GLEANINGS FROM LATE PAPERS.

THE TURKS.—The Musselmans are great fanatics. Their wooden houses are frequently destroyed by fire; but they build them again of wood, believing that it is impious to build dwellings for perishable man of so durable a material as stone. Of course, to be consistent, when a man dies. they should pull down his house; but this we believe is not done. To this spirit of fanaticism, which excludes all reforms and innovations, is to be attributed the decay of the Ottoman Empire. When the late Sultan Mahmoud replaced the turbans of his soldiers by caps, he wished also to introduce peaks to the caps as a protection from the sun. The Ulemah or Council of State, however, opposed the measure on the ground that no Muselman could perform his devotions without touching the ground with his forehead. As it was of course impossible to turn the cap round at prayer time, the peak had to be sacrificed.—Sultan Mahmoud was, we believe, not the only Prince who has been unlucky in the matter of caps. We have sometimes noticed misconceptions to exist respecting the Mahommedan Paradise. Mahomet has been said to have declared that women have no souls, and to have refused them admission into his heaven. The truth is, that the Koran in several places distinctly states the contrary. There is, however, an obscure passage in the 56th chapter which seems to hint, that no old woman will be admitted among the blessed. The story runs that this passage once got Mahomet into trouble. The reader has probably heard the anecdote, but it will bear repeating. Mahomet, strong of head and strong of arm, was the greatest of warrior-prophets. The deeds of John of Leyden or of Schamyl pale before those of the founder of Islamism. He may have been an impostor, but, as this world goes, he was a great man; and as it is useful to observe how a great man gets out of a scrape, suppose we hear the story. One day a greyheaded lady attacked the prophet on the subject of the above-mentioned passage in the 56th chapter of the Koran. She said she was very sorry she was so old, but that she could not help; and she must say it was very hard that age, which deprived her of the pleasures of a wicked world below, should cause her to be shut out of Paradise. Mahomet replied he was very sorry, but what was written was written, and he could not make an exception in her particular case. Hereupon she showered upon him such a flood of tears, that the prophet, not wishing to get into hot water about such a trifle, considered what he had better do. Suddenly he hit upon an idea (he was one of the few men who do get ideas,) and he told her to dry her tears and be consoled; for though it was true that there were no old women in Paradise, she would be admitted, nevertheless, for she would be made young again first. This story reminds us of the gallant Frenchman, who, in reply to the question, why women were not admitted into the Chamber of Deputies, said that to be a member it was necessary to be forty years old, and it was impossible to suppose that any lady could reach that age.—*The Literary Mail Coach.*

THE ISTHMUS OF PEREKOP.

The Isthmus of Perekop, which unites the Crimea to the main land, is so often mentioned in the accounts of the operations of the allied troops in the East, that the following particulars respecting it will probably prove of interest:—The Isthmus of Perekop, called in the Tartar language, the 'Gate of Gold,' is situated between the Black Sea and the Putrid Sea and is ten versts long by six wide (25 versts make 20 miles). To the west extends the Gulf of Perekop, closed on the side of the continent by Cape Seilgasch, and on the side of the Crimea by a promontory of the same name as the isthmus.—Perekop is the capital of the circle of that name which touches the circles of Aleschiki, Simpheropol, and Eupatoria. On the east the country is indented by a great number of bays; and several streams, one of which is the Salghir. The climate is generally insalubrious. The town and fortress of Perekop are situated on the isthmus, between the Gulf of Siwasch in the Sea of Azoff, and a line of ramparts running from east to west. A trench of twenty-four feet deep, provided with a drawbridge, and coated with cut stone at both sides, runs across the isthmus opposite the town. The situation of the town is not a good one, and the houses are poor, in appearance, being covered with thatch, and the streets narrow. The great article of trade is salt, which caravans come to carry away in summer.—The inhabitants, about 3,000 in number at most, are composed of Russians, Tartars, Armenians, and Jews. The citadel had formerly a certain importance, but a few yearsago, the walls were allowed to fall to ruin. Lately considerable repairs have been effected in the buildings, and other works have been erected. At three versts distance from Perekop is the village of Armenskoi, inhabited by Jews, Greeks, and Armenians. It was in 1736 that the Russians appeared for the first time in the Crimea, under the command of General Munnich, who had with him 100,000 men. They found the isthmus cut across by a trench 24 metres wide and 14 deep, and protected by a wall 20 metres high. All these works were flanked by towers and defended by the fort of Orkapu. The entrenchments were, however, carried by the Russians, and two days after, the fortress surrendered. The next year there was another attempt at invasion on the part of the Russians, but without success, as the walls were then repaired, and the Khan commanded in person and beat off the assailants. In 1770 the Russians failed against the fortress, but the year after, 90,000 men succeeded in seizing on the isthmus, which the Russians have since held possesion of.

SCIENCE AND ART.—The Panama Railway is now complete from one side of the Isthmus to the other, a distance of forty-nine miles, rising at one part of the line to the height of 250 feet above the sea. Communication between the two oceans will now be more rapid than ever; and when the Pacific line of steamers is in operation from Panama to Sydney, we shall get news from Australia in about forty days. The cost of this work is L 1,400,000. The railway from Alexandria to Cairo, 130 miles, will be opened through the entire route, as soon as the three bridges are finished; and then locomotives will go screaming and panting through the land of the Pharaohs. In India, too, the railway is open for 120 miles.—This, for Hindostan is good progress; but the Indian telegraph may be cited as an instance of praiseworthy enterprise—3000 miles having been erected in less than twelve months, at a cost of L.41 per mile. Think of the wires being stretched to within a few miles of the Khyber Pass! A line is also to be carried to Prome, Rangoon, and to the capital of Aracan; so that ere long the governor-general will receive daily or hourly reports of what is going on in the remotest parts of his wide dominion. And our communications with the west are likely to be expedited, for a submarine wire will soon come into play from Nova Scotia to St. John's Newfoundland; and after that, means are to be found for laying a wire from St. John's to Galway, and then messages from New York will be as frequent and familiar as they now are from France. There is something truly wonderful in the rapid extension of the electric telegraph.

About a year ago, a man named Cousin fell down on the track of the Great Western Railway in England, while in a state of intoxication, and was killed. The tavern-keeper from whom he had received his last glass, was lately indicted and found guilty. The fine in such a case is £25.

A CONTENTED WIFE.—It is a blessed thing for a poor man to have a contented, loving wife—one who will not wish to live in a style beyond her husband's income, just because her next door neighbor does—one who can be happy in the love of her husband, her home, and its smiles or its favor.

A brandy barrel marked upon the outside "New York brandy," was found buried in a St. Louis graveyard on the 3rd inst; and upon opening it was found to contain the body of a female about twenty-two years of age.

BUYING MARBLES.

The *Mobile Journal* should be credited with the following humorous and graphic life-sketch:

Pa (Reading a newspaper mutters)—No rise in the river—never going to rise again, I believe wife.

Little Daughter—I wish the rivers would rise. Pa—What have you got to do with the river's rising?

L. D.—A great deal, papa, for then the boats would run.

Pa—And what have you to do with the boats' running my child, hey?

L. D.—They would bring the cotton down.

Pa (looking over his spectacles,)—and what have you to do, pet, with cotton bales?

L. D.—Why, if the cotton was down, pa, you would be able to sell it, you know, dear papa (smilingly.)

Pa—and what then?

L. D.—You would have plenty of money.

Pa—Well!

L. D.—(laying her little hand on his shoulder, and looking up into his face)—Then you could pay ma that gold twenty-dollar piece you borrowed of her, you know, papa.

Pa—And what then, minx?

L.D.—Aunt Sarah would pay sister Jane the dollar she promised to give her on New Year's, but did'nt, coz she did'nt have no cotton—I mean no money, pa.

Pa—Well, what else! (Looks at her curiously, with a half smile.)

L. D.—Cousin Jane would pay brother John his fifty cents back, and he said when he got it he would pay me the half dime he owes me, and two dimes to buy marbles, and this is what I want the rivers to rise for, and the big boats to run! And I owe nurse the other dime, and I must pay my debts.

Pa looked at ma. 'There it is,' he said, we are all, big and little, like a row of bricks—touch the head one, and, *presto*! away we all go, down to my little Carrie here. She has, as a child, as much interest in the rise as I have. We are all, old and young, waiting for money to buy marbles.'

A NIGHT INCIDENT.

We have put a dumb-waiter in our house. A dumb-waiter is a good thing to have in the country, on account of its convenience. If you have company, everything can be sent up from the kitchen without any trouble. To provide for contingencies, we had all our floors deafened. In consequence, you cannot hear anything that is going on in the story below; and, when you are in an upper room of the house, there might be a democratic ratification meeting in the cellar, and you would not know it. Therefore, if any one should break into the basement, it would not disturb us; but to please Mrs. Sparrowgrass, I put stout iron bars in all the lower windows. Besides, Mrs. Sparrowgrass bought a rattle when she was in Philadelphia; such a rattle as watchmen carry there. This is to alarm our neighbor, who, upon the signal, is to come to the rescue with his revolver. He is a rash man, prone to pull trigger first, and make inquiries afterwards.

One evening, Mrs. S. had retired, and I was busy writing, when it struck me, a glass of ice water would be palatable. So I took a candle and the pitcher, and went down to the pump. Our pump is in the kitchen. A country pump, in the kitchen is more convenient; but a well with buckets is certainly more picturesque. Unfortunately, our well water has not been sweet, since it was cleaned out. First I had to open a bolted door that lets you into the basement-hall, and then I went to the kitchen door, which proved to be locked. Then I remembered that our girl always carried the key up-stairs with her, and slept with it under her pillow. Then I retraced my steps; bolted the basement door, and went up to the dining-room. As is always the case, I found when I could not get any water, I was thirstier than I supposed I was. Then I thought I would wake our girl up. Then I concluded not to do it. Then I thought of the well, but I gave that up on account of its flavor. Then I opened the closet doors—there was no water there; and then I thought of the dumb-waiter! The novelty of the idea made me smile: I took out two of the moveable shelves, stood the pitcher on the bottom of the dumb-waiter, got in myself with the lamp; let myself down, until I supposed I was within a foot of the floor below, and then let go!

We came down so suddenly, that I was shot out of the apparatus as if it had been a catapult; it broke the pitcher, extinguished the lamp, and landed me in the middle of the kitchen at midnight, with no fire. and the air not much above the zero point. The truth is, I had miscalculated the distance of the descent—instead of falling one foot, I had fallen five. My first impulse was, to ascend by the way I came down, but I found that impracticable. Then I tried the kitchen-door, it was locked; I tried to force it open; it was made of two-inch stuff, and held its own. Then I hoisted a window, and there were the rigid iron bars. If I ever felt angry at anybody, it was at myself, for putting up those bars to please Mrs. Sparrowgrass. I put them up, not to keep people in, but to keep people out.

I laid my cheek against the ice-cold barriers: it was as black as ink overhead. Then I thought of Baron Trenck, and the prisoner of Chillon. Then I made a noise! I shouted until I was hoarse, and ruined our preserving-kettle with the poker. That brought our dogs out in full bark, and between us we made night hideous. Then I thought I heard a voice, and listened—it was Mrs. Sparrowgrass calling to me from the top of the staircase. I tried to make her hear me, but the dogs united with howl, and growl, and bark, so as to drown my voice, which is naturally plaintive and tender. Besides, there were two bolted doors and double deafened floors between us; how could she recognise my voice, even if she did hear it? Mrs. Sparrowgrass called once or twice, and then got frightened; the next thing I heard was a sound, as if the roof had fallen in, by which I understood that Mrs. Sparrowgrass was springing the rattle! That called out our neighbor, already wide awake; he came to the rescue with a bull-terrier, a Newfoundland pup, a lantern, and a revolver. The moment he saw me at the window, he shot at me, but fortunately missed me. I threw myself under the kitchen table and ventured to expostulate with him, but he would not listen to reason. In the excitement, I had forgotten his name, and that made matters worse. It was not until he had roused up everybody around, broken in the basement-door, gotten into the kitchen with his savage dogs and shooting iron, and seized me by the collar that he recognised me—and then he wanted me to explain it! But what kind of an explanation could I make to him? I told him he would have to wait until my mind was composed, and then I would let him understand the whole matter fully. But he never would have had the particulars from me, for I do not approve of neighbors that shoot at you, break in your door, and treat you, in your own house, as if you were a jail-bird. He knows all about it, however—somebody has told him; *somebody* tells everybody everything in our village.—

Sir Colin Campbell stops the grog of all his men who do not occasionally write home to their parents.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

STEAMBOAT EXPLOSION AND LOSS OF LIFE.—On Monday morning the Ben. Beveridge, a small high-pressure steamer, plying occasionally between Fredericton and Woodstock, exploded her boiler when about half a mile from the former place. Two men were killed and several severely injured. Captain Dougan was among the latter. One of the firemen is missing, and the engineer, who was seen shortly after the accident has not since been heard of. Some were scalded, and one or two persons were thrown some distance from the scene of disaster. Fortunately the number of passengers on board at the time was small: had it been otherwise, the results would have been melancholy. The cause of the accident was, that the water was allowed to get too low in the boiler, which burst as soon as the working of the engine injected fresh water into it. The boat was scattered into fragments. She was owned by Messrs. Connell and Chase, and we are informed that her boiler was equal to that of any boat on the river. Her ordinary rate of speed was 12 miles per hour.—We are glad to learn that the Government will immediately make a strict investigation into the cause of the accident. We are informed that the parties connected with the boat refused, when called upon early in the season, to comply with the requirements of the Law; the penalties in such cases are heavy and will probably be enforced.

Nothing further has come to hand respecting the fate of the engineer. It is generally supposed that he is not among the living.—The time he was last seen was a minute or two previous to the causualty. We hope that steamboat owners and commanders will derive a salutary lesson from this event. Too much caution cannot be exercised where so many lives are at stake.—*News.*

THE FISHERY COMMISSION.

(*From the New Brunswicker.*)

We announced some time since that our respected townsman, M. H. Perley, Esq, had been selected as the British Fishery Commissioner under the Reciprocity Treaty with the United States. We are now happy to announce, that Mr. Perley has received his commission under the Royal Sign Manual, and we have been kindly permitted to make the following extract from the Despatch of Lord Clarendon, which accompanied it:—

"*Foreign Office, May* 29, 1855.

"SIR,—I have to acquaint you that Her Majesty's Government have recommended you to the Queen for the appointment of Commissioner on the part of Great Britain, under the first and second articles of the Treaty concluded between Great Britain and the United States on the 5th of June, 1854.

"They have been induced to make choice of you for that appointment, by the intelligence and local knowledge which you displayed in your communications with Her Majesty's Minister at Washington, while the Treaty was under negotiation; and they feel confident, that in entrusting to you the duties to be performed under those articles of the Treaty, they place them in good hands.

"I transmit to you your Commission under the Royal Sign Manual, together with a copy of the Treaty. You will perceive from the latter, that your duties will be to proceed, in conjunction with the Commissioner of the United States, to examine the coasts of the North American Provinces, and of the United States, embraced within the provisions of the first and second articles, and to designate the places reserved by those articles from the common right of fishing therein.

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(Signed) "CLARENDON.

"M. H. PERLEY, Esq."

We understand that Mr. Perley is instructed to attend to any directions he may receive from Her Majesty's Minister at Washington, and to report his proceedings direct to the Foreign Office, without reference to the Colonial authorities, and apart from any Colonial control whatever.

It cannot fail to be gratifying to the natives of this Province, that one of themselves has so distinguished himself by skill and ability in a great international negotiation, as to have been selected by Her Majesty's Ministers for an important national office. The flattering and gracious manner in which Mr. Perley's appointment has been conferred, should give high satisfaction; it affords convincing proof that New, Brunswickers who qualify themselves for the public service, and display activity and intelligence in forwarding the interests of the Crown, may hereafter lay claim to Imperial appointments, even of the highest grade. A precedent has been established by Mr. Perley, who has been raised to a position of honor and emolument far beyond any Provincial appointment, and has thus opened the way for the ambition of the rising youth of New-Brunswick. They may now believe, that there are places within their reach for which it will be well worth their while to struggle.

We learn that Mr. Perley leaves very shortly for Washington, to confer with Mr. Crampton, and meet the United States' Commissioner, with