

## GLEANINGS.

**MARCOLINI—A TALE OF VENICE.**—It was midnight; the great clock had struck, and was still echoing through every porch, and gallery in the quarter of St Mark, when a young citizen wrapped in his cloak, was hastening home from an interview with his mistress. His step was light, for his heart was so. Her parents had just consented to their marriage, and the very day was named. "Lovely *Giulietta!*" he cried, "and shall I then call thee mine at last? Who was ever so blest as thy *Marcolini!*" But, as he spoke, he stopped; for something was glittering on the pavement before him. It was a scabbard of rich workmanship; and the discovery, what was it but an earnest of good fortune? "Rest thou there!" he cried, thrusting it gaily into his belt; "if another claims thee not, thou hast changed masters!" and on he went as before, humming the burden of a song which he and his *Giulietta* had been singing together. But how little we know what the next minute will bring forth!

He turned by the church of St. Geminiano, and in three steps he met the watch. A murder had just been committed. The Senator *Renaldi* had been found dead at his door, the dagger left in his heart; and the unfortunate *Marcolini* was dragged away for examination. The place, the time, every thing served to excite, to justify suspicion; and no sooner had he entered the guard-house, than an evidence appeared against him. The bravo in his flight had thrown away his scabbard; and, smeared with blood, with blood not yet dry, it was now in the belt of *Marcolini*. Its patrician ornaments struck every eye; and when the fatal dagger was produced and compared with it, not a doubt of his guilt remained. Still there is in the innocent an energy and a composure; an energy when they speak, and a composure when they are silent, to which none can be altogether insensible; and the judge delayed for some time to pronounce the sentence, though he was a near relation of the dead. At length, however, it came; and *Marcolini* lost his life, *Giulietta* her reason.

Not many years afterwards the truth revealed itself, the real criminal in his last moments confessing the crime: and hence the custom in Venice, a custom that long prevailed, for a crier to cry out in the court before a sentence was passed, "*Ricordatevi del povero Marcolini!*"—Remember the poor *Marcolini*.

Great, indeed, was the lamentation throughout the city, and the judge, dying, directed that henceforth and for ever a mass should be sung every night in the ducal church for his own soul and the soul of *Marcolini*, and the souls of all who had suffered by an unjust judgment. Some land on the *Brenta* was left by him for the purpose: and still is the mass sung in the chapel; still, every night, when the great square is illuminating, and the casinos are filling fast with the gay and the dissipated, a bell is rung as for a service, and a ray of light is seen to issue from a small Gothic window that looks towards the place of execution, the place where on a scaffold *Marcolini* breathed his last.—*Rogers's Italy*.

**TAMING COLTS IN PARAGUAY.**—We now came upon an immense herd of wild horses; and *Candiotti*, junior, said, "Now, *Senor Don Juan*, I must show you how we tame a colt." So saying, the word was given for pursuit of the herd; and off once more like lightning started the *Gaucha* horseman, *Candiotti* and myself keeping up with them. The herd consisted of about two thousand horses, neighing and snorting, with ears erect and flowing tails, their manes outspread to the wind. Off they flew, affrighted the moment they were conscious of pursuit. The *Gauchos* set up their usual cry; the dogs were left in the distance; and it was not till we had followed the flock at full speed, and without a check for five miles, that the two headmost peons launched their bolus at the horse which each had respectively singled out of the herd. Down to the ground, with frightful somersets, came two gallant colts. The herd continued its headlong flight, leaving behind their two prostrate companions. Upon these the whole band of *Gauchos* now ran in; lazos were applied to tie their legs; one man held down the head of each horse, and another the hind quarters; while, with singular rapidity and dexterity, other two *Gauchos* put the saddles and bridles on their fallen, trembling, and nearly frantic victims. This done, the two men who had brought down the colts bestrode them as they still lay on the ground. In a moment, the lazos which bound their legs were loosed, and at the same time a shout from the field so frightened the potros, that up they started on all fours; but, to their astonishment, each with a rider on his back, riveted, as it were, to the saddle, and controlling him by means of a never-before-dreamt-of bit in his mouth.

The animals made a simultaneous and most surprising vault; they reared, plunged, and kicked: now they started off at full gallop, and anon stopped short in their career, with their heads between their legs, endeavouring to throw their riders. "Que *esperanza!*"—"vain hope, indeed!" Immoveable sat the two *Tupe* Indians: they smiled at the unavailing efforts of the turbulent and outrageous animals to unseat them; and in less than an hour from the time of their mounting, it was very evident who were to be the masters. The horses did their very worst; the Indians never lost either the security or the grace of their seats; till, after two hours of the most violent efforts to rid themselves of their burdens, the horses were so exhausted, that drenched in

sweat, with gored and palpitating sides, and hanging down their heads, they stood for five minutes together, panting and confounded. But they made not a single effort to move. Then came the *Gaucha's* turn to exercise his more positive authority. Hitherto he had been entirely upon the defensive. His object was simply to keep his seat, and tire out his horse. He now wanted to move him in a given direction. Wayward, zigzag, often interrupted was his course at first. Still the *Gauchos* made for a given point; and they advanced towards it; till at the end of about three hours the now mastered animals, moved in nearly a direct line, and in company with the other horses, to the *puesto*, or small subordinate establishment on the estate to which we were repairing. When we got there, the two horses, which so shortly before had been free as the wind, were tied to a stake of the corral,—the slaves of lordly man; and all hope of emancipation was at end.—*Messrs. Robertson's Letter*.

**Profitable Forgery.**—The *bichelik* (says a recent traveller,) is a coin much used in mercantile transactions at *Smyrna*. It is of the value of five piastres, or equal to a shilling sterling; and is rather larger than a half-crown. It is made of copper, washed with silver. These coins have afforded as large a profit to the *Frank* merchants, as any article in which they have traded: for, a *bichelik* being sent over to *Birmingham*, was imitated so closely, that it was impossible to discover the slightest difference from those manufactured at *Constantinople*. These transactions must have been very lucrative to those engaged in them; as the charge in *Birmingham* could not exceed twopence each, and they are worth a shilling in *Turkey*.

**Results of Travelling.**—Facility in travelling, and frequent intercourse with the rest of mankind, tends to destroy prejudices; steam-boats and railways are every day removing some barrier to improvement, to international intercourse, and to the amalgamation of the different states of *Europe* and *America*; and it is not too much to say, that the steam-engine, more than any other discovery yet made, is destined to be one of the great means of civilising the world—creating mutual sympathies and mutual wants—the greatest of all securities against the effects of ignorance, and the calamities of war.—*Sun*.

**A Family Likeness.**—Some soldiers who were quartered in a country village, when they met at the roll-call, were asking one another what kind of quarters they had got; one of them said he had got very good quarters, but the strangest landlady ever he had—she always took him off. His comrade said he would go along with him, and would take her off. He goes, and offers to shake hands with her, saying, "How are you, *Elsa!*" (that was her name). "Indeed, sir," says she, "ye hae the better o' me; I dinna ken you." "Dear *Elsa*, do ye no ken me? I am the devil's sister's son." "Dear save us," quoth she, looking him broadly in the face, "O, man, but ye're like your *uncle!*"—*Old Scrap-book*.

**THE DIFFUSION OF KNOWLEDGE.**—There are many well-meaning men, and friends of religion too, who look with timid apprehension on the march of the popular mind, as if it were fraught with peril to the cause which they have nearest the heart. A multitude of profane and repulsive associations have unhappily gathered around the idea of science in their upright minds, until they have come to regard it as wholly incompatible with the influence of an all-prevalent piety. Ignorance is thus made not only bliss, but wisdom and duty too. Oh! sad decree of eternal Providence, if this were a providential decree—that the torch of science elevated in the sight of mankind, must disperse, like shadows of night, the blessing of the present life, and the hopes of another—that in order to secure both, we must, like the hero of the tale with which our childhood is familiar, darken and close up the chamber of knowledge, and affix an edict of exclusion upon the door, as if the sanguinary secret of human destruction were locked within! But this, if it were desirable, would be now impracticable. The tide of irrepressible inquiry would soon burst every barrier in its way, and rush in with accumulated force on the forbidden spot. The voice of learning is gone forth, irrevocable by any earthly power. The rays of information, multiplied in innumerable reflections, have shone abroad, and none can extinguish them. Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge in every department shall be increased, until the gracious designs of an ever-watchful Providence are carried into accomplishment.—*Rev. P. E. Butler*.

**The Origin of Confining Jurors from Meat and Drink.**—The Gothic nations were famous of old, in *Europe*, for the quantities of food and drink which they consumed. The ancient *Germans*, and their Saxon descendants in *England*, were remarkable for their hearty meals. Gluttony and drunkenness were so very common, that those vices were not thought disgraceful; and *Tacitus* represents the former as capable of being as easily overcome by strong drink as by arms. Intemperance was so general and habitual, that no one was thought to be fit for serious business after dinner; and under this persuasion it was enacted in the laws, that judges should hear and determine causes fasting, and not after dinner. An Italian author, in his "*Antiquities*," plainly affirms that this regulation was framed for the purpose of avoiding the unsound decrees consequent upon intoxica-

tion; and *Dr Gilbert Stuart* very patiently and ingeniously observes, in his "*Historical Dissertation concerning the Antiquity of the British Constitution*," that from the propensity of the older Britons to indulge excessively in eating and drinking, has proceeded the restriction upon jurors and jurymen, to refrain from meat and drink, and to be even held in custody, until they had agreed upon their verdict.

**Matrimonial Balance.**—An American paper a few years ago related the following anecdote:—"Not long since a reverend clergyman in *Vermont*, being apprehensive that the accumulated weight of snow upon the roof of his barn might be some damage, was resolved to prevent it, by seasonably shovelling it off. He therefore ascended it, having first, for fear the snow might all slide off at once, and himself with it, fastened to his waist one end of a rope, and given the other to his wife. He went to work, but fearing still for his safety, 'My dear,' said he, 'tie the rope round your waist.' No sooner had she done this, than off went the snow, poor minister and all, and up went his wife. Thus on one side of the barn the astounded and confounded clergyman hung, but on the other side hung his wife, high and dry, in majesty sublime, dinging and dangling at the end of the rope. At that moment, however, a gentleman, luckily passing by, delivered them from this perilous situation."

**The very Essence of Etiquette.**—When the Emperor *Charles* made his entry into *Douai*, in great state, under festoons of flowers and triumphal arches, the magistrates, to do honour to the occasion, put a clean shirt upon the body of a malefactor that was hanging in chains at the city gate.—*Monthly Magazine*.

**Marriage.**—I would fain hear from those misogynists, who condemn marriage, even a shadow of reason, why I should not pronounce a modest wife the greatest of human blessings. She is the safety of that house whose affairs she administers. She is the joy of your health, and your cure and consolation in sickness; your partner in prosperity, and your comfort in adversity. She soothes and calms the headstrong violence of youth, and breaks and tempers the morose austerity of age.—Will any one offer to persuade us that the education of children, in which we see the very images of our bodies, and pictures of our minds, and in whom we see, as it were, our very selves born anew, afford not a delight, sincere to the last degree? Or that it is no satisfaction when we come to obey the laws of mortality, to see our own children, to whom we can bequeath these family honours and possessions which we received from our parents, or acquired by our own industry and skill?—*Savage's Letters*.

**Negro Shrewdness.**—A gentleman sent his black servant to purchase a fresh fish. He went to a stall, and taking up a fish, began to smell it. The fishmonger observing him, and fearing the bystanders might catch the scent, exclaimed, "Hallo! you black rascal, what do you smell my fish for?" The negro replied, "Me no smell your fish, massa." "What are you doing then, sir?" "Why, me talk to him, massa." "And what do you say to the fish, eh?" "Why, me ask what news at sea?—that's all, massa." "And what does he say to you?" "He says, he don't know; he no been dere dese three weeks."

**Model of the first English Steam-Vessel.**—The following notice appeared in the *Oracle* daily newspaper, December, 1789:—"There has been lately laid before the Admiralty Board the model of a ship, worked by steam, which is constructed, as to sail against wind and tide. This ingenuity is to be rewarded by a patent."

**Pedigree.**—When *Nadir Shah*, who was of low origin, claimed for his son a princess of the house of *Delhi*, he was required to give his pedigree for seven generations. *Nadir* said to his ambassador, "Tell them that my son is the son of *Nadir Shah*, the son of the sword; the great grandson of the sword; and thus continue till you have claimed a descent not only of seven generations, but seventy."

"I have lived," said the indefatigable *Dr. E. D. Clarke*, "to know, that the great secret of human happiness is this—never suffer your energies to stagnate. The old adage of 'too many irons in the fire,' conveys an abominable falsehood. You cannot have too many: pokers, tongs, and all—keep them all going!"

It is for the unfortunate alone to judge of the unfortunate. The puffed-up heart of Prosperity cannot understand the sensitive feelings of Misfortune.—*Chateaubriand*.

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