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THE CANADIAN CASKET.

NEC DLEST JUCUNDIS GRATIA VERRIS.

VOLUME I.

HAMILTON, MARCH 24, 1832.

NUMBER 10

SELECT TALES.

"To hold the mirror up to Nature."

FOR THE CANADIAN CASKET.

ADALINE—THE FOREST GIRL. A CANADIAN TALE.

In the early part of September 1817, one of the most pleasant seasons of the year for travelling, especially in a new country, Captain Smith and his son George, a young man of twenty two, were journeying through the District of —, Upper Canada, Capt. Smith was from the state of Mass. where he had resided from early life and where he would have still remained but for the decease of his beloved consort the companion and sharer of his joys and sorrows for the last twenty five years of his life. Being a man possessed of acute sensibility, he felt that a residence in a place where every object served to recall the remembrance of his loss, would render life intolerable; neprosca to his son a ramble in the wild forests of Canada. The province, at the period of which we are speaking, instead of the continued marks of civilization and successful cultivation which now present a pleasing picture to the passing traveller, was then rude and uncultivated. A road was opened from Kingston around the lake to the Falls, with but here and there a small company of Pioneers on a cultivated spot like the little clusters of islands that are scattered over the wide Pacific. They chose to congregate for a double reason, first that it was more pleasant and agreeable and second in order the better to prevent an attack of the Red men who thronged the forests; consequently there would often be miles on the road where not a habitation was to be seen. At convenient distances along the road, at some of these little settlements, the well known signpost ornamented with some fantastical figure presented itself.

The day which one hour more travel of the sun would bring to a close, had been extremely pleasant and our travellers pursued their journey with cheerfulness and alacrity. The last house they had passed was two miles in the rear and the settlement they intended to reach for the night lay one

mile ahead. While they were indulging in a train of reflections which might have been on the scene around them or on their native New-England, their attention was suddenly arrested by the loud and continued shriek of some one in immediate distress. 'What is that?' said the Capt. as they simultaneously checked their horses and the shriek with its low plaintive echo died away among the distant hills. 'It is a female!' exclaimed George, whose ears were more sensitive, and turning his horse from the road he dashed he adlong into the ravine towards the place whence the sound proceeded. Capt. Smith too followed, though age would not permit him with the impetuosity of his son.

The report of a pistol soon reached the father and his face became ghastly pale through fear, as he thought, 'Geo. might be slain!' actuated by a parent's tender solicitude, he pressed onward with redoubled zeal and determination and was soon by the side of his son, at whose feet lay a sturdy giant looking Indian having the last gasp of convulsed nature, the reward of his atrocities; and another was seen bounding off in the forest as the Captain approached, with his thrilling whoop, which alone seemed capable of exciting terror in the boldest heart. 'Here is their victim,' said George, stepping aside to a beautiful young lady apparently about seventeen who lay stretched on the ground before him. He sighed as he stooped to see if the vital stream yet continued its flow, and exclaimed, 'oh the wretches! thus to destroy one of nature's fairest works.' The rescued captive now began to show some signs of returning life, and raising herself partly from the ground, she shrieked, 'the savages! oh! the savages!'—'They are gone and you are in safe hands now,' replied George. 'Gone! said you?' wildly asked the prisoner, and she sank again overpowered, on the ground, by her emotion. A gentle stream was gliding by, near them, and Geo. with his hands brought some of the liquid element, with which he bathed her brows until again nature triumphed, and she was enabled to arise from her unpleasant posture. 'Heav-

en bless my deliverers!' she exclaimed, falling on her knees before them—'the debt of gratitude here accrued will require a lifetime to repay'—she was checked by George, who raised her to her feet, saying, 'the practice of virtue is its own reward—but tell us, madam, where you reside and we will convey you there.' 'I live,' said she, 'at the next western settlement, where my father will be happy to receive the rescuers of his daughter.' Adeline (the name of our heroine,) was soon mounted on the horse of George, who advanced on foot and the party prosecuted their journey towards her home.

The sun was just sinking in the western horizon as they drew in sight of the little settlement. The time occupied in travelling this distance, to George seemed very brief, occupied as it was by the most pleasing conversation with his trophy of youthful valor. He found her like the rose in the desert—by her intelligence and goodness shedding a fragrance seemingly more pure than any under the culture of fashionable refinement. Artlessness, innocence, generosity and gratitude, with ease of deportment and enchanting beauty were all combined in her—and who then can wonder that George was pleased with her—that he admired her or that he loved her—for he felt all this fully the time they came within view of her father's neat little mansion. But here it may be proper to explain further the adventure in the forest.

Adeline had started from her father's to make a visit to the next settlement, for a day or two; and, seeing our travellers approach, retired a little distance from the road where she fell into the hands of those savages. The Indians had made very few depredations on the whites, for a long time; and, when they first crossed her path, she was but little startled; but when they seized her by violence, she uttered the shriek which happily brought her a rescue from impending death.

Our travellers had now arrived at the house of Mr. Howard, who met them at the door with the other members of the family, exclaiming, 'welcome my daughter—but why returned so soon? What's the matter?' She answered

not, but grasping the hands of her parents, and then turning said to them, 'these are the preservers of your daughter's life from the hands of the savages.' They started in surprise. 'Gentlemen,' said Mr. Howard, 'you are entitled to our warmest gratitude—but how my daughter did this happen?' and he reseated himself while Adeline told, in her own simple and unaffected manner, the tale of her captivity and rescue. And when she spoke of her deliverers with a heart overflowing with gratitude, Geo. covered his face and dropped a tear of sympathising joy.

Supper was soon served up, of which all partook with feelings they had never before felt. Mr. Howard and his wife beheld their daughter as one raised from the dead, and felt truly grateful to their guests on that account. Adeline looked upon her deliverers from death with feelings that can be imagined better than described, while Capt. Smith felt the pleasure which the performance of a good deed bestows upon the actor; and Geo., in addition to this feeling, felt rising in his breast the warm impulses of a pure and holy love. How pleasant, thought he would be this wilderness, this almost unknown spot, with one whom angels might love, as he cast many a tender glance towards the lovely Adeline and saw that glance reciprocated. After supper Capt. Smith said to his host; 'As you have experienced the trials and difficulties of a new settler your history would doubtless be interesting to us.'—Mr. Howard replied that his narrative was one which would afford him but little pleasure, but he would still gratify him whom he could refuse nothing.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BIOGRAPHY.

"The proper study of mankind is man."

Selected.

SAMUEL LEE.

Extract of a letter to Jonathan Scott, Esq.

The first rudiments of learning I received at a charity school, at Longnor,* in the country of Salop, where I was born, which is a village situated on the Hereford road, about eight miles from Shrewsbury. Here I remained till I attained the age of twelve years, and went through the usual gradations of such institutions, without distinguishing myself in any respect; for as punishment is the only alternative generally held out, I, like others, thought it sufficient to avoid it. At the age above mentioned, I was put out apprentice to a carpenter and joiner, by Robert Corbett, Esq. in which, I must confess

I underwent hardships seldom acquiesced in by boys of my age; but as my father died when I was very young, and I knew it was not in the power of my mother to provide better for me, as she had two more to support by her own labor, I judged it best to submit.

About the age of seventeen I formed a determination to learn the Latin language; to which I was instigated by the following circumstances. I had been in the habit of reading such books as happened to be in the house where I lodged; but meeting with Latin quotations, found myself unable to comprehend them. Being employed about this time in the building of a Roman Catholic chapel for Sir Edward Smith, of Actonburnell, where I saw many Latin books, and frequently heard that language read, my resolution was confirmed. I immediately bought Rudiman's Latin Grammar, at a bookstall, and learned it by heart throughout. I next purchased Corderius' Colloquies, by Loggan, which I found a very great assistance to me, and afterwards obtained Enrick's Latin Dictionary; also soon after Beza's Testament, and Clarke's Exercises. I had, at that time, but six shillings per week to subsist on and to pay the expenses of washing and lodging; out of this, however, I spared something to gratify my desire for learning, which I did, though not without curtailing myself of proper support. My wages were, however, soon after raised one shilling a week, and the next year a shilling more; during which time I read the Latin Bible, Florus, some of Cicero's Orations, Caesar's Commentaries, Justin, Sallust, Virgil, Horace's Odes, and Ovid's Epistles. It may be asked, how I obtained these books? I never had all at once, but generally read one and sold it, the price of which with a little added to it, enabled me to buy another, and this being read, was sold to procure the next.

I was now out of my apprenticeship and determined to learn Greek. I bought therefore a Westminster Greek Grammar, and soon afterwards procured a Testament, which I found not very difficult with the assistance of Schrevelius' Lexicon. I bought next Huntingford's Greek Exercises, which I wrote throughout, and then in pursuance to the advice laid down in the Exercises, read Xenophon's Cyropædia, and soon after Plato's Dialogues, some part of the Iliad and Odyssey of Homer, Pythagoras' Golden Verses, with the commentary of Hierocles, Lucian's Dialogues of the Dead, and some of the Poetæ Minores, with the Antigone of Sophocles.

I now thought I might attempt the Hebrew, and accordingly procured Bythner's Grammar, with his Lyra Prophetica; and soon after obtained a Psalter, which I read by the help of Lyra. I next purchased Buxtorf's Grammar and Lexicon, with a Hebrew Bible; and now I seemed drawing fast towards the summit of my wishes but was far from being uninterrupted in these pursuits. A frequent inflammation in my eyes with every possible discouragement from those about me, were certainly powerful opponents; but habit, and a fixed determination to proceed, had now made study my greatest happiness; and I every day returned to it, rather as a source of rest from manual labor; and though I felt many privations in consequence, it amply repaid me in that solitary satisfaction, which none but a mind situated as mine was could feel. But to return; change had thrown in my way the Targum of Onkelos; and I had a Chaldaic Grammar in Bythner's Lyra, with the assistance of which and of Schindler's Lexicon, I soon read it. I next proceeded to the Syriac, and read some of Gulbin's Testament, by the help of Otho's Synopsis, and Schindler's Lexicon. I had also occasionally looked over the Samaritan: Pentateuch differs little from Hebrew, except in a charge of letters, I found no difficulty in reading it, in quotations wherever I found it; and with quotations I was obliged to content myself as books in that language were entirely out of my reach.

By this time I had attained my twenty-fifth year, and had got a good chest of tools, worth I suppose about £25. I was now sent into Worcestershire, to superintend, on the part of my master, Mr. John Lee, the repairing of a large house, belonging to the Rev. Mr. Crookes. I began now to think it necessary to relinquish the study of languages; as I perceived, that however excellent the acquisition may have appeared to me, it was in my situation entirely useless. I sold my books and made new resolutions. In fact I married, considering my calling as my only support; and some promises and insinuations had been made to me, which seemed of a favorable nature in my occupation. I was awakened, however, from these views and suggestions by a circumstance, which gave a new and distressing appearance to my affairs; a fire broke out in the house we were repairing, in which my tools, and with them all my views and hopes were consumed. I was now cast on the world without a friend, a shilling, or even the means of subsis-

tence. This, however, would have been but slightly felt by me, as I had always been the child of misfortune, had not the partner of my life been immerged in the same afflicting circumstances. There was however, no alternative, and I now began to think of some new course of life, in which my former studies might prove advantageous. I thought that of a country school-master would be the most likely to answer my purpose. I therefore applied myself to the study of Murray's English Exercises, and improved myself in arithmetic.

There was, however, one grand objection to this; I had no money to begin, and I did not know any friend who would be inclined to lend. In the mean time the Rev. Archdeacon Corbett had heard of my attachment to study, and having been informed of my being in Longnor sent for me in order to inform himself of particulars. To him I communicated my circumstances, and it is to his goodness that I am indebted for the situation I at present fill, and for several other valuable benefits which he thought proper generously to confer.

[Mr. Lee was afterwards employed as Orientalist to the Church Missionary Society, in which situation he so distinguished himself as to lead to his appointment as Professor of Arabic in the University of Cambridge. He has lately been appointed Rogers Professor of Hebrew, in the same University.—He has already published several learned works, which place him among the first scholars of the age; and is now engaged in preparing for the press a Hebrew Lexicon and a complete course of Lectures on the Hebrew Scriptures.]

¹ Founded and endowed by the family of Corbett owners of that estate.

² Nephew and successor to Robert Corbett Esq. before mentioned.

HISTORICAL.

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

ANECDOTES OF POLAND.

We have collected from Fletcher's History of Poland, lately published in Harper's Family Library, a few interesting anecdotes, chiefly of men who distinguished themselves in the more early times of that unfortunate country.

Among the most excellent princes that ever governed Poland, were two of the name of Casimir—the first distinguished by the appellation of the **JUST**—the second by that of the **GREAT**.

Casimir the Just reigned in the latter part of the 12th century. 'He was indeed,' says the historian, 'the father of his subjects: he viewed the oppres-

sions of the nobles over the serfs with an eye of sorrow; and though it was not in his power to change the constitution of Polish society by emancipating them and making them perfectly independent, what he could do he did, in protecting them by strict laws from wanton cruelty.'

He was not only just, however, but he was mild and benevolent—as the following anecdote may prove:—'He was one day at play, and won all the money of one of his nobility, who incensed at his ill fortune, suddenly struck the prince a blow on the ear, in the heat of his uncontrolled passion. He fled immediately from justice; but being pursued and overtaken, was condemned to lose his head. The generous Casimir determined otherwise, 'I am not surprised,' said he, 'at the gentleman's conduct; for not having it in his power to revenge himself on fortune, no wonder he should attack her favorite in me! After these generous words he revoked the sentence, returned the nobleman his money, and declared that he alone was faulty, as he encouraged by example a pernicious practice that might terminate in the ruin of hundreds of the people.'

Casimir the Great came to the throne in the year 1333 and died 1370. He was a prince of warlike talents, and added considerably to his hereditary domains by conquest. But he had a better claim to the gratitude of his subjects. Before his time there was no code of statutes; precedent, opinion and passion were the overbearing assessors on the tribunal of justice.—There was indeed a confused mass of laws, but Casimir, the Polish Justinian was the first who caused them to be reduced to a consistent form. He appointed regular courts in each palatinate, which fixed fees for the judges. Nor did he content himself with making statutes for his people, but guarded the welfare of all ranks with the most jealous care, and was amply rewarded by their love and respect.

But among the greatest of the Polish princes, and the one in whose reign his country seems to have attained his highest glory, was Sigismund Augustus. He reigned in the 6th century, and was cotemporary with Charles V. and Francis I. He had no sooner ascended the throne, than factions were formed against him, because he had married without the concurrence of the diet. The object of this choice was Barba Radziwill, widow of a Lithuanian noble of no great consequence. This marriage had been contracted secretly before his father's death, but he publicly acknowledged it on coming to the crown. Firm in his affection and

faithful to his vows, he would not break his domestic ties, although his constancy might cost him a kingdom. The contest did not, however, come to this crisis; for the king dexterously turned the attention of the nobles to their own interests and heard no more objections to his marriage. But Sigismund did not long enjoy the domestic happiness which he so well deserved, for in the course of six months, death made him a widower.

During this reign, Copernicus, the great precursor of Newton flourished. He was borne in 1373 at thorn, and educated at the university of Cracow. About this period also Adam Zaluziansky the Polish Linæus, published a work on botany, entitled **METHODUS HERBARIA**, in which he exhibits his sexual arrangements of plants. But what is very remarkable, 'There were,' says the historian, 'perhaps more printing presses at this time in Poland than there have ever been since, or than there were in any other country of Europe at that time. There were eighty-three towns where they printed book; and in Cracow alone there were fifty presses. The chief circumstance which supported so many printing houses in Poland at this time was the liberty of the press, which allowed the publication of writings of all the contending sects, which were not permitted to be printed elsewhere.

Nor were the Poles less advanced in that most enlightened feeling of civilization, religious toleration. When almost all the rest of Europe was deluged with the blood of contending sectaries; while the Lutherans were perishing in Germany; while the blood of above a hundred thousand Protestants, the victims of the war of persecution, and the horrid massacre of St. Bartholomew, was crying from the ground of France against the infamous Triumvirate and the hypocritical Catherine de Medici; while Mary made England a fiery ordeal of persecution, and even the heart of the virgin queen was not cleansed of the foul stuff of bigotry, but dictated the burnings of the Arians, Poland opened an asylum for the persecuted of all religions, and allowed every man to worship God in his own way.

With Sigismund ended the dynasty of Jugellion, and the prosperity of Poland. 'His funeral bell,' says the historian, 'was the tocsin of anarchy,' being without a male heir, the monarchy afterwards became elective; and neighboring princes contended for the prize of the crown, until it was ultimately broken in pieces, and a final division took place near the close of the last century.

NATURAL HISTORY.

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

FOR THE CASKET.

NATURAL CURIOSITY.

In the township of Clinton, district of Niagara, is perhaps one of the most curious caves in America. It is situated about two miles from the main road from Niagara to Hamilton, a little above the base of a mountain. The scenery near the cave is singularly romantic, and aside from the cave, would richly repay the admirer of nature's wonders for the pains of a visit. From the circumstance of the cave containing ice always during summer, it is called the Ice Spring.

Having twice visited the Spring during the greatest heat of summer, which is the only time when the ice accumulates, I will endeavor to describe the place, although my pencil will command but an imperfect sketch. The entrance to the cave is under an immense rock apparently solid; its depth or distance to the extremity is about twenty five feet; the sides are of hugely large solid rocks extending into the mountain, some of which lie partly above the surface. The water which congeals into ice, oozes out of the rock that hangs over the cave: it forms into icicles above, and may be found on the bottom frozen in cakes. A sudden transition from an atmosphere where the thermometer will rise ninety degrees, into a region where it will fall several degrees below zero, on entering the cave in summer, renders great caution necessary to visitors, who should never enter in a state of perspiration nor remain too long. Near the cave are great numbers of rocks, apparently solid, and of the largest size that I have ever seen lying above the ground; they all have the appearance of having been thrown out by some great convulsion of nature. The wild aspect of these rocks softened by a festoonery of ivy and other beautiful vines, and the corresponding grandeur and rarity of all surrounding objects, renders the scene highly picturesque.

Frequent calls, through the public press, have been made upon the scientific, to account for the ice appearing only in the hottest weather, and dissolving as soon as the weather grows cool; but none, I believe, have yet risked a public explanation of the cause of so singular a phenomenon. I may, therefore, hazard my own opinion, at some future time, though I am far from making scientific pretensions. I only hope to be the means of exciting some of our physiologists to the elucidation of a subject, which to thousands who never saw the cave may seem incredible, and perhaps to all who have, an insolvable mystery. There are many places in America where ice and snow remain during summer; but it is believed that this spring is the only one that apparently acts directly contrary to the principles of freezing and thawing, and which remains to be accounted for upon principles satisfactory to the enquiring mind. P.

Selected.

THE CAMELION.—There are varieties of small Camelions. They are apparently harmless animals; though when we have caught them, they show every disposition to bite. They will change in half an hour to all the colors of the prism. Green seems to be their favorite color, and when on a green tree that is their general hue.—While in this color, the under part of their neck becomes a beautiful scarlet.

Their throat swells, and they emit a sharp note, like that of one of the larger kind of grasshoppers, when singing. We have placed them on a handkerchief, and they have gradually assumed all its colors. Placed on a black surface, they become brown: but they evidently suffer, while under this color, as is manifested by uneasy movements, and by strong and quick palpitations, visible to the eye. They are very active and nimble, animals, three or four inches in length.

SNAKE FIGHT.—The late Major T. of the army was a gallant officer, who was severely wounded at the battle of Fort Erie, and died afterwards from the effect of his wound, while a representative from his native state in Congress, used to relate the following account of a battle which he witnessed, between a black and rattle snake. He was riding on horseback when he observed the snakes in the road, a short distance ahead of him. They were moving round in a circle, and apparently following each other. A gentleman who was with the major, and who had witnessed a similar scene before, remarked that it was a prelude to a fight, and worthy the loss of a little time to witness. They accordingly stopped their horses, and watched the snakes. The cautious manœuvres of following each other, in a kind of circle, was pursued for some time, closing at each round, until, when within a few feet, the black snake was observed to stop, coil, and place himself in an attitude to strike. The rattle snake now passed round his antagonist two or three times, lessening the distance each round, when he also stopped and began to coil. But before he was ready to strike, the black snake suddenly darted upon him. His evolutions were too rapid to be detected, and when he was again distinctly observed, both snakes were stretched out at full length, the rattle snake enveloped in the fold of the black snake, which had also seized the rattle snake at the back of the head and held him there. After a short interval, the black snake gradually unfolded himself loos-

ened the gripe with his mouth from the rattle snake's head, and moved away. On examination, the rattle snake was found to be dead, and apparently every bone in his body was crushed. The black snake is a constrictor, and usually destroys its prey by enfoldng and crushing it.

GEOLOGY.

Among the numerous interesting facts which the researches of modern geologists have brought to light, there is none more extraordinary and imposing than the discovery, that there was a period when the earth was peopled with oviperous quadrupeds of a most appalling magnitude, and that reptiles were the *Lords of the Creation*, before the existence of the human race. Mr. Mantell, in his "Geology of Reptiles," first published in the Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal, and re-published in *Silliman's Journal*, gives some curious facts upon this subject.

Charleston Courier.

THE CASKET.

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

JOHN G. ADWIN, EDITOR.

HAMILTON, MARCH 24, 1832.

Board of Health.—It is believed that Hamilton is more healthy, the present season, than many other places at no great distance. Only a few instances of Scarlet Fever and Measles have occurred; and a few more, who have had the misfortune to get shoemakers' promises instead of *India-rubber* over shoes, are looking sour at their friends and railing against the climate. Of the last description is the publisher of the Casket, to whose indisposition the lateness of this number must be attributed.

Burlington Beach.—We shall never forget the delightful sensations experienced on first approaching the head of Lake Ontario. It was

When bright "Aurora, harbinger of day,
Rose from her saffron bed where Tithon lay"—
and the rich silver carpet spread out before the imposing heights beyond, which
"Loaming through the magnifying mists,
Seemed waking giants groping for the clouds,"
was displayed at that hour to the greatest advantage. One object, in particular, excited a degree of admiration that has not been lost in familiarity: this was *The Beach*—a beautiful ridge of bright sand, lying like a floating bridge across the wide lake. It might have been taken for any thing else—a line of foam, or monster of the deep—sooner than the reality, since it is perhaps one of the most rare formations in the world. "What silver-clad, serpent form lies ahead?" enquired a stranger. "The Beach, sir," replied Captain W—. "What formed it there?" enquired another. No answer was returned. We repeat the inquiry, and hope some one, familiar

with The Beach, will reply, philosophical-ly and satisfactorily—"What formed it there?"

Ice Spring—Under the head of Natural History, in this paper will be found an article relative to a natural curiosity in the township of Clinton, known by the name of Ice Spring. The most striking peculiarity which our correspondent notices in this cave, is that it freezes only in summer. Our correspondent, however, does not pretend to have visited this Spring in the winter, and we are informed that, contrary to his statement, it contains ice at that season also. Still, it is remarkable and perhaps unprecedented, that in this latitude and at no considerable height ice should be found during summer at the distance of twenty-five feet from the surface of the earth. Our correspondent says, "It is believed that this spring is the only one that apparently operates directly contrary to the principles of freezing and thawing," alluding, probably to its freezing while the external fluids are at a thawing temperature and *visa versa*. We have seen several open springs reputed to be warmest in winter, but never ascertained the truth by experiment. If such is the fact, it may, perhaps, be accounted for by the operations of the internal heat of the earth, which, though more intense at certain points, is considerable every where; consequently, at certain states of the atmosphere, there will be exhalations from the earth, sometimes above and at others below the temperature of the air. In summer this communication is comparatively unobstructed; but in winter, as the surface of the earth in this climate is generally frozen to the depth of two or three feet, the internal fluids only find vent through caves, springs, &c. This general principle may partly account for the phenomenon of the Ice Spring. Supposing this spring so situated that during winter the internal warmth of the earth, (in consequence of the surface being locked in frost,) for some distance around, is concentrated at this fissure, the temperature of the cave or spring will thereby be raised enough to thaw ice that had accumulated there while the internal fluids found a general vent. There are many springs that are generally lowest in the rainy seasons & the year, owing to the great depth of their fountains. These springs are generally situated, like the Ice Spring, near the margin of some mountain; consequently the water will occupy considerable time in passing from the surface to the base where it issues, and when the fountain begins to rise the weather will have become dry. Now, how far the situation of these rocks enclosing the Ice Spring may favor the penetration of heat from the surface, and how long they may retain warmth after their surface is again cooled, must be a matter of conjecture; but if it is possible that the elements operate similarly upon these periodical springs, such means may add to the effects described by our correspondent. The unusual coldness of this spring,

considering its depth, must still depend upon some peculiarity in its location. Its entrance is said to lie in a deep shade, and the mass of cold minerals above must affect its temperature, but some additional cause would seem necessary, which we hope our correspondent will assign.

NEW EXCHANGE.

Our field for good selections is daily widening; so that when our copy draw gets destitute of manuscript, which cannot be soon, (thank the liberality of contributors,) there will still be opportunity to attempt what Dr. Goldsmith esteemed a sterling literary qualification.

Green Mountain Repository.—This is the title of a new literary paper, published at Burlington Vt.—Zadock Thompson A. M. Editor. In his prospectus, Mr. T. expresses a determination "that no part of the work, not even for the sake of variety, shall be devoted to the circulation of that kind of insipid and worse than useless trash, with which most of the periodicals of the present day literally abound, under the denomination of popular tales. The Repository is to contain a biography, meteorological observations, history, useful miscellany and poetry." In the department of Natural History, the editor flatters himself that he "shall derive no small assistance from the laudable exertions now making by the College of Natural History in the University of Vermont."

Hygiene.—Health is cheap indeed at One Dollar and a quarter per ann. Yet these are the terms on which the publishers of the Journal of Health & Diseases afford "the poor man's riches the rich man's bliss" to thousands of their subscribers. This Journal is published semi-monthly, at Philadelphia, under the conduct of an association of physicians, and contains remarks on the peculiar disorders of the seasons, prudentials and proscriptions against them, and articles on health in general. The number before us, among several interesting articles, contains one affording many hints on the treatment of Measles, Scarlet Fever, &c.

Agriculture.—On the drudgery of setting types! Like most men, we esteem our occupation less pleasant than some other. Who wants to swap a good farm for the Canadian Casket establishment? We long to demonstrate some of the many excellent rules of husbandry laid down by the General Farmer, a paper published weekly at Rochester, N. Y. by L. Tucker & Co.—term \$2 per ann. in advance. This paper consists principally of original matter from the pens of botanists gardeners and practical farmers.

RECEIPTS.

LETTERS.—From J. B. Spragge, P. M.; M. thew Hunter; Smith Griffin, P. M.; Noah Barnhart; Wm. M'Comick, P. M.; Hugh Loosmore; W. J. Sumner; Wm. Clay; Tho's L. Ritter.

REMITTANCES.—From Noah Barnhart, \$1; Merrick Thomas, \$2; John Haines, \$2; Lucas Meddleton, \$2; John Street,

\$2; Charles Barnhart, D2; Tho's L. Ritter, D 2.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Burlington Bay, An Indian Legend, War, Beauties of Nature, The Dido, are received and approved.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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

SELECTED.
ANCIENT RUINS.
IN CENTRAL AMERICA.

A late number of the London Literary Gazette contains a letter from Lieut. Colonel Guido, at Petten, in Central America, giving some idea of those antiquities which rescue ancient America from the charge of barbarism. These ruins extend for more than twenty miles, and must anciently have embraced a city and its suburbs. The principal edifice is supposed to have been a palace, formed of two rows of galleries, eight feet wide, separated by walls a yard thick; the height of the walls to the eaves is nine feet, and thence three yards more to the top. The stones of which all the edifices are built are about eighteen inches long, cemented with mortar. The front of the palace contained five lofty and wide doors. Numerous statues of stone are scattered about. In another building, which Colonel G. calls the study are numerous full length figures, of about six feet high, some of them holding naked infants on their right arms, and not in the manner of the modern Indian women, who always set their children astride on their hips. A place of religious worship and a prison, complete the list of buildings enumerated by Colonel G.

"The whole of the ruins," says Col. G. "are buried in a thick forest, and months might be delightfully employed in exploring them. I have seen sufficient to ascertain the high civilization of the former inhabitants, and that they possessed the art of representing sounds by signs, with which I have hitherto believed no Americans previous to the conquest were acquainted. The neighboring country for many leagues distant, contains remains of the ancient labors of its people—bridges reservoirs, monumental inscriptions, subterraneous edifices, &c. Every thing bears testimony that these surprising people were not physically dissimilar from the present Indians; but their civilization far surpassed that of the Mexicans and Peruvians; they must have existed long prior to the fourteenth century." When the Indians who at present inhabit the neighborhood of these ruins, are asked who built them, they reply—"THE DEVIL."

SINGULAR ALTERNATIVE.—It was formerly a law in Germany, that a female condemned, to capital punishment should be saved, if any man would marry her. A young girl at Vienna was on the point of being executed, when her youth and beauty made a great impression upon the heart of

one of the spectators, who was a Neapolitan, a middle aged man, but excessively ugly. Struck with her charms, he determined to save her, and running immediately to the place of execution, declared his intention to marry the girl, and demanded her pardon, according to the custom of the country. The pardon was granted, on condition that the girl was not averse to the match. The Neapolitan then gallantly told the female that he was a gentleman of some property, and that he wished her to be a king, that he might offer her a strong proof of his attachment. "Alas! sir," replied the girl, "I am fully sensible of your affection and generosity, but I am not mistress over my own heart, and I can not belie my sentiments. Unfortunately, they control my fate; and I prefer the death with which I am threatened, to marrying such an ugly fellow as you are!" The Neapolitan retired in confusion, and the woman directed the executioner to do his office.

EXTRACT.

A MODEST DEFENCE OF PORTRAIT PAINTING.

BY HARTLEY COLLINGS.

Hogarth, in his Frontispiece to the Artist's Catalogue, 1761, has committed a very whimsical bit of allegorical jestiness. From a lion's head, surmounted by a burst of King George the Third, there issues a stream of water, (meant to indicate the royal bounty,) which flows into a watering pot—nothing more nor less; from which watering pot a pretty, plump, neat looking grisette, (such as we may see similarly employed in the suburban garden plots, that indicate the inextinguishable love of nature of the cockneys,) is watering three intertwining shrubs; one leafy and flourishing—the others bare, stunted, and moribund.—Now the pretty damsel whose robes succint are tucked up in a way that shows she is used to dirty streets, we are to call Britannia, and the three plants on which she is pouring the fluid favours of Majesty, are inscribed Painting, Sculpture and Architecture: the last is in good condition, but Painting looks as miserable as Wordsworth's thorn—all except one single branch which has withdrawn the sap and sustenance from its parent stem, and starved its brother branches; each of which is higher than itself. This monopolizing bough is Portrait Painting.

Hogarth was an awkward flatterer and seldom succeeded in allegory; but his satire is not often misapplied, and hardly ever feeble. In this instance, however, his shaft may be fairly described as "*inhelle sine retu.*" He

seems to have fallen into a common error—that the patronage of portrait starves the higher and more inventive branches of art. A notion sufficiently confuted by the fact, that Titian was a portrait painter. In truth it was the desire to preserve the lineaments of eminent individuals that first brought painting to Britain. The value we set on our friends' faces and our own, enables artists to live while they are acquiring the skill to execute their poetic conceptions. And to suppose that the taste for individual likeness produced an insensibility to general beauty, is as absurd, as to ascribe to the annuals and other periodical publications, the lack of profound erudition in our modern literature.

ORIGIN OF MILTON'S PARADISE LOST

—Milton when a student at Cambridge, was very handsome. One day in the summer, overcome with heat and fatigued with walking, he laid himself down at the foot of a tree, and slept. During his sleep, two ladies passed by in a carriage. The beauty of the young student attracted their attention; they got out of their carriage, and after having contemplated his beauty some time, without his waking, the youngest lady, who was very handsome, took a pencil from her pocket, and wrote some lines on a piece of paper, and treacherously put them into his hand. The ladies returned to their carriage, and passed on. Milton's fellow-students, who were seeking for him, observed this silent scene at a distance, without knowing it to be him, who was sleeping: on approaching, and recognizing their associate, they awakened him and told him what had passed. He opened the paper which was put into his hand, and read to his astonishment the following lines from Guarni:

"Occhi, stelle mentali,
Ministri de miei mal,
Se chiusi al uerocchio,
Apperti che fa etc."

"Beautiful eyes, mortal stars, authors of my misfortune, if you wound me being closed, what would ye not do if open?"

This strange adventure awakened Milton's sensibility: and from that moment, full with the desire of finding the unknown fair, he some years afterwards travelled through Italy.—The idea of her charms worked incessantly in the imagination of this wonderful poet, and to that in part is England indebted for the Poem of Paradise Lost.

Marriage, with peace, is this world's paradise—with strife, this world's purgatory.

THE ARTS.

"What cannot Art and Industry perform,
Whose science plums the progress of their toil!
They smile at penny, disease and storm;
And oceans from their mighty moulds recoil."

FOR THE CANADIAN CASSET.
PAINTING THROUGH PATTERNS,
OR THEOREM PAINTING.

This simple art, though there is but little to recommend it as one of the general branches of ornamental education, may still deserve some attention upon the presumption that it will tend to develop a more original talent, as a child in leading-strings will at length acquire confidence to walk without. Besides, the same rules may be applied to painting on wood, cloth, or plaster, and enable the ingenious housewife to daub her walls and ceilings in fresco, with as much satisfaction as the belle does the cushion of her toilet-basket. The process may be explained without engraved illustrations, though such assistance would greatly facilitate this lecture.

COPYING.

Accurate copies are readily obtained on transparent paper, with a lead pencil, by tracing the lines of the original as they appear through the transparent sheet. Fine letter paper is sufficiently transparent for most purposes, and coarser paper may be rendered transparent by oil, and when the original is extremely dim it may be spread upon a pane of glass and overlaid with the copy-paper; then exposing the glass to a clear light will enable the copyist to trace every line with ease: or a copy may be obtained upon the thickest paper by underlaying on a sheet coloured on one side with a lead mixed in oil, and spreading the original over the copy sheet, tracing the lines with a bodkin which must be applied forcibly; and the lines will thus be set off from the colored sheet casting an exact copy upon the sheet in contact. This process, when properly proportioned and dried into the colored sheet, will only set off by close impression. When a copy is to be obtained on an oiled sheet, by the first method, care must be used that the oil is thoroughly soaked in and rubbed off the surface, as the original would otherwise be soiled.

ANALYZING.

All copies must be analyzed, before patterns can be extracted, as follows: every article of the copy is to be thrown into its proper, respective pattern represented by a figure. For example, each leaf of a plant, or petal of a flower, is described by an outline rendering it a distinct section or article, though the same line may serve as a partial boundary to an adjoining section. Begin the analysis, then, by numbering some article of the piece with the figure 1, and distinguish as many articles with the same figure as may be found practicable, without any junction of the same numbers; for if two articles described on one side by the same line should be numbered alike, that line would be lost and the two articles undivided in the pattern. Next, number with figure 2, and so on, observing the same caution. Some pieces will require several figures, but judgment must be exercised in making such a distribution

of those figures that the lowest possible numbers will include all.

CASTING PATTERNS.

Patterns are made of pasteboard or mapping-paper, by overlaying it with the colored sheet already described, and then carefully spreading the figured copy over both, tracing with a bodkin all the outlines of articles distinguished by figure 1; thus impressing the pattern-sheet with detached outlines of every section falling into that pattern. These figures must then be cut out with a penknife, and the pattern varnished, with copal varnish, to prevent its becoming saturated with water colours and wearing by attrition from the paintbrush. Patterns from all the numbers must be cast and prepared in the same manner. These patterns may be proven by laying them over each other, accurately, so that the lines may bear the same relation which they did in the original; and if the whole is correct, the figures or articles cut out of one pattern are supplied by the same being left in another pattern. Although all of the picture is cut out of the different patterns, yet when they are placed in the manner described, and held before a light, no loopholes will appear, and the whole piece will be distinguishable and any imperfection detected.

COLORING.

Taste and judgment are as necessary in coloring through patterns as upon a coarse print. The only mechanical assistance practicable, is to lay each of the patterns upon the original painting, accurately, so that the colors will appear through those figures through which they are to be painted on another surface; and then the edge of each article may be stained with its respective color. The surface to be painted is then spread over a plain wooden form not unlike a trestleboard, and overlaid with the first pattern, and both made as fast as possible. The colors must be put on through the pattern, by the eye, with constant reference to the original, going over some parts several times according to the shade required. Each pattern must be laid down in turn, and much care must be taken in adjusting them to parts already painted. Stems and other very small articles, being inconvenient in patterns, must be finished by measurement and the eye. Velvet is painted with a small, stiff brush, made of bristles, to raise the pile or nap; fresco is laid on with a common paintbrush, the colors being mixed in milk.

SOPHIA.

ESSAYS.

"The soft amusement of the vacant mind."

FOR THE CASKET.

THE PRINCIPLE OF LIFE—

WHAT IS IT ?

This Profound question has puzzled the greatest and wisest philosophers that ever lived; and in giving my humble opinion upon it, it may be thought the highest degree of presumption in me. I trust, however, it will not, since the opinion of every one is worth hearing. Of all questions, this involves the most difficulty, and needs

the most extensive research. It is only to the attentive and intelligent observer of nature and her mysteries, we need look for its plausible and practicable demonstration in any degree. I have always been inclined to think with Professor Hunter, that this invisible and long sought for Principle is in the Blood of animal; and, in the vegetable Creation, in the sap or juice of the tree or shrub. There is no other theory that has ever been offered to the world in which so many convincing arguments may be adduced for its demonstration and plausibility. The first signs of vitality, in the egg, consist in fibrous integuments, red and resembling blood veins; and the first indication of motion in the heart, which is caused by the imperceptible action of the blood upon that organ. Here is almost a convincing Proof at once. We all find that our health, vigour, and looks depend upon this one thing, blood. If we are too full of blood, the consequence will be sickness, unless we are timely discharged of it; and a lack of the same material necessarily causes depression and dejection of the animal spirits. How similar this action is to that of the sap in vegetables, which supplies the place of blood in animals; an overflow of sap finds vent in oozing from the bark of the tree, as an overflow of blood in animals by ejecting itself in the shape of humors. Stop the circulation of the sap in the tree and its extinction will ensue immediately, at certain times in the year. There are times when the circulation of the sap in trees is discontinued—for instance, in the winter season; but have we not a similar action of the blood in animals, at the same season of the year? There are several animals that lie in a torpid state four or five months of our year, without the least nourishment—as instances I can quote the whole reptile tribes, frogs and snakes, and our common bat, with a certain species of swallows, the latter of which have been found in hundreds buried in the banks of rivers and lakes in this Province. In this case the action of the blood must cease, or, at least, be invisible; as in trees and vegetables the flow of the sap retires to the roots of the tree or plant, and ceases to circulate. In the course of time, the tree becomes superannuated, and, of course, (from a lack of its primary and essential support, the sap or juice,) dwindles to a mere half-and-alive thing, until its total extinction. In the same manner animals, in the course of the several ages allotted to them, become feeble and sickly from an invigorous blood, or rather invigorous frame incapable of working that blood as it ought and formerly did. If you have a large quantity of blood taken from you, the consequence is, your constitution fails and you become wholly exhausted—proceed a little farther, and, the heart having nothing to act upon, immediate death ensues. The action of breathing depends upon the blood; for, as the blood passes through the lungs, it throws off a certain degree of its impurity and receives a corresponding quantity from respiration. In fact, when we consider that the whole

substance of our food goes towards increasing and invigorating our blood, we will feel inclined to give a great deal of credence to this theory. There are certain insects which apparently have no blood; but still these mites and animalcules have in their frames and bodies a substance answering the same purpose and probably making it an intermediate substance between blood & vegetable juice—thus demonstrating that wonderful & invisible concatenation and connexion of Creation and created things, so admirably evinced in all the works of the Creator of the Universe. Bow down, then, O humble Man, to his secret majesty and incomprehensible greatness! I am aware of the existence of many other plausible theories advanced upon this subject, and that arguments can be adduced against my reasoning, which lest I should make this article too long, I will not touch upon at present.

BRITON.

POETRY.

WRITTEN FOR THE CASKET.

ON MAN.

Eternal Fountain of creative power,
Primeval Cause of all this wondrous scene
Our eyes behold, of all our fancy views.
Through Universal Nature's vast extent;
Supremely great Incomprehensible,
Thou universal Parent, Lord of all—
Teach me to know why this stupendous
frame,

This mighty fabric of machinery, [bro't
This complicated mass of things were
Into existence; for what purpose man—
With all his knowledge, yet still ignorant
Of what himself is, or of what thou art—
Was first created. Was it but to live
A few short moments, to admire those
scenes

Which ever-varying nature to his soul
Portrays? Or for some nobler end design'd?
Stupendous thought! on which hangs all
the care, [ing man

That deep suspense which weak unknow-
Is doom'd to suffer, till reveal'd from thee.
Creation's Fountain, with thy image stamp
The seal of truth on each desponding heart,
In pity to the poor degenerate race
Of that ambitious restless creature, Man.

G. H.

Hamilton, Feb. 27, 1832.

Casket Office, March 21, 1832.

To SUBSCRIBERS.—From the latitude of our Terms, hitherto, it is the privilege of our present Subscribers to make payment at the end of the year, with the addition of two shillings and six pence currency; at which rate the Casket, up to this number, amounts to about five shillings.—Now trading as this sum may seem to Subscribers individually, yet the total amount of about 100l. is a matter of much importance to the publisher, and can never be more acceptable than at present. Those who remit ten shillings immediately, shall be entitled to a receipt in full for twenty-six numbers of the Casket, and those who neglect this opportunity will be subjected to the additional charge. All future subscribers will be required to pay in advance. A. CROSMAN

MOSES' COULDER

"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.
AMBITION.

Now, while the world is lock'd in sleep,
To yonder mountain let me creep
And view Earth's mighty plain;
Not, with the Stoic's vacant stare,
Whose very breath is black despair,
Let me the prospect scan.

I gaze—I see a lofty tow'r
Rising by man's united pow'r
Up tow'rds the gates of Heav'n;
'Ten thousand, thousand joyfully
Strive on, and by their toil, I see
Mountains asunder riv'n.

What means the tow'r—say why they plod?
They seek to rival nature's God,
To dwell upon the tip of Fame;
But stay! say what their labor breaks?
'No farther go,' th' Almighty speaks—
They sink in endless shame.

The hammer's busy noise has ceas'd,
The axeman's from his toil releas'd,
And all is desolate and drear;
The vulture sits on Babel's crest,
The Owl there makes her nest—
Then all is vanish'd clear.

Where are the thousand lab'ers fled,
Where are the masters vanished?
Oblivion! where are they?
Thou let me lift the dreary veil,
I hear, I hear their frantic wail,
They dwell in Infamy.

I look again—behold a throne,
A kingly Herod sits thereon
And hundreds bow the willing knee,
He looks around, then deigns to nod,
The people shout, "He is a God!"
Vain Herod—where is he?

Where is the tyrant fierce, who dares
Assume the pow'r Jehovah bears?
Where is the vain, the fancied God?
He sinks—a worm is 'in his breast
That will not let the monster rest,
No marble marks his sod.

Another stalks across the land,
No monarch's sceptre in his hand,
But his, the warriors sword, to wield,
A million throng him joyfully,
And cry, "Napolean! Liberty!"
Then hasten to the field.

Hark! on that field not thunder roars,
'Tis his artillery that pours
Destruction, carnage, fury, there;
Each rolling peal is but the knell

Of thousands, and their groans now swell
Each circling breeze of air.

He hears the shout, "They fly! They fly!"
And Glory sparkles in his eye;
'Onward!' he cries, 'to victory!'
They seize the brand, and cities sink,
They grasp the sword, and thousands drink
Of Death's deep agony.

See! see! how tremble Europe's thrones!
See! See! how pale her boldest sons,
Before the conjuror's mighty hand,
Fame grasps her trump, and cries, "behold
The Hero, noble, valiant bold,
Who can his arm withstand?"

But stay? the champion of the north
Against the tyrant ventures forth,
'To meet him on the battle field;—
They meet—they fight, they charge—they
fly,
And earth sends round the joyful cry,
'The Hero's forc'd to yield."

Where is he now? Is yonder he,
Bore swiftly o'er the raging sea,
To that proud rock that stems the wave?
'Tis he—how fallen is the great,
There shall he Death's quick pace await,
And low shall be his grave.

AMBITION—'tis a mountain grand,
Where Fame stands with a beck'ning hand,
With gaudy flow'rs, & chaplets dress'd;
To one, she profits sovereign pow'r,
The might to 'sout a little hour,'
And to the weary, rest

She shows the wreath to deck the brow,
Bids multitudes with reverence bow,
While shouts ring thro' the swelling air;
Till frantic man on glory bent,
Toils, struggles up the steep ascent,
To grasp at glory there.

No warrior's pow'r, nor monarch's force,
Nor blood itself can check his course,
Nor stay him in his mad career;
He grasps with joy the blooming wreath,
'The flowers wither in a breath,
His trophy is a tear.

But see again for by his side,
A horid gulf is op'ning wide,
And fancy's visions take their flight;
Who is it say that sinks below,
With shrieks of agony and woe?
Ambition's Favorite! SILENA.

FOR THE CASKET.
TO THE NINJA;ARA.

Ye rolling foaming billows,
What hand can you be steadying?
That you should form such pillows
Of water, with your edying?
You boil as if your waters dire,
Were heated from Mount Etna's fire!

Ah! who can give restriction,
'To your fierce billow's lave?
Ah! who can paint a fiction,
With thy strong heaving wave?
The power must be far more than mine,
The hand, the pen, must be Divine!

Destruction's in thy swelling,
It lingers in thy path;
And many a heart is telling,
What fearful power thou hath!
Thy march hath been o'er beauty's charms,
And life is feeble in thine arms!

NATIVE BARD.

FOR THE CASKET.

A VISION OF HEAVEN.

Why did ye wake me from this dream,
This dream of wond'rous glory?
Why did ye blast the joyful boom
That throw its lustre o'er me?
I heard the shout as sweet it rung
Throughout the vaulted sky
A chorus to the Lamb they sung,
A song of victory.

I saw *Him* sit upon the throne
Ten thousand knelt before him
They threw their blooming garlands down
To worship and adore him.
"Thou'rt worthy!" thrice he cried aloud
"All glory's due to thee.
Thou layest low the great and proud,
'Thine is the victory."

Again they sang more soft and sweet
It rung'd the streets of Heaven
"A ransom'd world is at thy feet
A world hath been forgiven!"
I saw the mighty angel stand
"Praise ye the Lord!" he cried
Again burst forth the joyful band
For *Him* who bled and died.

Again they sang and joyfully
"Can we forget thee? never,
We'll praise thee to eternity
Glory to thee for ever!"
Why did ye wake me from that sleep
'To taste anew this pain?
Oh I will sit me down to weep
That I may dream again.

E. W. H. E.

"Love like the Bee, does pleasure bring,
And like the Bee, does leave its sting,
And like the Bee, is apt to settle,
Where'er it hears the sound of metal."

THE CANADIAN CASKET

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A. CROSMAN, Publisher.