

## NAPOLEON OFF USHANT.

BY B. SIMONS.

"I shall never forget that morning we made Ushant. I had come on deck at four o'clock to take the morning watch, when, to my astonishment, I saw the Emperor come out of the cabin at that early hour, and make for the poop-ladder. Having gained the deck, pointing to the land, he said, 'Ushant!—Cape Ushant?' I replied, 'Yes, Sire,' and withdrew. He then took out a pocket-glass and applied it to his eyes, looking eagerly at the land. In this position he remained from five in the morning to nearly mid-day, without paying any attention to what was passing around him, or speaking to any of his suit, which had been standing behind him for several hours. No wonder he thus gazed: it was the last look of the land of his glory; and I am convinced he felt it as such. What must have been his feelings in these few hours!"—*Memoirs of an Aristocrat, by a Midshipman of the Bellerophon.*

What of the night?—ho! watcher there  
Upon the armed deck,  
That holds within its thund'rous lair  
The last of empire's wreck—  
E'en him whose capture now the chain  
From captive earth shall smite—  
Ho! rocked upon the moaning main,  
Watcher what of the night?

"The stars are waning fast; the owl  
Of morning's coming breeze  
Far in the north begins to furl  
Night's vapour from the seas.  
Her every shred of canvass spread,  
The proud ship plunges free,  
While bears afar, with stormy head,  
Cape Ushant on our lee."

At that last word, as trumpet-stirred,  
Forth in the dawning gray  
A silent man made to the deck  
His solitary way.  
And leaning o'er the poop, he gazed,  
'Till on his straining view  
That cloud-like speck of land, upraised,  
Distinct, but slowly, grew.

Well may he look until his frame  
Maddens to marble there;  
He risked Renown's all grasping game—  
Dominion or despair;  
And lost; and lol in vapour furled,  
The last of that loved France,  
For which his prowess cursed the world,  
Is dwindling from his glance.

Rave on, thou far-resounding deep,  
Whose billows round him roll!  
Thou'rt calmness to the storms that sweep  
'This moment o'er his soul.  
Black chaos swims before him spread  
With trophy-shaping bones—  
The council-stride—the battle-dead;  
Rent charters—cloven thrones.

Yet, proud one! could the loftiest day  
Of thy transcendent power  
Match with the soul-compelling sway  
Which, in this dreadful hour,  
Aids thee to hide beneath the show  
Of calmest lip and eye,  
The hell that wars and works below;  
The quenchless thirst to die?

The white dawn crimsoned into morn;  
The morning flashed to day,  
And the sun followed, glory-born,  
Rejoicing in his way;  
And still o'er ocean's kindling flood  
That muses cast his view,  
While round him, awed and silent, stood  
His fate's devoted few.

He lives, perchance, the past again,  
From the fierce hour when first  
On the astounded hearts of men  
His meteor presence burst;  
When blood-besotted anarchy  
Sank quelled amid the roar  
Of thy far sweeping musketry,  
Eventful Thermidor!

Again he grasps the victor crown  
Marengo's carnage yields,  
Or bursts o'er Lodi, beating down  
Bavaria's thousand shields;  
Then, turning from the battle-sod,  
Assumes the Consul's palm,  
Or seizes giant empire's rod  
In solemn Notre Dame.

And darker thoughts oppress him now:  
Her ill-requited love,  
Whose faith, as beautiful as her brow,  
Brought blessings from above;  
Her trampled heart—his darkening star—  
The cry of outraged man,  
And white-lipped Rout, and wolfish War,  
Loud thund'ring on his van.

Oh, for the sulph'rous eve of June,  
When down that Belgian hill  
His bristling Guards' superb platoon  
He led unbroken still!  
Now would he pause, and quit their side  
Upon destruction's marge,  
Nor king-like share, with desperate pride,  
Their vainly-glorious charge?

No!—gladly forward he would dash  
Amid that onset on,  
Where blazing shot and sabre crash  
Peal'd o'er his empire gone;  
There, 'neath his vanquished eagles tost,  
Should close his grand career,  
Girt by his heaped and slaughtered host!  
He lived—for fetters here!

Enough!—in noontide's yellow light  
Cape Ushant melts away—  
Even as his kingdom's shattered might  
Shall utterly decay;  
Save when his sprit-shaking story,  
In years remotely dim,  
Warns some pale minstrel with its glory  
To raise the song to him.

Blackwood's Magazine.

## GARDENS.

This is the season of the year when almost every man, and we might with propriety add, woman also, who have attended at all to the cultivation of taste, in horticultural and floricultural pursuits, have a wish to gratify that taste. We are often amused, frequently interested, and sometimes delighted, in witnessing the various displays of taste which we witness in the gardens and other inclosures about the dwellings in this city. We have, as yet, hardly progressed far enough to have any general well-defined and established principles or specimens of good taste, and every one feels perfect freedom in "following his idea."

In a matter of this kind we feel great delicacy in suggesting even general rules, and yet there are so many popular faults in the matter, that a few hints seem to be necessary. We are led, therefore, to make a few remarks:

It always seems to us to be in bad taste to have boards at the edge of the beds either in the kitchen or flower garden. They give the idea of weakness and decay. They always appear insufficient for the duty required of them to sustain the embankment. Their perpendicular position and sharp edges appear stiff and unnatural. These objections weigh with a thousand fold more force when the bed inclosed is greensward, or grass covered, transcendantly so, when it is elevated or mound-like. The grass, in such a case, should reach the level of the walk.

It is a prevalent custom, and one too long sanctioned, to plant currant, gooseberry, raspberry, and such fruit-bearing shrubs near garden fences. One objection to this is that it is inconvenient to pick the fruit. It is, also, almost impossible to keep them properly pruned, and the earth about their roots, clean and in order. A better way is, to have the walk next to the fence and the shrubs in a border, having a walk to permit an approach to each side.

It is in bad taste to plant fir, spruce, pine, and other evergreen trees in cultivated land. The pale brown of the open earth appears in sad contrast with the perpetual green of the foliage. It were better to have green sward around such trees: a circular plat a little larger than the spread of the branches, at least. In all small enclosures about a dwelling the land had better be well sodded than to undertake to cultivate it, unless it is done with surpassing neatness.

If a person is desirous of a green lawn in which to place evergreen and other shrubs the lawn should be but a little removed from the dwelling, with the cultivated land beyond it.

In situations where the kitchen and flower garden are identical, the flower garden should be arranged so as to form a border to the kitchen garden, each preserving its distinctive character, and yet so arranged as to harmonize as a whole. In the arrangement of ornamental trees and shrubbery, near a dwelling, the shrubbery should be placed nearest the dwelling. Fruit-bearing trees, however, may be placed near the end, or in rear of the house, without any violation of good taste.

With respect to the isles or walks, in a garden they should always be much wider than is usual, their width to depend upon the size of the garden, but always sufficiently wide to admit of easy and natural walking. Whatever may be the other arrangements, if the walks be narrow and confined, the whole will be in bad taste and appear offensive.—*Am. paper.*

## GRIMALDI.

During the month of May, 1811, he had to play Clown at both theatres, the pantomime being acted as the first piece at Sadlers-Wells, and as the last piece at Covent Garden. Not having time to change his dress, and, indeed, having no reason for doing so, if he had, in consequence of his playing the same character at both houses, he was accustomed to have a coach in waiting, into which he threw himself the moment he had finished at Sadlers-Wells, and was straightway carried to Covent Garden to begin again.

One night it so happened that, by some forgetfulness or mistake on the part of the driver, the coach which usually came for him failed to make its appearance. It was a very wet night, and not having a moment to lose, he sent for another. After a considerable interval, during which he was in an agony of fear lest the Covent Garden stage should be kept waiting, the messenger returned in a breathless state with the information that there was not a coach to be got. There was only one desperate alternative, and that was to run through the street. Knowing that his appearance at Covent Garden must by this time be necessary, he made up his mind to do it, and started off at once.

The night being very dark, he got on pretty well at first; but when he came into the streets of Clerkenwell, where the lights in the shops showed him in his Clown's dress, running along at full speed, people began to grow rather astonished. First, a few people turned round to look after him, and then a few more, and so on, until there were a great many, and at last, one man who met him at a street corner, recognizing the favourite, gave a loud shout of "Here's Joe Grimaldi!"

This was enough. Off set Grimaldi faster than ever, and on came the mob, shouting, huzzing, screaming out his name, throwing up their caps and hats, and exhibiting every manifestation of delight. He ran into Holborn with several hundred people at his heels, and being lucky enough to find a coach there, jumped in. But this only increased the pressure of the crowd, who followed the vehicle with great speed and perseverance; when, suddenly poking his head out of the window, he gave one of his famous and well-known laughs. Upon this the crowd raised many roars of laughter and applause, and hastily agreed, as with one accord, that they should see him safe and sound to Covent Garden. So the coach went on, surrounded by the dirtiest body-guard that was ever beheld, not one of whom deserted his post, until Grimaldi had been safely deposited at the stage door; when, after raising a vociferous cheer, such of them as had money rushed round to the gallery-doors, and making their appearance in the front just as he came on the stage, set up a boisterous shout of "Here he is again!" and cheered him enthusiastically, to the infinite amusement of every person in the theatre who had got wind of the story.

MALIBRAN AND SONTAGE.—Madame Malbran's popularity daily increased, and the appearance of Madame Sontage, now countess Rossini, at the Theatre Italien, was a new stimulus, which contributed, if possible, to improve her talents. Whenever Sontage obtained a brilliant triumph, Malbran would weep, and exclaim, "Why does she sing so divinely?" The tears excited by these feelings of emulation were the harbingers of renewed exertions and increased improvement. One evening they met at my house. A little plot was formed against them, about the middle of the concert it was proposed that they should sing the duo from "Trancredi." For some moments they evidently betrayed fear and hesitation; but at length they consented, and advanced to the piano amidst the plaudits of the company. They stood gazing at each other with a look of distrust and confusion; but at length the closing chord of the introduction roused their attention, and the duo commenced. The applause was rapturous, and was equally divided between the charming singers. They themselves seemed delighted at the effect they had produced, and astonished to discover how groundless had been their mutual fear. They joined hands, and inclining affectionately towards each other, they interchanged the kiss of friendship with all the ardor and sensibility of youth.—*Memoirs of Madame Malbran.*

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