

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, JANUARY 6, 1838.

OUR NEW VOLUME.—In presenting the first number of the second volume of the Pearl to our friends and subscribers, we must claim the privilege of holding a brief and familiar tete-a-tete with them, in relation to its prospects, literary and otherwise. With respect to the past, we may merely observe that, we have aimed, to suit our periodical to readers of every description—to make it generally entertaining and useful. We have sought to blend amusement with instruction—to pass from light and gay effusions to stern disquisition—to allure and please the studious and the grave, as well as the lover of light reading, affording to both a not inelegant nor uninteresting relaxation and amusement. In a word, it has been our constant study to make the Pearl entertaining and agreeable, as well as solid and useful. The miscellaneous character of the work, we have reason to believe has made it a favorite with a large circle of readers. The present volume will be conducted on the same principles as its predecessor, with a still larger proportion of articles various in style and character. That the literati of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick should have furnished our columns with so few original pieces has been to us matter of deep regret. We had fondly hoped that a thousand pens would have rushed to our aid—that there would have been a general rummaging of portfolios and a general revision of manuscripts in order to elevate our character as a literary people in the estimation of our neighbors. But we have been disappointed—grievously disappointed. We cannot conceal our emotions when we remember that our periodical has existed upwards of seven months, and yet scarcely seven provincial pens have been employed in the Pearl to advance the interests of literature in these provinces. Of the patronage that has been extended to our journal, it would be ungrateful in us to complain—nay we have reason to be proud of our large and respectable subscription list. But our pride of country is wounded at our barrenness of original matter. Here we are mortified beyond measure, and must be permitted loudly to complain. Why slumbers the talent of these provinces? Are the pericraniums of all unfurnished? Or what shall evoke the good things with which they are crowded? Shall we say more, or is not a word to the wise sufficient for them.

The present enlarged sheet will demonstrate to our readers, our desire to furnish them with a periodical, unequalled in cheapness, respectable in general appearance, and in a literary point of view not unworthy of their continued support. Circumstances have compelled us to deviate a little from our announced plan in reference to politics. We found our space would not allow us to furnish all the views of the press on subjects of stirring interest, and we thought it best in consequence to be entirely silent. We felt that we might lay ourselves open to the charge of partiality, and from one step to another have found ourselves engulfed in the vortex of agitation and strife. This consideration will induce us likewise to pass by the proceedings of the House of Assembly while in session. To give a full report would require the whole extent of our sheet—while our selection might give umbrage to the different classes of politicians, according to the light in which they might view it. We hope, therefore, that our future line of procedure will be agreeable to all parties. Avoiding politics in toto we shall break no bones—injure no man's feelings—stir up no bitterness and contention. The facts of science—the charms of literature, and the truths of our holy religion, will be productive rather of sweet blood and generous spirits; reviving and animating the dead calm of idle life, entertaining the leisure of the active, and relieving the toil of the laborious; now beguiling, perchance, pain of body, or diverting anxiety of mind; and happily again, it may be, filling the place of bad thoughts, or suggesting better. Thus our course will be marked with love and harmony and peace.

We respectfully ask our friends and patrons to exert themselves, to increase the number of subscribers to the Pearl. We have been gratified by the interest which many persons have expressed in our prosperity. To such individuals we feel our obligations and may venture to solicit their aid in adding to our present list of subscribers. Having said thus much explanatory, denunciatory, and expostulatory, we enter upon a new volume with an enhanced patronage, enlarged hopes, and a settled determination to spare no labor nor expense, which may increase the reputation of the Pearl, and widen the boundary of its circulation and influence.

THE AUTHOR OF THE FOREST WREATH.—We have ever been lovers of genius whether its birth place be the Isle of our fathers, a foreign country, or our own native wilderness. But when developed in the features of some colonial Muse the interest is more than ordinary. Here associations assimilate with sensibilities of soul that do honour to the patriot and man. And these infant provinces are not without their offspring of fame. It is impossible that the descendants of Great Britain should lose all traces of their unrivalled ancestry. Beside there is a spirit that breathes enchantment through our vernal groves, awakens soft melody in the summer breeze, tunes its wild voice to the mellifluous sighs of Autumn, and pensive lingers with the wintry blast.

This spirit moves its magic wand over the land we love, and we feel our birth-right and are proud to call it ours. But one thing we lament. The children of song are not always properly welcomed as auspicious luminaries destined to throw a radiance over our literary sky, and though their talents are silently appreciated by many, yet there are few willing to hazard a public estimation of their claims. And there are ranklings of envy to be found in little minds, inimical to worth which it cannot emulate.

Our meditations were led into this channel by a brief melody that for purity and elegance, is justly entitled to public admiration. The piece alluded to is from the well known pen of Mr. Leggett, Author of the Forest Wreath etc. whose touching poetry of boyhood, though perhaps too unstudied, premature and wild, was meanwhile indicative of innate powers that if we mistake not, will one day tell his name to the world in unequivocal accents of renown. The melody was recently published in the Sister Province and reads as follows:

When by the broken light
Of weary skies I waken
Tones on the breezy night
Of music long forsaken,
My memories seem
A troubled dream,
From haunts of old returning,
And dim the glare
Of starlight where
My pilgrim torch was burning.

Where are my kindred gone?
Why leave me thus complaining?
Of all that I have known
How few are now remaining:
What friendships roll'd
In shrouds of old
From cold oblivion waking,
Recall the tears
Of other years
When sever'd hearts were breaking.

Then what remains of earth
To woo the soul from heaven,
Of beauty, fame, or worth,
Since dearest ties are riven?
While faith illumines
Our opening tombs,
Ye clouds of death dis sever,
For "th' lost on earth
Reviv'd in heav'n"
Will part no more forever.

It will easily be perceived that our young Poet has herein imitated the measure of Moore's "Oft, in the stilly night," at least so we think; and perhaps this circumstance at first glance assumes an aspect of temerity, as if the writer had essayed to rival the sweet tongued Bard of Erin; yet the result of the attempt amply compensates even for this supposed ambition. In a word, Mr. Leggett has in this instance rivalled his prototype in style. To a sentimental reviewer of the above, the author stands as a solitary one surveying the occasional gleamings of a sad and weary sky. The lonely gust of the night breeze sighs around his neglected harp. Its master essays to recall some music of other time; meanwhile ancient recollections suddenly emerge from the haunts of childhood, as a wildered dream. He contemplates the spot where his torch of boyhood so brightly burned, and behold, a shadowy waste where the cold starlight falls in stillness. Then how natural the inquiry "Where are my kindred gone?" and how pathetic the response.

Friendships long shrouded in gloom now rise from broken urns, and the tears of sensibility and the sighs of a broken heart, are revived, as at the first moment of parting. Yet as some pitying star breaks through dissevering clouds, so the light of heaven shines through melancholy thought upon his weeping soul. The eye of faith looks through the cheerless vale of death to the home of kindred spirits, and the wrapt poet disclaims the world with all it has and is.

Thus end the beautiful sentiments of this melody. Happy the man possessed of such views and feelings, and proud should the country be that gave him birth. We shall now conclude with the hope that the present introduction of the name of Leggett into the columns of the Pearl is only to precede a more intimate acquaintance with the native powers of his highly cultivated mind.

LECTURES OF MR. BURKE.—The lectures of this gentleman delivered to the Mechanic's Institute during the week, have excited an intense interest in the community. However various the views of individuals may be on the science of Phrenology, there can be but one opinion as to the splendid talents of the lecturer. For the peculiar charm with which he invests every topic, he is unrivalled, while his lucid and perspicuous mode of address can hardly be surpassed. His elaborate argument against materialism, introduced on Wednesday evening, was as fine a specimen of reasoning as we ever remember to have read or heard. But this was not all—there was the brightening eye—the intelligent countenance, and the tout ensemble of the speaker, rendering the argument perfectly irresistible. In Mr. Burke's elocution the use and advantages of extemporaneous speaking are strikingly manifest. Not less has the Institute done honour to itself than conferred a

privilege, by passing a vote of thanks and constituting Mr. Burke an honorary member. We confidently expect that the members of the Institute will gladly avail themselves of the opportunity now afforded of acquiring a complete knowledge of the modern system of Phrenology. To advocate the theory without understanding it, is the height of folly, while to oppose it ignorantly is equally absurd and preposterous.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

LOWER CANADA.—We are indebted to the Montreal Courier for an Extra containing the following important intelligence from the Army under His Excellency Sir John Colborne. St. Eustache it will be seen had been carried with trifling loss to the troops, and Sir John was pursuing his march after the fugitives.

ST. EUSTACHE, 14th Dec. 1837.

Sir,—I am directed by the Lieut. General commanding to inform you, that the forces under his command, crossed the river about 3 miles below St. Eustache and invested the town about mid-day. Many of the rebels made their escape on the appearance of the troops; but others attempted to defend themselves in the church and the surrounding buildings, from which they were driven in about an hour. Our loss has been trifling. One hundred and twenty have been taken, and a great many arms. The loss of the rebels in killed and wounded has been great. Dr. Chenier, their leader, is among the killed.

I have the honor, &c. &c.

(Signed) JOHN EDEN,

Dy. Adjt. Genl.

Lt. Col. Hughes,
Officer Comdg. Montreal.

Friday, Half-Past Three, P. M.

We have just seen a gentleman who was in the engagement, and who left St. Eustache at 9 this morning. He states that Sir John Colborne and the troops marched upon Grand Brule about 8 o'clock. Half an hour before they left, some 30 Canadians came in with a flag of truce. They stated that about 300 men were at or near Grand Brule and ready to surrender their arms and themselves without resistance, and that Girod, Girouard, and all their other leaders of any note, were missing. Sir John marched on, however, carrying them as prisoners in the rear of the column.

MONTREAL, (Courier) Dec. 16.

The following is the official report of the march of the troops yesterday to Grand Brule. It will be seen that it confirms the previous reports of the flight of the leaders, and of the unconditional surrender of their followers.

Deputy Adjutant General's Office,
St. Benoit, Dec. 15, 1837.

Sir,—I am directed by the Lieut. General Commanding, to inform you, that the forces under his command, arrived here to-day, having on the march from St. Eustache been met by a Deputation from this place, which on the part of the few Rebels who remained, communicated their anxiety to lay down their arms, and to surrender unconditionally. Girouard escaped last night, and the greater part of the habitants have returned to their homes.

I have the honour to be,

Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

JOHN EDEN,
Deputy Adj. General.

Lieut. Col. Hughes,

Officer Commanding, Montreal.

Sir John Colborne and his staff came into town from Grand Brule this afternoon, at 2 o'clock, with the Cavalry as an escort. Before leaving Grand Brule this morning, a number of the principal buildings were fired, and in a very short time the entire village was in flames.

LATER FROM MONTREAL.—We have conversed with a gentleman who arrived in this city on Saturday evening from Montreal, which he left on the 19th inst. The intelligence contained in our correspondent's letter, is fully confirmed by this gentleman, who further informs us that Amory Girod, who had been the leader of the insurgents at Point Brule, had shot himself at Long Point, near Montreal, on the 18th, to avoid falling into the hands of the loyalists, by whom he was hotly pursued. Scott, another leader, has been taken prisoner. All the troops and volunteers who had marched against the insurgents at Grand Brule, had returned to Montreal, with the exception of the 32d Regt. which had been detached to different villages, to preserve the tranquillity which at length appears to have been established. No day had been fixed on which to determine on the course to be pursued with respect to the prisoners who had been taken. Mr. Papineau's abiding place has not yet been discovered. Mr. Brown continued at Middlebury, Vt. and was untiring in his exertions to excite a sympathy on behalf of the insurgents.

Dr. Chenier was killed in the action of St. Eustache; Dumouchel, an active leader, was a prisoner. Among the killed also are enumerated A. B. Papineau, a member of the Provincial Parliament, and nephew of the Speaker, Lorimier, J. F. Labrier and Hubert, an Advocate; and among the prisoners Pelletier, an Advocate, and Coursolles.