

A CHANT,—THE MISSIONARY.

BY BULWER.

Beauteous on the mountains, lo !
The feet of him glad tidings gladly bringing,
The flowers along his pathway grow,
And voices, heard aloft, to angel harps are singing ;
And strife and slaughter cease
Before thy blessed way, young messenger of peace ?

O'er the mount, and through the moor,
Glide thy holy steps secure ;
Day and night no fear thou knowest :
Lonely, but with God thou goest !
Where the heathen rage the fiercest,
Through the armed throng thou piercest ;
For thy coat of mail, bedight
In thy spotless robe of white ;
For the sinful sword, thy hand
Bearing bright the silver wand ?
Through the camp and through the court,
Through the bandit's gloomy fort,
On the mission of the dove,
Speeds the messenger of love !
By a word the wildest taming ;
And the world to Christ reclaiming ;
While, as once the waters trod
By the footsteps of thy God,
War, and wrath, and rapine cease,
Hushed round thy charmed path ! Oh messenger of peace.

THE LAST OF SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

"The history of this mournful scene is not less affecting than the death of the Grecian philosopher, which in many respects, it resembled. The same placid humour characterised the conversation of both, the subdued dignity of mirth. But Raleigh, more fortunate than Socrates, beheld, by the light of revelation, that glorious immortality which only glimmered upon the clouded eye-sight of the Athenian.—When Raleigh took leave, as we are informed in the careful life of him by Birch, of the lords of other and gentlemen,

He entreated the Lord Arundel to desire the king that no scandalous writings, to defame him, might be published after his death; concluding, "I have a long journey to go, and, therefore will take my leave." Then having put off his gown and doublet, he called to the executioner to show him the axe, which not being presently done, he said, "I prithee let me see it. Dost thou think that I am afraid of it," and having it in his hands, he felt along the edge of it, and, smiling, said to the sheriff, "this is a sharp medicine, but is a physician for all diseases." Then, going to and fro on every side of the scaffold, he desired the company to pray to God to assist him, and strengthen him. The executioner, kneeling down, and asking him forgiveness, Sir Walter, laying his hand upon his shoulder, granted it; and being asked which way he would lay himself on the block, he answered, "So the heart be right, it is no matter which way the head lies." As he stooped to lay himself along, and reclined his head, his face being towards the east, the executioner spread his own cloak under him. After a little pause, he gave the sign that he was ready for the stroke, by lifting up his hand, when his head was struck off at two blows, his body neither shrinking nor moving. His head was shown on each side of the scaffold, and then put into a red leather bag; and with his velvet night cap thrown over, was afterwards conveyed away in a mourning coach of his lady's. His body was interred in the chancel of St. Margaret's Church, Westminster; but his head was long preserved in a case by his widow, who survived him twenty-nine years; and after her death, by his son Carew, with whom it is said to have been buried at West Horseley, in Surrey, which had been a seat of Sir Walter's.

AUDUBON.

Mr. Audubon, senior, who has recently arrived in the United States, so far from having lost any portion of his enthusiasm in the cause of natural history, has determined upon entering on a new field, and will shortly commence a history of the quadrupeds of this country—very copious and elaborate data for such a purpose having already been obtained by him in the course of unexampled labors in his ornithological researches. But, ample as his material is, it is not enough for such a man as Mr. Audubon. He goes again into the wilderness and again explores the continent for further means of enriching the natural science of his country, and for adding to his own fame. Such a man deserves more from the nation than will probably be awarded to him. It will be left to posterity, we fear, fully to appreciate the labors and the character of Audubon—high as that character stands with the world.

One thing we do insist upon, and Mr. Audubon must pardon the liberty we take with him. He has now in his possession the entire series of the original drawings of all the plates in his magnificent work, and from the natural pride of a man of genius, hesitates in exhibiting them. Why should he? These drawings

are unquestionably the most splendid the world ever witnessed. Nothing like them—nothing approaching them can be found on earth. They are as much superior to the colored engravings of his great work, as any other original picture is to the copies from it, however ably and faithfully taken. This magnificent collection is now in this city, and would furnish for the gallery, such as could be found no where else on either continent. Mr. Audubon neither does justice to himself or to his countrymen, if he permits any sensitive delicacy of feeling to prevent him from permitting these elaborations of thirty years' devotion—these masterpieces of a master genius, to go before the public. The philosopher need not deem himself the gainer by such an act, richly as we believe the exhibition would reward him; it would be the public, the world of art and of science that should be considered the beneficiary on such an occasion.—*N. Y. Gaz.*

THE FATE OF A GAMBLER.

We extract from a foreign paper the following account of the melancholy consequences of indulging a propensity for gambling as illustrated in the melancholy fate of a Bohemia nobleman:

"The dreadful passion for gambling has lately made another victim in Bohemia. The young Count J. B. Gravallasky had two years ago inherited fifteen millions of francs; he was then in his twenty-fifth year, and always in gaming houses. He lost at Milan, 500,000 florins—at Vienna, 800,000—at Prague, 300,000 florins. This severe lesson, instead of tempering his passion, made it still stronger.—He sold his furniture, then his estates, and even the revenues to arise from the dominions composing his birth-right, for one hundred years, which property could not be alienated. All his money he lost also. Reduced to misery, and always dreaming of the possibility of winning back the immense fortune he had lost, he committed the serious crime of forging bills of exchange. He was at Gratz, and there he found means to negotiate, to Messrs. Churchman & Co. in that town, bills, on which he had affixed the false signatures of the bankers, Reynenbergers and Brothers, at Vienna. One of the partners of this rich house arrived the same day at Gratz, and informed the Messrs. Clarenheim that they were the dupes of a sharper. Next morning the Count Gravallasky was arrested, but a short time after he found means to escape. He left Gratz, and went to Beraum, where he assumed the name of Karrner, and passed for a cabinet maker. He lived there in quiet retirement, but being discovered, he was put in confinement, and on the night of the 19th or morning of the 20th December, he strangled himself with a silk handkerchief."

MECHANICAL INGENUITY OF THE NATIVE EAST INDIANS.

Instances frequently occur when it is of consequence that some person should be found upon the spot adequate to the undertaking of works of importance, which otherwise must be postponed until the arrival of an officer of Engineers. The principles of road-making should always be understood, together with the construction of temporary bridges, rafts, and, in fact, an acquaintance with mechanics of every kind may be turned to good account in India; where Europeans are continually thrown amongst expert workmen, who are perfectly ignorant of science, and who, though following with great precision the instructions which they receive, can originate nothing. Many officers in India superintend the building of their own carriages, turning out very handsome equipages in remote stations, where a vehicle of the kind had never been seen before; others make up articles of furniture in the same way in their own houses; for labour being cheap, and the greater part of the materials required at hand, there is no difficulty whatsoever in procuring anything after a given pattern. The armourer of a native regiment made some excellent Italian-irons from a model cut in paper, while a common carpenter constructed very beautiful bird-cages, though he had never seen anything of the kind before, from a pattern cut in pasteboard, and strung with cotton threads.

LIGHTNING.

It is curious to find that the conductor, or lightning rod, which so many men of genius, learning and ingenuity, have been at the pains to complete, which in fact has always been regarded as one of the proudest trophies of science—was known and employed by people of no more refined cultivation than the wild peasantry of Lombardy. The Abbe Bethollet, in his work on electricity, describes a practice used on one of the bastions of the Castle of Duino, on the shores of the Adriatic, which has existed from time immemorial, and which is literally neither more nor less than the process which enabled Franklin to bring lightning down from the clouds. An iron staff, it seems, was erected on the bastion of the castle during the summer, and it was a part of the duty of the sentinel, whenever a storm threatened, to raise an iron pointed halbert, towards this staff. If on the approach of the halbert sparks were emitted, (which to the scientific mind would shew that the staff was charged with electricity from a thunder cloud,) the sentinel was made sure that a storm impended, and he tolled a bell which sent forth the tidings of danger to the surrounding country. Nothing can be more delightfully

amiable than the paternal care of its subjects, which this provision of the local government exemplified. The admonishing sound of the bell was obeyed like a preternatural signal from the depth of the firmament; shepherds were seen hurrying over the valleys, urging flocks from exposed fields to places of shelter. The fishing boats, with which the coast of the Adriatic was generally studded, forthwith began to crowd sail and to make for the nearest port, whilst many a supplication was put from many a gentle and devout heart on shore before some hallowed shrine, for the safety of the little fleet.—*Monthly Review.*

PICKLING MEAT.—We consider the suggestion in the following paragraph worthy of particular consideration.

Professor Rafinesque strongly denounces the use of saltpetre in brine, intended for the preservation of flesh to keep for food. That part of the saltpetre which is absorbed by the meat he says is nitric acid, or aquafortis, a deadly poison;—animal flesh previous to the addition of the former only possessing a nutritious virtue. This is destroyed by the chemical action of salt and saltpetre; and as the professor remarks, the meat becomes as different a substance from what it should be, as leather is from raw hide before it is subjected to the process of tanning. He ascribes to the pernicious effects of this chemical change, all the diseases which are common to mariners and others, who subsist principally upon salted meat—such as scurvy, sore gums, decayed teeth, ulcers, etc., and advises a total abandonment of the use of saltpetre in making pickle for beef, pork, etc. The best substitute for which, he says, is sugar, a small quantity, rendering the meat sweeter, more wholesome, and equally as durable.

In that diversified book of Southey's, "The Doctor," he describes the tranquil pleasures of a bereaved husband, in touching terms. They were "to keep every thing in the same state as when the wife was living. Nothing was neglected that she used to do, or that she would have done. The flowers were tended as carefully as if she were still to enjoy their fragrance and their beauty; and the birds who came in winter for their crumbs, were fed as duly for her sake, as they formerly were by her hands."

GRAVITY OF BREAKFAST.—Whether breakfast is the most serious and silent meal, because it is first, or because it is the soberest, it is difficult to say; but it does generally pass without much talk, or, at all events, without much talk that is worth recording. Punsters very seldom pun at breakfast, and the narrators of long wined stories are at that time more sparing of their tales. There is then seldom any argumentative discussion or any play of wit. Breakfast is altogether a matter of business; an affair of life and death; because if people did not break their fast, they could not live. Dinner is quite another thing; that is more a matter of pleasure than of business; and they who speak of the pleasures of the table, are supposed to allude to dinner, and not to breakfast. A man may dine with Duke Humphrey five days in the week; but it is a much more serious matter to breakfast with Duke Humphrey.

TIGHT LACING.—"I think this practice is a great public benefit," said a gentleman.

"A great public benefit," exclaimed a friend, "why how can that be; do you not see that a great many of our young ladies are ruining their healths, and losing their lives by it?"

"Yes, yes," returned the other, "but my dear fellow, do you not see that it kills off only the fools and we shall have all wise ones by and by?"

Society is like a large piece of frozen water; there are the rough places to be shunned, the very slippery ones all ready for a fall, and the holes which seem made expressly to drown you. All that can be done is to glide lightly o'er all. Skating well is the great art of social life.

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