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THE CANADIAN CASSET.

NEC DESIT JUCUNDIS GRATIA VERBIS.

VOLUME I.

HAMILTON, SEPTEMBER 29, 1832.

NUMBER 18.

SELECTED CASES.

THE CHASE OF THE SMUGGLER.

The breeze freshened, and the endless confabulation of the Captain & his mate, entirely ceased, nothing was now heard on deck but the angry voice of the raging elements, and at intervals a shrill piercing word or two from Obed, in the altered tone of which I had some difficulty in recognizing his pipe, which rose clear and distinct above the roar of the sea & wind, and was always answered by a prompt, sharp, 'aye, aye, sir,' from the men. There was no circumlocution, nor calculating, nor guessing, now, but all hands seemed to be doing their duty energetically & well. 'Come, said he the vagabonds are sailors, after all, we shant be swamped this turn;' and I resumed my place on the companion ladder, with more ease of mind, and a vast deal more composure, than when I was pitched from it when the squall came on. In a moment after, I could hear the Captain sing out, loud even above the howling of the wind and rushing of the water, 'There it comes at last—put your helm hard apart—down with it Paul, down with it man—luff, and shake the wind out of her sails, or over we go, clean and forever.' Every thing was jammed, nothing could be let go, nor was there an axe at hand to make short work with the sheets and haulyards; and for a second or two I thought it was all over, the water rushing half way up her decks, and bubbling into the companion through the crevices; but at length the lively little craft came gaily to the wind, shaking her plumage like a wild duck; the sails were got in, all to the foresail, which was set with the bonnet off, and then she lay-to like a sea-gull, without shipping a drop of water. In the comparative stillness, I could now distinctly

hear every word that was said on deck.

'Pretty near it; rather close shaving that same, captain,' quoth Paul, with a congratulatory chuckle; but I say, sir, what is that wreath of smoke rising from Annotta bay over the headland?

'Why, how should I know, Paul? Negroes burning brush, I guess.

'The smoke from brushwood never rose and flew over the bluff with that swirl; it is a gun, or I mistake.'

And he stepped to the companion for the purpose, as I conceived, of taking out the spy-glass, which usually hangs there in brackets fitted to hold it; he undid the hatch, and pushed it back, when I popped my head out, to the no small dismay of the mate; but Obed was up to me, and while with one hand he seized the glass, he ran the sliding top sharp up against my neck, till he pinned me up into a kind of pillory, to my great annoyance; so I had to beg to be released, and once more sunk back into my hole. There was a long pause; and at length, him to whom the skipper had handed the spy-glass, spoke.

'A schooner, sir, is rounding the point.'

As I afterwards learned, the Negroes who had witnessed, my capture, especially the old man who had taken me for his infernal Majesty, had raised the alarm, so soon as they could venture down to the overseer's house, which was on the smuggling boat showing off, and Mr. Fyall immediately despatched an express to the Lieutenant commanding the Gleam, then lying in Annotta Bay, about ten miles distant, when she instantly slipped and shoved out.

'Well, I cant help it if there be,' rejoined the Captain.

Another pause.

'Why, I dont like her, sir; she

looks like a man of war—and that must be the smoke of the gun she fired on weighing.'

'Eh?' sharply answered Obed, 'if it be, it will be a hanging matter if we are caught with this young splice on board; he may belong to her for what I know. Look again, Paul.

A long, long look.

'A man-of war schooner, sure enough, sir; I can see her ensign and pennant, now that she is clear of the land.'

'Oh Lord, oh Lord,' cried Obed, in great perplexity, 'what shall we do?'

'Why, pull foot, captain,' promptly replied Paul; the breeze has lulled, and in light wind she will have no chance with the tidy little Wave.'

I could now perceive that the smugglers made all sail, and I heard the frequent swish-swash of the water, as they threw bucketsful on the sails, to thicken them and hold more wind, while we edged away, keeping as close to the wind, however, as we could, without stopping her way.

'Starboard,' quoth Obed—'rap full, Jem—let her walk through it, my boy—there, main and foresail, flat as boards; why, she will stand the main-gaff topsail yet—set it Paul, set it;' and his heart warmed as he gained confidence in the qualifications of his vessel. 'Come, weather me, now, see how she trips it a long—poo, I was an ass to quail, wan't I, Paul! No chance, now, thought I, as I descended once more; 'I may as well go and be suffocated at once.' I knocked my foot against something, in stepping off the ladder, which, on putting down my hand, I found to be a tinder-box, with steel and flint. I had formerly ascertained there was a candle in the cabin, on the small table, stuck into a bottle; so I immediately struck a light, and as I knew that meekness and

solicitation, having been tried in vain, would not serve me, I determined to go on the other tack, & to see how far an assumption of coolness and self-possession, or, it might be, a dash of bravado, whether true or feigned, might not at least ensure me some consideration and better treatment from the lawless gang into whose hands I had fallen.

So I set to and ransacked the lockers, where, among a vast variety of miscellaneous matters, I was not long in finding a bottle of very tolerable rum, some salt junk, some biscuit, and a goglet or porous earthen jar of water, with some capital cigars. By this time I was like to faint with the heat and smell; so I filled a tumbler with good half and half, and swigged it off. The effect was speedy; I thought I could eat a bit, so I attacked the salt junk and made a hearty meal, after which I replenished my tumbler, lighted a cigar, pulled off my coat and waistcoat, and, with a sort of desperate glee, struck up at the top of my pipe, 'Ye Mariners of England.' My joviality was soon noticed on deck.

'Eh, what be that?' quoth Obed, 'that be none of our ditties, I guess? who is singing below there?'

'We be all on deck, sir,' responded Paul.

'It can't be the spy, eh?—sure enough it must be he, and no one else; the heat and choke must have made him mad.'

'We shall soon see,' said Paul as he moved the skylight, and looked down into the cabin.

Obed looked over his shoulder, peering at me with his short-sighted pig's eyes, into which, in my pot valiancy, I immediately chucked half a tumbler of very strong grog, and under cover of it attempted to bolt through the scuttle, and thereby gain the deck; but Paul, with his shoulder of mutto's fist, gave me a very unceremonious rebuff, and down I dropped again.

(To be Continued.)

THE PIRATE.

A newly made Lieutenant in the British navy, when strolling away from his lodgings in Jamaica, at night, to gratify his curiosity, had fallen in with the crew of a smuggling vessel; who, considering him a

spy on their movements, had seized and carried him off in their own vessel. The occurrence being ascertained, two ships of war immediately gave chase, but the smuggler, though nearly overtaken, escaped by superior sailing. The pursuit being at an end, the narrative proceeds as below.

"It was now five in the afternoon, & the breeze continued to fall, and the sea to go down, until sunset, by which time we had run the Corvette hull down, and the schooner nearly out of sight. Right a-head of us rose the high land of Cuba, to the westward of Cape Maisie, clear and well defined against the northern sky, and as we neither hauled our wind to weather the east end of the island, nor edged away for St. Jago, it was evident beyond doubt, that we were running right in for some one of the piratical haunts of the Cuba coast. The crew now set to work, and removed the remains of their late messmate, and the two wounded men, from where they lay upon the ballast in the run, to their own birth forward in the bows of the little vessel; they then replaced the planks which they had started, and arranged the dead body of the mate along the cabin floor, close to where I lay, faint and bleeding, and more heavily bruised than I had at first thought.

The Captain was still at the helm; he had neither spoke a word to me or any of the crew, since he had taken the trifling liberty of shooting me through the neck, and no thanks to him that the wound was not mortal; but he now began to draw out the necessary orders for repairing damages. When I went on deck shortly afterwards, I was surprised beyond measure to perceive the injury the little vessel had sustained, and the uncommon speed, handiness and skill, with which it had been repaired. However lazily the command might appear to have been given, the execution of it was quick as lightning. The crew, now reduced to ten working hands, had, with an almost miraculous promptitude, knotted and spliced the rigging, mended and shifted sails, fished the sprung and wounded spars, and plugged and nailed lead over the shot

holes, and all within half an hour.

After the captain had given his orders, and seen the men fairly at work, he came down to the cabin, still ghastly and pale, but with none of that ferocity stamped on his grim features, from the outpouring of which I had suffered so severely. He never once looked my way, more than if I had been a bundle of old junk; but folding his hands on his knees, he sat down on a small locker, against which the feet of the dead mate rested, and gazed earnestly on his face, which was immediately under the open skylight, through which, by this time, the clear cold rays of the moon streamed full on it, the short twilight having already fled, chained as it is in these climates to the chariot wheels of the burning sun. My eye naturally followed his, but I speedily withdrew it. I had often bent over comrades who had been killed by gun-shot wounds, and already remarked what is well known, that the features wore a benign expression, bland and gentle, and contented as the face of a sleeping infant, while their limbs were composed decently, often gracefully, like one resting after great fatigue, as if nature, like an affectionate nurse, had arranged the death-bed of her departed child with more than usual care, preparatory to his last long sleep. Whereas those who had died from the thrust of a pike or the blow of a cutlass, however mild the living expression of their countenance might have been, were always fearfully contorted both in body and mind.

In the present instance, the eyes were wide open, white, prominent, and glazed; the hair, which was remarkably fine, and had been worn in long ringlets, was drenched and clotted into heavy masses with the death-sweat, and had fallen back on the deck from his forehead, which was well formed, high, broad and massive.

Obed knelt beside the shoulder of the corpse, and appeared crushed down to the very earth by the sadness of the scene before him, and I noticed the frequent sparkle of a heavy tear as if it fell from his iron visage on the face of the dead man. At length he untied the string that

fastened the eye-glass round his head, and taking a coarse towel from a locker, he spunged poor Paul's face and neck with rum, and then fastened up his lower jaw with the lanyard. Having performed this melancholy office, the poor fellow's feelings could be no longer restrained by my presence.

'God help me, I have not now one friend in the wide world. When I had neither home, nor food, nor clothing, he sheltered me, and fed me, and clothed me, when a single word would have gained him five hundred dollars, and run me up to the fore yard-arm in a wreath of white smoke. but he was true as steel: and oh that he was now doing for me what I have done for him! who would have moaned over me, who am now without wife or child, and have disgraced all my kin! a-lack-a-day, a-lack-a-day!'—And he sobbed and wept aloud, as if his very heart would have burst in twain.—'But I will soon follow you, Paul, I have had my warning already; I know it and I believe it.' At this instant the dead hand of the mate burst the ligature that kept it down across his body, and slowly rose up and remained in a beckoning attitude.

I was seized with a cold shivering from head to foot, and would have shrieked aloud, had it not been for very shame, but Obed was unmoved. 'I know it, Paul, I know it. I am ready, and I shall not be long behind you.' He fastened the arm down once more, and having called a couple of hands to assist him, they lashed up the remains of their shipmate in his hammock, with a piece of iron ballast at his feet, and then, with no more ado, handed the body up through the skylight: and I heard the heavy splash as they cast him into the sea. When this was done, the captain returned to the cabin, bringing a light with him, filled and drank off a glass of strong grog. Yet he did not even now deign to notice me, which was by no means soothing; and I found, that since he would not speak, I must, at all hazards. 'I say, Obed, do you ever read your bible?' He looked steadily at me with his lacklustre eyes. Because, if you do, you may perhaps have fallen in with some such passage as

the following: 'Behold I am in your hand; but know ye for certain, that if ye put me to death, ye shall surely bring innocent blood upon yourselves.'

'It is true, I feel the truth of it here,' and he laid his large bony hand on his heart. 'Yet I do not ask you to forgive me: I don't expect that you can or will; but unless the devil gets possession of me again—which, so sure as there was a demoniac in this world, he had this afternoon when you so tempted me—I hope soon to place you in safety, either in a friendly port or on a British vessel; and then what becomes of me is of little consequence, now since the only friend who cared a dollar for me is at rest among the choral branches at the bottom of the deep great sea.'

(To be Continued.)

MISCELLANY.

KINDNESS.—Nothing can produce more sincere admiration and heart felt gratitude, than the kind anxiety and assiduous attentions of an affectionate friend. Every tender effort to mitigate distress, attended by the gentle and soft accents of sympathy and love, fills the soul with emotions not to be described, even while its fragile tenement is writhing with excruciating pain! The pleasure of alleviating distress is unalloyed, both to those who receive the kind offices of our dearer humanity and esteem, and to those who cheerfully and tenderly bestow them, that every person of a reflective and ingenuous mind, will cultivate this peerless virtue by practising those acts of goodness which are attended with a reward so sweet. He who would witness a performance of the holiest rites of "pure and undefiled religion," may behold them in the patient and gentle offices of affection—bending over the bed of anguish—wetting the parched lips—cooling the feverish brow, and soothing the soul with the voice of tenderness.

CURIOUS AFRICAN ORDEAL.—Justice is not infrequently administered at Badagry by means of a large wooden cap, having three corners, which is placed on the head of a culprit at the period of his examination. The fantastic work of mechanism, no doubt but the structure of internal springs, may be made to move and shake without any visible agent, on the same principle as the enchanted Turk, or any other figure in our puppet shows. It is believed the native priests alone are in the secret. Whilst this cap is observed to shake whilst on the head of a suspected person, he is condemned without further evidence being required; but should it remain without any perceptible motion, his innocence is apparent, and he is forthwith acquitted. The fume of this wonderful cap makes a great fuss in the town,

and as many marvellous stories are told of it here as were related in England a century or two ago of the famous brazen head of Roger Bacon. A respectable man, the chief of French Town, was tried by the ordeal of the cap a short time since, for having, as was alleged, accepted a bribe of the Lagos chieftain to destroy Adooley by poison. The fatal cap was no sooner put on his head than it was observed to move slightly, and then to become more violently agitated. The criminal felt its motion, and was terrified to such a degree that he fell down in a swoon. On awaking, he confessed his guilt, and implored forgiveness, which was granted him by Adooley, because, it is said, of his sorrow and contrition, but really, no doubt of his birth and connexions.

MOUNTAIN-PASSES OF INDIA.—The central mass of the Himmaleh chain of mountains has been estimated to extend more than a thousand miles in length, and about eighty in breadth, forming one continuous desert of precipices, rocks, and ice. In a few places only, a precarious track is formed by the Alpine torrent, dashing in an unbroken sheet of foam, through dark ravines, bordered by precipitous mountain walls ascending above the clouds. Down the perpendicular faces of these stupendous avenues there rain almost continual showers of stony fragments, broken off and descending in ruins from the cliffs above. Sometimes large portions of rock are detached and roll down in heaps, effacing every path which has been formed beneath, filling the beds of the rivers, and converting them into cataracts. The whole side of a mountain has been seen thus parted, and spread in fragments at its feet. Trees torn up and precipitated into the abyss, lie stretched with their branches on the earth, and their roots turned up to the sky. Yet through these tremendous passes, and across all these mighty obstructions, the daring industry of mortals has contrived to form tracks, narrow indeed, as well as fearless and perilous, but by means of which Tibet and India find it possible to exchange their respective commodities. Nothing, it is true, resembling a waggon, not even the ordinary beasts of burden, can pass this way. The goods are placed on the backs of goats and sheep, which alone can scramble along these precipitous routes, though, in other respects, these animals are ill fitted for such laborious employment. Goats, in descending, are often pressed down by the load, while sheep, if at all urged, are very apt to run,—a movement here which is attended with the utmost peril. The arrangements for facilitating a passage over these frightful cliffs are still more perilous than those employed on the lower declivities—Rude staircases are constructed along the precipices, by which the traveller is invited to make his way. The road in some places is formed, merely by posts driven into the perpendicular sides of the steep, over which branches of trees and earth are spread, affording a narrow foot-path, suspended at an awful height above the torrent, and skaking beneath the tread of the passenger.

A pedlar lately halted at a public house in the country, and by the landlady's request, displayed nearly every article in his pack for her examination. This he did cheerfully, expecting a large purchase would be made. On inquiring what article the landlady would like to buy, she coolly replied, "Hoot, I dinna we: to buy any thing. I merely wanted a sight o' them." "I'm sorry ye'll not buy," said the pedlar, "but never mind, let's see half a mutchkin o' your best whiskey." The stoup was filled instanter, and a voluntary "farrell" placed beside it on a server. The pedlar kept warming himself at a brisk fire, and crumping the gratis cake, while the landlady was allowed, in courtesy, to help herself and some female gossips to a pretty deep tasting of the "blue." Having drunk his health, she filled up the glass and desired him to drink also. "Na, na," said the pedlar, "I want name o' your whiskey—I merely asked for a sight o' it!" and so saying he took his leave.—*Scotsman*.

A horse-dealer who had realized a fortune without knowing a single letter of his alphabet, became desirous to learn to read his bible, in order to use his own expression, "To hedge to his book." He therefore sent to the village domine, who took him into hand immediately, and started with the usual slow pace, A, B, C. After sundry drillings, the domine, who, with his pupil, were refreshing themselves with a glass of rum and water, desired him to try the alphabet without assistance. The pupil proceeded slow and sure until he reached the latter K, at which he rather shyed, and at last made a full stop.—"Why," said the domine, "surely you know that letter." "Aye, maister," said the old one, "I knaws the crucked-backed beggar, but I doesn't ken his name."

LOCKHART—When (says Hogg) it is considered what literary celebrity Lockhart has gained so early in life, and how warm and disinterested a friend he has been to me, it argues but little for my sagacity that I scarcely recollect any thing of our first encounter. He was a mischievous Oxford puppy, for whom I was terrified, dancing after the young ladies, and drawing caricatures of every one who came in contact with him. But then I found him constantly in company with all the better rank of people with whom I associated, and consequently it was impossible for me not to meet him. I died of his eye terribly; and it was not without reason, for he was very fond of playing tricks on me, but always in such a way, that it was impossible to quarrel with him. I never parted company with him that my judgment was not entirely jumbled with regard to characters. Even his household economy seemed clouded in mystery; and if I got an explanation, it was sure not to be the right thing. It may be guessed how astonished I was one day, on perceiving six black servants waiting at his table upon six white gentlemen!—Such a train of

Blackamoors being beyond my comprehension, I asked for an explanation; but got none, save that he found them very useful and obliging poor fellows, and that they did not look for much wages, beyond a mouthful of meat. A young lady hearing me afterwards making a fuss about such a phenomenon, and swearing that the Blackamoors would break my young friend, she assured me that Mr. Lockhart had only one black servant, but that when the master gave a dinner to his friends, the servant, knowing there would be enough and to spare, for all, invited his friends also. Lockhart always kept a good table, and a capital stock of liquor, especially Jamaica rum, and by degrees I grew not so frightened to visit him. With his cigar in his mouth, his one leg slung carelessly over the other, and without the symptom of a smile on his face, or one twinkle of mischief in his dark grey eye, he would father the articles on his brother, Captain Lockhart or Peter Robertson, or Sheriff Cay, or James Wilson, or that queer fat body, Dr. Scott; and sometimes on James and John Balamyne, and Sam Anderson, and poor Baxter. Then away I flew with the wonderful news to my other associates, and if any remained mercurious, I swore the facts down through them; so that before I left Edinburgh I was counted the greatest liar in it, except one.—*Preface to Mr. Hogg's Works.*

Gallantry of an Elephant.—A wooden house was, in 1818, constructed at Petersburg for the elephants, which the Shah of Persia had presented to the Emperor of Russia. The male elephant is 17 feet high; his tusks have been sawed off and encircled in golden rings. This is the same elephant on which the sovereign of Persia used to ride with a canopy over his head. Several Persians, who were accustomed to attend on these animals, continue to reside at St. Petersburg. A singular incident took place with respect to the male elephant. A lady whom curiosity often attracted to see him, never paid a visit without taking with her some bread, apples, and brandy. One day the animal as a testimony of his gratitude, seized her with his trunk and placed her on his back. The poor lady, who was not prepared for this act of gallantry, uttered piercing shrieks, and entreated the assistance of those who were standing near. The Persians however prudently advised her not to stir, and she was obliged to wait until the elephant placed her on the ground as carefully as he had raised her.

Illustrated publications.—The publication of another volume of the Waverley Novel, awakens with a painful feeling the interest which we felt on their first appearance. The mighty mind, which teemed with their thronging multitudes of images is now closed to all outward impressions; and the hand, whose movement of the pen gave them an immortality on the page of letters, is paralyzed. We look eagerly for the added matter in the reprint, and peruse it as though we listened to the latest ex-

pressions of a departed friend. Sir Walter will not live to see "the topstone brought out with shouting" of this, the best and most lasting monument of his fame. The new volume—the thirty-eighth—completes the *Tales of the Crusaders*, (Volume thirty-seventh, containing the commencement of the *Tales*, never reached us;) it is embellished with two admirable illustrations by Watson Gordon, among the best of the whole series. Volumes XXXIX and XL will comprise Woodstock; and the whole of the prose works of fiction will be completed in forty-eight volumes. What writer ever left such a legacy to the world as these alone constitute!—*Spectator*.

Poor Hogg is shorn bare, and we have to implore the public feeling in his favour, that the blast of adversity may be tempered. By an unexpected accident—the failure of his publisher, Mr. Cochrane—James Hogg is reduced to the very extremity of distress. This is a penalty which the high-souled Shepherd dreads to suffer. Poverty and difficulty he has struggled with from his infancy, till his talents and his manly spirit procured competence. Urged by public approbation, he ventured his all on the publication of his works, and all is lost. The trammels of debt are worse than the stings of hunger, for they fetter the mind, and that of Hogg would sink under them. It is delicately and generously proposed by Mr. Murray and other gentlemen, to publish his "Queen's Wake" at a guinea a copy, the money to be advanced for his immediate relief. We earnestly and urgently entreat the attention of the public to this matter, and solicit the support to the undertaking which Hogg's merits deserve, and that sympathy with misfortunes wholly unforeseen and unavoidable, which may remove their weight, and lighten the evening of a hard life.

In the common transactions of the Highlanders, says Col. Stewart, till within no very distant period, written obligations were seldom required, and although bargains were frequently concluded in the most private manner, there were few instances of a failure in, or denial of their engagements. A gentleman by the name of Stewart, agreed to lend a considerable sum of money to a neighbour. When they had met, and the money was already counted down on the table, the borrower offered a receipt. As soon as the lender heard this, he immediately collected the money, saying, a man who could not trust his own word without a bond, should not be trusted by him, and should have none of his money, which he put into his purse, and returned home.

In my youth, I have often saw Glover on the stage; he was a surgeon, and a good writer in the London periodical papers. When he was in Cork, a man was hanged for sheep-stealing, whom Glover smuggled into a field, and by surgical skill restored to life, though the culprit had hung the full time prescribed by law. A few nights after Glover, being on the stage, acting *Polonius*, the revived sheep-stealer, full

of whiskey, broke into the pit, & in a loud voice called out to Glover, 'Mr. Glover you know you are my second father; you brought me to life, and surely have to support me now, for I have no money, and you have been the means of bringing me back into the world, Sir; so, by the Piper of Blessington, you are obliged to maintain me. Ophelia never could suppose she had such a brother as this. The Sheriff was in the house at the time, but appeared not to this appeal: and on the fellow persisting in his outcries, he, through a principle of clemency, slipped out of the Theatre. The crowd at length forced the man away, telling him that if the Sheriff found him alive, it was his duty to hang him over a gain."

It is with no inconsiderable regret that we have to add the name of John Brant, Esq. to the melancholy catalogue of our friends who have fallen victims to the prevailing malady. His death, after four hours illness, took place at his residence at Brantford, in the 37th year of his age. Mr. Brant was the son of the celebrated Indian chief of that name, and distinguished himself as a Lieutenant in our service during the late war. Some years ago he visited England, and under the patronage of the Duke of Northumberland, was introduced to the Duke of Wellington, Lord Teignmouth, & other influential personages and from his peculiar urbanity of manners, and high cultivated acquirements, speedily became known and esteemed. His exertions upon that opportunity, in indicating the humanity of his father's character, from the unjust aspersions cast upon it by the author of "Gertrude of Wyoming," were acknowledged by the accomplished poet, and the next edition of that work rectified the error Mr. Campbell had acknowledged. As a gentleman of strict honor and morality, Mr. Brant has left but few equals; and as head Chief and superintendent of the Six Nations, his loss will be seriously felt by the numerous tribes, to whose civilization and moral improvement he had devoted his time and talents.—*Kingston Chronicle.*

REASONING POWER.—The question, whether the lower entities of the creation are guided by instinct or by reason, or partly by one and partly by the other, is attended with difficulties which never, perhaps, can receive a satisfactory solution. Nevertheless, there are few unprejudiced persons who have paid much attention to subjects of natural history, who will not be inclined to agree in opinion with Mr. Jesse, in his *Gleanings in Natural History*, that, "if our race has been pre-eminently distinguished by receiving the full light of reason, some sparks and glimmerings of the same divine faculty, have been vouchsafed, by the same forming and Almighty hand, to our inferior fellow-creatures."—The author mentions several curious instances, in which some faculty, higher than mere instinct must have been in operation. He was one day feeding the celebrated Exeter Change elephant with potatoes, which the animal took out of his

hand: one of them happened to fall on the floor, and rolled beyond the reach of his proboscis: he made reported efforts to pick it up, but without success; at length, he blew the potato against the opposite side with sufficient force to make it rebound, and then he secured it without difficulty.—A dog, who was much attached to the author, was tied up one morning to prevent him from following his master to church. After that time, the animal took good care to conceal himself on every succeeding Sabbath, and was sure to be found at the commencement of the service, either at the church door, or under the pews where his master usually sat! An old pointer has been known to be so much disgusted with a bad shot that he quitted him in the field, and never could be persuaded to accompany him again. The old bucks in Bushby Park have a curious contrivance, which could hardly have been taught them by instinct, for getting the berries from the fine old thorn trees with which the park abounds. "They raise themselves on their hind legs, give a spring, entangle their horns in the lower branches of the trees, give them one or two shakes, which make the berries fall, and they will then quickly pick them up." The various contrivances to which bees resort upon emergencies, against which instinct has not taught them to provide, are well known. In the natural state, they usually deposit their treasures in spots which are well sheltered from the heat of the sun, as the melting of the wax would be a serious interruption to their domestic economy. When in the hive, and they are fearful of such a disaster as this, they collect, in numbers sufficient for the purpose, at the bottom of the hive, where they move their wings so rapidly as to produce a current of air which keeps their mansion cool and well ventilated. This current is so strong that, if a lighted candle be held at an aperture on the top of the hive, it will be blown out. Their labors in this way are sometimes ineffectual in very hot weather, and, if the wax then melt, they become so extremely irritable on this account, that it is quite dangerous to go near them. The wasp, mentioned by Dr. Darwin, affords a decisive proof of there being some kind of reasoning power in that insect. He says, that, walking one day in his garden, he perceived a wasp upon the gravel walk with a large fly nearly as big as itself, which it had caught; kneeling down, he distinctly saw it cut off the head and abdomen, and then, taking up with its feet the trunk, or middle portion of the body, to which the wings remained attached, fly away, but a breeze of wind acting upon the wings of the fly, turned round the wasp with its burden, and impeded its progress. Upon this, it alighted again on the gravel walk, deliberately sawed off first one wing and then the other; and, having thus removed the cause of its embarrassment, flew off with its body.

THE HAPPY UNION.

The gods, wearied with the perpetual cries of wedded mortals, loudly complain-

ing that they were unfortunately matched, sent at length a messenger to earth, with authority to divorce all those who were desirous of being unmarried. On the messenger's return to heaven, it appeared from his reports, that only a single couple in the whole world were perfectly satisfied with each other. This amiable and peaceable pair had never quarrelled; if the woman was out of temper, and suffered her tongue to use violent expressions, the husband entirely disregarded what she said; and if he committed any improper or indelicate actions, his dear wife never noticed them. The cause of this singular instance of conjugal harmony puzzled the celestials, who learned that the wife was blind, and the husband deaf.

THE PRECIOUS METALS.

It is stated by Mr. Jacob, in his elaborate and very interesting "Historical Inquiry into the Production and Consumption of the Precious Metals," lately published, that the quantity of gold and silver coin has decreased no less than 17 per cent. within the last twenty years; and to this cause he attributes the present low profit of the masters, and low wages of the working people. Mr. Jacob estimates the stock of coin in existence in 1809, at 380 millions, and in 1829, at only £313,385,560, for which reduction he accounts from the fact of the gold and silver mines being less productive than formerly, while the quantities of the precious metals used in the fabrication of jewelry and other articles of plate, have been continually increasing. He estimates that no less than £5,612,611 has been consumed annually since 1809, in utensils and ornaments, and that two millions pass every year into Asia; or, adding both together, in twenty years, £152,252,750, has been thus employed. Deducting the whole amount in existence in 1829 from that in 1809, we find a deficiency of no less than £66,611,440, or nearly one sixth part of the whole.

Sir Walter Scott—A letter we have received from Melrose, dated on Thursday, states "That Sir Walter Scott was fully better to-day, and he appears to mend ever since he got home; he has been twice wheeled out before the door and into his library, and expressed himself much delighted with the idea of being at home." *Edinburgh Evening Post.*

SECOND THOUGHT; OR A LADY'S POSTSCRIPT

A lady wrote to her lover, begging him to send her some money. She added by way of postscript. "I am so ashamed of the request I have made in this letter, that I have sent after the postman to get it back; but the servant could not overtake him."

"*Rodger where was I?*"—At Kenwyn, during divine service, two dogs, one of which was the Parson's, were fighting at the west end of the church. The Parson, who was then reading the second lesson, rushed out of his pew and doubted where he had left off. asked the clerk, "Roger, where was I?" "Why, down parting the dogs master, to be sure," replied Roger, to the no small amusement of the congregation.

FLOWERS.—The interest which flowers have excited in the breast of man, from the earliest ages to the present day, has never been confined to any particular class of society or quarter of the globe. Nature seems to have distributed them over the whole world, to serve as a medicine to the mind, to give cheerfulness to the earth, and to furnish agreeable sensations to its inhabitants. The savage of the forest, in the joy of his heart, binds his brow with the native flowers of the woods, whilst a taste for their cultivation increases in every country in proportion as the blessings of civilization extend. From the humblest cottage enclosure to the most extensive park and grounds, nothing more conspicuously bespeaks the good taste of the possessor, than a well cultivated flower garden; and it may very generally be remarked, that whenever we behold a very humble tenement surrounded with ornamental plants, the possessor is a man of correct habits and possesses domestic comforts; whilst, on the contrary, a neglected, weed-grown garden, or its total absence, marks the indolence and unhappy state of those who have been thus neglectful of Flora's favors.

Of all luxurious indulgencies, that of flowers is the most innocent. It is productive not only of rational gratification, but of many advantages of a permanent character. Love for a garden has a powerful influence in attracting men to their homes; and on this account every encouragement given to increase a taste for ornamental gardening is an additional security for domestic comfort and happiness. It is likewise a recreation which conduces materially to health, promotes civilization, and softens the manners and tempers of men. It creates a love for the study of nature, which leads to a contemplation of the mysterious wonders that are displayed to the vegetable world around us, and which cannot be investigated without inclining the mind towards a just estimate of religion, and a knowledge of the narrow limits of our intelligence, when compared with the incomprehensible power of the Creator.

Flowers are, of all embellish-

ments, the most beautiful; and, of all created beings, man alone seems capable of deriving enjoyment from them. The love for them commences with infancy, remains the delight of youth, increases with our years, and becomes the quiet amusement of our declining days. The infant can no sooner walk than its first employment is to plant a flower in the earth, removing it ten times in an hour to wherever the sun seems to shine most favorably. The school boy, in the care of his little plot of ground, is relieved of his studies, and loses the anxious thoughts of the home he has left. In manhood our attention is generally demanded by more active duties, or by more imperious and perhaps less innocent occupations; but as age obliges us to retire from public life, the love of flowers and the delights of a garden return to sooth the latter period of our life.

To most persons, gardening affords delight as an easy and agreeable occupation; and the flowers they so fondly rear, are cherished from the gratification they afford to the organs of sight and of smell; but to the close observer of nature and the botanist, beauties are unfolded and wonders displayed, that cannot be detected by the careless attention bestowed upon them by the multitude.

In their growth, from the first tender shoots which arise from the earth, through all the changes which they undergo to the period of their utmost perfection he beholds the wonderful works of creative power; he views the bud as it swells, and looks into the expanded blossom, delights in its rich tints and fragrant smell, but above all he feels a charm in contemplating movements and regulations before which all the combined ingenuity of man dwindles into nothingness.—*Journal of Health.*

John Bogner, Bishop of Geneva, was a swineherd in his youth. Being one day at Geneva, he went to the Tarconnerie to purchase a pair of shoes, but found upon examining his scrip, that he had not sufficient money. The Shoemaker observing his confusion, took compassion upon his poverty: "Go, friend," said he,

"you shall pay me when you become a Cardinal." Not long after, a Cardinal taking a liking to Bogner, carried him to Avignon, and made him a learned man. He came at last to be in reality a Cardinal, when he made the kind-hearted shoemaker his house-steward.—*Olio.*

The largest flower, and the largest bird.

In 1818, Dr. Arnold discovered in the island of Sumatra, a flower which he named the *Rafflesia Arnoldi*, and which an author has called with much justice, 'the magnificent Titan of the vegetable kingdom.' The human mind indeed had never conceived such a flower; its circumference when expanded is nine feet; its nectarium calculated to hold nine pints—the pistils are as large as cow's horns, and the entire weight of the blossom computed to be fifteen pounds. Temple, in his recent travels in Peru, states that he shot a condor, and from notes taken on the spot, gives us the following dimensions of its size:—When the wings are spread, they measure forty feet in extent, from point to point, the feathers are twenty feet in length, and the quill part 8 inches in circumference. This almost realizes the fabled roc of Sinbad in the Arabian Nights, but its dimensions, as here given, rests on good and very recent authority.—*Penny Mag.*

Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, in the *Altrive Tales*, makes the following observation about the Author of *Waverley*:—

"There is not above five people in the world, who, I think, know Sir Walter better, or understand his character better than I do; and if I outlive him, which is likely, as I am five months and ten days younger, I shall draw a mental portrait of him; the likeness of which to the original shall not be disputed. In the mean time, this is only a reminiscence, in my own line, of an illustrious friend among the mountains."

Among the fashions prevailing just now at Paris is that of wearing *ten breadths* in the skirt of the dress. In one of *Jony's* papers, in "L'Hermitte de la Chaussee d'Antin," he makes the old lady declare that the brocade of her wedding suit was afterwards made into covers for a sofa and a dozen arm chairs, and it seems likely that so curious an epoch of fashion will be renewed.

NATURAL HISTORY.

From Doct. Richardson's *Zoology of the northern part of British America.*

THE RED-BREADED THRUSH.

None of the feathered tribe are better known in America than this, which, from its red breast and familiar habits, has obtained the name of the 'Robin.' It winters, in immense numbers, in the Atlantic States, from New Hampshire to the Gulf of Mexico, deserting at that season, the tracts to the westward of the Alleghany

range. Notwithstanding the havoc made in its flocks for the supply of the markets, it affects the neighborhood of towns, and is observed to feed much on the fruit of the sour-gum (*Nyssa sylvatica*), and on poke berries (*Phytolacca decandra*.) Sometimes it disappears from a district for a week or two, and returns again in larger flocks than before. In March it begins to sing, and pairs early in April. Many pairs breed in the United States, but great numbers spread themselves over every part of the fur countries, extending almost to the northern extremity of the continent. Its nests were observed by the expedition as high as the sixty-seventh parallel of latitude; and, from the reports of various travellers, it is known to visit the north-west coast of America. It arrives in the Missouri, (in lat. 41 1-2,) from the eastward, on the 11th of April, and in the course of its northerly movement, reaches Severn river in Hudson's bay, about a fortnight later. Its first appearance at Carlton House, lat. 53, in the year 1827, was on the 22d of April. In the same season it reached Fort Chipewyan, in latitude 58 3-4, on the 7th of May, and Fort Franklin, in latitude 63, on the 20th of that month. Those that build their nests in the fifty-fourth parallel of latitude, begin to hatch in the end of May; but 11 degrees farther to the north, that event is deferred till the 11th of June. The snow even then partially covers the ground, but there are, in those high latitudes, abundance of the berries of the *Vaccinium uliginosum*, and *Vitis idæa*, *Arbutus alpina*, *Empetrum nigrum*, and of some other plants, which, after having been frozen up all the winter, are exposed, on the first melting of the snow, full of juice, and in high flavor. Shortly afterwards, when the callow young require food, the parents obtain abundance of grubs.

"The Red-breasted thrush builds its nest on the branch of spruce-fir tree, generally above five or six feet from the ground, taking no particular pains to conceal it, and frequently selecting a tree in the immediate vicinity of a house. Its nest is formed and lined with a compact coating of dung and clay. The male and female labour in concert in constructing it; and when the young are hatched, they jointly undertake the task of feeding them. The eggs, five in number, are about fourteen lines long, and have a bluish green colour. Those of the common thrush. The male is one of the loudest and most assiduous of the songsters that frequent the fur countries, beginning his chaunt immediately on his arrival. His notes resemble those of the common thrush, but are not so loud. Within the Arctic circle the woods are silent in the bright light of noon-day, but towards midnight, when the sun travels near the horizon, and the shades of the forest are lengthened, the concert commences, and continues till six or seven in the morning. Even in these remote regions the mistake of those naturalists who have asserted that

the feathered tribes of America are void of harmony, might be fully disproved. Indeed, the transition is so sudden from the perfect repose, the death-like silence of an arctic winter, to the animated bustle of summer; the trees spread their foliage with such magical rapidity, and every succeeding morning opens with such agreeable accessions of feathered songsters to swell the chorus—their plumage as gay and unimpaird as when they enlivened the deep-green forests of tropical climes, and the return of a northern spring excites in the mind a deep feeling of the beauties of the season, a sense of the bounty and providence of the Supreme Being, which is chiefly purchased by the tedium of nine months of winter. The most verdant lawns and cultivated glades of Europe, the most beautiful productions of art, failed in producing that exhilaration and joyous buoyancy of mind which we have experienced in treading the wilds of arctic America, when their snowy covering have been just replaced by an infant but vigorous vegetation. It is impossible for the traveller to refrain, at such moments, from joining his aspirations to the song which every creature around is pouring forth to the great Creator."

THE BURNING SPRING.

DEAR SIR—In the prosecution of my Sunday School Agency, I yesterday reached this place, in the immediate vicinity of which is the Burning Spring, and truly it is a curiosity. On approaching it I heard it boiling with a noise similar to that of a fifty gallon kettle over a hot fire. It is situated near the shore of a small creek, which winds its way through a deep valley between the mountains, and near the road side. There is a hole in the ground two or three feet deep, and about the same diameter, which after the rain, is filled to the top with water, that is kept perpetually and briskly boiling by the gas which issued from a narrow space between two rocks at the bottom. The water is always kept muddy, but never runs over, except by an extra quantity of rain.

After viewing it for a few minutes, a lighted taper was applied to the ascending gas, and instantly the whole surface of the water was covered with a bluish red flame, three feet high, emitting a smell similar to that of burning alcohol, and with an intense heat. Thus it continued to burn for one hour, while I remained, and I left it on fire.

This blaze, on a dark night, I am informed, illumines the whole valley and circumjacent hills, and never goes out, except by the effort of man, or the descending shower.

If nothing interferes to extinguish the flame, it continues to burn, the water becomes heated, and finally evaporates, when the issuing gas, burning with more intense heat, consumes whatever combustible substance may have been thrown into the water; and even the collected mud at the side of the hole is pulverized with heat, as at the mouth of a furnace.

Were this gas suitably confined and di-

rected, I have no doubt it might be used to some valuable purpose, either to drive a steam engine or illumine a city; but no use is made of it, nor does the owner of the land seem to regard it with interest or as a curiosity.

Whence this gas, or whatever produces it, I leave to the conjectures and experiments of the learned, being confident it is the most singular phenomenon I have ever seen.—*S. S. Journal.*

THE CASSET.

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

HAMILTON, SEPT' 29, 1832.

We have again to crave the indulgence of our readers for the irregular appearance of this paper, in consequence of our own continued bad health, and the accidental illness of others from whom we expected assistance, but trust we shall be more regular for the future, in the mean time we hope that the false and malicious reports of evil minded persons who endeavored to take advantage of our illness, will be treated with that contempt which they deserve. We neither expect nor intend that this paper shall stop, but should such an event take place, we will ourselves make it known to our subscribers, therefore it will be quite unnecessary for those who have made themselves so busy about it to do so any more, or for our subscribers to listen to their base misrepresentations.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Having suffered under a tedious illness which prevented us from attending to business or collecting our accounts, we shall feel particularly obliged if those who have not yet made a payment, will remit or pay in either half a year or a years subscription on receipt hereof. We shall also feel grateful to those who have paid for half a year, if they will remit another half years subscription as early as convenient. Eight numbers will complete the year. Though the sums due individually to this establishment are very small, they amount to a large sum in the whole, such as would set us far above the reach of those malignant traducers who have endeavored to injure us when oppressed by the visitation of disease.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We have a number of communications upon our file, but being unable to attend to their correction, have deferred them until another opportunity occurs for laying them before the public.

LADIES BOOK.—We have received another number of the Ladies Book, which as usual abounds with productions of superior excellence both in prose and verse, from which we shall give copious selections in our next.

MUSES' CORNER.

THE CAPTIVE.

Chained in the market place he stood,
A man of giant frame,
Amid the gathering multitude
That shrunk to hear his name—
All stern of look and strong of limb,
His dark eye on the ground :
And silently they gazed on him,
As on a lion bound.

Vainly, but well, that chief had fought,
He was a captive now,
Yet pride that fortune humbles not,
Was written on his brow.
The scars his dark broad bosom wore,
Showed warrior true and brave ;
A prince among his tribe before,
He could not be a slave.

Then to his conqueror he spake—
"My brother is a king :
Undo this necklace from my neck,
And take this bracelet ring,
And send me where my brother reigns,
And I will fill thy hands
With store of ivory from the plains,
And gold dust from the sands."

"Not for thy ivory nor thy gold
Will I unbind thy chain ;
That bloody hand shall never hold
The battle spear again.
A price thy nation never gave,
Shall yet be paid for thee ;
For thou shalt be the Christian's slave,
In lands beyond the sea."

Then wept the warrior chief, and bade
To shred his locks away ;
And, one by one, each heavy braid
Before the victor lay.
Thick were the braided locks and long,
And dilly hidden there
Shone many a wedge of gold among
The dark and crisped hair.

"Look, feast thy greedy eye with gold—
Long kept for sorest need ;
Take it—thou askest sums untold,
And say that I am freed.
Take it—my wife, the long, long day,
Weeps by the cocoa tree,
And my young children leave their play,
And ask in vain for me."

"I take the gold—but I have made
Thy fetters fast and strong,
And ween that by the cocoa shade
Thy wife will wait thee long."
Strong was the agony that shook
The captive's frame to hear,
And the proud meaning of his look
Was changed to mortal fear.

His heart was broken—crazed his brain :
At once his eye grew wild,
He struggled fiercely with his chain,
Whispered, and wept, and smiled ;
Yet wore not long those fatal bands,
And once at shunt of day,
They drew him forth upon the sands,
The foul hyena's prey.

THE POET'S SONG TO HIS WIFE.

By Barry Cornwall.

How many summers, love,
Have I been thine ?
How many days, thou dove,
Hast thou been mine ?
Time, like the winged wind
When it ben't the flowers,
Hath left no mark behind,
To count the hours !

Some weight of thought, though loth,
On thee he leaves ;
Some lines of care round both,
Perhaps he weaves ;
Some fears,—a soft regret
For joys scarce known ;
Sweet looks we half forget ;
All else is flown !

Ah ! with what thankless heart
I mourn and sing,
look where our children start
Like sudden spring ;
With tongues all sweet and low,
Like a pleasant rhyme,
They tell how much I owe
To thee and thine !

ANECDOTES.

"Trifles light as air."

A funny leak all pun.—Two lawyers in a funny on the Thames the other day, had not been long before they found she leaked. "Tom," said, here's a notice to quit." "No," replied the other, "notice of bail, rather I think."

Married and single.—A certain lodging house was very much infested with vermin. A gentleman who slept there one night told the landlady so in the morning, when she said, "La, sir, we have not a single bug in the house." "No ma'am said he, 'they are all married and have large families."

NECESSITY FOR SPECTACLES.

An ignorant fellow seeing several persons with spectacles, went to buy him a pair to enable him to read—He tried several, and told the maker they would not answer, as he could not read with them. Can you read at all? asked the other. No, says he—If I could, do you think I would be such a fool to buy spectacles ?

A certain Parisian preacher was holding forth, not much to the satisfaction of his audience. "He did better last year," observed Santeul, the poet, who was present. A bystander asserted, that "he must be mistaken, for that the present exhibitor had not preached at all the year before." "That is what I mean," answered the poet.

A gentleman turned of fifty, whose nose was formed in all the prodigality of nature, paid his addresses to a very young lady. He enlarged on his own good qualities, his freedom from the levity and inconstancy of youth, but above all, on his exemplary patience; which, he affirmed,

would enable him to bear with the most frivolous and vexatious wife that ever existed. "Sir," replied the lady, "for your good qualities I am perfectly contented to take your own word, That you are free from the levity of youth, I am the more willing to believe, as I see that you are devoid of all its other characteristics. And, as for patience, you must indeed be a perfect Job, to have endured that intolerable nose of yours for more than fifty years."

Two paddies met one morning, one of whom, the night before, had lost his wife; "O, Jammy," says he, "how hard are the dealings of providence towards me, in taking away my *dare* wife by death; yours is left to comfort you—but mine alas! no more!" "Hould, hould," replied Jammy, "don't break your poor hear about that *dare* honey, I'll *soap* even ye now 'an you will."

About three o'clock, on Friday morning last, the inhabitants of Mount street, Southampton, were alarmed by a drunken fellow crying "fire! fire!"—"Where, for God's sake is it? exclaimed a hundred voices at once. "That's exactly what I want: to know," replied the fellow, for my pipe's gone out."

AGENTS FOR THE CASNET.

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