

## THE INFIDEL'S DEATH-BED.

Mr. W. from his first settlement in life, had been industriously and successfully engaged in agricultural pursuits, and had in this way amassed an ample fortune. He possessed a vigorous and discriminating mind, a kind and benevolent heart.

Ten days before his death, I was called to visit him. No apprehension was at that time felt of a speedy dissolution. He had no fever, and his mind was usually clear and vigorous.

When I entered his sick room, a scene of moral sublimity was presented which I can never forget. A venerable old black man—one of his own slaves—stood at his bed side grasping his master's hand, and pointing him to his Saviour. "There Sir," said the sick man, "You see a faithful old servant who has answered the end of his being far better than I have—he is a Christian, I am a lost sinner, I would rather now be what he is, than what I am, though I possessed the wealth of the East-Indies. I have been a wretched disciple of Paine; and what is worse, I have endeavoured to make others as bad as myself. Will you pray for me?" With this affecting request I complied, surrounded by his weeping family and friends.

During the afternoon and evening he made many such remarks as the following; "What have I gained by all the deistical works of which I was once so fond? Nothing but the horror and distress of mind which I now suffer—they are the cause of my misery—now they seem to me as the poison of the serpent. I despise—I renounce them all." On the next morning he said, "when I am cold in the dust, tell the people from the pulpit all I have said to you—give them a full history of my case, tell them I have made full proof of infidelity, and that I found it when I came to die, as a basket without a bottom. It will not do in death."

Two of his old friends and associates called to see him, who, he supposed, still entertained the sentiments he had just renounced. He was much affected at seeing them—addressing himself to them he said, "I hope you will not be displeased; we once held the same opinions—I hold them no longer, I renounce that creed, I cannot die an infidel; I beg you to renounce it also. He continued to speak to them with great penitency and force."

This open and unqualified renunciation of infidelity was accompanied by symptoms of unaffected repentance. He was not overwhelmed with fear; but seemed to be wholly engrossed with its intrinsic vileness. A very common expression of his was, "all that I can say is, God have mercy upon me a poor, mean, vile sinner."

At another time he spoke substantially as follows: "I am aware that my acquaintance have always considered me a very upright moral man; a good citizen; and they love me a good deal more than I deserve. But had they known what a heart I had they would have thought very differently. With all my outward morality, I have been at heart a vile sinner." Smiting on his breast, he exclaimed, here have rested thousands of sins which no eye has seen but that of God.—*Middlebury Free Press.*

THE FEMALE CHARACTER.—If we glance at those domestic relations which woman sustains, she appears in attitudes highly interesting.

Is she a daughter? She has a strong hold on the parental bosom. By her kind, discreet, obedient, dutiful conduct, she contributes greatly to the happiness of those who tenderly love her and who are her natural guardians and guides. Or by the opposite conduct she disappoints their hopes, and pierces their hearts with sorrow.

Is she a sister? If intelligent and virtuous, she sheds the most kindly influence on the little circle of kindred spirits in which she daily moves.

Is she a wife? The relation is most endearing, and its duties most important. Taken originally from a place near man's heart, she is ever to be his most kind, affectionate and faithful partner. To contribute to his happiness is always to be her first earthly care. It is hers, to be his intelligent companion, and counsellor; his second self; his constant and substantial helper, both as to the concerns of this life, and to his eternal interest. She is to do him good all the days of her life. And by so doing to dwell in the vicinity of his heart, till separated by death.

Is she a mother? It is hers in no small degree to form the character of the next generation. Constantly with her children, having the chief care of them in infancy and early childhood; the most susceptible, the former period of life; to her in an important sense, are committed the character and the destiny of individuals and nations. Many of the most distinguished and of the most excellent men this or any country has produced, were indebted under God for their weight of character, chiefly to the exertions of their mothers during their early childhood.

Thus viewed in her domestic relations, woman appears in a highly interesting light. See her taking an active part in various benevolent associations; there she exerts an influence in the cause of humanity and of religion, the most powerful and beneficial. Like an angel of mercy on the wing, she performs her part with promptitude and compassion.—*American Spectator.*

HAYDN'S SURPRISE SYMPHONY.—This universally known beautiful composition had its origin, not "with a view of waking the sleeping English at concerts," as has been stated, but Haydn, as he himself confessed, wanted to dazzle the public with something out of the way, that he might not be outdone by his scholar Pleyel

who at that time, presided over an orchestra in London. Drognetti told me, that, on one occasion, when this symphony was played at Dover, there was no kettle drum to be had; so the bass drummer belonging to the regiment in the garrison was requested to attend for the purpose of giving the surprise stroke. Unfortunately, the man did not know a single note of music, so he was desired to watch the leader, who was to give him the signal when to give the bang. The drummer was placed behind, between two bassoon and two horn players; and so anxious was he to acquit himself well, that he flourished the stick in his right hand, watching the motions of the leader; and when the pre-concerted signal was given, the drummer nearly knocked the eye of the bassoon player out, and, in his eagerness, he missed the drum, and sent both the horn players rolling along the floor, which not only produced surprise, but roars of laughter from the whole house.

THE DAYS OF CHILDHOOD.—We have nothing in the whole range of poetry, ancient or modern, more beautifully expressed on this subject than the following lines by the late Charles Lamb, the inimitable and excellent hearted Elia.—*English paper.*

"In my poor mind it is most sweet to muse  
Upon the days gone by—to act, in thought,  
Past seasons o'er; and be again a child.  
To sit, in infancy, on the turf clad slope,  
Down which the child would roll;  
\* \* \* \* \* To pluck gay flowers,  
Make posies in the sun, which the child's hand  
(Childhood, offended is soon reconcil'd)  
Would throw away, and straight take up again,  
Then fling them to the winds; and up the lawn  
Bound with so playful and so light a foot,  
That the press'd daisy scarce declin'd its head."

SWIFTESS OF BIRDS.—The smallest Bird, says M. Virey, can fly several leagues in an hour; the hawk goes commonly at the rate of a league in four minutes, or above forty miles an hour. A falcon of Henry II. was flown from Fontainebleau, and found, by its ring, at Malta next day. One sent from Canaries to Andalusia, returned to Tenerife in sixteen hours, a distance of near seven hundred miles, which it must have gone at the average rate of twenty-four miles an hour. Gulls go seven hundred miles out to sea, and return daily; and frigate birds have been found at twelve hundred miles from any land. Upon their migration, he states, as a known fact, that cranes go and return at the same date, without the least regard to the state of the weather, which shows no doubt, if true, a most peculiar instinct; but these, and, indeed, all facts which we find stated by a writer so much addicted to painting and colouring, must be received with a degree of suspicion, for which no one but M. Virey is to be blamed. The accounts, however, of the swiftness of birds, I can well credit, from an experiment which I made when travelling on a railway. While going at the rate of thirty miles an hour, I let fly a bee; it made its circles as usual, and surrounded us easily. Now, if there was no current of air or draft to bear it along, this indicated a rate of ninety miles an hour; and even allowing for a current, the swiftness must have been great. I should, however, wish to repeat the experiment, before being quite sure of so great a swiftness in so small an insect.—*Lord Brougham's Dissertations on Science.*

RIVERS.—Rivers all over the world are rich in remembrances. To them are attached all the poetry and romance of a nation. Popular superstition clings around them, and every mile of their course is celebrated for some incident—is the scene of a desperate adventure, a mournful legend, or an old song. What a swarm of pleasant thoughts rise upon the memory at the sole mention of the Rhine!—what a host of recollections are recalled by the name of the Danube, the Rhone, the Garonne, the Meuse, the Seine, the Loire, the Tagus, the Guadalquivir!—even the low-banked and unpicturesque Elbe and Scheldt are dear as household things to the neighbouring people. Their praises are sung in a hundred different idioms, and the fair maidens who have dwelt upon their banks, and become celebrated for their beauty, their cruelty, or their woe, have their names mingled with that of the river in the indissoluble bands of national song. To the man who has a catholic faith in poetry, every river in Scotland may be said to be holy water. Liddell, and Tweed, and Dee—Tiviot, and Tay, and Forth—and doleful Yarrow, sanctified by a hundred songs. Poetry and romance have thrown a charm around them, and tourists from every land are familiar with their history. Great writers have thought it a labour of love to collect into one focus all the scattered memoranda and fleeting scraps of ballads relating to them, until those insignificant streams have become richer than any of our isle in recollections which shall never fade. "And what has been done for these, shall none be found to do for thee, O Thames?"—*Bentley's Miscellany.*

GRIMALDI'S LEAVE OF THE STAGE.—On the last occasion, the 27th of June, 1828, in a state of severe pain and decrepitude, he dressed himself as clown, and acted a song from a chair! At the termination of the pantomime he appeared in his private dress, and spoke the following address, written expressly for him by Mr. Hood.

There is a little too much point for such a painful moment; but there are, at the same time, some truly affecting touches in this farewell:—"Ladies and Gentlemen, In putting off the clown's garment, allow me to drop also the clown's taciturnity, and address you in a few parting sentences. I entered early on this course of life, and leave it prematurely. Eight-and-forty years only have passed over my head, but I am going as fast down the hill of life as that older Joe, John Anderson. Like vaulting ambition, I have overleaped myself, and pay the penalty in an advanced age. If I have now any aptitude for tumbling, it is through bodily infirmity, for I am worse on my feet than I used to be on my head. It is four years since I jumped my last jump, filched my last oyster, boiled my lost sausage, and set in for retirement. Not quite so well provided for, I must acknowledge, as in the the days of my clownship, for then, I dare say, some of you remember, I used to have a fowl in one pocket and sauce for it in the other. To-night has seen me assume the motley for a short time—it clung to my skin as I took it off, and the old cap and bells rang mournfully as I quitted them forever. With the same respectful feelings as ever, do I find myself in your presence—in the presence of my last audience—this kindly assemblage so happily contradicting the adage that a favorite has no friends. For the benevolence that brought you hither, accept, ladies and gentlemen, my warmest and most grateful thanks, and believe, that of one and all, Joseph Grimaldi takes a double leave, with a farewell on his lips, and a tear in his eyes,—Farewell! that you and yours may ever enjoy that greatest earthly good—health, is the sincere wish of your faithful and obliged servant. Heaven bless you all."

ANECDOTE.—We heard the other day a very good anecdote of a certain eccentric preacher, in a neighbouring State; a shrewd talented man without, and of unbounded influence among his people. One long warm summer afternoon his congregation got drowsy, and not a few went off in a regular doze; the orator went on apparently undisturbed by the apathy, and finished his discourse; he paused—the silence, as is often the case, after the humdrum of a not very animated speaker—roused up the congregation, some rubbed their eyes, and all stared, for there stood the priest, sermon in hand, he waited till he saw them all fairly awake, and then very calmly said: "My good friends, this sermon cost me a good deal of labour, rather more than usual; you do not seem to have paid it quite as much attention as it deserves. I think I will go over it again;" and he was as good as his word, from text to the exhortation.—*Boston Traveller.*

THE AGED MAN.—A pious writer gives the following representation of this stage of human life, when employed and occupied as it ought to be, and when life has been drawn to its close by a course of virtue and religion. To the intelligent and virtuous, says our author, old age presents a scene of tranquil enjoyment, of obedient appetites, of well-regulated affections, of maturity in knowledge, and of calm preparation for immortality. In this serene and delightful state, placed as it were on the confines of two worlds, the mind of a good man reviews what is past with the complacency of an approved conscience, and looks forward with humble confidence in the mercy of God, and with devout aspirations towards his eternal favour.

TITLE OF THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.—The title of Czar—the pronunciation of which is better represented by the spelling, *Tzar*, *Tsar*—is not, as has been supposed, a corruption of the word *Cesar*, but a Slavonic term, signifying *king*. Voltaire suggests that it may have come from the *Tschas* of Persia.

VALUE OF A "PRINCE."—Hundreds of "Princes" may be seen in Russia not worth a rouble. In fact, the title is altogether misapplied. It is a wrong translation of a Tartar word, descriptive of rank very different from our notions of a prince. All who bear it are of Tartar origin.

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