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THE CHRISTIAN'S SENTIMENT OF AGE.

By the late Mr. Charles Grant, Father of the Present Lord Glenelg.

With years oppress'd, with sorrows worn,
Dejected, harass'd, sick, forlorn;
To thee, O God, I pray!
To thee, these withering hands arise,
To thee, I lift these failing eyes—
O! cast me not away.

Thy mercy heard my infant prayer;
Thy love with all a mother's care,
Sustained my childish days;—
Thy goodness watched my ripening youth,
And formed my soul to love thy truth,
And filled my heart with praise.

O Saviour, has thy grace declined?
Can years affect the eternal mind?
Or time its love decay?
A thousand ages pass thy sight,
And all their long and weary flight,
Is gone like yesterday.

Then even in age and grief, thy name
Shall still my languid heart inflame,
And bow my faltering knee—
O, yet this bosom feels the fire,
This trembling hand and drooping lyre
Have yet a strain for thee.

Yes, broken, tuncless, still O Lord!
This voice transported, shall record
Thy bounty, tried so long;
Till sinking slow—with calm decay,
Its feeble murmurs melt away
Into a seraph's song.

Inverness Herald.

THE CONTINENTAL BLOCKADE.

A STORY.

THE Continental Blockade was one of the gigantic ideas of Napoleon. Master of the whole of Europe, either directly or indirectly, he still found all his schemes thwarted by the indomitable opposition of England, and, to weaken this enemy, whose whole strength and wealth lay avowedly in her commerce, he exerted all his power to close the ports of the continent against her shipping. To a certain extent, he was successful. Almost the whole line of the shores of Europe was blockaded against the British shipping; but the natural consequence was, that a contraband system was established, which undid the effect of the whole blockade. Even France itself, which might be supposed to follow up the emperor's wishes with the greatest strictness, had been too long accustomed to depend on Britain for commercial supplies, to be able to do entirely without them. In spite of the closest watching on the part of Napoleon's officials, large quantities of smuggled goods were introduced from Britain into the Channel coasts of France. It was at one of the French ports in this quarter, that the following incidents took place, which will be more intelligible after this explanation of the state of matters at the time of their occurrence.

The port in question, like others in France, had suffered severely from the blockade, in as much as its shipping lay idle and useless, through fear of the terrible enemy which held the mastery of the seas. The inhabitants of the port consequently endured very considerable privations, and a portion of them were not unwilling to profit by the visits of smugglers from the other side of the Channel. Others, again, and among these all the old sailors who had fought against Britain, would have died sooner than have smoked a bit of tobacco, or drunk a glass of rum, that had been brought into the port in violation of the blockade. One day, an old privateer captain, named Scipio, was seated with a number of old mariners like himself, on the deck of the *Haleyon*, a dismantled hulk which Scipio had taken in other days from the English, and which now stood in a corner of the harbour, converted into a stationary residence for the privateer and his associates. "Is it not shocking," said Scipio to his companions, "that the port should have abundance of tobacco, sugar, coffee, and other articles, when it is certain that for many weeks not a merchantman has cast anchor in the harbour?" "Shocking," repeated every one around. "My friends," said Scipio, "we are daily and nightly betrayed. The blockade is not respected. Though we have custom-house officers and coast-guards, they are worth nothing. There is some connivance between the towns-people and the English, which enables the smuggler—for it is one vessel, I am con-

vinced, that does the whole mischief—to approach the coast, always at the very moment when the coast-guard are out of the way. These wretches of grocers would sell their country for profit." "If you are right, Master Scipio," said one of the seamen, "the smuggler should not be far off, now, since the guard-sloop is gone for a day or two." Scipio turned his head slowly to the west as he heard this remark, and gazed on the long line of blue waters before him. In an instant he cried, "My glass! my glass! that villainous smuggler is there again!" The old privateer's telescope was handed to him, and, after arranging it, he sank gradually on one knee, and swept the horizon with his experienced eye. From sea he turned his gaze to land, and examined that portion of the prospect with equal attention. "What, in the name of wonder, brings that girl in the blue robe so often to that rock by the sea side? And at such a distance from the town too! She must have a purpose!"

The old mariners around could not comprehend the meaning of Scipio's remark. "The smuggler," said one, "what of the smuggler?" Scipio rose smartly to his feet, as if roused from a reverie. "The English smuggler is about to land somewhere not far off, this night, my friends; and shall we allow it? No! though the guard-sloop be away, we shall find some boat or another to carry us to sea, and I am sure we are men enough, old as we are, to stop for once the smuggler's pranks. I shall go this instant, and demand letters of marque from the commissary of marine. There is treachery somewhere, my friends, but we shall make the blockade be respected!" The ancient mariners cheered old Scipio with spirit, as he departed on his errand to the house of the commissary. "We shall make the blockade be respected," cried they.

Scipio was not long in reaching the house of the commissary, from whom he had to receive the letters of marque, or commission, necessary to enable him to fulfil the purpose he had in view. But when he arrived at his destination, he found that the commissary was just about to sit down to dinner. A servant, however, showed him into an elegant hall, and promised to announce his wish to see the commissary. Scipio sat here for nearly half an hour, biting his nails at the thought that the night was advancing, and the smuggler would soon have the business done. The impatient old privateer at length seized the bell-ropes, and rang it violently. A servant reappeared, and, after an apology, on account of there being company at dinner, informed Scipio that the commissary would be glad to hear his business to-morrow. To-morrow!" cried the veteran; "tell your master that I want a letter of marque, that the English smuggler is in sight, and that in an hour or two, if not prevented, his cargo will be landed, and the blockade broken!" The domestic disappeared, and soon returned with a message to Scipio to wait till after dinner. Scipio sat down, thinking the meal might be soon over. But first course, second course, and dessert, successively passed by under the eyes and nostrils of the privateer, and more than an hour was taken up with them. Scipio was now enraged beyond bounds, and he burst through the crowd of servants into the dining-room, where the commissary of marine sat at the head of a splendid party. "Master commissary!" cried the angry and unceremonious seaman, "why have I been kept waiting for nearly two hours in your hall, when I only want a slip of paper, and when you have been told that a smuggler is on the coast, and is violating the blockade?" The guests sat astonished at this speech. "I don't require to be taught my duty," cried the commissary; "leave the house, fellow." "I will go," returned Scipio, in tones as high; "but I will say to the whole town that you have refused me a scrap of writing which would have given me the right to battle these foes of my country! There are traitors here! There are some who know but too well the place and the hour for the smuggler's descent." Suddenly the irritated veteran came to a pause. His eye had fallen on the young daughter of the commissary, and he remained gazing upon her in a species of stupor. This pause in the angry discussion gave an opportunity to a young lieutenant in the naval service, who was present, to rise and approach the privateer. Scipio permitted the youth to lead him out of the room and the house without a word of resistance. "Scipio, my old friend," said the lieutenant, when the two were alone, "what is the cause of this conduct?" "Oh, Master Augustus, it was I who made a man, a seaman of you; and if you have any kindness for me on that score, get me a letter of marque, and a boat of any kind, and let me go and punish that rascally smuggler!" "Your demand may be reasonable, or may not, Scipio," said the young officer, "but you took a strange way to prefer it to the commissary, and on the night, too, of his only child's betrothing." "What! that girl whom I saw just now?" asked the old mariner. "Even so," was the reply; "that very young lady at whom you stared so

strangely." "And to whom may she be betrothed?" said Scipio. "To me, my old friend," returned the lieutenant.

Scipio gave a long "whew!" and then was silent for a minute or two. "Master Augustus," said the veteran at length, "you will have a wife who is strangely fond of the sea-shore." "I do not comprehend you Scipio," said the youth. "Ah, Master Augustus," replied the old privateer, gravely, "beware how you marry that girl. Well might I look in amazement at her. She is an enemy to her country, or has some base connection with its enemies. For several months past I have seen her clamber along the rocks, day after day, at some distance from the port; and I am certain that it is she who gives signals to the English smuggler, and lets him know when it is safe to land his cargo." "Scipio, you are mad!" exclaimed the officer; "the daughter of the commissary of marine, my Cecile, give signals to a smuggler! This is pure raving!" "It is no raving, Master Augustus," returned the veteran; "I cannot be mistaken. The dress, the figure, every thing tells me that she is the same person on whom my glass has been fixed a thousand times. Ah, beware, Master Augustus!" The young officer was confounded by the old seaman's pertinacity in making this assertion. "Come to-morrow evening to the *Haleyon*," said Scipio, "and you will probably be convinced by the evidence of your own eye-sight." The bewildered lieutenant gave his consent to this arrangement, ere the two parted for the evening. Scipio was so strongly attached to the youth, that this discovery, so deeply affecting his happiness, drove the letters of marque almost out of the old man's mind. Too much time, besides, had been spent to render them now available. But the privateer was right. On the following day, it was well known in the town that the English smuggler had discharged a cargo not far from the port.

For several successive evenings after the one described, Scipio and the young officer of marines watched the rocks along the coast from the deck of the *Haleyon*, and on each occasion were disappointed. No Cecile, nor any body resembling her, appeared to confirm the veteran's statement, and Augustus by degrees became convinced that Scipio's conjecture was utterly unfounded. The daily sight of Cecile was enough of itself to overthrow all jealous suspicion. As the enamoured officer gazed on her slight but exquisite form, and her lovely countenance, as yet almost childish in its beauty, or listened to her sweet voice as it accompanied the motion of her delicate fingers on the harp, he thought he must have been mad to imagine for one moment that a creature so young, so tenderly nurtured, should take up the task which Scipio had assigned to her, even if it could be supposed that her father should be so false to his official trust as to countenance the contraband trade. And then, as to the chances of her loving another, how could the lieutenant believe this to be the case when her truth-speaking lips so openly avowed her affection for himself? No, no; Scipio had seen some fisherman's daughter on the rocks, if he had seen any body at all. Such was the train of thought that passed through the mind of Augustus as he sat by the side of Cecile on the fourth or fifth day after their betrothal. "But a few days now, Cecile," murmured the lover, "and you will be mine—mine for ever." "Would that the time were come, Augustus," said the daughter of the commissary. "Fool that I was to doubt her love!" thought the officer. "Ah, Cecile!" said he aloud, "you make me too happy." At this moment the pair were interrupted. The commissary himself entered the room, a cold, stern, reserved person, most unlike his daughter in seeming temperament. "Augustus!" said the commissary, "there are bad news of our cruisers. You will have to depart to-morrow for the eastern part of the Channel." Cecile grew pale, and cast her eyes on the ground; and when she raised them to reply to the adieus of her lover, they were filled with tears.

On the morrow, Augustus set off to join the frigate to which he was attached. On the evening of the same day, Scipio sat at his post on board the *Haleyon*, with his glass in his hand. His gaze was turned long, long to sea, and at length he directed it to the land. He had no sooner done so, than a sort of yell escaped him. "Is not this horrible, abominable!—the very day of his departure!" cried the old seaman; "there she is again on the rocks; her blue dress, her figure, nay her face, her mouth, her eyes—I see them all as plainly as if she were two paces off! It must be she! Treacherous, wretched girl! Oh, my poor Master Augustus!" As Scipio uttered these exclamations, he turned his glass again to sea. "By heavens, there goes the smuggler already! Already does he know the time to be favourable, and again the blockade will be broken, while I lie here idle, and can do nothing." Convinced of the connection of the commissary with the smuggler,