scowling dame, by the side of a large hand-basket, and near her the dancing Goliath's hat, coat and shoes were deposited. I observed that whenever a tune was ended the piper sung out, "Will ye hae anither Jamie? and "Ay mon, anither, anither," was the constant reply, in spite of all the guide wife, for so she was, could say, though she as often repented, "Come now and gang hame Jamie Lawdie!" with an air that betokened small hope was hers.

How long this game was kept up to the joy of old Jamie, and the diversion of the piper, and the vexation of the poor woman, I know not, but I returned home determined to neglect Jamie no longer, whose deeds, were they all related, would place him upon the shelf with the most renowned heroes of romance.

Jamie Lawdie came to Alesbury many years since, a poor man from the highlands of Scotland, and, taking up his residence not far distant, soon became as famous as any one for turning a penny. He had at that time all the eccentricities of the land o' cakes about him, and tho' years have sprinkled snow drops on his head, he is the same being as Jamie Lawdie of thirty-five was.

Jamie was engaged, at first, in farming, and soon became so reputable a character, that he was up at the market among the finest beaus in all the country, and time proved him to be no loon a bidding neither; for it was not long before he fixed his eye upon the very finest belle in Alesbury. Jennie Shaw, as he used to call her, had been wooed by almost every youngster within half a dozen miles, and had at one time or another refused them all. Every little miss wished her married, and at least half the young masters were heartily jealous of every visit she received,

lest they should be finally left in the lurch. Amid such a combination of difficulties, any one but Jamie might have shrunk aghast. But these only put springs to his ambition and added fire to his love. She would not have received him as a lover, but she could not refuse his visits as a friend; and instead of making love the usual way, he amused the fair one by telling of the bogles and brownies, and elfins, of "auld Scotia." Often, when his wonderful tales were told of an evening, she looked wistfully round her if the door cracked or the cat mewed, and many a sleepless night had she on Jamie's account, not thinking, indeed, of him, but of the dread half human, half spiritual things which haunted the glens and danced over the the floods and sang in the mountains of his Scotland.

Jamie lost no opportunity of making a complete convert of poor Jane to his country's faith in this respect, and he was equally successful. When convinced of this, he suffered his coldness very gradually to wear off, and professed himself the suitor. He was soon, however, given to understand, that he need not trouble himself upon that score, for she could have the squire's son, or the doctor's son, or dominie's son, when he was old enough, if, indeed, she did not refuse them all and take the young merchant who was coming from the city, as she heard, to spend the summer in Alesbury; and Jamie went away, as little disheartened, however, as could have been expected.

A few evenings after this, Jamie learning that his Jane was at a neighboring house, from which, on her return home, she would have to pass a low piece of swamp and meadow, resolved to put a plan he had long been preparing, in execution. The old horse was brought up—half a dozen geese were caught, tied in a string, and thrown across him, and Jamie, horribly metamorphosed in a huge cap and cloak, mounted and rode to the wood by the side of the meadow that Jane was to pass. He had not waited long before she came tripping over, as fast as her feet could carry her; and as soon as he saw her opposite, forth he rushed, and urging his horse over two or three deep ditches, was beside the frightened girl directly; and while the geese cried and flapped their wings, and the horse reared and snorted he said, in a shrill tone, "Jennie Shaw, ye see a bogle!"—"Oh Lord deliver us!" cried Jennie, as she fell upon her knees before him. "Nay, I will na harm ye! gin ye'll heed what I hae to say at ye! ye know Jamie Lawdie; that he loes ye, and ye sall marry him Jennie!"—"I will, I will," said Jane. "An' ye sall na coquet wi' him Jennie at a'!"—"No, no!" replied Jane. "An' ye sall na tell your mither that ye sawed me, Jennie!"—"Never! never!" said Jane, breathless with terror. "Then gae an' mind that I say at ye, or ye'll hear from me again Jennie!"—"I will! I will!" said she, and Jamie Lawdie made his exit in a twinkling.

The next evening he walked over to the

village, and Jane seized the first opportunity of seeing him alone. "Oh Jamie, such a sight as I saw last night upon the meadows—a great thing like a horse, with monstrous white wings and two heads, came flying after me, and—but I will not tell you what he said—oh it was a bogle."—"I saw'd it, I saw'd it last night myself!"—"An' it said, Jonnie Shaw should wed wi' me!"—"An' so she will Jamie, but ye shall not tell my mother aught of all this."—"I winna deario," said the successful lover; "but we maun haste to the dominie's ere the bogle see us again to night."

It was poor Jannie Shaw who sat by the great tree while Lawdie enjoyed his favorite dance. They live not a great way from the village now, and I intend riding out to their cabin one of these days to see the old Highlander, after which you may expect another epistle, giving a full account of him.

ESSAYS.

FOR THE CASSET.

MORALS OF LIGHT READING.

Novels are of recent date; little more than a century ago, there was scarcely one to be found; and a few romances were the only works of fiction that were then read, and understood to be the offspring of mere imagination. Within the last fifty years, their increase has been very rapid, and there is at present no species of composition more attentively cultivated, and none received with greater avidity by the world, than that of novel writing.

Many suppose, that if it be true that the present age is more corrupt than the preceding, the multiplication of novels has contributed to its degeneracy. To this we cannot subscribe; but believe, that if they do not promote virtue, they, at least, are not unfavorable to it. If their pictures of nature are not exact, they are still flattering resemblances, and their heroes often afford us the noblest models for imitation. Though there are some exceptions, yet we generally find in them virtue rewarded and vice punished; they exhibit patterns of perfection, and at the same time stimulate a desire to emulate them. While they lead us through all the fairy regions of fancy, they inspire our hearts with noble and liberal sentiments. Virtue, where she is the subject, is painted in such lively colours, that she calls forth our highest admiration; and who can behold a great and virtuous character, even in imagination, without wishing to possess the same qualities? On the other hand, who can behold even a faithful picture of vice, and not feel his spirit recoiling from the loathsome object. For

"Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As to be hated, needs but to be seen."

And when seen in the dark shades of ro-

manco, destitute of those latent vestiges of virtue, which generally linger on the most abandoned, who but strives to be fortified against the first approaches of each engrossing vice.

But we regret to say that there are novels in which vice is adorned in a garb so fascinating, that it is too liable to be mistaken for virtue. These are dangerous, and should be avoided; but still we cannot condemn novel reading. From abandoned and profligate characters we may often draw useful moral lessons. The votary of pleasure may go through all the varied rounds of dissipation, and may riot in all the sensual pleasures that wealth can bestow, but the closing scene of his profligate life generally exhibits a catastrophe that must forcibly impress the mind of every reader.

Novels and romances are so nearly allied, that they may both be considered in the same view; the former gives a portrait of real life, and the latter is a caricature. In them vice and folly are often more successfully lashed than in the best moral essays. With microscopic properties, they enable us to see spots on the human character, which, without their assistance, would be unobserved.

These works of fiction have often been reprobated for calling away the mind from more useful studies; and we are aware, that an extreme fondness for novels has called down upon them the imprecations of teachers; and that Homer and Virgil have sometimes been thrown aside for the more amusing pages of some interesting novel. But even here, (altho' upon the whole injurious,) they are not without their use. Independent of their moral influence, the reading of them is profitable: many novels are the productions of the greatest masters of the English language, as well as of human nature, and whether they give us a fair or an exaggerated representation of men and manners, their style and taste must tend to improve the reader in those respects. That this kind of reading, exclusive of history, is pernicious to youth, cannot be doubted; but the benefit of a moderate use of them, we believe, is indubitable, especially of those in which the incidents of history are enriched with an interest which solitary matters of fact could never excite in young minds, such as the historical novels of Scott. History gives us a view of the higher orders only; but it is from such works that we are to learn the true character of any nation.

We have few novelists, or fine writers of any description, in this part of America; and we would submit it to the consideration of those who rigidly oppose light reading, whether it is not to the deficiency

of our Press and Pens in this respect, that the listlessness of Canadian youth in matters of literature is to be mainly attributed.

DUNDAS.

MISCELLANY.

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

THE BERMUDAS.—These romantic emeralds on the Western Ocean, so far as climate is concerned, have a most Eden like appearance. All is miniature beauty; far, very far from the wild and natural grandeur of America. The violet is not more unlike to the sturdy oak, nor the pink to a tall pine, nor a grain of sand to one of the huge Andes, than the Bermudas are to that gigantic continent, in its majestic and boundless forests.

Many of the houses in the Bermudas have a little garden, the avenues to which are fringed with jessamine and roses. The pride of China is often planted near the front, and with its green and umbrageous branches, forms both an ornament and a cooling shade. The buildings, which have neither taste nor symmetry, are perfectly white, and when seen at a distance, rising in the midst of green, have an agreeable and pleasant appearance. Within the enclosure round the mansion are fig trees, bananas, pomegranets, and in some cases, orange, shaddock, and limes; but human art has done little; it is the beauty of the climate, that makes December as pleasant as May.

Beneath skies for ever blue, the fig-tree puts forth its lovely blossoms, and the orange and pomegranate spread their swelling fruit. The balmy air is scented by groves of cedar, and in the fields and woods the aloe plant attains the full measure of its growth. Tamarind trees and mulberry expand their dark foliage over the sunny scene; and the tall and slender palmeto shoots up in the valley, with its broad diverging leaf.

Good manners is the art of making easy those people with whom we converse—whosoever makes the fewest persons uneasy is the best bred in company.—Swift.

HISTORICAL.

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

Having passed through the period intervening between the deluge and the confusion of tongues, historians lead us to ancient Egypt, the land which Rollin says, "seemed to place its chief glory in raising monuments for posterity." A single sketch is here sufficient to fill us with astonishment. Speaking of Thebes, the capital of Upper Egypt, or Thebais, Dr. Mavor says, "it might indisputably vie with the most illustrious cities of the universe, whether considered with respect to its extent, wealth or population. Previous to its destruction by Cambyzes, its extent is said to be no less than fifty-two miles and a half: so great was its wealth, that after it had been plundered by the Persians, three hundred talents of gold, and two thousand three hundred of silver, were found among the remains of the pillage; and Homer, speaking of its population, informs us, that from each of its hundred gates issued two hundred warriors, with their horses and chariots." In 1778, Mr. Sonnini visited the ruins of this once magnificent city. "It would be impossible," he observes, "to describe the sensations I experienced at the sight of objects so truly grand and majestic. It was not simple admiration, but an ecstasy which suspended the use of my faculties: I remained a long time motionless with rapture, and was more than once inclined to prostrate myself in veneration before monuments, the erection of which seemed to surpass the genius and the powers of man. Colossal and other gigantic statues, obelisks, avenues, formed by rows of sphinxes were still visible, tho' shamefully mutilated, porticos of a prodigious elevation, immense colonnades, the pillars of which are some twenty, and some thirty, feet in circumference, paintings which still retain an incomparable brilliancy; granite and marble lavished in structures; stones of astonishing dimensions forming the magnificent roofs; and thousands of prostrate columns which literally strew the ground, combine to strike the beholder with equal admiration and amazement.

But among the antiquities of Egypt nothing has excited more curiosity, or created more wonder than the pyramids which are to be found in the Lybian deserts, to the largest of which historians allow for the area of its basis more than eleven English acres of ground, while its height is four hundred and eighty-one feet perpendicular. It is built as are the others, with a white sandy stone, and contains a vast number of apartments embellished with the finest marble. It is asserted by Pliney and Diodorus, that the

erection of this pyramid afforded employment for three hundred and sixty thousand men for twenty years, and it is said, that no less a sum than 1600 talents of silver, equal to 1,836,000 dollars, was expended in "garlic, leeks, onions, &c. for the workmen." The period of their erection is supposed to be more than three thousand years ago, and they are conjectured to have been intended for the receptacles of the remains of the Egyptian monarchs.

The lake of Moeris, however, is pronounced by *Horodotus* to be the noblest and most wonderful of all the works of the Egyptian kings. It is about a day's journey in length, half a league broad, and its depth in the middle, is about fifty fathoms. King Moeris is said to have constructed it "for the purpose of correcting the irregularities of the Nile, either by preventing the stagnation of the water in other places, to the detriment of the lands, or by preserving an ample supply when the river failed in its usual prolific inundations."

Nor is the attention of the traveller in Egypt confined to the stupendous works of art which, after the lapse of centuries, remain to astonish the modern world; the river Nile presents one of the most extraordinary phenomena of nature, rising every spring to a sufficient height to fill the numberless canals in which its fertilizing waters are conveyed over the land. "With respect to the time of its increase," says Dr. Mavor, "it commences in May, yet no public notice is taken of it till the latter end of June, when it has usually risen to the height of ten or twelve feet. The public criers then begin to proclaim it through all the Egyptian cities, and continue to publish its daily augmentation till it rises to the height of twenty-four feet, when the dam of the great canal at Bulak is opened with great solemnity, and the day is devoted to feasting, fire-works, and all other demonstrations of public rejoicing."

"While contemplating," says the same author, "the fertility occasioned by this truly wonderful river, we are naturally led to observe the two beautiful prospects which, as the result of its influence, Egypt exhibits at two seasons of the year. It is, indeed, impossible for the most ardent imagination to form a scene more interesting and delightful than presents itself to the entranced spectator at either of these periods; for if a man ascends some lofty mountain, or one of the great pyramids of Grand Cairo, in the month of July or August, he beholds with amazement a spacious sea, spotted with innumerable towns and villages, intersected with several causeys, and occasionally contrasted with groves and orchards; while a magnificent display of sylvan and

mountain scenery bounds the delightful view, and terminates a most exquisite horizon at the utmost distance the eye can possibly discover. On the contrary, if the view be taken in winter, that is, in the months of January and February, the whole country resembles one extensive meadow, clothed with the finest verdure, and enamelled with an infinite variety of flowers; the plains are embellished with numberless flocks and herds; the mild zephyrs are literally impregnated with the sweetest odors that rise from the orange and lemon blossoms, and the air is altogether so pure and salubrious, that a more healthful or agreeable climate cannot be found in the universe; and, for this reason, nature, which seems to droop and languish in every other climate, appears at this time to triumph in the delights of her Egyptian abode

BIOGRAPHICAL.

"The proper study of mankind is Man."

NELL GWYNN.

ELEANOR GWYNN was the daughter of a tradesman in mean circumstances, who could not afford to bestow on her much education, but who took care to introduce her to as good company as possible, and to implant in her mind a sense of virtue and delicacy. At an early age she went to live with a widow lady, where a counsellor at law seeing her, was smitten with her beauty, and made love to her in rather a violent manner, but without success. This coming to the knowledge of the lady, who herself had a penchant for the lawyer, she became jealous, and ordered Nell to quit the house; she immediately did so, but met with a cold reception from her father, whose ear had been poisoned regarding her conduct by her mistress, by whom he was advised to send her into the country, to wean her from flattery, and cure her of self-conceit, for which purpose the lady put ten guineas into his hand.

Her father believing the story, threatened to abandon her for ever, unless she consented to live with an aunt in Yorkshire. Our heroine however would not consent to go, but directed her attention towards the stage, on which, as she was remarkable for beauty and vivacity, she imagined her figure alone, without any theatrical requisites, would enable her to succeed, or, at least, if she could not wear the buskin with success, she apprehended no objection to her appearing as a lady in waiting, or one of the maids of the bed-chamber to the queens of the stage.

Animated with these fancies, she conceived one of the boldest schemes a girl of her education could possibly imagine. She left her father's house, took a genteel

lodging, and as her appearance was elegant, she passed as a young lady just come from the country. In this retirement she applied herself to the reading of plays, and having a little money arising from her wages, and ten guineas from her lover the lawyer, she went often to the play, and took in as many ideas of theatrical action as she could possibly treasure in her mind. After living a month or two in this manner, she wrote a letter to Betterton, inviting him to her lodgings, and disclosing her scheme of coming on the stage. When Betterton had heard her recitation, he advised her to give up all idea of becoming a performer, though he admitted her genius lay that way.

Her scheme being so far frustrated, and her money greatly diminished, she began to be alarmed lest poverty should overtake her. Her resolution to appear on the stage was, however, none daunted.—She quitted her gay apartments, dressed herself as an orange girl, and went to the playhouse to follow the occupation. Her beauty soon drew attention, the eyes of the players and of those sparkish gentlemen who frequent the theatre, were fixed upon her, and their ears became greedy to hear the story and birth of the handsome orange-girl.

Betterton soon discovered her, and, astonished at her resolution, began to form better expectations of one whose propensity to the stage was so violent as to excite her to appear in so low a character for the sake of acquiring instruction. He advised her to follow her bent, and appointed one of his subalterns to initiate her in the principles of acting. This player became enamored of her, but she rejected his proposals. He, however, prevailed, upon her to leave the profession of orange-selling.

One day, when she was seeing her instructor perform the part of Creon in Dryden's *Edipus*, her old lover, the counsellor, in all the splendor of a consummate beau, came into the same box, and annoyed her ear with a repetition of his protestations. She heard him with indifference. He, however, resolved at all hazards to make her his own, and accordingly seized her as she came out of the theatre, hurried her into his chariot, and drove off for Richmond.

The King having gone to the play with the Duke of York, as private gentlemen, they sat in the next box to Nell and her lover, a young Nobleman; and as soon as the play was finished, Charles, the Duke, and the Nobleman, retired with Nell to a tavern, where his Majesty, by his attentions, greatly annoyed her friend. When the reckoning came to be paid, the

King, searching his pockets, found he had not money to discharge it, his brother was in the same situation, and Nell observed that she had got into the poorest company she had ever before been with at a tavern. The nobleman, however, paid the reckoning, and parted both with his money and his mistress.

No sooner had she risen in the King's favor, than her heart, naturally warm and generous, overflowed in acts of kindness. One of the greatest of our national monuments of benevolence owes its rise to her; and in consequence, it is said, to the following circumstance. One day, when she was rolling about town in her carriage, a poor man soliciting charity, told her of his having been wounded in the civil wars in defence of the royal cause. Moved by his story, she considered it sad to think that wounds and scars, a stock for beggary, were often all the rewards that soldiers received for defending their country, and that it was ingratitude on the part of the nation to suffer them to sink to such distress. She represented to the King the case of misery she had seen, and entreated him to permit some scheme to be proposed for alleviating the sufferings of those in old age, whose wounds and infirmities rendered them unfit for service. This idea she also communicated to persons of distinction, who were public spirited enough to encourage it, and Chelsea Hospital was the result.

During the troubles between his son the Duke of Monmouth, and the Duke of York, his Majesty, who loved both his son and brother, behaved with so much indifference and negligence in the business, that it was with great difficulty he could be persuaded to attend the council, or dispatch any affair whatever. One day, when the council had met and waited long for him, a member came to his apartments, but was refused admittance. His Lordship complained to Nell of this dilatoriness, upon which she swaggered him a hundred pounds, that the King would that evening attend the council.

Accordingly he sent for Killigrew, naturally a buffoon, but a free favorite with his Majesty, and desired him to dress himself in every respect as if for a journey, and enter the King's apartments without ceremony. As soon as his Majesty saw him—"What, Killigrew! are you mad? Why, where are you going? Did not I order that no one should disturb me?"

"I dont mind your orders—not I," said Killigrew; "and I am going as fast as I can."

"Why?—where?" said his Majesty—"where are you going?"

"Going! why, to Hell," said Killigrew.

"To Hell—and what is to do there?"

"To fetch back Oliver Cromwell, to take some care of national concerns, for I am sure your Majesty takes none."—From *Galt's Lives of the Players*.

The Casket.

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

HAMILTON, OCTOBER 27, 1831.

"Nec desit Jucundis gratia verbis."

Our Motto.—We have somewhere read an anecdote of a young saddle & harness maker, who, on opening a shop, was very fickle and fastidious about the phraseology of his sign. Several inscriptions pleased him for a day, but none could endure the ordeal of his criticism for a greater length of time; and, in his perplexity, he had recourse to the advice of friends. At length a venerable old man reconciled all his doubts, by suggesting for his sign a hobby-horse, splendidly equipped; and then recommending him to be *always* in his shop, for the information of those who might wish particulars.

It is almost as customary for editors to hang out a motto under the title-heads of their papers, as it is for shopkeepers to stick up sign-boards under their gables. But *we*, being somewhat at a loss for a classic line, which would convey a ready hint at the secret purposes of our *sheet*, were about to avail ourselves of the old man's advice. We had nearly concluded to expose *our hobby* in the market of letters, and let our contributors and correspondents *ride* or run their literary courses according to their own caprice: meantime we would endeavor, as far as possible, to fulfil the pledges already given in our Prospectus; and be *always* in our garret, ready for the reception of packages containing either the "root of evil," or the "spice of life."

Just at this crisis, we thought of our friend —, for whose literary talents we feel much deference; and, on applying to him for a motto, we were presented with the line which constitutes the subject of this article, and which he translates thus:—"And let not Gracefulness be wanting to entertaining words." Thus we received it, without comment from the donor; from which we conclude he only intended a hint, that we should not only be careful to admit none but "entertaining" matter into the Casket, but that we should make "gracefulness" of diction another indispensable quality.

We had an early propensity to murder

the language of the Romans. Thanks to our better stars, we never dove into the mazes of Virgil and Horace! But the havoc we made in our Latin first books often brought down, upon our devoted sponse, the cudgel of our old Tutor; and should our present presumption prove as unfortunate, woe betide us. But if, for a trifling error, into which we are forcibly urged by obvious circumstances, the philologers should be down upon us,—without pretending to enter the lists, we can only say, "Lay on, Macduff!" But, to the point—we think the *hint* a little too exacting, as our friend renders the motto; and therefore we offer our own translation, with the acceptance in which we have adopted it:—

Nor be wanting in Favor to pleasing Words.

Nothing is more common than for critics to exclaim, on reading a *light article*, or a more elaborate *failure*—"Words! Words!"—that is, the composition lacks pith, or sound sense: and when the *wordy* article which we are now penning, meets the eye of that class of readers, it will doubtless provoke this hackneyed exclamation. Well—be it so—we do not expect to make the Casket rank in the first class of literary periodicals: we do not presume that every article admitted into it shall be able to bear the censorship of the critics.

Our pretensions, both as a scribe and critic, are but small; and, therefore, when a *well-warded*, chaste, and tolerably well imagined *original* article is put at our disposal, we shall deposit it in our Casket, without stopping to inquire, whether the most grave and learned will "be wanting in favor to pleasing Words."

"Who, to exalt a humble name,
Turn'd trumpeter of his own fame."

The Reception.—We anticipated any thing but a warm one. Our imagination told us to forefend the worst. But oh! 'twas a week of cruel suspense; and we expected to meet the withering blast in every gale that touched the tremulous leaf. We had hesitated long in the outset. But there is a kind of vanity against which we are not the only ones who are not proof: For,

"Oh, 'tis a pleasing thing to see one's name in print,
A book's a book, altho' there's nothing in it."

Actuated by a slight degree of this feeling, and by the *golden dream* of patronage, at length

"Tam ventured forward on the light."

But when our name had gone abroad, and vanity ceased to urge us onward, then came "a fearful looking for."

But how were we received? In this age of *Puffing*, and editorial etiquette, our

readers may be curious to know in what terms our reception was couched. We therefore give a partial development of the sequel of our anxiety.

The idea of an exclusively literary paper being published in Canada, has long been sneered at. It might therefore be expected that some would notice us to

"Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer."

This, however, we flatter ourselves, has not been the design of any who have deigned to mention us. And first, the Brockville Gazette says:—

"We have received the first number of the Canadian Casket; the first attempt of the kind made in the Province, and the selections and workmanship reflect the highest credit on the enterprising proprietor, (Mr. A. Crossman,) to whom we wish all success: he certainly is entitled to an extended support. In our pages of today, will be found a story extracted from the Casket: it may be said to be trifling and childish, but certainly the moral it inculcates is useful."

Now, this was breking the ice for us too generously; and with an instantaneous flush of hope, we ventured to open the York Courier, when the following paragraph met our eye:

"The other production is called the "Canadian Casket," and is published on a fine demi sheet, in quarto form, by a Mr. Crossman, apparently from the office of the Hamilton Free Press. This paper is "devoted exclusively to polite literature;" is to be "exempt from all political and religious controversy;" and is, in reality a very neat little publication. The Editor will excuse us for remarking, however, that we do not think the respectability of his Poet's Corner will be much enhanced by the contributions of "*Briton*;" if the piece over that signature in the first number, is to be taken as a specimen of the writer's poetical powers—The ideas of "Warriours flying with screaming hoop!" and "iron tears roaming about his cheeks!" are neither very chaste, nor very poetical!"

Now, we are unwilling to believe our friend's and generous neighbor Gurnett one of that class who,

"Willing to wound and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike."

We take this plain hint in favour; and must acknowledge that the idea of warriors trundling their hoops from the field of blood is indeed ludicrous. However, the "screaming hoop" was not the poet's license, but an instance of the mischiefs incident to the *black art*: the hoop should have begun with a *W*. The idea of "iron tears" may be a *rusty* one; but we leave "Briton" to vindicate his own figure, in any future number of the Casket.

The Editor of the Cobourg Star says of our paper:—"It is a neat little literary Miscellany called *The Casket*, and appears under the respectable conduct of Mr. A. Crossman, who has our best wishes for success."

The Port Hope Telegraph says:—"The Canadian Casket is likewise desorving of support, and we wish it success."

The Canadian Freeman, speaking of the new publications, including our Casket, in Hamilton, says—"They speak well for the growing prosperity of the Head of the Lake."

The Niagara Gleaner, a grave and experienced journal, speaks of our paper in indulgent terms; and says it contains "pick nicks" calculated to "please" and "profit young persons." The Gleaner is mislaid, or we should quote it entire.—We hope to give a satisfactory definition of *pick nicks*.

The Upper Canada Herald displays our title in capitals, in the following plaudit:

"We have received the first number of a Literary Paper called "THE CANADIAN CASKET," published at Hamilton, in the Gore District, by A. Crossman. It is neatly printed, and the matter appears to be judiciously selected. We wish the proprietor all possible success."

The Editor of the London Sun, who is known also as an author, says—

"The Casket is printed with good type on rather superior paper. Of its merits as a literary production it will be time enough to speak when half a dozen numbers shall have made their appearance: in the mean time, we strongly recommend it to the patronage of all who have a taste for literature, or a desire to see knowledge more generally diffused throughout the country."

Now this is exercising a degree of forbearance seldom met with among the writers of books. Only let our little plant come to the "Sun" long enough to prove whether the clime is congenial to the growth of its species. The Brockville Recorder, in noticing our first number indicates the same willingness to anticipate the future improvement. It says:—

"It contains few original articles, but offers an agreeable variety of selected light reading. From the present number it would be difficult to form any opinion of the abilities of its editor as a writer, but from the selections we think it bids fair to become an interesting miscellany. As an attempt to improve the literary character of the Province, we wish the proprietor success in his undertaking."

In reply to the remark upon ourselves, we did not put on our *slippers*, last number. But in future, we have made up our minds not to bury our "one talent,"

but submit our little fund to the public, with a prayer for their indulgence.

To Patrons.—From the circumstance of our first number not being out as soon as the present month came in, several of our sceptical friends expressed their fears that the Casket would not meet with an encouragement sufficient to induce its appearance. A generous public, however, disappointed those fears, and more than realized our most flattering hopes. The Casket has, already, a respectable subscription list. But, though later than the prospectus announced, our publication was earlier than contingent circumstances rendered desirable—earlier than it would have been, but for our tender regard for the impatience already sufficiently hinted at. We crowded it through the press, during an emergency of other business, and before the materials could be collected and collated. With this apology for the want of arrangement, and the numerous typographical errors, which appear in the first number, but which we have endeavored to avoid in the present, we throw ourselves upon your indulgence, with better hopes of the future.

Heads out.—Owing to the length of several articles, we have not been able to get all the Departments of matter, named in our dedication, into this number. Selections under the remaining Heads are in our copy drawer, and shall appear in the next number. If we are not able generally to get all our heads in one number, they shall appear alternately. We have occupied rather more than our share of the present sheet, but, of such as we give, did not write our heads out.

Our Scissors.—It is our intention to make the Casket a Canadian work, so far as we can obtain fit materials of provincial growth. Enjoying, as we do, an exchange with most of the Colonial papers, we shall gather from them such poetry and other fine writing as may suit our taste. The remainder of our selections will be chiefly from British periodicals, though we may sometimes smuggle a few from Uncle Sam's library.

We have clipped from a Western Mercury, for the Muses' Department of this number, "The Minstrel's Bays," written by a gentleman of this village. We are aware that the piece has been read by most persons in this country, as well as many parts of the U. States where it was copied into most of the literary papers; and our apology for again presenting it is, that we intend making our little Box the repository of as many such Canadian gems as come to hand. We shall therefore continue to copy the poetical effusions of the same writer, and also of his competi-

tor, "L."—and as the objections to, and arguments for, most of them will be similar to the one in question, we hope this apology will suffice, once for all.

To the Publisher of the Casket.—Dear Sir, I enclose you an original tale, the foundation of which is laid on incidents which actually occurred in this country. The names are, of course, fictitious, and the scene of the tragedy is not named on account of certain connexions. The piece was thrown together hastily, and you may think that more labor in less space would have been better applied; but should you deem the production worthy of notice, I will expend more pains in preparing for my next visit. Yours, U. V. W.

To Correspondents.—"U. V. W." is still a welcome visitor, from whose friendship we promise much. We regret that the length of his "Reward of Envy" forbids giving it entire in this number—not, however, that we have any aversion to long tales, possessing proportionate interest, and admitting of division into chapters.

The communication of "Dundas" is a very reasonable essay. We heartily concur in its sentiments; believing, as we do, that were half the population of Canada concurrent in their opinions with our correspondent, we should soon be maintained in enlarging the Casket to an imperial sheet, and publishing weekly.

"Lorenzo" has often been before the public both in prose and verse; and we hope to present him again.

"Heigh-ho" had better try a parody on an old song called "The Girl I left behind Me."

"Nothing venture, nothing have" shall appear anon.

"Junius" is too lengthy for his subject: his article would do with pruning. And here it is proper to remark, it is desirable that articles for the Casket should generally be short, as our sheet is yet small, and we wish to give a variety.

"Charles" has some good ideas, but wants the flow of language. We may endeavor to dress him up on some leisure hour.

"The Dream" is received, but "Morpheus" positively needed the hunch when he wrote it. Try a cigar when you next take a pen.

"Querist" seems to have forgotten that we scrupulously avoid Politics—and the article of "Romeo" is too trifling even for our taste.

We are at a loss to know whether "J." has sent an original or selected article.

The "Lesson for Youth," sent to us by "Finis," is a good lesson in its place, but in too serious a strain for the Casket. His smooth style, terse character, and careful punctuation, show him to be no novice with the quill; and we hope he does not intend his signature to apply to his correspondence. He will reflect that our aim is

"To blend the useful with the sweet."

NATURAL HISTORY.

MEXICAN BEES.

Some curious anecdotes are related by the possessors as to the manners of these bees; one of which deserves to be recorded. They assert, that at the entrance of each hive a sentinel is placed to watch the outgoing and incoming of his fellows, and that this sentinel is relieved at the expiration of twenty four hours, when another assumes his post and duties for the same period. Of the duration of this guard some doubts may be reasonably entertained; but of its existence ample evidence has been obtained by repeated observation. At all times a single bee was seen occupying the hole leading to the nest, who, on the approach of another, withdrew himself within a small cavity apparently made for this purpose on the left side of the aperture, and thus allowed the passage of the individual entering or quitting the hive, the sentinel constantly resuming his station immediately after the passage had been effected. During how long a time the same individual remained on duty could not be ascertained; for although many attempts were made to mark him by introducing a pencil tipped with paint, he constantly eluded the aim taken. With the paint thus attempted to be fixed on the bee the margin of the opening was soiled, and the sentinel, as soon as he was free from the annoyance he suffered from the thirst repeatedly made at his body, approached the foreign substance to taste it, and, evidently disliking the material, he withdrew into his hive. A troop of bees was soon observed to advance towards the place, each individual bearing a small parcel of wax, or of propolis, in his mandibles, which he deposited in his turn upon the soiled part of the wood. The little laborers then returned to the hive, and repeated the operation until a small pile rose above the blemished part, and consequently relieved the inhabitants from the annoyance.

THE TADPOLE.

Nature, working with a surer hand than Art, has provided more perfect anatomists than those who are instructed at colleges. It may not be generally known, that the tadpole acts the same part with fish, that ants do with birds; and that through the agency of this little reptile, perfect skeletons, even of the smallest fishes, may be obtained. To produce this, it is but necessary to suspend the fish by threads attached to the head and tail, in a horizontal position, in a jar of water, such as is found in a pond; and the water must be changed often till the tadpoles have finished their work, in which they are very active. Two or three tadpoles will perfectly dissect a fish in 24 hours.

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"

WRITTEN FOR THE CASSET.

ON THE DEATH OF A SISTER.

Sleep on, sleep on, sweet sister of the tomb;
'Tis this era long will also be our doer.
The silent grave is now thy home,
And night of death thy sleep;
No more will earthly pleasure come,
Thy soul from Heaven to keep.

Those cheerful hours in mirth we once enjoyed,
Those pleasant dreams in youth we once employed,
Through life our happiness to seek,
Have from us quickly flown,
Much like some short and thoughtless week
We scarce could call our own.

That life so calm, so pure, and so serene,
In which thy friendly smile was ever seen,
Is now forever, ever past:
But deep in mem'ry's vault,
Will long withstand time's with'ring blast,
My love unknown to fault

Thy days were guileless as thy heart was kind,
Thy errors few, thy friendship most refin'd,
Stranger alike to strife or pride,
Or envy's base desire,
Thou only wouldst thy soul confide
In ONE, and then expire. LORENZO.

Selected.

HOME—SWEET HOME.

Oh! tell me not how gay
The roving heart may be,
Oh! tell me not, that far away
There's happiness for me:
For still my heart will cling
To our village, while I roam;
And still I'll tune my harp and sing
Sweet home—sweet home!

Oh! tell me not that fame
Will circle round my brow,
I'd rather live without a name
Than leave our village now—
I love its Sabbath bells,
Its meads and gardens dear,
I love each little flower that tells
'Tis summer of the year.

Oh! tell me not that love
Is warm in other climes,
That there, alone, her links are wove
Strong as in ancient times:
For I have often said,
If I never wed, like some,
It shall not be because I stay'd
From home—sweet home.

And I will not despair,
For I know a little belle,
With angel eyes and golden hair,
And lips—I dare not tell
And every meeting time,
I've watch'd and watch'd, and she
Peeps through the screenings half the time,
And peeps, I think—at me.

WRITTEN FOR THE CASSET.

NIAGARA.

There are cards, there are songs in Niagara;
There are brags, there are knaves there to swagger
True hearts and bright, eyes, (ye;
Black late in disguise—
What a medley I left at Niagara.

There's a Kirk, there's a Course at Niagara;
There are sights, there are dramas there to stagger
There's a broad water scene, ye;
There's a beautiful green,
And a home for the heart at Niagara.

HEIGH-HO.

From the Mercury.

THE MINSTREL'S BAYS.

There is a spirit dwells in air,
Once owned a Harp of wizard tone;
He hung it in a temple fair,
High on a laurel throne;
Inscrib'd the bard that best shall play
On this sweet Harp his Roundelay,
May wear it as his own.

The Student came, in silken stole;
'Thou smooth as ice, his classic lays
Were void of feeling, fire and soul,
He miss'd the master keys:
I strike them in the gift of heaven,
The musty folio ne'er hath given
The tact that wins the Bays.

The Doctor next, in sable clad,
His cautious hand swept o'er the strings,
His touches, solemn grave and sad,
Mov'd not its secret springs:
They spread a melancholy round,
Deep as the dirge-bell's doleful sound
When o'er the dead it rings.

Next, crown'd with glory from the wars,
Array'd in all the pomp of arms,
Came on the gallant Son of Mars;
He thought to wake its charms—
The chords shrunk from his gory hand,
He drop'd the Harp, snatch'd up his brand,
And rush'd mid war's alarms.

Then came the man of Law—his head
A living mine of quirks and crooks;
But soon his mocking vision fled,
His tones were like the rooks;
His hand such wild discordance rung,
His first essay the Harp unstrung,
His forte was statute books.

The Merchant burn'd to try his skill,
But Oh! what jarring strains he play'd,
One tuneless string the harp'd on still—
'Twas trade—forever trade.
His music yielding nought per cent,
He plodded home on profit bent,
And threefold entries made.

At length came nature's gifted child,
His mat'less hand woke every tone,
From reason cool to passion wild,
With freedom all his own.
He storm'd each portal of the heart,
He made the slumbering tear drop start,
And won the Harp and Throne.

His mind was gem'd with classic lore,
His heart lit up with nature's flame,
The Minstrel's Bays away he bore,
And won the field of fame.
No minstrel could, (of modern days,)
With him dispute the mood of praise.
And BYRON was his name. EXCO.

ANECDOTES.

Trifles light as air.

A MIRROR OF VANITY.—Queen Elizabeth, admiring the elegance of the Marquis de Villa de Mediana, a Spanish Nobleman, complimented him on it, begging at the same time to know who possessed the heart of so accomplished a cavalier. "Madam," said he "a lover risks too much on such an occasion, but your majesty's will is a law. Excuse me, however, if I fear to name her, but request your Majesty's acceptance of her portrait." He sent her a looking-glass.

PIRON.—Piron has been generally characterized, "the rival friend and terror of Voltaire:" his wit was inexhaustible, and his fund of humour without parallel.

One day a very ignorant bishop, who was not suspected of writing his own sermons, met Piron, and addressed him with an air of great self complacency—"Well, Piron, have you red my charge to the clergy?" No, my lord, have you?

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.—"What do you ask for this sketch?" said Sir Joshua to an old picture dealer, whose portfolio he was looking over. "Twenty guineas, your honor." "Twenty pence, I suppose you mean?" "No sir, it is true, I would have taken twenty pence for it this morning, but, if you think it worth looking at, all the world will think it worth buying." Sir Joshua ordered him to send the sketch home, and gave him the twenty guineas.

NEWSPAPERS—"Waiter," said a traveller at a country inn, in England, "bring me a newspaper." "Sir," said the waiter, "we are badly off for papers at present; we have lost the DAY; we have neither SUN, nor STAR; a captain of a ship is reading the PILOT; and the only papers you can have are OLD TIMES."

THE POWER OF IMAGINATION.—An honest Hibernian being observed with a piece of bread in each hand, one of which was smaller than the other, and from each of which he alternately cut a bit, was asked what was his meaning for such an unnecessary proceeding? "Faith," said he, "I have heard so much of the powers of imagination, that I am trying to believe this little bit to be mate, while the large piece remains as bread; but to the soul of me I can't bring my mind to distinguish the difference."

Original Anecdote.—A raw youth, of manly stature, visiting the village of St. Catharines at a time when the Welland Canal was drawn off, expressed his astonishment by exclaiming, "I thought the Canal was in the water!"

THE CANADIAN CASSET,

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A. CROSMAN, Publisher.