

FANATICISM IN BRAZIL.—From the following story published in the Rio Janeiro Journal, *O Despertador*, our readers will be enabled to judge of the slight advance made by civilization in the interior of Brazil. An individual named João Antonio, residing in the environs of the village of Pedra Bonita, near Pianco, in the district of Flores, had been for some time in the habit of amusing the villagers with the tale of an enchanted kingdom, at the distance of two hundred leagues, and had told them that the moment for breaking the charm was at hand. In the month of November, 1837, this individual proceeded to the forest of Inhamun, whence he sent one of his confederates, named João Perreiro, to Pedra Bonita, where the latter arrived in May last. He immediately announced himself as the sovereign of the enchanted kingdom, promised to break the spell in favour of such as would declare allegiance to him, and assured them that immediately after the operation, the king, Don Sebastian, the long-lost king of Portugal, would arrive with a numerous army, wash their sable complexions white, and render them all rich, happy and immortal. As the condition, however, on which the spell was to be broken, he declared that it was indispensable to massacre a certain number of men, women and children, whom he promised almost immediately afterwards to resuscitate. Perreiro's absurd predictions obtained belief from a number of credulous fanatics, who became his devoted adherents. The impostor then, of his own authority, married each of his partisans to two, three, and even four wives, and took eight helpmates to his own share. He next commenced the sacrifices, and, at the expiration of four days, his victims amounted to twenty-one adults, and an equal number of children, who had been given up to him by their infatuated parents. This wholesale butchery was at last suspended by the assassination of the impostor himself by his own brother, Pedro Antonio Perreiro, who proclaimed himself his successor. Fortunately the imperial commissary of the district of Flores, M. Manoel de Silva e Souza, was at length informed of the sanguinary scenes enacted in the village of Pedra Bonita, whither he lost no time in proceeding, with twenty-six national guards and about thirty militia troops to attack Pedro and his adherents, who, on the approach of the armed force, barricaded themselves in a barn. After a desperate struggle, twenty-nine of the fanatics and their leader were killed, and twenty-four others, including four women, taken prisoners and placed in the hands of justice. The imperial commissary had five men killed and four wounded. The Pedrites fought like lions, being encouraged by their leader, in the expectation of the arrival of Don Sebastian's supernatural army to their relief!

WOMAN AT THE FIRESIDE.—I have said of English women that they are the best fireside companions; but I am afraid that my remark must apply to a very small portion of the community at large. The number of those who are wholly destitute of the highest charm belonging to social companionship is lamentably great; and these remarks would never have been obtruded upon the notice of the public, if there were not strong symptoms of the number becoming greater still.

Women have the choice of many means of bringing their principles into exercise, and of obtaining influence, both in their own domestic sphere and in society at large. Among the most important of these is conversation—an engine so powerful upon the minds and characters of mankind in general, that beauty fades before it, and wealth in comparison is but leading coin. If match-making were indeed the great object of human life, I should scarcely dare to make this assertion, since few men choose woman for their conversation where wealth or beauty are to be had. I must, however, think more nobly of the female sex, and believe them more solicitous to maintain affection after the match is made than simply to be led to the altar, as wives whose influence will that day be laid aside with their wreaths of white roses, and laid aside for ever.

If beauty or wealth have been the bait in this connexion, the bride may gather up the wreath of roses, and place them again upon her polished brow; nay, she may bestow the treasury of her wealth without reserve, and permit the husband of her choice to "spoil her goodly lands to guild his waist," she may do what she will—dress, bloom or descend from affluence to poverty—but if she has no intellectual hold upon her husband's heart, she must inevitably become that most helpless and pitiable of earthly objects—a slighted wife.

How pleasantly the evening hours may be made to pass when a woman who can converse will thus beguile the time. But, on the other hand, how wretched is the portion of that man who dreads the dullness of his own fireside! who sees the clog of his existence ever seated there—the same, in the deadening influence she has upon his spirits—to-day, as yesterday, to-morrow, and the next day, and the next! Welcome, thrice welcome, the often invited visitor who breaks the dismal dullness of the scene.—*Mrs. Ellis.*

THE CHAMELION.—Mr. Robert Spittal in a communication to the Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal, details some interesting observations made by him of the habits of the chameleon, and the probable cause of its change of colour. The animals in

the possession of Mr. Spittal were five inches in length, exclusive of their tail. They lived entirely upon insects. On observing one, the method of attack pursued was to the following effect:—They slowly moved towards their prey, as if afraid to disturb it, at the same time keeping their eyes firmly fixed upon the insect until within a few inches of it; then on a sudden darting forth the tongue, and as suddenly withdrawing it, they secured their prey, which very voracious mastication and deglutition soon disposed of. The greatest distance to which the tongue protruded was about five inches, generally less, never more. This organ, produced by strong muscular power, is chiefly returned to the mouth by an apparatus attached to its base, which acts by its resiliency, in a somewhat similar way to the elasticity of a silk purse, when drawn out, and suddenly let go. The better to enable the animal to seize its prey, the extremity of the tongue folds up to a slight extent, somewhat like the extremity of the proboscis of an elephant; and moreover the organ is coated with an adhesive matter. The result of Mr. Spittal's experiment on the changes of colour in this animal, leads him to conclude that the existing opinions which attribute the change of colour to the action of the lungs as the chief cause, is correct. The state of the lungs, as remarked by Cuvier, as produced by the wants and passions of the animal, renders the body more or less transparent, and forces the blood more or less to flow towards the skin, that fluid being coloured more or less brightly, according to the quantity of air taken into the lungs. With regard to the transparent property of the body of the chameleon, Mr. Spittal says, that on one occasion he and his companions were tolerably sure that they observed the shadow of the wires of the cage, during the bright sunshine, through the body of one of them, while in a compressed state.

Bentley's Miscellany for March.

TO MY OLD COAT.

BY ALEX. McDUGALL, ESQ. OF NOVA SCOTIA.

Ah me! how oft my fancy plays
Round the bright flame of other days,
Ere poverty I knew,
When, ere the light of hope was gone,
"In pride of place" I put thee on.
My Sunday-coat of blue!

'Twere vain to tell what fears arose,
How I anticipated woes,
When first thy shape I tried;
But doubts dispell'd, what joy was mine!
I gazed upon thy superfine,
And scorn'd all coats beside.

Can I forget that jovial night,
When thy gilt buttons in the light
Of matchless beauty shone;
When, cheer'd by many a witching glance,
In the figure of the dance
Exhibited my own?

These days of pride like meteors pass'd—
Alas! they were too good to last,
And dismal hours have come.
Now, my poor coat! thy haggard air
Speaks volumes to me, while despair
Has almost struck me dumb.

My other upper parts of dress,
Though ancient, are exceptionless;—
With patching here and there
My nether garments still retain
Cohesive power; but all in vain
Thy breaches I repair.

Thy collar, which so lightly press'd
In graceful sweep my swelling chest,
Now makes my choler swell:
The soap perspiring through each stitch
So tar-like, urges me to pitch
Thee to the tailor's hell.

Thy edges now are all unhemm'd,
Thy guiltless buttons, too, condemn'd,
Hang in lack-lustre rows;
Thy sleeves have faded from their prime,
Thy cuffs, which met the storms of Time,
Have sunk beneath its blows.

Thy seams, which look'd so smooth before,
("Talk not to me of seams") no more
In evenness excel;
While, shrinking from the wearer's make,
Thou, Wolsey-like, art forced to take
Of greatness a farewell.

I dare not trust thy texture now—
"A thing of shreds and patches,"—thou
Art woful to behold.
Thy waist has fallen to waste at last;
Thy skirts, whose threads are failing fast,
A sad, sad tale unfold!

As on thy alter'd form I gaze,
I mourn the joys of other days,
Ere poverty I knew,
When, ere the light of hope had gone,
"In pride of place" I put thee on,
My Sunday-coat of blue!

HOWARD AT THE BASTILLE.—Even to the gloomiest of those dungeons did he wish to penetrate; and, in the hope of being able to draw from these abodes of helpless misery some information for the completion of his great design, he would not have hesitated to trust himself in the power of the keepers of a prison like this, in the strongest of these cages, surrounded by an insurmountable wall and an impassable ditch, which prevented the possibility of escape. With this view—and I am here adopting the unassuming account which he himself has given of so bold and so dangerous an enterprise—"he knocked hard at the outer gate, and immediately went forward, through the guard, to the drawbridge before the entrance of the castle; but while he was contemplating this gloomy mansion, an officer came out of the castle much surprised, and he was forced to retreat through the mute guard, and thus regained that freedom which, for one locked up within those walls, it would be next to impossible to obtain." "In the space of four centuries, from the foundation to the destruction of the Bastille, perhaps," observes one of his biographers, upon this singular, but characteristic adventure, "Mr. Howard was the only person that was ever compelled to quit it reluctantly." It was, however, in all probability most fortunate for himself, and for the cause of humanity, which he had so nobly espoused at all personal risks, and through all personal privations, that he quitted it as he did; for, had he advanced but a few steps further, his laudable curiosity might have cost him dear.

INCREDIBLE FACT.—The Abbe Regnier, secretary of the French Academy, was collecting in his hat from each member a contribution for a certain purpose. The president Roses, one of the forty, was a great miser, but had paid his quota; which the abbe not perceiving, he presented the hat a second time. Roses, as was to be expected, said he had already paid. "I believe it," answered Regnier, "though I did not see it." "And I," added Fontenelle, who was beside him, "I saw it, but I do not believe it."

DISAGREEABLE PEOPLE.—Some persons are of so tenazing and fidgety a turn of mind, that they do not give you a moment's rest. Every thing goes wrong with them. They complain of a head-ache or the weather. They take up a book, and lay it down again—venture an opinion, and retract it before they had half done—offer to serve you, and prevent some one else from doing it. If you dine with them at a tavern, in order to be more at your ease, the flesh is too little done—the sauce is not the right one, they ask for a sort which they think is not to be had, or if it is, after some trouble, procured, do not touch it; they give the waiter fifty contradictory orders, and are restless and sit on thorns the whole of dinner-time.

ARAB WOMEN.—The Arab women on the banks of the Nile, add to delicacy of form and natural elegance, a striking simplicity of dress. The poorest wear nothing but a long blue chemise, with a veil of the same colour—one corner of which veil they hold in their mouths when they meet any men, especially Europeans. A large mask of black taffeta covers the faces of the richer females, leaving nothing to be seen but the eyes and forehead. Ear-rings, several necklaces of shells or paste, intermingled with amulets of silver or of polished copper, bracelets, various and multiplied; the chin, the hands and a part of the arms tattooed with blue, the eye-lashes tinged with black—such are the particulars which complete the dress of an Arab female, and which, notwithstanding their apparent fantasticalness, produce an original and graceful ensemble.

DOMESTIC TURN.—Many women think they are domestic if they stay at home to entertain company; while their husbands think they are as little domestic at home, as abroad.

IMMENSE CHIMNEY.—A chimney has lately been erected at Newton, England, which is three hundred and ninety-seven feet high.

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