

## THE JEWS.

A writer in Blackwood, in the course of an eloquent article on the Jews and Jerusalem, states that the population of Judea, in its most palmy days, did not exceed 4,000,000. The numbers who entered Palestine from the wilderness were evidently not much more than three; and their census, according to the German statisticians, who are generally considered to be correct, is now nearly the same as that of the people under Moses—about three millions. They are thus distributed:

In Europe, 1,916,000, of which about 658,000 are in Poland and Russia, and 453,000 are in Austria.

In Asia, 739,000 of which 300,000 are in Asiatic Turkey.

In Africa, 504,000, of which 300,000 are in Morocco.

In America, North and South, 7,500.

If we add to these about 15,000 Samaritans, the calculation in round numbers will be about 3,180,000.

This was the report in 1625—the numbers probably remain the same.

The writer remarks:

“This extraordinary fixedness in the midst of almost universal increase, is doubtless not without a reason—if we are even to look for it among the mysterious operations which have preserved Israel a separate race through eighteen hundred years. May we not naturally conceive, that a people thus preserved without advance or retrocession; dispersed, yet combined; broken, yet firm; without a country, yet dwellers in all; every where insulted, yet every where influential; without a nation, yet united as no nation was before or since—has not been appointed to offer this extraordinary contradiction to the common laws of society, and even the common progress of nature, without a cause, and that cause one of filial benevolence, universal good and divine grandeur?”

He observes further:

“The remarkable determination of European policy towards Asia Minor, Syria, and Egypt, within these few years; the not less unexpected change of manners and customs, which seemed to defy all change; and the new life infused into the stagnant governments of Asia, even by their being flung into the whirlpool of European interests, look not unlike signs of times. It may be no dream, to imagine in these phenomena the proofs of some memorable change in the interior of things—some preparatives for that great providential restoration, of which Jerusalem will yet be the scene, if not the centre; and the Israelite himself the especial agent of those high transactions, which shall make Christianity the religion of all lands, restore the dismantled beauty of the earth, and make man what he was created to be, “only a little lower than the angels.”

A correspondent of the same number of Blackwood, thus paraphrases some of the predictions of Malachi:

A sound on the rampart,  
A sound at the gate,  
I hear the roused lioness  
Howl to her mate.  
In the thicket at midnight,  
They rose for the prey  
That shall glut their red jaws  
At the rising of day.  
For wrath is descending  
On Zion's proud tower:  
It shall come like a cloud,  
It shall wrap like a shroud.  
Till, like Sodom, she sleeps  
In a sulphurous shower.

For behold! the day cometh,  
When all shall be flame;  
When, Zion! the sackcloth  
Shall cover thy name;  
When thy bark o'er the billows  
Of Death shall be driven;  
When thy tree, by the lightnings,  
From earth shall be riven;  
When the oven, unkindled  
By mortals, shall burn;  
And like chaff thou shalt glow  
In that furnace of war;  
And, dust as thou wert,  
Thou to dust shalt return.

'Tis the darkness of darkness,  
The midnight of soul!  
No moon on the depths  
Of that midnight shall roll.  
No starlight shall pierce  
Through that life-chilling haze;  
No torch from the roof  
Of the temple shall blaze.  
But, when Israel is buried  
In final despair,  
From a height o'er all height,  
God of God, Light of Light,  
Her sun shall arise—  
Her great Sovereign be there!

Then the sparkles of flame,  
From his chariot-wheels hurl'd,  
Shall smite the crown'd brow  
Of the god of this world!  
Then, captive of ages!  
The trumpet shall thrill  
From the lips of the seraph  
On Zion's sweet hill.  
For, vested in glory,  
Thy monarch shall come,—  
And from dungeon and cave  
Shall ascend the pale slave;

Lost Judah shall rise,  
Like the soul from the tomb!

Who rushes from Heaven?  
The angel of wrath;  
The whirlwind his wing,  
And the lightning his path.  
His hand is uplifted,  
It carries a sword:  
'Tis ELLIJAH! he heralds  
The march of his Lord!  
Sun, sink in eclipse!  
Earth, earth, shalt thou stand,  
When the cherubim wings  
Bear the King of thy kings?  
Wo, wo to the ocean,  
Wo, wo to the land!

'Tis the day long foretold,  
'Tis the judgment begun;  
Gird thy sword, Thou most Mighty!  
Thy triumph is won.  
The idol shall burn  
In his own gory shrine;  
Then, daughter of anguish,  
Thy dayspring shall shine!  
Proud Zion, thy vale  
With the olive shall bloom,  
And the musk-rose distil  
Its sweet dew on the hill;  
For earth is restored,  
The great kingdom is come!

There was once assembled in Michael Scuppach's laboratory a great many distinguished persons from all parts of the world, partly to consult him and partly out of curiosity: and among them many French ladies and gentlemen, and a Russian Prince, with his daughter, whose singular beauty attracted general attention. A young French marquis attempted, for the amusement of the ladies, to display his wit on the miraculous Doctor; but the latter, though not much acquainted with the French language, answered so pertinently that the Marquis had not the laugh on his side. During this conversation, an old peasant entered, meanly dressed, with a snow-white beard, a neighbour of Scuppach's. Scuppach directly turned away from his great company to his old neighbour, and hearing that his wife was ill, set about preparing the necessary medicine for her, without paying much attention to his more exalted guests, whose business he did not think so pressing. The Marquis was now deprived of one subject of his wit, and therefore chose for his butt the old man, who was waiting while his neighbour Michael was preparing something for his old Mary. After many silly jokes on his long white beard, he offered a wager of twelve louisdors, that none of the ladies would kiss the dirty-looking fellow. The Russian princess, hearing these words, made a sign to her attendants, who brought her a plate. The princess put twelve louisdors on it and had it carried to the Marquis, who could not decline adding twelve other. Then the fair Russian went up to the old peasant with the long beard, and said, “Permit me, venerable father, to salute you after the fashion of my country.” Saying this she embraced him and gave him a kiss. She then presented him the gold which was on the plate with these words—“Take this as a remembrance of me, and as a sign that the Russian girls think it their duty to honour old age.”

SIGNS OF THE WEATHER.—Red clouds in the west, at sunset, especially when they have a tint of purple, portend fine weather. The reason is, that the air, when dry, refracts more red, or heat-making rays, and, as dry air is not perfectly transparent, they are again reflected in the horizon. A copper or yellow sunset generally foretells rain: but as indications of wet weather approaching, nothing is more certain than the halo around the moon, which is produced by the precipitated water; and the larger the circle the nearer the clouds, and consequently more ready to fall. When the swallows fly high fine weather is to be expected or continued; but when they fly low or close to the ground, rain is almost surely approaching. This is explained as follows: Swallows pursue the flies and gnats, and they delight in warm strata of air; and, as warm air is lighter, and usually there is less chance of moisture than cold air, when the warm strata of one air is high, there is less chance of moisture being thrown down from them by the mixture of cold air; but when the warm and moist air close to the ground, it is almost certain that as the cold air flows down into it a deposit of water will take place.

After the passage of the law requiring every man who owned a taxed cart to have his name and place of abode inscribed thereon in full, very general exception was taken to the act, and various devices were resorted to, to puzzle the informers. Sometimes the letters would be put on in colour within a shade of the cart; others would paint it upon the axle-tree, and so forth; but the best of all was practised by a Mr. Amos Todd, of Aeton in Kent, who not only bothered the officers of the law, but complied with its demands and expressed his opinion of it at the same time, in the following line, printed in bold characters upon his vehicle:—A MOST ODD ACT ON A TAXED CART, which can be read, Amos Todd, Aeton;—a Taxed Cart.—*Baltimore Post*.

DEAR BOUGHT TREASURE.—In the memoirs of General Miller's services in Peru, there is a calculation that the lives of no less than eight millions two hundred and eighty-five thousand Indians

were sacrificed in that province alone, in searching for gold and silver to enrich their tyrannic masters the Spaniards. The persons thus employed used to be drawn by ballot, and so severe was their labour, that they were generally killed off in the course of twelve months.

SPRING.

O linger not, thou bright and sunny Spring,  
Fair nature's child! companion of glad hours!  
But o'er the earth thy gorgeous mantle fling,  
And hasten onward with thy buds and flowers.

Let thy sweet form be seen...thy thrilling voice  
Peal gently on the ear from bough and brake;  
Bid nature in her loveliness rejoice,  
And all her slumbering energies awake!

EATING APPLES.—I have noticed, that the way in which a person pares an apple is indicative of character, so far as economy or extravagance is concerned. When the fruit is brought on, after dinner, observe who it is that hastily cuts off a very thick paring, leaving less than half the apple. Such a person is liberal, if not extravagant, and probably runs in debt to the extent of his credit. One who pares the fruit carefully, taking off the whole of the skin, but cutting no deeper than is necessary, is prudent, economical, orderly, probably not in debt, and gradually improving his fortune. One who cuts it very thin, leaving part of the skin unremoved, is probably penurious, selfish, and illiberal. These signs may not always be certain, but will, I think, very often be found indicative of character.

THE PASHA OF EGYPT AND THE ROYAL SOCIETY.—The Pasha has been doing a very generous act for the promotion of philosophical inquiry. The Royal Society made an application, through the British government, some time ago, to be allowed to construct an observatory in Egypt for magnetic and meteorological observations. On the communication of this wish through our Consul-General, Colonel Campbell, (who never asked a favour in vain from the Viceroy,) his Highness answered that he would build the observatory at his own expense, and has already given instructions for its erection on an island opposite Boulag, where it will be protected from the dust and sand of the climate, and has appointed an intelligent Frenchman, M. Lambert, to superintend it. The Viceroy has done more; he remarked that the Royal Society would be the best judges of the necessary instruments, &c. for forwarding their object, and has desired they will do him the favour of selecting whatever may be necessary for the observatory, and he will direct the cost to be instantly paid.—*United Service Gazette*.

THE ABUSE OF TIME.—The following beautiful extract is from a lecture delivered before the New York Mercantile Library Association, by the Rev. G. W. Bethune:

“During a recent visit to the United States Mint, I observed in the gold room, a rack was placed over the floor for us to tread upon; and on enquiring its purpose, I was answered, it was to prevent the visitor from carrying away with the dust of his feet the minutest particle of the precious metal, which, despite of the utmost care, would fall upon the floor when the rougher edge of the bar was filed; and that the sweepings of the building saved thousands of dollars in the year. How much more precious the most minute fragments of time! and yet how often are they trodden upon like dust, by thoughtlessness and folly!

DANCING.—“I am an old fellow,” says Cowper, in one of his letters to Hurd, “but I had once my dancing days, as you have now, yet I could never find that I could learn half so much of woman's character by dancing with her, as by conversing with her at home, where I observe her behaviour unobserved at the table, at the fireside, and in all the trying circumstances of life. We are all good when we are pleased; but she is the good woman who wants no fiddle to sweeten her.”

She who makes her husband and her children happy, who reclaims the one from vice, and trains up the other to virtue, is a much greater character than ladies described in romances, whose whole occupation is to murder mankind, with shafts from their quiver or their eyes!—*Goldsmith*.

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