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language and sounds back to him, 'Thou accursed devil! In a word, as a man treats Echo so does Echo treat him.

'Now God is just like the voice of the woods. For it is an unquestioned truth, that as we demean ourselves toward God, so he demeaneth himself toward us.'

In the opinion of our author, and he is not singular in it, prostration is the great foe to piety and repentance:

'And even, silly souls, if you are not cut off by sudden death, but have time to repent given you on your death-bed, still such late repentance seldom availeth much in the sight of God; as Saint Augustine saith, 'The repentance of a sick man, I fear, is generally sickly; that of a dying man, generally dies away. For when thou canst sin no longer, it is not that thou desertest sin, but that sin deserts thee.'

'When Eve let herself be led astray so foolishly by the serpent, God reproved the malice of the enemy with the words: 'Thou shalt bruise the heel of Eve and her seed.'

Why then is it said that the serpent shall bruise man's heel? It is here to be observed, that every thing in the Scripture is not to be taken according to the letter, for if so, almost every man would be a cripple; for the Bible telleth us, 'If thy foot offend thee, cut it off.' But often in such words, the Holy Spirit concealeth the profoundest doctrine. So in this passage, as Lorinus wisely expoundeth it, we are not to understand by the heel, the lower part of the human body, but the last hours of man, which Satan pursueth most earnestly.'

Now for the conclusion:

'There are doubtless but few to be found among you so simple that they cannot count three. And if heaven has been so gracious as to endow you with wit enough to count three and upward, I still hope ye cannot go so far as to count among ye three-times-three, that is nine, I mean those nine, who were cured by the healing hand of Christ, and of whom only one returned to render to the Lord his *Deo Gratias*, while the other nine made off with themselves.'

The pareration runs on in this strain of quaint allusion to some length, but we are admonished that it is time to bring our labors to a close. The candle is flickering away its faint life in uncertain flashes, and the quiet that surrounds us, warns us of like repose. Farewell, then Pater Abraham! Back to thy old abode, in yonder nook of our library, where few will disturb thee, save some prying book-worm like myself. Thy quaint conceits have beguiled us of more than one hour of weariness; nor while we love thee the more for thy fun, do we respect thee less. Thou wert a true apostle of thy Master. The pestilence that ravaged the city, found thee laboring in thy calling, carrying the consolations of religion, and the hope of another life, to those whom all other comfort and hope were denied, as fearlessly as ever stood a soldier of an earthly captain while his comrades were dropping around him. Fare thee well! and may posterity think none the worse of thee, that with thy talents and thy piety were mingled some of the weaknesses of our nature; weaknesses which were but the overflowings of a merry and a kindly spirit. Would that all thy cloth had no other or worse foibles than thy bad jokes, thy cumbrous learning, and thy plethora of wit!—*Knickerbocker*.

### WINTER EVENING.

I like to sit in my study in a winter evening, when the wind blows clear, and the fire burns bright. If I am alone, I sometimes love to muse loosely on a thousand flights of the imagination—to remark the gentle agitations of the flame—to eye the mouse as he listens at his knot-hole, and then runs quick across the hearth—or dwell long on the ringing of the wood, when the heat drives out the sap. I believe that such reverie softens the heart while it relaxes the body, for thus the senses are gratified in miniature. In the fire I have seen the softest colors, and the sweetest and most various undulations, and in the gentle music of the pipes I have heard a melody for fairies. No sense is particularly excited by my silver-grey, silken-footed, and crumpled animal, but perhaps he might teach me a lesson of prudence, not to get out on a journey, until I

had enquired the dangers and difficulties of the way. While I am in this state of lonely musing, I sometimes lapse unknowingly into grief—for my guardians are dead, and my friends are far from me, my years are hastening away, "and evening with its hollow blast murmurs of pleasures never to return." But this state I do not like to indulge, for sorrow grows by musing—I therefore rouse myself from fears that dishearten, to strengthen or exhilarate me—and when I have lighted a cigar, and put on more wood, I track Park to the banks of the Niger, or I mount the walls of Rome with "Bourbon and revenge," and close the evening with an act from Shakespear, the best of poets and the wisest of writers.—*Anthology*.

### END OF THE YEAR.

"Cold winter is coming, and God help the poor,  
—I wish it was going away."

The sentiment of benevolence never appears so fresh and lovely as when, like the fadeless evergreens, it displays its softening power to cheer the rugged and chilling scenes of winter season.

The truly poor are the destitute in cold climates, for to them Nature is, one half the year, at least, an enemy more stern and inexorable than misfortune or Fate of which so many complain.

The close of the year has always been thought a favourable season for reflection on the solemn duties of existence; and it seems reasonable to suppose that people should be better fitted to contemplate seriously, when all around them wore the melancholy aspect of desolation. We have some doubts, however, whether facts would justify this conclusion. The winter brings so many personal wants and real cares, that the minds of most people are engrossed with thoughts of the many things necessary for the body; how to live comfortably through the cold season is the burden of their meditations; and the preparation for death is too gloomy to be voluntarily added to their list of cares. We write not of those whose daily prayer is an earnest breathing for that progress in improvement of mind and heart which is an earnest of immortality. Such there are, and every season is, to them, hallowed by pure and exalting associations. They see the goodness of God in every change of the seasons, in every situation they find themselves; or they feel assured that divine mercy will bring good out of what may, for the time, seem evil. To such the close of the year offers many themes of serious reflection—many themes, too, of thankfulness and joy.

Life, too, for the greater number of the inhabitants of our favoured land, has much to render it desirable. Happiness, or the means of comfort, at least, is dealt to us in bountiful measure, and the opportunities for improvement open such a wide field for the exertion of every faculty of mind and body, that there is no need of any person suffering from *ennui*, that terrible disease of the idle and luxurious. But these privileges of active usefulness bring a correspondent responsibility. Those who do slumber, and allow their talent to lie buried, when it might be so profitably employed, are guilty of a double crime. They sin against light as well as love;—for what American does not feel he has an opportunity of doing such great good as was never before granted to any people! And who can affirm that they have done what they could? Those who can, may with pleasure see the year depart, for they have treasured from its opportunities what will make them rich indeed.

The heart is always made better by hope, and it is no good indication of character when an individual abandons that anchor, even in relation to this life. It seems like a voluntary relinquishment of the privilege of an immortal; for is it not this "Divinity that stirs within us," which revives our strength when oppressed by care and sorrow, encourages us anew to exert our powers, by showing us the glimpses of sunbeams which are still resting on the clouds, and that we may see them brightening more and more if we only go cheerfully forward? We must go, either as victors or victims. Time has no resting place. The old year blends with the new, and the circle is un-

broken. But the circle of human enjoyments is constantly altering, and it is the part of wisdom to form our hearts to an humble acquiescence with the inevitable evils of time, and a cheerful hope that they are but for a season.

### MEDICAL REMARKS ON SNUFF-TAKING.

The secretion of the mucus of the nose is intended by nature to protect the olfactory nerves; hence every artificial method of increasing that discharge is preposterous, unless required by some particular indisposition of the body. Snuff stimulates the mucous membrane of the nose, and, sympathetically, the whole body; by which the mental powers are in a slight degree affected. If used as a medicine only, and on occasions that require such a stimulus, it may be productive of some advantage; but a liquid snuff deserves every preference to a powder, which, though at first stimulating and occasioning a flow of viscid matter, in the end always obstructs the nostrils. And if this stimulus be too violent, it may bring on so profuse a discharge of matter from the delicate membrane lining the nose, as to relax and corrode it, and to produce a polypus, or a concretion of clotted blood in the nostrils.

In several diseases of the head, eyes, and ears, however, the taking of snuff may occasionally supply the place of an artificial issue; though an extravagant use of it will most certainly produce a contrary effect; namely, accumulation of matter in the head, bleeding of the nose, and other complaints. Further, public speakers of every kind, as well as teachers of languages, and, in short, all those to whom a clear and distinct articulation is of consequence, ought to avoid this habit; which when carried to excess, is in this respect extremely prejudicial. Those, too, who have a regard for cleanliness, will not accustom themselves to this hurtful practice. In short, the continual use of snuff gradually vitiates the organs of smell, weakens the faculty of sight by withdrawing the humours from the eyes, impairs the sense of hearing, renders breathing difficult, depraves the palate, and, if taken too freely, falls into the stomach, and, in a high degree, injures the organs of digestion.

Besides the many bad effects already mentioned, taking snuff may be attended with another consequence, equally dangerous to the alimentary canal. While the nose is continually obstructed, and a free respiration is impeded, the habitual snuff-taker generally breathes through the mouth only; he is always obliged to keep his mouth partly open, and consequently to inspire more frequently, and with greater efforts, which is always productive of injury to the system. Hence every person ought to be seriously dissuaded from the use of snuff as well as of tobacco, which, viewed in the most favourable light, are taken only as drams or temporary stimulants; the practices of snuffing and smoking cannot indeed be too suddenly relinquished, as soon as reason prevails over sensual gratification.—*Old Scrap Book*.

**PIOUS WOMEN.**—They are the women who bless, dignify and truly adorn society. The painter, indeed, does not make his fortune by their sitting to him; the jeweller is neither brought into vogue by furnishing them diamonds, nor undone for not being paid for them; the prosperity of the milliner does not depend on affixing their name to a cap, or collar; the poet does not celebrate them; the novelist does not dictate them—but they possess the affection of their husbands, the attachment of their children, the esteem of the wise and good; and, above all, they possess His favour, whom to know is life eternal.

In the earliest ages no metals were used but those found pure, as gold, silver and copper. The smelting of ores was a comparatively late invention, and ascribed both to observations on volcanoes and to the burning of forests.

One million ounces of gold are supposed to be produced annually.

The smell in lime slaking arises from the ascent of particles of the lime, with the aqueous vapour.

## THE LIVING PHANTOM—A TRUE STORY.

BY THE LATE CHARLES LAMB.

When I was a young boy, I had delicate health, and was somewhat of a pensive and contemplative turn of mind: it was my delight, in the long, summer evenings, to slip away from my noisy and more robust companions, that I might walk in the shade of a venerable wood, my favourite haunt, and listen to the cawing of the old rooks, who seemed as fond of this retreat as I was.

One evening I sat later than usual, though the distant sound of the cathedral clock had more than once warned me to my home. There was a stillness in all nature that I was unwilling to disturb by the least motion. From this reverie I was suddenly startled by the sight of a tall, slender female, who was standing by me, looking, sorrowfully and steadily in my face. She was dressed in white, from head to foot, in a fashion that I had never seen before; her garments were unusually long and flowing, and rustled as she glided through the low shrubs near me, as if they were made of the richest silk. My heart beat as if I was dying, and I knew not that I could have stirred from the spot: but she seemed so very mild and beautiful, I did not attempt it. Her pale, brown hair, was braided round her head, but there were some locks that strayed upon her neck; and, altogether, she looked like a lovely picture, but not like a lovely woman. I closed my eyes forcibly with my hands, when I looked again, she had vanished.

I cannot exactly say why I did not, on my return, speak of this beautiful apparance: nor why, with a strange mixture of hope and fear, I went again and again to the same spot, that I might see her. She always came: and often in the storm and plashing rain, that never seemed to touch or to annoy her, and looked sweetly on me, and silently passed on: and though she was so near to me, that once the wind lifted those light, straying locks, and I felt them against my cheek, yet I never could move or speak to her. I fell ill; and when I recovered, my mother closely questioned me of the tall lady, of whom in the height of my fever, I had so often spoken.

I cannot tell you what a weight was taken from my boyish spirits, when I learned that this was no apparition, but a most lovely woman—not young, though she had kept her young looks; for the grief which had broken her heart seemed to have spared her beauty.

When the rebel troops were retreating after their total defeat, in that very wood I was so fond of, a young officer, unable any longer to endure the anguish of his wounds, sunk from his horse, and laid himself down to die. He was found there by the daughter of Sir Henry R—, and conveyed, by a trusty domestic, to her father's mansion. Sir Henry was a loyalist: but the officer's desperate condition excited his compassion, and his many wounds spoke a language a brave man could not misunderstand. Sir Henry's daughter, with many tears, pleaded for him, and promised that he should be carefully and secretly attended. And well she kept that promise: for she waited upon him (her mother being long dead) for many weeks, and anxiously watched for the opening of eyes, that, languid as he was, looked bright and gratefully upon his young nurse.

You may fancy, better than I can tell you, as he slowly recovered, all the moments that were spent in reading, and low-voiced singing, and gentle playing on the lute; and how many fresh flowers were brought to one, whose wounded limbs would not bear him to gather them for him; and how calmly the days glided on in the blessedness of returning health, and in that sweet silence so carefully enjoined him. I will pass by this, to speak of one day, which brighter and pleasanter than others, did not seem more bright or more lovely than the looks of the young maiden, as she gaily spoke of "a little festival, which (though it must bear an unworthier name) she meant really to give in honour of her guest's recovery." "And it is time, lady," said he, "for that guest, so tended and so honoured, to tell you his whole story, and speak to you of one who will help him to thank you: may I ask you, fair lady, to write a little billet for me, which, even in these times of danger, I may find some means to forward."

To his mother, no doubt, she thought, as, with light steps and a lighter heart, she seated herself by his couch, and smilingly bade him dictate: but, when he said, "My dear wife," and lifted up his eyes to be asked for more, he saw before him a pale statue, that gave him no look of utter despair, and fell, for he had no power to help her, heavily at his feet. Those eyes never truly reflected the pure soul again, or answered, by answering looks, the fond inquiries of her poor old father. She used to be as I saw her, sweet and gentle, and delicate always; but reason returned no more. She visited, till the day of her death, the spot where she first saw the young soldier, and dressed herself in the very clothes that he said so well became her:

## TRIUMPHS OF THE SPEL.

Our contemplations of victory in human war are always connected, in the philanthropic mind with many causes of sorrow. There are some occasions the history of human conflict on which we may look with a measure of complacency, regarding the results for which they sometimes are overruled. As, for example, when the genius of Liberty rising triumphant from the wreckage of the battle, goes forth to scatter her blessings on a renovated and emancipated people. And yet, in the highest and best form of manifestation, how much is there from which an enlightened and sensible spirit must revolt! Yes, let human victory come in what form she will, she comes with garments rolled in blood; her attendants—the troops and warriors—in her train are the unnumbered spectators of the murdered, whose life-stream she has spilt. Music may sound its notes of enchantment, rendering our passions high, and the exciting and inspiring us with the very spirit of the field; painting may spread its canvass, and bring home to every sense the hottest of the battle, with all the deeds of carnage and forms of renown; poetry may wield its magic numbers and employ all the powers of language of imagination to commemorate, to eulogize, and adorn; and religion may lend and prostrate her knees, and mock thanksgivings may ascend in metropolitan temples to that God before whom Cherubim and Seraphim continually do cry—but these constitute only a pall spread over agony and wretchedness, designed to hide what, were it revealed, would exhibit wars and conquerors well nigh in the light of fiends, and drive the heart into contemplation, and there the glory should be the sepulchre, and there the only banner should be the shroud.

Turn from this, and contemplate the victory which Christianity aspires to achieve—victory which would elevate the subjects of Satan from the thralldom of Satan to the liberty of the children of God—a victory, which will clothe the universe again in the attributes of peace, and more than primoval bring an innumerable multitude of spirits, each one more precious than all the stars that stud the firmament of the sky, to stand in the uniting of glory and of immortality, where there are pleasures for evermore—there to sing the anthem of everlasting praise—"Salvation unto God and unto the Lamb." Oh! look, indeed, with joy, in contemplating the victory which Christianity is to accomplish. While we are not after the flesh, and while we pass by with abhorrence the crimes of human conflict, we would urge you to take part, in conducting onward this high achievement, the result of which will be to give you—

"The joy of seeing a smiling world."

James Parsons.

HAPPINESS.—A recipe for happiness is offered in the following. We'll not promise that it will succeed, but it would be well for every one to try it and report the result. "We are after three things—honour, riches and repose. He who lives retired from the world, gains honour; he who is contented with what he has, is rich; he who despises the world and does not occupy himself with it, will find repose."

GENUINE ELOQUENCE.—Leitch, in his "Travels in Ireland," says—"In my morning rambles, a man sitting on the ground, leaning his back against the wall, attracted my attention by a look of squalor in his appearance, which I had rarely before observed, even in Ireland. His clothes were ragged, to indecency—a very common circumstance, however, with the males—and his face was pale and sickly. He did not address me, and I passed by; but, having gone a few paces, my heart smote me and I turned back. "If you are in want," said I, with some degree of peevishness, "why do you not beg?" "Sure, it's begging I am," was the reply. "You did not utter a word." "No! is it joking you are with me, sir? Look there!" holding up the tattered remnant of what had once been a coat; "do you see how the skin is speaking through the holes in my trousers, and the bones creeping out through my skin? Look at my sunken cheeks, and the famine that's staring in my eyes! Man alive! isn't it begging I am, with a hundred tongues?"

SOLITUDE.—This subject has more sound than substance, the man who retires from the busy scenes of life, and the woman from the domestic concerns thereof, to become more devotional for its remaining period, will soon discover that the worship of that God whose wakeful and watchful eye retire not from the daily and nightly care of his wide spread creation, requires not the aid of idleness, and shows his disapprobation of the act, by leaving the mind of the idle subject to confusion, and dull vacuity—a curse to itself, and no blessing to the world. Man was made for social life, and when he ceases to find his happiness in contributing his portion to the general good, and by his example of raising and improving his fellow men, he becomes like the fish, which to relieve itself from company, should leave its native element, and perish in the change.

MOTHERS.—Oh! women, if you could only see one of the miracles promised to maternal influence, with what noble pride would you enter upon that career which has so generously opened future ages to our endeavours! That which is not in the power of any monarch or any nation to accomplish, it is given to your will to execute. You alone can unite the scattered flock, and give it one common impulse. That which I have not been able to trace on this cold paper, you can engrave on the hearts of a whole people. I offer to you a feeble image of the truth, and you can bequeath the truth itself to the whole world. When, in our public walks and gardens, I see on all sides the noisy crowds of children diverting themselves with the sports suitable to their age, my heart trembles with joy at the thought that they yet belong to you. Let each devote herself to the happiness of her own children, for in such individual happiness God has placed the promise of general happiness.—Young girls, young wives, tender mothers; it lies in you, much more than it lies in the law of a legislature, to confirm the future destiny of Europe, and the destiny of mankind!—*Aime Martin.*

TRUTHS.—Many a truth is like a wolf which is held by the ears—afraid to let it escape, and yet scarcely able to retain it. And why should we let it go, if it be likely to worry or annoy our neighbour? To promulgate truth with a malicious intent, is worse than to infringe it with a benevolent one, inasmuch as a pleasant deception is often better than a painful reality. It was a saying of the selfish Fontenelle, that if he held the most important truth, like a bird in his hand, he would sooner crush it than let it go. Lessing, the German, on the contrary, found such a delight in the investigation of truth, that he professed his readiness to make over all claim as to its discoverer, provided he might still be allowed to pursue it. Nor can we wonder at his holy ardour; for, to follow truth to its source, is to stand at the footstool of God.

Employment is an universal specific; a concealed cure, from which the patient derives beneficial effects without the formality of a prescription, or the consciousness that he is healing himself.

From the Forget-me-not.

THE OLD GENTLEMAN'S PENCIL.

BY T. E. WILKS, ESQ.

Concluded from our last.

Arrived at the palazzo, the Count Aldini was ushered into a splendidly furnished saloon, where the Marchese, a man of haughty bearing, rose to receive his distinguished guest. Talent in Italy is a sure admission to the circles of rank and fashion; it was honour to be known to the painter Ernest, and the Marchese greeted his presence with respect. Servitors brought in chocolate, and the Marchese proposed to while away an hour in play. Ernest willingly consented, and, in a few moments, the magic dice were substituted for those produced. Well performed they the work marked out for them! Swiftly passed the ruddy gold from the agitated Marchese to his fortunate antagonist, and at length the sum he had lost became frightfully large.

"Sir Count, you are lucky; that last stake was of some magnitude—let us double it and try again," and a faint, sickly, smile played over his features; he intended the smile to be of mirth—it was of agony.

"Agreed."

The nobleman rattled the dice and threw: the painter won.

"Confusion!"

"Will your excellenza try once more?"

"No, Sir Ernest; we will settle accounts."

"As your excellenza pleases."

The Marchese paced the room hurriedly for a few moments and then turned to Ernest.

"I know not by what means it is, Count, that I have thus lost my usual good fortune: surely I owe you a sum, the extent of which renders present payment impossible."

Had the Marchese been stretched upon the rack, he could scarcely have suffered more than he did at that moment from wounded pride. Ernest, who was not made for a villain, hardly suffered less; he hastened to reply.

"My noble patron, say not another word"—he paused then "there is one condition on which I swear never again to mention this hateful subject, never to demand the sum which chance"—he shuddered—"has won for me!"

"A condition?" said the Florentine; "name it."

"Give me your daughter for a bride—so that fair and beautiful lady to become the Countess Aldini."

"How! Sir painter, are you mad?"

"No, Marchese, nor ask I any unreasonable condition. I shall not be the first whose talents"—he shuddered again—"have procured him a noble bride. What say ye?"

The Marchese resumed his hurried walk to and fro for a short period, then turned and grasped the hand of Ernest.

"She is thine!" He left the room.

"Joy! Joy!" exclaimed the artist; "she will be mine!—she will obey her father's behest, and the dread crime of murder will be spared me."

A half stifled laugh reached his wondering ear—he hastily turned, and there, close at his elbow, stood—the old gentleman!

"What a whistry!" said the latter, in his calm, unmoved voice. "If necessary, you have resolved to commit this deed; but if you find you can accomplish your purpose without doing so, why then you felicitate yourself on its non-performance, and I suppose deem yourself as innocent as though you had never dreamed of the crime. This is a sophistry of my own peculiar invention, and I can assure you it is much encouraged and admired by some of my pupils, to whom I recommend it as sound logic; you it is unnecessary to deceive in that way, and I will tell you why." The old gentleman paused and refreshed himself, after this long speech, with a very ample pinch of snuff. Then he resumed thus:

"The fact is, that in this case you are too early with your self-congratulations; the deed, as I told you, must be done. Aloysia will apparently consent to marry you, but it will be more outward seeming; she has agreed to elope this very night from Florence with Antonio. As I passed

through the garden just now, I heard the proposal made and agreed to."

"You heard it made?"

"Yes; in fact, to speak truth, I told Antonio to propose it."

"You and is this your friendship for me?"

"Friendship!" said the old gentleman; and then he smiled, "when he took another pinch of snuff—"recollect I must attend to my own interest."

I suspect that there are a great many in the world, like the old gentleman, very willing to befriend another as long as it agrees with their own interest or gratifies their innate love of ostentation, but equally willing to sacrifice their friendship the moment that his welfare interferes with their own self desires.

"Do as I buy," said Ernest's elderly acquaintance; "in a few mins Antonio will be here. Remember, the entire success of our wishes depends upon his drinking the contents of this phial."

The old gentleman walked away, and Ernest felt relieved by his absence.

"It must be so," murmured Ernest mentally; "I never can live to her the bride of another."

The folding door back, and the Marchese re-entered, leading by the hand the fair cause of our painter's solicitude and crime. She indeed very beautiful, but the fiend, Care, had already throned himself on her marble forehead. I wonder whether there is a single brow in the world entirely destitute of care.

"Count Aldini," said the Marchese, "my daughter accepts your proffered alliance."

"Signora," eagerly exclaimed Ernest, "accept my warmest thanks for your kind approval—my future life shall show—"

"Hold, Signor!" interrupted the lady—and although her increasing paleness proved her deep agitation, her voice faltered not in the least. "It is but just I should inform you that though become your wife to shield my father from dishonour—Signor, I know all—" Ernest blushed for very shame my heart is in the keeping of—of—another."

The heart of Ernest stole him; but the sensation quickly subsided, for the gentleman whispered in his ear, "She but deceives you and has resolved to fly this night with Antonio." Ernest smiled inwardly, advanced, and took her hand.

"Fair Signora, I fear not that my constant love will eventually win for me in return that precious boon—thine own."

He seated himself on a sofa by the side of the Signora, and servitors brought wine whilst in ill digested and hurried words he sought to convince the fair one of his love. Little, however, needed he his disjointed sentences or honeyed language; her thoughts were evidently away from him; her eyes were fixed on the door which led to the gardens of the palazzo. Suddenly her cheek flushed and paled again. Ernest followed her glance—her lover, the young Antonio, had entered the saloon.

"The opportunity is at hand—see you miss it not; 'twill secure the girl: Antonio goes, you will possess the love she now gives to him," whispered the gentleman with the black rappee and excited Scotch.

The Marchese rose from the couch on which he had been reclining, and advanced toward Antonio with the air of a man who has some pleasant duty to perform, somewhat to enact of which he would willingly rid himself, yet knows not how. There was a moment's pause, and then he spoke.

"Antonio, you are well aware that I have long destined my daughter to become your bride—I have been compelled, however unwillingly, to rescind that determination; I have given her to Count Aldini. You are agitated. I do not expect you to be so great and so sudden a privation unmoved; but least exhibit that degree of command over your feelings which belongs to man. Here is no other alternative—look upon her already as his bride, for to-morrow he loses her such."—Ernest felt his cheeks glow with rapture—"this I have

promised; he, in return, resigns a mighty power over me which chance"—he shuddered at the recollection, Ernest did the same at the same thing—"had bestowed upon him."

"Now, now," murmured the painter's elbow-councillor, "bid him drink with you." Ernest rose.

"Signor Antonio," he said, "I cannot disguise from myself that you rather than I would have been the choice of the Signora Aloysia; still I cannot consent to resign her and thus compromise my own happiness, but, when once united to the lady of my love, I will spare nothing to make thee amends. Let us, in token of our amity, drink from each other's goblets!" The fatal draught he had already mingled with the sparkling wine—and now his intended victim, coldly bowing, received it from his hand.

"Capital! capital!" muttered his invisible monitor and Ernest heard him tap the lid of his snuff-box with evident glee.

"Drink, drink to your rival," cried the Marchese. "Tis vain to murmur, Antonio, the decree is gone forth, and we have nought to do but to submit. Yet oh! remember, Antonio, 'twas necessity, not choice, which bade me act as I have done. Were I to wed my child to thee, poverty would be her portion—dishonour, mine."

"Marchese," gasped Antonio, "you have conquered. From earliest youth you have been my friend—my patron—and I will not now deceive you; Aloysia and myself had planned to elope this night together. Take this confession as it is meant: I now abandon the design; I crave your pardon for once entertaining it; it was a suggestion, solely, from the Evil One." Ernest shuddered, and mentally agreed with him. "No, Marchese, I would not purchase my soul's idol at the price of her father's dishonour."

"Antonio," said Aloysia, firmly, "you have acted well, but I am as incapable of deceit as yourself, and when I gave my consent to become the Count Aldini's bride, I confessed and abandoned our last project."

"The moment of triumph approaches," whispered the old gentleman. "I need not stay any longer, I can see, so good by—and when the warm and passionate kisses of your beautiful bride excite your soul to rapture, remember with gratitude the donor of the pencil." A slight rustling noise reached the ear of Ernest, and then he felt as though a weight was removed from his brain and from his heart, and the scene enacting before him engrossed his mind.

"How nobly have these people acted!" he mentally muttered—"how paltry a part have I played! and see—see—the old Marchese has grasped the hand of Antonio; and now he blesses him, while Aloysia mutely stands prepared to sacrifice herself to save her parent! And is it I—Ernest Hartmann—is it I, indeed, who am the cause of all this misery? Am I a demon? Does this pencil render those who possess it fiends? Ha! there is murder doing—he takes the poisoned cup—he bows around—he raises it to his lips—one moment and I am lost, or, perhaps saved! He is it too late! bold! drink not! you must not drink!" he shouted. He rushed forward—he sought to snatch the goblet from the hands of Antonio; and then exhausted with the mental struggle, half sank upon a couch. All was astonishment!

"How, Signor? sternly inquired the Marchese, "what does this strange conduct mean? What charge thee tell me, what is in the cup?"

"Have we assassins here?" cried Antonio.

"Assassins!" said Ernest, as he rose feebly, and remembered the necessity of warding off suspicion. "No, no—'twas but a sudden phantasy that oppressed me."

"A weak subterfuge! Now I remember me, this is thy cup; prove thy innocence, which now we question, by drinking its contents thyself;" and, as he spoke, Antonio tendered the goblet.

"So, so," muttered the old gentleman, "you have made a clever piece of business of this during my momentary absence. You must now drink yourself to escape suspicion, nay, even to avoid an ignominious

death. Drink, man, drink; the pencil will save you from the effects of the poison."

Ernest looked wildly around—none were present save the Marchese, who eyed him with a look of mingled astonishment and horror; Antonio, who stood before him like an avenging spirit; and Aloysia, who covering her face with her hands, sought to shut out the strange and eventful scene.

"Drink, drink, drink," whispered his ancient friend.

Ernest took the goblet from the hands of Antonio with a sort of calmness which the presence of every violent emotion will sometimes induce; raising it he exclaimed, "Health to my beautiful bride!" and he drained it to the dregs.

"Pardon me, Count," said the Marchese; "your present action obliterates all false suspicion."

"I hope to rise yet further in your esteem," cried Ernest, and he rushed from the saloon. The artist hurried home, sought his studio, fastened the door, and abandoned himself to reflection. Ernest Hartmann was a very different being from the Count Aldini, who had left that apartment some few hours before.

In his agitation, Ernest had not noticed an individual who sat at the extreme end of the studio; but that person, having allowed him a few minutes to compose himself, now addressed him, and the words were delivered in the well known tones of the old gentleman.

"Well, Signor, you perceive the correctness of my anticipations. I told you that nothing but Antonio's drinking the contents of that phial could accomplish your purpose."

Ernest had started with horror at the voice, and now gazed, with ill-concealed detestation, upon the person of the old gentleman.

"That purpose," he replied in a hollow tone, "is abandoned."

"Indeed! I presumed so. How like ye the wine"—with a sneer—"prepared for your rival?"

"Was it not poison?"

"It was."

"Cannot you counteract the effect of the draught, or must I die?"

"The pencil will assist you," said the old gentleman; and then he took a pinch of snuff, and, taking the instrument from the willing hands of Ernest, he once more unscrewed it, and from the tube with a produced a phial similar in all respects to that which he had already shown him. "It is not yet too late to retrieve your folly; here is a similar draught—administer it to some other individual—Antonio, or whom else ye please—and the act of his drinking will release you from the penalty you thus entail upon another."

"Never!"

The old gentleman laughed. "Chuse ye then to die?"

"Can nothing save me?"

"Nothing but what I have said. Deliberate and resolve wisely: the poison will not effect its work for a week to come. During that period, torments will distract you—agues will shake your limbs—cramps will contract, with fearful agony, your sinews; your spring of life will be dried up, and when the sun of the seventh day ceases to brighten the western sky, you will sink, a being fearful to look at, into a state of everlasting torment."

Ernest groaned.

The old gentleman laughed, and then resumed:—"Should you change your present determination and prefer pleasure to pain, ease to torment, health to sickness, life to death, only express your willingness to consign another to similar suffering; and, whether you mutter it to the gloom of midnight, or to the sunshine of noon—whether you tell it to the roar of ocean, or to the winds of heaven—I shall hear you."

Ernest shuddered. "I will not buy my life at so fearful a price."

"Why not, what have you to lose? You possess a gift from me—nay, every thing you possess is a gift from me—and while you accept my bounty"—the old gentleman laughed—"you are bound to me."

Ernest half screamed with horror; the gentleman with the white and venerable-looking locks took another pinch of black rappee and scented Scotch.

"Monster! you deceive me!"

"Time will show," said his ancient friend. "Farewell, and ponder on my words." He bowed courteously and departed.

"Idiot that I was," exclaimed the wretched artist, "to accept a gift from such a personage! Now do I pay a penalty severe indeed!" He turned a look of frantic horror on the fatal pencil. "Thou cause of all my misery," he said, "would to Heaven I had never beheld thee! but now that wish is worse than useless; that prayer must be prayed in vain. All now left me is to meet my terrible fate with manly fortitude."

Embossed amid one of those extensive and picturesque ranges of mountains which furnish forth such wild and romantic legends to the inhabitants of Germany, stood the small but beautiful village of Braunfels. Its imperious chieftain, envious of the happiness which he could not, with all his dear-bought luxuries, obtain, pressed the honest tiller of the soil; but, defended by good, yet powerful, master, the villagers lived on increasing every year in rustic wealth and prosperity.

From the high road, a narrow and somewhat intricate path leads to the hamlet just mentioned, and along this devious bridle-way, about a week after the past occurrence, rode a solitary traveller, pale with fatigue and illness, meanly clad and sorrowfully mounted. It was the painter, Ernest, who, with his bright hopes unmarred, his gay anticipations cooled to despair, his prosperity gone, his very life precarious—hurried back to his native village, there to expiate with death his errors.

The sun was sinking rapidly and in all gorgeous magnificence—Ernest gazed toward the darting luminary. "Another hour, and what shall I have come. Well, well, as far as human power admits, I have atoned for my errors. By this time, Antonio—instead of filling a loathsome grave—is happy with the object his love; Aloysia is blest, and her parent joyful. They ask me dead—my hated treasure is their's, and, though gained by me, will surely lose its venom in virtuous hands. See, the sun sinks apace; already his beams but the mountain's top; the mists gather fast in the dells; the bark of the watch-dogs announces the retreating flocks, and the casement of each cottage in the hamlet below me is lit by the cheerful evening fire within!" He was on a shelving path, which projected from a steep cliff; on his right was an unfathomable abyss, whence, from some great depth below, the sound of subterranean waters would occasionally catch the ear of the ascended traveller. Suddenly he stopped, put his hand within his girdle, and drew forth the pencil. "What vents me," he gloomily cried, "from dashing this fatal staff far from me? I promised, indeed, neither to sell it nor give it away, but now I cast it from me, and to the old beneath me throw the accursed charm!" He hurled it from him, and down it went to an incalculable depth.

The spirits of Ernest rose; his very horse seemed lightened of his burden, and, trotting on, the distance to Braunfels rapidly diminished.

After passing this dangerous path, the road to the village was but brief; the first house was one devoted to entertainment, and, at that time, mine host of the Golden Eagle was alike celebrated for the goodness of his wine, and the devoted affect with which he himself regarded it. Some little distance beyond stood the ancient church dedicated to the Lady of Braunfels, which moreover contained the maiden effort of our unfortunate painter.

Ernest, to whom the surrounding scenery was well known, hurried on; but, as he passed the Golden Eagle, the well remembered voice of the jolly landlord arrested his progress.

"Pause ye, sir, pause ye."

Ernest reined his horse, and turned somewhat impatiently. "Nay, now, what would ye?"

"Marry, just this much (hiccup), few pass this house

without tasting the wine (hiccup); but nevertheless that (hiccup); is your name Ernest.

"Ernest! Ha! it is."

"Then I have to give you," producing a small packet. Ernest tore away the outer covering, and lo! the pencil presented itself. He shuddered.

"Where got ye this?" he inquired.

"Marry, why thou knowest best; thy friend, an old gentleman, left it here some five minutes back, and told me to tell thee something (hiccup), but I forget what, about not escaping him. I'm waxing old and forgetful (hiccup); he drank some wine, and commended it mightily, and told me to drink plentifully, and so I will (hiccup)." The toper staggered away, and Ernest rode on. "Yes," he said, "'tis plain the foul fiend has

a firm hold of me, and will not easily resign his victim." He looked upwards the sun had set. "My very minutes

are numbered—ah! here is the church where so oft I have prayed for wealth and eminence; well have my prayers been granted. I will at least terminate my career in a hallowed fane—at least give my last thoughts to Heaven." He dismounted with difficulty—his limbs already stiffening—he unclosed the door and entered; yet, ere he did so, once more with loathing and disgust he hurled from him the pencil.

All within was silent, all dark, save where a solitary lamp burned by the altar. He paced slowly and with pain up the aisle, and knelt with lowliness, not only of body but of mind, before the high altar. There was his own identical painting, representing, in glowing colours, St. Michael destroying the Serpent of Evil; and, as he gazed upon it, thoughts of the days of happy boyhood thrilled his heart, and he grieved with them anguish and despair. Then did the words of prayer spring from his whitening lips—the tear of penitence from his dim and closing eye. Anon, his mind became confused; visions of horror distracted him; frightful cries rang in his ears; and every sense seemed teeming with that which to it was most abhorrent. Then did he fancy, in an interval of his tortures, that the head of the serpent in the picture before him resembled that of the old gentleman—his features distorted with disappointed malice. Then again came agony, then darkness, and then insensibility.

Gaily shone the summer sun which lit the young and beautiful Elsi to that church on the morning. She went to pray for the speedy return of her long-lost, lover—and lo! there he lay, apparently dead, on the steps of the altar! Elsi screamed with surprise and dread—and that shriek seemed to arouse him, for the colour revisited his pallid cheek—his eyelids unclosed, and he gazed around in listless languor. The sight of Elsi excited his dormant mind—he sprang up, and she rushed in his arms.

"Dearest Ernest, how I have longed for your return!"

"Is this fact, Elsi?"

"Can you doubt it?" reproachfully.

"But Johann—he—he loved you."

"No, no, 'twas my sister; he is married to her. O, Ernest, how glad am I to see you again! My father has given his consent to our union, and your uncle, the miser, who lived amid the hills, is dead, and has left his flocks to you. But say, Ernest, are you ill? or, perhaps,"—and the tears started—"perhaps some other maiden has won your heart."

"No, no, my Elsi; 'tis you, and you only, I love. But come, I have had some dangerous adventures; let us thank protecting powers for my present safety and happiness." And so together they knelt before the high altar of our Lady of Braunfels.

What a pity it is that there are so many in the world who, unlike Ernest Hartmann, receive the greatest possible benefits, without any return of gratitude or even of thanks!

The pencil was never again seen by our painter—but, whenever the rich and happy farmer, Ernest, heard of any one rising to eminence, whose intrinsic merits and talents did not justify such exaltation, he would ominously shake his head and trutter to himself, "Heaven help him! he has got the Old Gentleman's Pencil!"

## ADVERTISEMENT.

To Merchants, Ship Masters, and others,—the Friends of Seamen.

THE approach of a New Year is generally esteemed a call to increased exertion in any good-work: and is esteemed, therefore, an appropriate period for soliciting interest to an object which has for some time past occupied a share of my attention. From within a short period of my coming to this town, from what I had understood of its commercial and at the same time benevolent character, I was surprized to find that there was not in its port, a Bethel-Chapel; or any place of worship appropriated to the convenience of Seamen. Considering how largely, and how universally, society is indebted to this adventurous and useful class, exertions and sacrifices, even if considerable, ought to be made on their behalf. I have no doubt of this position being admitted, and even forming a settled conviction in the minds of most persons, of those addressed: but it may not have occurred in what way to provide a remedy; seeing it would require a disengaged preacher, a chapel, &c. This difficulty I should be happy to diminish, so far as to render the object practicable: and am therefore induced to offer my services gratuitously, as a morning,—or a morning and evening preacher, to the sailors that frequent this Port: provided, I am free of cost to myself, enjoy the liberty of using in this service, some room or store in or near Water Street, which with a desk, a stove, a few lights, and seats if convenient, and a Bethel Flag, would form a sufficient provision for the purpose. Respecting the contingent expenses attending the prosecution of the work, a very trifling deposit or subscription on the part of its friends, would liquidate them: and I would engage to produce in the public prints, an annual statement of receipts and disbursements; and would propose, that the overplus should be applied to the purchase of tracts and Testaments, to distribute among the seamen which needed them. Ultimately, no doubt, if this necessary work is begun, and carried on well in time, a Floating Bethel Chapel might be obtained, and kept in the harbour to fulfil the design more completely, as in London, Liverpool and many other ports. Respecting the kind of instructions intended to be conveyed to this interesting class, I would wish to give every assurance that it should be plain and scriptural, in accordance with the formularies of the Church of England, and conducive to loyalty to our Gracious Sovereign the Queen; to regular subordination, and the strict performance of their duty, agreeable to the memorable saying of the immortalized Nelson.

I feel confident that to the Gentlemen of Halifax concerned, this application will not be made in vain: but will issue in the institution of a regular and permanent means of grace, for the weather-beaten seamen who visit this port. That when he has seen God's wonders in the deep, and again weathered the perils of the ocean, in this haven, he may find a Bethel to be to him the house of God, and the gate of Heaven; and may hence imbibe principles and directions from the Scriptures of Truth, which shall be to him a chart through the voyage of life, and a compass in the dark season of sorrow,—which shall give him victory in death, and finally obtain for his vessel a secure anchorage in the promised and hoped for haven of eternal rest. Pity 'tis that it should be otherwise, after so laborious and tempestuous a life on earth!

Gentlemen,

Your most Obedient Servant,  
WM. F. TEULON.

N. B. I shall be happy to attend to communications from any Gentleman respecting this object, and am prepared to enter on the duty, as soon as the required accommodation is provided. The Editors of the News, severally, are respectfully requested to reprint this Address.  
Halifax, December 30, 1837.

## THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, DECEMBER 30, 1837.

CLOSE OF THE VOLUME. Our present number concludes the first volume of the PEARL. For the thirtieth time we have renewed our weekly converse with our friends and subscribers. That our visits have always found them elated with joy, we do not suppose. In a world where

Life might sooner fail  
Than cause to sigh,

the revolution of seven months brings with it disappointment and death. With the sorrowful we are sorrowed—with the mirthful we have laughed and rejoiced, while we have endeavoured to impress on the light or solid, calculated to extort a smile from the extra-tear—to soothe the distressed or moderate the loss of the joyous, according to the varied circum-

stances of our readers. Differing so widely as do the tastes and views of individuals, with many we may have been considered too gay and cheerful, while others of an opposite temperament may have thought us too dull and gloomy. Still we hope and believe that all classes of persons have found in our pages a goodly number of pieces of interest and importance. Eschewing politics and polemics our limited sheet will be found to contain a large quantity of valuable reading, literary, scientific and religious. Our index to the present volume, which will shortly be published, will amply demonstrate this. Not a few persons, we conceive, will wonder to find so extensive a fund of amusements and instruction in thirty numbers of the Pearl in its present compact and condensed form.

But was a little good friends and as the learned Showman at the fair said, 'you shall see what you shall see.' With a new head-dress and in garments superb and white-flowing, I shall pay you the compliments of a new year. A merry Christmas, it is hoped, has been already enjoyed—and new-year we shall wish you a happy new year. Till then, I merely state that we have had the paper-mill in operation and the type-foundry ransacked to please the tastes and gratify the wishes of our subscribers. And now gentlemen, we and the year 1837 bid you farewell.

## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

## MARTIAL LAW.

OFFICE THE SECRETARY OF THE PROVINCE.

Quebec, 5th December, 1837.

His Excellency the Governor in chief has been pleased to authorize and command, by Royal Commission, Lt. General Sir John Colborne, K. C. B., G. C. H., Commanding His Majesty's Forces in this Province, to execute MARTIAL LAW, in the District of Montreal, and to punish persons acting, aiding, or in any manner assisting in the conspiracy and Rebellion which now exists within the said District, according to MARTIAL LAW, either by day or otherwise, for the suppression and punishment of Rebels in the said District.

MONTREAL, December 8.

The arrival of the *Princess Victoria*, this morning has brought us the following important intelligence from St. Johns, of a dead victory over the rebels near Missisquoi Bay.

On Wednesday evening, as the rebels under the command of the late Gagnon, were returning from Swanton whither they had been for the purpose of procuring arms, they were attacked by a party of the Missisquoi Bay. The result of the attack was the complete defeat of the rebels. Gagnon, with four or five others, were killed. Seven or eight men were taken prisoners, together with two pieces of the brass cannon, 40 stand of arms, and two wagons with baggage, provisions, and four casks of powder. The Volunteers, had but one hour previous to the attack received their arms. They did not wait for the proper distribution of them, but broke open cases and immediately went out to meet the rebels. An express reached St. Johns with letters from the Hon. R. Jones stating the above facts, at six o'clock last evening.

We have Bermuda News by the *Velocity* to the 28th ult. Her Majesty's Ship *Cornwallis* had sailed for Barbados, to bring the 65th Regiment to Halifax, if it can be spared from that command; if not, we understand, she was to proceed to Jamaica and convey the 56th Regt. hither.—The 65th, at the present accounts, was momentarily expected to be relieved by the 70th from Malta—the 56th by the 69th from Gibraltar. The *Wanderer* has the Commander in Chief's Flag—H. M. S. *Pearl* was looked for at West Indies.

By the *Neptune*, which arrived on Sunday, we received New-York papers to the 15th inst. and Boston to the 16th, but have been favored with others of later dates from the Exchange Reading Room.

In Upper Canada, as well as the Lower Province radicalism has terminated in open rebellion against Her Majesty's Government. About 2000 men, under the notorious *William Lyon Mackenzie*, advanced to within two or three miles of Toronto. Joyful inhabitants and those of the villages in its vicinity soon rallied around their National Standard, and were put out against the Rebels by His Excellency Sir F. B. LAD—some few of them were killed, others wounded, and the remainder fled. His Excellency subsequently offered large rewards for the apprehension of Mackenzie and some other of the traitors. Mackenzie, however, had fled to Buffalo, where

he was received with open arms by the Americans. On his return to Toronto His Excellency had the gratification of finding that a strong additional Militia Force had arrived to his aid from various quarters.—*H. Gazette.*

A Letter from Montreal of Dec. 13, says—The Troops are now on their march—The 89th Regt. and the Rocket Brigade have just passed—They will proceed to St. Martins to night, and start from thence to-morrow morning.—The Papers of Papineau, which have been seized, are said to implicate deeply Mr. Joseph Hume and Mr. Roebuck. The Letters of the former are all tackled on his own hand, to be, and not to be, made public. It is said they recommend the very line of proceedings which have taken place, and that they are highly treasonable. However they will be sent home, and the matter will not be so easily hushed up. Should the assertions prove true, Hume and Roebuck will have to answer to the people of England.—Dr. Woolfred Nelson is taken, and expected here to-day.

New-York, Dec. 19.

The *St. Albans Messenger* says, "a Gentleman of this Village arrived in Town on Monday afternoon, direct from Yamaska. He says that he saw a Gentleman at St. Césaire, direct from Montreal, who informed him that on Friday last, twenty of the Prisoners who had been arrested on the charge of high treason were arraigned before the Court Martial at Montreal, and that eleven of the number were condemned to be shot at 4 o'clock in the afternoon of that day.

The following Letter is from the *Buffalo Journal* of the 11th:—

To the Editors of the *Buffalo Whig and Journal*.  
SIR—The Reformers of this part of Upper Canada have taken arms in defence of the principle of independence of European domination: in plain words, they wish this Province to be a free, sovereign and independent State. They request all the assistance and skill which the free citizens of your Republic may choose to afford. I address this Letter to your Office, because you have expressed a friendly wish towards us in the *Buffalo Whig*. We are in arms near the city of Toronto two and a half miles distant.

Your faithful Servant

W. L. MACKENZIE, Yonge Street, Dec. 6.

American Editors will be pleased to copy this Letter, whether they are, or are not, in favor of Canadian Freedom.  
—W. L. M.

Accounts received at Oswego from Toronto, as late as the 12th inst. state that Messrs. Leslie are in jail—the *Mc Kays* and some others liberated on bail—the city a barrack, and business at a stand.

A Letter from Queenston, of the 10th, says—the loss of lives at Toronto was only 6—4 patriots and two Royalists.

Meetings have been held at Swanton, Oswego, and Buffalo, in favor of the Canadian Rebels.

KINGSTON, U. C. Dec. 9.

We regret to learn that several Gentlemen have fallen into the hands of the Rebels. It appears that on Monday evening a party of six or eight Gentlemen rode out on Yonge Street for the purpose of reconnoitering, when unfortunately some of them were taken prisoners, viz—Mr. Bellingham, Mr. Brock, and Mr. Archibald Macdonnell. The history of Mr. Macdonnell's capture (says the Patriot) is thus related. He was in company with John Powell, Esq. when they were both stopped by four on horseback, one being Mackenzie, with "who goes there," and were ordered to surrender on pain of being instantly shot dead. One of them drew a pistol and presented it at Mr. Powell, who instantly shot the rascal dead on the spot.—Mackenzie then snapped a pistol in Mr. Powell's face, and Powell presented another at him, which actually touched him, but unfortunately missed fire.—Powell then spurred his horse toward a wood, slipped off, and escaped with the loss of his horse and is now here.

Col. Wells and his family, Col. Cameron and his son and Captain Stewart, are among the prisoners.

His Excellency (says the Patriot) with the humanity of becoming a brave British Officer, and the Representative of Her Majesty, requested Drs. Rolph and Baldwin to visit the head-quarters of the Rebels, and to intercede in the name of mercy, to reflect on the miseries they were about by their rashness, to inflict on their fellow subjects, and on themselves and families, and to desist from their evil purposes ere it is too late.—Drs. Rolph and Baldwin returned with a reply that the Rebels would retire peaceably to their homes, provided His Excellency would agree to have all differences settled by a Convention—His Excellency returned for an answer—Never.

New-York, Dec. 20.

An adjourned meeting of the citizens of Buffalo was held on the 12th inst. Mackenzie was present and made Speech—He said "that the recent unfortunate rising was

in consequence of a mistake in the title specified in one of their dispatches. They were organized, acting in concert with the people of the Lower Province, running almost daily expresses. Despatches had been sent to the different Towns who had joined in the league, but one of them by accident or design, was written, "Tuesday," instead of "Thursday." They came on Tuesday, and made a forced march to the neighbourhood of Toronto, expecting to meet the Citizens of the whole Province. They were too weak to attempt the Town that night—the Government took the alarm—the munitions of war were placed in the hands of the retainers of the Executive, and the opportunity was lost. They had a slight skirmish, in which some three or four lost their lives, and being destitute of arms they were obliged to retreat. He described the death of Col. Moodie, who was shot by a Sentinel, endeavouring to escape, and after he had first fired on the Soldier.

NEW YORK, 2, P. M.

Gen. T. S. Brown has been arrested at Middleburg, Vt. for the sum of \$10,000, it being alleged that he is an endorser for a firm that had failed.

We have Montreal Papers to the 13th. We have no doubt that the reported victory of the Patriots, at the Lake of the Two Mountains is incorrect. Sir John Colborne was about to march 1200 Regulars upon the Lake of the Two Mountains. The Troops have been recalled from St. Denis. Montreal is without alarm. Bonchette, the Editor of the Quebec Liberal, will, without much doubt, be shot. Twenty-five more prisoners have been brought into Montreal.

A Letter from Vermont of Dec. 14, reports that a great battle had been fought at Grand Falls, which resulted in the loss of nearly the whole Detachment under Col. Gore—but admits that the report wants confirmation. The same letter states that Gen. Nelson, a distinguished leader of the Radicals, had been arrested near the lines, in his attempt to escape to the States.

Boston, December 20.

Accounts from Toronto to the 11th inst. have been received. The Hon. Mr. Bidwell has been required to "leave the Province forever." Mr. McMicking, M. P. P. has been arrested. There is no truth in the report of risings in the London District, or any where except Toronto. John S. Parker, Esq. of Hamilton, had been arrested and committed, having circulated Letters of a seditious tendency.

New York, Dec. 21.

Three successful meetings have been held at Buffalo for the avowed object of levying war upon Great Britain, and the levies have actually commenced their march.

"Patriot Volunteers will rendezvous in front of the Theatre this evening at nine o'clock, prepared to take up the line of march. By order of the Com'g Officer. Buffalo, Dec. 13." The object of attack is said to be Fort Erie, where they say only about 40 men are stationed.

The St. John Chronicle states that L. A. Wilmot, Esq., has notified the Hon. C. Simonds, that he intends to contest the Speakership with him. The Legislature was to meet on Dec. 28.

**SMALL POX.**—The Small Pox, which during the last two months, has been prevalent at St. John, will it is evident, not be limited to that city; cases have already occurred in different parts of the country, and in this community. We shall recommend all persons, therefore, who have not been already vaccinated, or who have any doubts of its having been successfully performed, to resort to a mode of general prevention, in all cases modification, of that terrible disorder.—[Frederick Sentinel.]

Extract from a Letter, received from a friend in Newfoundland.  
**BOUVISTA, Nov. 11, 1837.**

"I see by N. S. Papers, &c. that the crops have been abundant with you, as well as elsewhere. The case has been far different with us in this miserable Island—there has scarcely been a summer at all. We have been obliged to keep fires almost the whole year long—very few vegetables come to perfection—not a cabbage can be produced, nor a pea of any description did we gather out of our garden. We gathered very few peas, and they of an early kind—yet not fit to be gathered till September. Not a rose could bloom. We have had a most stormy cold fall.

A most shocking affair occurred here last night. A man who is in the habit of drinking, and had been teased by boys throwing stones at his house by night, and had threatened to shoot them, was annoyed by some of them, and rushing out discharged a large gun, loaded with buck shot, into a crowd of youngsters playing at a distance, probably not those who had thrown the stones, four were wounded—two slightly, two so badly, that they died. It has thrown all the settlement into confusion. The unfortunate man is in custody—his name is Avery."

**Provincial Secretary's Office.**

Halifax, 27th December, 1837.

His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor will hold a Levee at Government House on Monday next the 1st of January, at half past one o'clock

**Provincial Secretary's Office.**

Halifax, 20th December, 1837.

His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor has been pleased to appoint George Hill, Esq. to be Clerk of Licence for the Town and County of Halifax, in the place of Wm. M. Deblois, Esq. deceased.

Mr. Burke will not continue his Lectures after this evening.

The Old Gentleman's pencil we have copied from the oldest and most respectable of the Annuals. It is a kind of tale very popular in Germany, but not at all to our taste, and but for the reflections which abound in the piece and the beauty of its composition, we should have considered it unworthy a place in our columns.

**THE PEARL ENLARGED.**—On the 6th of January, 1838 the Pearl will be issued on a much larger sheet than at present. It is with pleasure we make this announcement to our friends, who have by their extended patronage, enabled us to take means for the alteration of our appearance. Upon a new *entre* we shall have it in our power to preserve our subscribers with one of the cheapest papers in the Province. In the meantime any additions to our list will be thankfully received.

**MARRIED.**

On Saturday, Dec. 23, by the Rev. C. Churchill, Wesleyan Missionary, Mr. Thomas Gore, to Miss Sarah Gray, both of this town.

Sunday, Dec. 24, by the Rev. C. Churchill, Mr. James Smith, to Miss Susannah Smith; Mr. Elisha Smith, to Miss Caroline Hartz, all of Samborough.

On Thursday evening last, by the Rev. John Laughlan, Captain J. Furlong, to Margaret, youngest daughter of Mr. William Goreham.

At Windsor, on the 26th inst. by the Rev. M. King, Mr. William Edward Smith, to Miss Maria Mumford, both of that place.

At Newport, on the 23d ult. by the Rev. J. Wilson, Mr. Samuel Chambers, to Frances, youngest daughter of Mr. Salter, Esq.

Also, on the 14th inst. by the Rev. J. L. Brodick, Mr. Thomas P. Wier, of Horton, to Martha, youngest daughter of John Chambers, Esq.

**DIED.**

At his seat, Braziers, Oxfordshire, on the 15th Oct. Isaac George Manly, Esq. Admiral of the Red, aged 81. He was the last survivor of the crew who sailed with Captain Cook on his voyage round the world. In 1782 he was a Lieutenant on board the "Prince George," and took part in the victory gained by Lord Rodney, on the 12th of April in that year.

Aged 71, John Broughton, Rear Admiral of the White. He went to sea in 1750, and was one of the few survivors of Lord Rodney's action of 1782.

At Londonderry, Dec. 22, on board the brig Susan, of the small-pox, John Day, aged about 22 years—died lamented by all who knew him. He stated that he had been in home seven years, and was now on his way returning to see his Father and Mother, whom he said were living at Manchester.

At McNab's Island, on Tuesday the 14th instant, in the 73rd year of his age, Mr. Thomas Culliton, deeply regretted by his acquaintances and friends.

Thursday Mr. Alexander Phillips, native of Elgin, N. Britain, in the 84th year of his age, an old and respectable inhabitant of this town; his funeral will take place from his late residence by the Dock Yard, on Sunday next, at one o'clock when all his friends and acquaintances are respectfully invited to attend.

On Tuesday evening last, William Nisbett, aged 33 years.

**SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE, ARRIVED.**

Saturday, Dec. 23—Brig Lady Sarah Maitland, Grant, Pernambuco, 43 days—rides to J. Fairbanks—arr. brig Ann Crick hence.

Sunday, Dec. 24—Schr. Lady Balm, Yarmouth; brig Goshawk, Cox, Berberce, 39 days—rum and molasses, to D. & E. Starr & Co.

Monday, Dec. 25—Schr. Neptun, Brian, Boston, 3 days—flour, tobacco, &c. to F. Fay, W. M. Nan and others.

Tuesday, Dec. 26—Mail packet Velocity, Healy, Bermuda, 22 days—mail. Had been lying to 10 days. The V. on her outward passage experienced very heavy weather soon after she left, and was for three days lying to with the wind S. W. to S., during part of the time blowing so violently that she could not show a sufficiency of canvas to keep her head to wind, but was compelled to get a spar attached to a cable over one of the bows to prevent her from falling into the trough of the sea. On the 14th, within 12 miles of Bermuda she encountered another gale which drove her to the westward. Spoke 14th ult lat 33, lon. 65, brig John Lawson, Raymond, hence, for Palmouth, Jap.; schr. Amanda, Mortimer, Cape North 20 days—ballast; Ann Smith, St. John, N. F. 27 days; brig Hypolite, Fern, Demerara, 5 days—rum and molasses to C. West & Son—the H. experienced very boisterous weather, lost fore and main top-masts, main boom and 1 man.

Wednesday, Dec. 27—Schr Planet, Williams, New York, 6 days—tobacco, beef, &c. to W. Donaldson and others.

Thursday, Dec. 28—Schr. Margaret Ann, Carey, Pictou Harbour, 10 days—with cargo from hence, could not get in there to land; True Brothers, Slocomb, Liverpool, 1 day—sugar and fish, to W. Pryor & Sons.

Thursday.—Returned schr. Margaret Ann, for Pictou, having been blown off the harbor.

At Liverpool, N. S. Arr. brig. Roseway, St. Kitts, sailed for St. John, N. B.; Glide, Barbadoes; Van, Turk's Island; Mermaid, Berberce; Dec, Barbadoes; Sir James Kempt, Berberce; Eliza Palmer, B. W. Acadian, do.

**CLEARED.**

Dec. 26—Catherine, Walker, London—molasses, oil, &c. by W. Pryor & Sons; brig. Ann, Clarke, Newfoundland—rum, &c. by W. Neal. 27th—Eliza, Downey, do.—poultry, liquors, &c. by H. Bassigette.

28th, Mary Power, Newfoundland, Geo. Handley, rum, molasses tobacco, Chocolate, beef, &c. &c.

**PRICES CURRENT,**

SATURDAY DECEMBER 30, 1837.

FISH, COD, mer. pr 17s.6	Hamburg, sup.	40s.
Madeira 16s.	Rye,	35s.
HERRINGS, No. 1 pr bbl 25s.	CORN MEAL,	32s.
2 15s.	COALS, Sydney, pr, ch 30s.	
Bay Chaleur 15s.	Pictou,	28s.
Digby 5s.	Liugan,	27s.6.
MACKEREL, No. 1	CORD WOOD, dry,	17s.
2 37s.6	GYPSUM, pr ton,	7s.6d.
3 32s.6d.	BOARDS, W. P. pr M. 65s.	
ALEWIVES, No. 1 127s.6d.	S. Pine,	60s.
SALMON, No. 1 70s.	STAVES, W. O. Am. 250s.	
2 65s.	Canadian	250s.
COFFEE, Jam good pr lbs 3	R. O. Am.	150s.
Cuba, 8d	Canadian	150s.
SUGAR, Mus. brt. cwt. 40s	Nova Scotia	80s.
MOLASSES, pr gal 2s.3	SHINGLES, long ced 15s.0d.	
SPERM OIL, bst pr gal 6s.6	Pine,	12s.
WHALE,	BEEF, N. S. pr bbl 42s.6	
SEAL, pale,	Canada prime	45s.
COD,	PORK, Canada	80s.
DOG FISH,	Nova Scotia	80s.
WHEAT,—	BUTTER, pr lb 10d	
Can. white pr bush.		
German,		
7.6		
BARLEY		
3s.6		
INDIAN CORN,		
5s.3d.		
OATS,		
2s.0d.		
PEAS,		
5s.0d.		
FLOUR, U.S. sup pr bbl 50s		
Old		
Canada, sup.		
40s		
Fine		
47s		
Middlings		
45s		

**EXCHANGES.**

On London, 60 days, Private, 17 pr ct. prem.  
 30 days government  
 New York, 30 days par at Sovereigns 25s 6d  
 Doubloons, Mex.  
 Dollars 5 1/2 c

**TO BE SOLD.**

On the Premises, at Public Auction, in the Town of Halifax, on Saturday, the Thirtieth day of December next, at twelve o'clock, pursuant to an order of His Excellency, the Lieut. Governor and Her Majesty's Council.

ALL the Estate, right, title, and Interest of the late John Linnard, deceased, at the time of his death in, to, and upon, all that messuage and tenement, and all that Lot of ground, situate, lying and being in the Town of Halifax aforesaid, fronting Westerly on Hollis Street and there measuring Thirty Eight feet and extending in depth Sixty two feet more or less—more or less—prescribed as Lots No. 5, letter C—in Galland's Division with all the houses, buildings and Hereditaments thereunto belonging.

Terms, Cash on the delivery of the Deed—  
**THOMAS LINNARD,**  
 Administrator of  
**JOHN LINNARD.**

POSTPONEMENT.—The sale of the above Property is postponed till April next.

**ONIONS! ONIONS!**

**40** Bbls Red Onions,  
 40 do Silver Skin,  
 Just received per Schr. Neptun, from Boston, and for sale by  
**BENJ. WIER.**  
 Dec. 29.

**SABBATH SCHOOL SERMON.**

A SERMON will be preached in St. Andrew's Church, on Sunday evening next, December 31, by the Rev. James McIntosh; after which a collection will be taken in aid of the funds of the Sabbath School connected with that congregation. A statement will at the same time be made of the state of the school. Service to commence at 7 o'clock  
 December 30.

**LUMBER, SHINGLES AND STAVES.**

THE Subscriber offers for Sales 150 M. Prime spruce and Hemlock Lumber; 150 M. Miramichi Shingles; 100 M. Pine Shipping Shingles, and 20 M. Oak Staves.  
**ROBERT H. SKIMMINGS.**  
 Halifax, Dec. 23. 1837.—6w.

**NEW BOARDING HOUSE.**

THE SUBSCRIBER tenders his thanks to his friends, for their prompt exertions in removing his Goods and Furniture on the night of the Fire; and informs them and Public, that he has hired MR. VASS'S Brick Building in BEDFORD ROW, where he would be glad to accommodate BOARDERS, and hopes to receive a share of support in his new line of Business.  
 December 1. **GEORGE T. FILLIS.**



BIRTH OF CHRIST.

By BISHOP HEBER.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning, Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid!

Cold on his cradle the dew drops are shining, Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall;

Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion, Odours of Eden, and offerings divine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation, Vainly with gifts would his favour secure;

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning, Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid!

TALLEYRAND'S CUNNING.—A lady, who professed to be charmed with Talleyrand's wit, begged of him to write his name in her album.

NEW HYMN BOOK.

For sale at the book stores of Messrs. A. & W. MacInlay and Mr. J. Munro, a few low-priced Hymn Books (the Methodist Protestant Church compiled

BY REV. THOMAS H. STOCKTON.

The volume consists of eight hundred and twenty nine hymns. Selected on the master poets of Zion, and containing all the most admired hymns of Watts and Wesley.

Halifax, Lc. 23, 1837.

LAND FOR SALE.

THE Subscriber offers for sale at Tangier Harbour, about 40 Acs Eastward of Halifax, 6666 Acres of LAND, part of which is under cultivation.

ROBERT H. SKIMMINGS.

Halifax, Dec. 2: 1837.

LANDSCAPE ILLUSTRATIONS.

OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA—In 2 Vols.

VOLUME I.

WILL comprise illustrations of Nova-Scotia, under the patronage of his Excellency Major General Sir Colin Campbell, K. C. B. &c. in a Series of Engravings from original drawings by William Eager.

VOLUME II.

Illustrations of New Brunswick, under the patronage of his Excellency Major General Sir John Harvey, K. C. H.

The above works will be published every four months in numbers, each containing three views, superbly engraved on Steel by eminent artists, price 10s.—and will be accompanied by a Letter Press, giving a brief history of each Province, with statistics of the late period.

The first No. of Nova-Scotia now offered to the public, will show that no expense will be spared in getting up the work in a style of elegance, superior to any thing ever published in North America.

Subscription Lists for one or both of these Works—are now open at Mr. C. H. Belcher's the Halifax Bazaar, and at the different Stationers at St. John, New Brunswick, Fredericton, and St. Andrews.

December 15.

STOVES—SUPERIOR CAST.

AN assortment of Franklin, Hall, Office and Cooking Stoves, just received, &c. Brig Acadian from Boston, for sale at low prices—by

J. M. CHAMBERLAIN.

Oct 14.—3m.

NEW BOARDING HOUSE.

THE SUBSCRIBER tender his thanks to his friends, for their prompt exertions in removing his Goods and Furniture on the night of the Fire; and informs them and Public, that he has hired MR. VASS'S Brick Building in BEDFORD ROW, where he would be glad to accommodate BOARDERS, and hopes to receive a share of support in his new line of Business.

GEORGE T. FILLIS.

PER ACADIAN.

BBLS. very superior American APPLES, Greensings, Raspberries, Bellflowers, &c. ALSO, 100 Wooden Chairs, for Sale by B. WIER.

December 22.

LUMBER, SHINGLES AND STAVES.

THE Subscriber offers for Sales 150 M. Prime spruce and Hemlock Lumber; 150 M. Miramichi Shingles; 100 M. prime Shipping Shingles, and 20 M. Oak Staves.

ROBERT H. SKIMMINGS.

Halifax, Dec. 23. 1837.—6w.

ACTS OF THE APOSTLES.

A COURSE OF LECTURES on the "Acts of the Apostles" will be delivered by

THOMAS TAYLOR,

In the Old Baptist Meeting House, on Friday Evenings, at 7 o'clock. December 15.

SCHR. BOYNE FROM NORFOLK.

FOR SALE,

The cargo of the above vessel—

45 M. White Oak Hhd. Staves, 15 M. do do Heading, 5 M. Red Oak hhd. Staves.

GEORGE P. LAWSON.

Dec. 2.

JUST PUBLISHED

And for Sale at the Stationary Stores of Messrs. A. & W. MacInlay, and Mr. J. Munro; and at the Printing Establishment of W. Cunabell, Sackville Street, opposite the South end of Bedford Row.

CUNABELL'S

NOVA-SCOTIA ALMANACK;

For the Year

1838.

CONTAINS, besides the usual lists, and Astronomical Chronological, and Miscellaneous matter, Mathematical Answers and Questions, DAILY NUMBER very useful in calculations, Agricultural and Statistical Information, EQUATION TABLE, Charades, Answers and Questions, and COPIOUS INDEX, &c. &c.

Dec 1, 1837.

BESSONETT & BROWN.

HAVE received by the late arrivals—Bar, Bolt, Plate and Sheet Iron, German, Cast and Blistered Plough Share, Moulds, Anvils, Vices, Bellows Sledges,

- 60 casks Nails, 25 boxes tinued plates, 1 case Scotch Screws—Angers, 1 case Ensigns, 30 Canada Stoves, single and double, 350 Iron Pots, 160 Camp Ovens, 220 Oven Covers, 60 hanging frying Pans, 14 packages assorted Hardware, 1 cask Glue, 120 kegs best White Lead, Red, black and green paints, 3 casks Shot, Lines, Twines, and shoe Thread, 1 bale hair Basting.

Raw and boiled Linseed Oil, window Glass, and Putty Whiting, &c. Which, with their former assortment, they offer at moderate prices, at their shop, head of Marchington's Wharf—North of the Ordnance.

Nov. 17

6w.

SELLING OFF,

AT VERY REDUCED PRICES!!!

JOHN F. MUNCEY.

BEGS RESPECTFULLY to announce to his friends and the Public, that, with a view of closing his business for the season, preparatory to leaving for Great Britain, for the selection of a NEW STOCK for the ensuing Spring, the remainder of his Stock of GOODS, consisting of a general assortment of British Manufactured Goods, all of this year's importation, will be offered for sale, at Very Reduced Prices, commencing on Monday next, at 3d instant.

STORE in Granville Street, opposite the Warehouse of Mr. Henry Mignowitz.

Oct 20.

THE PEARL.

Is Published every Saturday, for the Proprietor, by W. Cunabell, at his Office, Sackville Street, south end of Bedford Row. Terms, 15s. per annum—half advance.

NOTIONS OF HISTORY.—"Now, my idea is, that despair has led this boy to self-murder; he has thrown himself into the river, and by doing so he feeds the fish? We all stood aghast at this terrible suggestion. The negro was the first to recover his speech and his thought: 'Throw his self into the river, Massa Curtis? impossible; boy no fool, who ever heard of such a thing? throw his self into the river!' and Sip laughed in contempt. 'Sip,' said the tailor, 'you're a nigger, and a regular know-nothing; who ever heard of such a thing? why I! I have heard of such things. I'm an old man now, and my memory is not what it was; but when I kept school for the 'Slect men of Danvers, in the Bay state, I could name the names of twenty men, great men, eddicated men, that made away with themselves. Did not Caesar kill himself in the Capitol rather than fall into the hands of Cato?' 'Caesar kill his self!' shouted the black, 'Caesar Africa! no such thing:—Caesar, my own cousin! he die in he bed, my wife Dina straiten the coss!' 'Sip, you're a know-nothing, as I said before; the man I speak of was a great man, and lived before you were born or thought of, or Caesar Africa either; he was one of the Medes or Persians, I don't rightly remember which.' 'Neighbour Curtis,' said Johnson, 'you are right; I have heard with my own ears, the parson at Pitt talk of the Medes or Persians, and their laws that they never changed. I wonder if their laws forbid the killing an Indian wherever you could catch him, as they talked of doing here after the peace with the British?' 'I don't rightly know,' began the tailor, in reply to this learned historical doubt; 'but most likely not, as such a law is clear agin nature, and reason, and Scripture; but as regarding this boy, he has thrown himself into the river in despair; that's my say.'—Ledgens of a Log Cabin.

HUMOUR OF BIRDS.—Some birds have a great deal of humour in them, particularly the raven. One that belonged to me was the most mischievous and amusing creature I ever met with. He would get into the flower garden, go to the beds where the gardener had sowed a great variety of seeds, with sticks put in the ground with labels, and then he would amuse himself with pulling up every stick, and laying them in heaps of ten or twelve on the path. This used to irritate the old gardener very much, who would drive him away. The raven knew that he ought not to do it, or he would not have done it. He would soon return to his mischief, and when the gardener again chased him, (the old man could not run very fast,) the raven would just keep clear of the rake or the hoe in his hand, dancing before him, and singing as plain as a raven could, "Tol de rol de rol! tol de rol de rol!" with all kinds of mimicking gestures.—New Monthly Magazine.

THE SOLAR SYSTEM.—The Allgemeine Zeitung, says—"M. Argelander, Professor of Astronomy at the University of Helmsingors, has just addressed to the Academy of St. Petersburg a treatise of the greatest importance, the result of ten years labour. What Lalande had presumed, what Herschel had endeavoured to demonstrate as probable, the locomotion of our sun and the whole planetary system through the vast regions of space, is now proved with a degree of certainty that leaves only a probable error of three degrees.

It is stated as a fact that a person may spend £50 in viewing the Exhibition in London, confining himself to those where the admittance is one shilling.