

HASCHBASCH, THE PEARL DIVER.

BY J. K. PAULDING.

HASCHBASCH was held by general consent the best diver in all the gulf of Ormuz. He would plunge deeper, stay longer, and come up drier than any half-horse, half alligator in the whole western hemisphere.

But, somehow or other, he was always unsuccessful; if he brought up both hands full of oysters, ten to one they did not contain a pearl; so that at last he got to be a by-word among his fellows, who used to call an oyster without a pearl 'one of the Haschbasch's oysters.'

One day, after frequent disappointments in diving, he, in a fit of despair, threw an oyster, which he knew was too plump and healthy to have any pearls in it, so violently against a rock hard by, that he broke the shell, and was not only astonished but alarmed to see a volume of smoke ascending from the fragments.

As it gradually cleared away he beheld a little squab genius, with an oyster knife in his hand, and so fat that he might pass for the personification of a veritable blue pointer.

Haschbasch contemplated the droll figure till he recovered from his terror, and fell to laughing with all his might. At length he exclaimed, "Who art thou, and whence didst thou come?"

"I am the Genius of Oysters," replied the strange little man, "and I came from the bottom of the sea. How darest thou break my palace in this rude manner?"

Haschbasch apologized very respectfully, and explained the cause of his violence, at the same time appealing to his compassion for pardon.

"You look so round and jolly," said he, "I am sure you must be good natured. I never heard of such a person that was otherwise."

"Well," said the placable Genius, "I will not be an exception. I forgive thee, nay, I will reward thee, for, between ourselves, I was a prisoner when you released me. I was shut up by a tyrannical necromancer of an alderman, for eating oysters in a month that had no 7 in it. I owe you a good turn—there dive just where I throw this."

So saying he flung a piece of clip into the sea, and Haschbasch obeyed his commands. The queer Genius swallowed the contents of the broken oyster at one mouthful, and waddling down to the wave, disappeared in its blue bosom.

In a few minutes Haschbasch came up with both hands full of oysters, each of which, on being opened was found to contain a pearl as big as a pigeon's egg.

At that moment the Genius emerged from the waters and after puffing like a porpoise, exclaimed, "Go to Ispahan," and again vanished, leaving only come up to take a mouthful of air.

Haschbasch concealed his prize from every eye, and shut his lips on the subject as close as an oyster. He took leave of little Flimflam; the black-eyed daughter of the collector of the Schah's tribute, who, if he had dreamed of the large pearls, would have had his head off in less than no time, and promising soon to return, departed for the renowned city of Ispahan, where Schah Hussein, who called himself the "king of kings," then reigned, if not in the affections, at least in the fears of his people.

Haschbasch, after considering a day or two concerning the best manner of disposing his treasure on his arrival at Ispahan, at length determined upon going to the fountain head at once. We know not where he got his experience, but he had somehow found out that it was always best to deal with principals in matters of business.

Accordingly one day when the great "king of kings" was amusing his people with the royal farce of "pride in the garb of humility," and listening very condescendingly to petitions he forgot the next moment, Haschbasch threw himself on his face, licked a reasonable quantity of dust, and in tones and words of genuine eastern humility, begged an audience of the vice-regent of Allah, the master of the universe, and the example of the angels.

Schah Hussein was tickled at these new and illustrious titles, which he thought were peculiarly applicable to him, above all his predecessors, not excepting the great Russian himself, who is celebrated in the "epic of Peroussi," containing twenty thousand bad verses. He ordered Haschbasch to wait the conclusion of the farce, and then attend him at the palace.

The diver crawled after him to his royal residence, and being admitted on all fours, most laudably petitioned for a private interview, on a matter of the utmost consequence. He did not forget to conclude by calling the Schah, as before, "vice-regent of Allah, master of the universe, and example of the angels."

The Schah was melted into compliance, and beckoned him to follow to his private apartment.

degenerate days. Nobody troubled him with protocols and non-intervention. He had his dancing girls, his story tellers, his poets, and his parasites, who swore by Allah he was fit to be Schah of Persia. He ate hugely of the richest viands; he drank under the rose, wine dearer than Chateaux Margaux, and he sung odes of Hafiz till he could neither see nor hear, and in time he waxed as fat as the Genius of Oysters.

But alas! that mortal man cannot enjoy all these things without paying more for them than they are worth! Haschbasch began to be sleepy all day, and wakeful all night. His deputy took upon him all the duties of his principal, and Haschbasch could not eat and drink and sing odes and admire the dancing girls for ever. He sometimes longed for a dive, by way of variety, even though he should bring up nothing but oysters without any pearls.

One hot, luxurious, debilitating day, he sat in a listless, tedious, laborious sort of apathy in a cool gallery that overlooked the street. He yawned once, twice, thrice, and at length exclaimed audibly, 'tho' almost unconsciously to himself.

"O, Allah! if I only had something to do!" answered a voice in the street directly under the gallery. He looked down and beheld a diminutive haunch-backed fellow, about four feet high, and as crooked as a ram's horn, bending under two heavy buckets.

"Who art thou?" cried Haschbasch, rubbing his eyes. "Buz-buz, the water-carrier, answered the other. "What wouldst thou?"

"I should like to be a governor. You said, just now, you wanted something to do, and I want nothing to do. Let us exchange, and we shall each have our wish."

"Thou art a merry slave. I cannot give thee my office, but I will make thee my jester. Thou shalt make me laugh, and I will make a man of thee.—Come hither."

"You must add a cubit to my stature before you can do that; but, however, I accept your offer, for if you only knew how lazy I am you would pity me."

Buz-buz proved a most invaluable auxiliary in assisting Haschbasch to kill time. His spirits were inexhaustible; and if not always witty, he supplied its absence by impudence, which sometimes does just as well. At length Haschbasch willed him to give some account of himself.

"I was born crooked as you see," said he, "which was a great happiness; for I never knew what it was to be strait, and therefore escaped the curse of being miserable by comparison. I was apprenticed to a water-carrier, who made me carry twice as much as other people, because, as he wisely said, there was no danger of spoiling my shape; and I was just on the point of trying to better my fortune, by making the most of my figure in a matrimonial speculation, when your highness had the good fortune to take me into your service. Such is my history, now tell me yours. I bet my oil of buckets against your turban you have been a diver in your time."

"Why so?" said Haschbasch, somewhat startled. "Why because thou art always bobbing thy head, as if thou wast going to plunge into the water?"

"Thou art a prophet," said the governor, and related his story, substituting a single pearl for the handful he had acquired through the favour of the Genius of Oysters.

"O Prophet!" exclaimed Buz-buz, "what is the difference betwixt a pearl-diver and a water-carrier, that thou shouldst make a governor of the one and a jester of the other! Destiny, destiny, thou art more blind than a bat—she at least sees in the dark."

Haschbasch laughed at this sally, but he soon had cause to repent of the disclosure of his early life. Buz-buz was continually joking about his former profession, and though he always did it when they were alone together, it was not relished. Haschbasch loved to hear others made game of, but to be made game himself was quite a different affair.

On one occasion the great mufti of Ispahan, a sort of Mahometan archbishop, came to visit Haschbasch in state, to negotiate a marriage between the governor and his niece, who was a first rate beauty, and very fond of hearing the odes of Hafiz. There was any quantity of ceremony between them, and the matter was finally settled.

"You bowed to the great mufti just as if you were going to take a dive for pearls," said Buz-buz, when he was gone, laughing ready to kill himself. But he laughed on the wrong side of his mouth. The governor became wroth at length, at being so frequently reminded of his profession, and turned his jester neck and heels into the street.

"Never mind," quoth Buz-buz, as he took up his old buckets, "never mind; from the capital jester to a dull governor I am become a poor water-carrier once more; who knows but from a stupid governor thou mayest become a half-starved pearl-diver again?"

"Off with his head!" cried Haschbasch, like King Dick in the tragedy. But the carrier disappeared in a twinkling, and he never laid eyes on him again.

before thou dost so, promise to me, on thy duty as a wife, thy faith as a true believer, thou wilt never wear this bauble, nor disclose to any living being that it is in thy possession."

The lady took him at his word, and demanded her choice of the beautiful pearls. Haschbasch trembled and obeyed; but, ere he did so, he related the history of the bargain with the schah, to whom he had sold a similar pearl, under a solemn assurance that it was the only one of its kind in the universe.

"My office, nay, my head, will pay the forfeit of the discovery of this falsehood. Take thy choice, but before thou dost so promise to me, on thy duty as a true believer, thou wilt never wear this bauble, nor disclose to any living being that it is in thy possession."

Fatima complied, the pearl became her own, and her health was restored, as if by miracle. The old mufti ascribed it to his prayers, and a vow to get up a grand pilgrimage to Mecca, if his niece recovered. Nothing could equal the childish delight of the governor's lady in the possession of a pearl as large and as perfect as that of the great schah himself.

She looked at it ten hours every day, and it seemed as if she would never be tired of admiring it. The thought, however, at last struck her on a sudden, that there was little pleasure in its possession, as she had no one to show it to.

From that moment she began to be unhappy. One day the dearest friend she had in the world called to see her wearing a beautiful amethyst her husband had just presented her.

"If I could only show her my pearl as large as a pigeon's egg, and as white as the beard of the mufti, how blue she would look!" thought Fatima. The temptation was irresistible. After exacting a solemn pledge of secrecy, she exhibited the inestimable treasure to her friend, who almost fainted at the sight.

"She will tell some of her acquaintances," thought Fatima, "who will tell to others, and it will soon be known, I hope. A fig for the schah, and the terrors of the governor!"

But her friend was faithful to her word and poor Fatima was sorely disappointed. A grand festival was now at hand, and she determined, at all risks, to exhibit her pearl to the eyes of all but the schah, who would, in all probability, remain ignorant of the deception practised by Haschbasch.

On that unlucky day the governor was somewhat indisposed, and did not attend the ceremony, at which the schah himself officiated. Fatima, thus freed from the controlling eye of her husband, dressed herself in all the splendours of eastern vanity, and placed the beautiful pearl in the centre of a turban, glittering with gold and precious stones.

Great was the envy and admiration excited by the beautiful pearl, and millions of questions were asked of Fatima concerning its origin and history; but she kept the secret, and her impudence might possibly have passed without any serious consequences, had not the whispers of admiration reached the ears of the schah, who demanded to see the wonderful bauble. Fatima advanced, trembling like an aspen leaf, and the schah turned pale with rage at its sight.

He snatched it from her turban, and compared it with his own. It was equally beautiful, and the passion of the schah persuaded him it was actually superior in both.

"Slave!" cried he most ungallantly, "slave, whence came this pearl?"

"My husband gave it me," answered she, sinking at his feet.

"And where is the slave, the traitor? why is he not here?"

"He is gone to fulfill a vow at the Cosque, without the city, for the recovery of his health," said the poor wife, resolved to make one effort for the safety of the governor.

"Follow, and drag him hither alive, to answer for deceiving the vice regent of Allah," exclaimed the schah, as he thought on the loss of his triumph over the Giaour of Russia. He clutched the unlucky pearl of Fatima in his grasp, resolved it should never fall into the hands of mortal man or woman again.

The unhappy Fatima was permitted to go home, which she did as fast as possible. In agitated haste she met her husband, bidding him fly for his life without further explanation, for not a moment was to be lost. Disguising themselves, they mounted a pair of swift horses, and taking an opposite direction from the mosque, whether the guards of the sultan had gone in search of Haschbasch, fled towards Ormuz, like chaff before the wind. Fatima, in the midst of her troubles, did not forget to secure the gold box and the beautiful pearls.

where the rainbow never fades—where the stars will be spread out before us like the islands that slumber on the ocean, and where the beautiful beings which here pass before us like shadows, will stay in our presence forever.

The epithet Miss.—In the 17th century, Miss applied to females was considered a term of reproach. Miss Cross, who is particularly noticed in Hayne's epilogue to Farquhar's Love and a bottle, about 1703 was the first actress announced as Miss.—Galt's Lives of the Players.

Sunrise.—Who is there who has ever looked up to the 'golden gates of the resplendent West,' and beheld arrayed in all their magnificence, and watched the beautiful departure of the god of day, and has not felt himself lifted from earth to heaven, and his feelings spiritualized by the contemplation of the scene? The glories of sunset can be seen and enjoyed in the greatest fullness only in the country. The winds are now hushed among the foliage—the birds of heaven have ceased their warbling—the voice of the laborer is no longer heard—silence hangs like a canopy upon the scene.

At such a season, go walk about into the country; carry along with you no book to aid your reflections; go alone or with a friend, let your heart be open to the influence of the scene; let its home-felt delights rise up unexpressed; resign yourself freely and entirely to the emotions of your bosom—and if you have not been too far corrupted and contaminated by intercourse with the world, you will return a better, happier, holier man.

MILITARY RESOURCES OF SWITZERLAND.—The Swiss Confederacy having determined to defend their neutrality at the point of the bayonet, has called two contingents of the national army into the field: they amount to 60,000 men, and have been organized into five divisions. Few of our readers are aware of the rapidity and economy with which such a measure can be brought into operation; a brief inquiry into the system may prove instructive and interesting. The Swiss cantons do not maintain any standing army, nor do their soldiery receive pay or quarters in barracks; neither is there such a practice known amongst them as the ballot, or beat of drum by recruiting parties. Every male inhabitant is bound to serve in the ranks, and consequently every descendant of Tell is a soldier; but he does not shoulder his firelock, unless when the storm has passed over his head, he returns quietly to his anvil or ploughshare, and stores away his rifle or musket as a household deity.

At periods, therefore, when it is deemed expedient to place the military resources of Switzerland on an active footing, notice is sent to each canton of the division which is to furnish its contingent, and each local battalion is informed of the name and head quarters of the regiment which it is to join. The quotas are always at hand, the skeletons constituted, and the several positions designated:—hence, tho' there may not be a single man under arms, in the course of a few days every efficient man in the country may be summoned on duty, and found at the post to which his country has called him. On a recent occasion, the Sardinian emigrants having endangered the frontiers which bound Geneva and the Valais, three battalions of this force were ordered out, and within twenty-four hours every rank and file was under arms. A cheaper and more effective army than this cannot be imagined. The confederation has at this time nearly 70,000 in battle array, and in a week this force could be increased to upward of 100,000.

The city of Baltimore, is in a very thriving condition. "If employment be any evidence of prosperity, she is now enjoying an enviable lot." A friend of ours, lately spent several hours in a hack, in visiting the city, from one end to the other. The dwelling houses are universally built of brick, and but few wooden buildings of any kind are to be seen. We should not be surprised if her population increased to 100,000 by the census of 1840.

In 1775, there were only 5,934 persons, "1790, 13,503 "1800, 25,614 "1810, 35,533 "1820, 62,738 "1830, 80,622

As Bostonians, we wish her every success that the most sanguine can anticipate. A person is now conveyed from Baltimore to Washington, in 5 hours—formerly it required about 12! Seven miles on this route are travelled on the Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road, on a single car, drawn by one horse, in about 40 minutes! It is beautiful, and some idea can be formed of the utility of Rail Roads in examining the different routes.

A Scottish nobleman one day visited a lawyer at his office, in which at the time there was a blazing fire, which led him to exclaim, "Mr.—, your office is as hot as an oven," "So it should be, my lord," replied the lawyer, "as it is here that I make my bread."

Mr. Geddes, of the Verreville Glass works, has in his possession a horse upwards of 42 years of age, the same animal which its respectable owner rode when he was Colonel of the Anderson volunteers, and which is still able to carry its venerable master without flagging. At the time when Mr. Geddes was Colonel of the above corps, this animal was so celebrated for its beauty and strength of bone, that the Duke of York sent down an offer to a large amount to purchase it; but he refused to sell his favorite, though he expressed himself willing to make a gift of it to his Royal Highness. This offer, it appears, was not accepted. At the late grand reform procession in Glasgow, the horse walked with the glass blowers, bestrode by one of Mr. Geddes's servants. It is still strong and in good health, though the influence of time has so far operated as to render it necessary to feed it with soft food.—Glasgow Chronicle.

The London New Monthly Magazine blames Mr. Stanley, the member of the British Parliament who travelled in this country, for using the word talented. The Magazine says—"Sir Robert Peel referred it to his American associations, and prayed him never to employ it again, with all the strenuousness of Oxonian adjuration. The Editor of the National Gazette concurs with the New Monthly and Sir Robert Peel in

condemning the word talented, but thinks it is of Cockney origin. The word appears to us to be a very good one, the sense of which cannot be otherwise so well expressed, unless by circumlocutory phrases. It seems to us to be as legitimate a word as spirited, gifted, or any other of that class. But what we admire in this paragraph is the modesty of Sir Robert's allusion to "American associations," as if he were speaking of Hottentots or Calmuc tartars. We will venture to say if Mr. STANLEY were challenged to speak the whole truth on this subject, he could inform Sir Robert that he had heard as pure English spoken in American log cabins in the far distant forests and prairies as ever he heard the wealthy Baronet himself declaim in St. Stephen's Chapel. The English language is preserved in greater purity, if we are not deceived, in America than it is in England. An Englishman may travel the United States over without fear of meeting with dialects which he cannot understand and much less converse in himself, as is the case in passing from one country to another in some parts of England.—Nat. Intel.

From the Baltimore American.

We are obliged to our correspondent for the following article, which affords a very useful lesson in a very agreeable style. If it hit some of our own friends, so much the better. If they find "time enough" to read it and ruminate upon it, they will in "time enough" be reformed.

"TIME ENOUGH." Messrs. Editors.—There is nothing seems so troublesome to a man as to have time enough.—My friend is a capital fellow, has an excellent disposition; a comfortable income, a thousand good friends, and worse than all—time enough. The consequence is he is late at breakfast—late at dinner—late at tea—in fine, late about every thing and is always in a hurry after all.

If I engage to meet him at eleven, he plans how he can dispose of his time till the hour comes. He sits down in his chair, ruminates a full hour what he shall be doing till eleven, and then commences half a dozen things at once—gets tired of them one after another, and then takes his pen to write a letter to a friend for want of some way to spend the time.

At a quarter before eleven, time enough he thinks, he begins to shave: then comes washing, dressing, &c. &c. till eleven comes, and of course he is late. He gets vexed with himself for his delinquency, and that makes him vexed with all around.

Now, Sir, my friend is not solus in this misfortune. It's a very common remark, there's "time enough," and those who make it are always sure to be behindhand.

I must say, such people are truly to be pitied, and I feel like saying what is sometimes said about birds that can sing but wont sing.

Why, Sir, what a miserable way is this of rusting out life! what a miserable, weak, inefficient man must he think himself, who has more time than any body else, and yet in his whole life has brought nothing to pass.

A good old grandmother of my acquaintance used to make the idle children pick up straws and throw them against the wind for sake of having something to do; and were I dictator of this city for a brief term, I would ship half of these do-nothings to fight for the Poles, and make the remainder crack stones for McAdamsizing the streets.

But, Sir, to be serious—ought not such time-wasters to be ashamed of themselves? We are certainly born for some purpose—we are all capable of doing some good in our day and generation—we are accountable to our friends, to our consciences, and, I say it solemnly, we are accountable to God for mispent moments.

"There's time enough" will not suffice us or make us easy, when days and years draw to a close—when the night of death comes, in which no man can work.

Would that such lazy ones, (I speak in plain language,) would that such lazy ones would compare themselves with one intellectual, active, enterprising man, and in shame for themselves, break off the crust that is hardening over their faculties, and endeavor in something like nobility, to redeem the time that is past, and not stand still, a laughing stock to the world—a mortification to their friends—and disgrace to themselves.

Singular circumstance.—Since the death of the Rev. Mr. Foster, formerly of the Parish Church in Lytleton, (Mass.) the inhabitants of that town have unhappily been divided in their religious opinions. Accusations and recriminations have been bandied about, and polemical controversies have fearfully interrupted the harmony of that beautiful village. Within a few months, these dissensions have increased and each sect claiming exclusive right of appointing a Pastor, it was finally agreed after much wrangling, to determine this important point by a vote of the town. Accordingly a town meeting was held on Wednesday last for this purpose; and each individual felt as if the honor and happiness, temporal and eternal, of the sect to which he belonged was at stake, and waited with fear mingled with hope and impatience for the appointed day. On Tuesday the day preceding the one appointed for the town meeting, the church was struck by lightning and totally consumed.

FRESH FAMILY FLOUR, &c. 20 Half bbls. fresh ground Flour, from new wheat, "fancy brand." Half bbl. Soda Crackers, Ditto ditto Butter do. 10 bbls. Pilot Bread, 10 do. Navy do. 10 do. Apple Brandy, 2 hds. N. E. Rum, 2 do. Rye Whiskey, 5 bbls. superior old Monongahela ditto. 2 do. Jamaica Rum, 1 bbl. best Winter Sperm Oil, 1 do. Train Oil, Chewing TOBACCO, of various qualities, received this day per schooner John, from Baltimore, and for sale by JOSEPH M. GRANADE, & Co. Sept. 7.

SILVER TABLE & TEA SPOONS. F. WOODS Has just received a fresh supply of Silver Table Spoons, Sugar Tonges, Tea Spoons, Pencil Cases, Mustard & Salt Spoons, Thimbles, &c. &c. Which will be sold as low as they can be imported ALSO, A PAIR OF 13 INCH GLOBES. Newbern, 20th July, 1831.