

The Magnetizer Outwitted.—The Paris Gazette des Tribunaux relates that an ex-jeweller and amateur of magnetism, enjoying his *otium cum dignitate* in a suburban villa at Passy, was lately visited by a young somnambulist calling himself a painter by profession, and who assured him that he had the happiest natural dispositions for the science of the famous Mesmer; that when under the influence of a magnetic fit he could see like a cat in the dark, and that in that state it frequently occurred to him to commence and finish a painting in a single sitting. The delighted magnetizer opened his eyes to their full extent, and appointed the next day for the young stranger to come to his house at Passy and "give a taste of his quality" in the united capacities of somnambulist and painter. Punctual to the hour, the young man arrived with his canvass, pallet, and brushes, and was ushered into the amateur's private cabinet, from which every ray of light was carefully excluded to facilitate the scientific purposes for which it was destined. The painter had stipulated as a *sine qua non* that when the fit was on him he should be left completely alone in the cabinet, as on such occasions the presence of another person invariably disturbed his attention, and detracted from the merits of his performance as a limner. The necessary disposition having been made, and the fit of somnambulism having been produced to the heart's content of the magnetizer, the latter according to his convention quitted the cabinet, and, turning the key upon the sleeper, left him undisturbed to his operations. At the expiration of about an hour the amateur magnetizer returned, and was met at the door of his cabinet by the young man, who was now perfectly awake, and displayed to his enraptured view an exquisitely painted landscape, the produce of his ecstatic fit! After making a present of this charming production to his delighted host, the young somnambulist took his leave with a promise to return the next day, and repeat the experiment which had been crowned with such complete success. Some three quarters of an hour afterward, the jeweller had some business in his cabinet, into which he admitted a little light, and to his utter stupefaction found that the lock of his secretary had been forced open, and two thousand five hundred francs, in silver and bank notes, with other objects of value, were abstracted from the drawers by the clear-sighted somnambulist. He had brought a painting with him, covered with a couche of white lead, over which when left to himself he had passed a wet sponge—an expedient to which a large white spot on the floor bore ample testimony. The police were immediately informed of the circumstances of the robbery, the perpetrator of which, however, has for the present baffled their pursuit.

Turkish Habits of Bathing.—The Turks are proverbially fond of bathing and frequent ablutions; and abundance of water is a luxury in such a climate. "The fountains are among the chief beauties of Constantinople. In each piazza, in the centre of the courts of all the mosques, in every market, and at the corner of many streets, one of these is to be seen, not like those of Italy, formed in grotesque or classical shapes, and ornamented with figures of various kinds, but a regular square structure, adorned with sentences from the Koran, and furnished with a spout on each side. There is something in Turkish buildings which is characteristic of a people always dignified, never trifling, without imagination, and shunning, with religious awe, the likeness of anything in earth, air, or sea. Every thing in this country has a connexion, seen or unseen, with religion; and even the abundance of fountains is owing to the duty of frequent ablution enjoined by the Mahomedan sacred volume. As often as the Turk is called to prayer, so often is he directed to wash the face, neck, hands, and feet, previous to that holy exercise; and thus the fountain becomes a necessary appendage to the mosque. In this hot climate, nothing so much contributes to the general health of the people, next to their moderate use of meat and wine, as their frequent use of water. Establishments are found in all parts of the city, where a poor man may enjoy the luxury and benefit of a hot-bath for a penny. These are generally crowded at certain hours by men, at others by women; sofas, coffee, sherbet, and chibouques, are supplied to the bathers, and the greatest decorum prevails." To obviate the inconveniences resulting from a scarcity of water, the emperors built cisterns, or reservoirs, on a gigantic scale, in different parts of the city; but four only of these are now in existence. One measures two hundred and forty feet in length, by two hundred feet in breadth, and has a depth of five fathoms. That called "the subterranean house" (Yerek batan serai) is the most remarkable of those works.

Jonathan Outdone.—Our trans-Atlantic brethren are famous for their ingenuity. But we think that we can cope with them in anything, only we don't trumpet forth our abilities as they do. There is at present at Cocherham, a tailor who is so quick at his trade, that he has constantly beside him a bowl of water to cool his needle.—*London paper.*

A Melancholy Case.—A correspondent of an Eastern paper writes in the following dolorous strain from one of the cities of the South: "I am dying of *ennui*. The city is a desert; no business, no amusements. I have seen but one handsome woman here, and she had her defects. I wish I could get a wife; try for me, I will allow you a commission. I haven't a single button

on all my shirts; a plague on such a life, say I. I must either marry or hang—no alternative!"—A melancholy dilemma!

Influence of Women.—Whoever has the women is sure of the men, you may depend, squire: openly or secretly, directly or indirectly, they do contrive, somehow or other, to have their way in the end, and, though the men have the reins, the women tell 'em how to drive. Now, if ever you go for to canvass for votes, always canvass the wives, and you are sure of the husbands.—*The Clockmaker.*

Bachelors.—An English publication contains the following just remarks relating to certain useless members of the community. "A man who passes through life without marrying, is like a fair mansion left by the builder, unfinished. The half that is completed runs to decay from neglect, or becomes at best, but a sorry tenement, wanting the addition of that which makes the whole useful. Your bachelor is only the moiety of a man—a sort of garnish for a dish—or a prologue to a play—or a bow—without the fiddle!"

An American Judge.—There he sat, with his hat on, a cigar in his mouth, his arms folded, and his feet over the rail, looking as sour as an unripe melon. "Bring up them culprits," said he; and when they were brought up, he told 'em it was scandalous, and only fit for English and ignorant foreigners, that sit in the outer porch of darkness, and not high-minded, intelligent Americans. "You are a disgrace," said he, "to our great nation, and I hope I shall not hear the like of it again. If I do, I'll put you on your trial, as sure as you are born. I hope I may be skinned alive by wild cats if I don't."—*Sam Slick.*

The Better Half.—It being agreed, at a party of twelve, that a disputed question should be settled by the opinion of the majority; the six ladies expressed themselves opposed to the six gentlemen, and claimed the victory. A gentleman objected to this, as the number of votes was equal, saying, "they were half and half." "True," replied a witty fair one, "but we are the better halves."

EPICRAM.—WRITTEN AFTER GOING TO LAW.

This law, they say, great Nature's chain connects,
That causes ever must produce effects.
In me behold reversed great Nature's law,—
All my effects lost by a single cause.

A new way to Quench Thirst.—In a certain village lived a very honest farmer, who, having a number of men hoeing in a field, went to see how his work went on. Finding one of them sitting still, he reproved him for idleness. The man answered, "I thirst for the spirit."—"Grog, you mean, I suppose," said the farmer; "but if the Bible teaches you to thirst after the spirit, it says, also, 'hoe! every one that thirsteth!'"

Misconception.—As a canal-boat was passing under a bridge, the captain gave the usual warning, "Look out!" when a little Frenchman, who was in the cabin, obeyed the order by popping his head out of the window, which received a severe thump by coming in contact with a pillar of the bridge. He drew it back in a great pet and exclaimed—"Dese Americans say look out when dey means look in."

Aerostation.—In Mr. Green's narrative of his second experimental trip in the Nassau balloon, with Mr. Rush, he states, that the extreme height attained was twenty-seven thousand one hundred and forty-six feet, which is higher than the altitude of any known mountain in the world. The thermometer fell to twenty-seven degrees below the freezing point, and the barometer to eleven inches.

Power.—The powerful will always be unjust and vindictive. M. de Vendome said pleasantly on this subject, that when the troops were on the march, he had examined the quarrels between the mules and their drivers, and that, to the shame of humanity, reason was almost always on the side of the mules. M. Duverney, so learned in natural history, knew by the inspection of the tooth of an animal if he was carnivorous or granivorous. He used to say, "Show me the tooth of an unknown animal, and I will judge of his habits." By his example, a moral philosopher could say, "Mark to me the degree of power with which a man is clothed, and by that power I shall judge of his quality."

Legal Eloquence.—A young backwoods lawyer lately concluded his argument in a case of *quare clausium fregit*, with the following sublime burst:—"If, gentlemen of the jury, the defendant's hogs are permitted to roam at large over the fair fields of my client, with impunity and without pokes—then—yes, then, indeed, have our forefathers fought, and bled, and died, in vain!"

A Fatherly Act.—Captain Rose, a British officer, in his "Three Months' Leave," relates that as the sultan was passing through a quarter of the city of Constantinople where the noxious drug was sold, a thought struck him that, as the father of his people, he was bound to put a stop to so pernicious a practice as opium eating, and as the most speedy method of effecting this desirable object, he caused all the shops to be pulled down, and sent every soul he found in them to the mad-house, where they were compelled to remain about three months, chained to the walls, with iron collars about their necks. His sublime

highness let them out, on their solemn promise never to go mad any more!

Massaniello.—The church still stands in Naples where Massaniello was shot, the only spired edifice in the city. In a fit of derangement he ascended the altar-place, and was about to harangue the populace; descending the steps, he was met by the emissaries of government, who stood prepared to sacrifice him. The unfortunate fisherman, it is said, received three balls, aimed at his person, in different directions. The opera is not allowed to be played in Naples; it is sometimes done in Florence as a pantomime.

"I must Embrace that Man."—Mademoiselle Cochelet, in her Memoirs of Queen Hortense, relates the following most laughable incident:—"On the third of July, Louis the Eighteenth made his triumphal entry into Paris. It was the most brilliant, as dukes, marquises and counts composed the attending crowds; quality substituted quantity. The excitement was almost to madness: the cries and gestures were convulsive, so violent was the joy of the winning party. Fine equipages of elegant ladies impeded the passage of the sovereign, surnamed 'The Desired'; they went and came, passed and re-passed unceasingly, waving their white handkerchiefs; they stretched their hands to one another out of the carriage windows, they embraced each other on meeting; in fact, in the midst of these transports, where voices failed in prolonged cries, a great lady, whose equipage was stopping on the Boulevard de Grand, was seen to take her coachman round the neck, and embrace him convulsively."

The way to get an Audience.—There lived in the state of Illinois, some years ago, a Methodist preacher, whose duty it was to attend every two or three weeks at the village church, to administer such doctrines and preach to the few who might feel disposed to attend and hear him. But, alas! the people would not attend. He at length adopted the following plan to collect the wicked neighbours together. At one of the gatherings in the neighbourhood, our reverend hero mounted a stump and told the people he was desirous of telling them of a new, and, in fact, the quickest way of making a pair of shoes. On the day appointed, every person collected, (desirous of becoming acquainted with so valuable a trade,) and our preacher was there. He got up before one of the largest congregations he had seen for many a day, and spoke upon the christian doctrine until he had converted several around him, and was satisfied. He then said, "I promised you I would learn you a new trade; so I'll not forfeit my word; take an old pair of boots and cut the tops off!"

Effects of Pride.—An ancient, rich and distinguished individual, used to say, "I owe my wealth and elevation to the neglect with which I used to be treated by the proud. It was a real benefit, though not so intended. It awakened a zeal which did its duty, and was crowned with success. I determined, if this neglect was owing to my want of learning, I would be studious and acquire it. I determined, if it was owing to my poverty, I would accumulate property; if extreme vigilance, industry, prudence and self-denial would do it, (which will not always,) I determined, if it was owing to my manners, I would be more circumspect. I was anxious, also, to show those who had so treated me, that I was undeserving such coldness. I was also warmed by a desire that the proud should see me on a level with, or elevated above themselves. And I was resolved, above all things, never to lose the consolation of being conscious of not deserving the hauteur which they displayed over me."

A Dilemma.—Three boys went out a fishing one day, when a thunder-storm coming up, they ran to a large hemlock-tree a few rods from the brook, for shelter. Just before they reached the tree, it was shivered into a thousand pieces by a stroke of lightning. The boys stopped aghast; at last one said to the nearest, "Sam, can you pray?"—"No."—"Bill, can you?"—"No."—"Nor I, either; but, by hokey, something must be done?"

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