

"The Valley of the Sweet Waters," on the Bosphorus,---seem somewhat of an eastern "tea garden" scene, it forms an elegant picture.

A portrait of Sir B. S. Brodie, Surgeon to the Queen, gets the next place, but why it is introduced into such a volume does not appear. The only letter-press which accompanies it, is a prose memoir of ten lines.

"The Turkish Burial Ground" has a most appropriate evening tone pervading its details. The massive ruins in the back ground, seem indicative of the human ruins over which bend the mourners,---and to declare that man and his works pass away, while the beauties of nature, foliage and cloud and sunshine and shade, appear ever young and vigorous.

"The Arrival" represents two beauties looking from the battlements of a castle, at some approaching horsemen. One lady floats her scarf in the wind, by way of welcome, and is answered by the waved helmet of one of the warriors. Two other horsemen follow, galloping across a bridge, and the distance is occupied by woods, a ruin, and mountains in the extreme back ground.

Louisa. One little glimpse sufficeth me,
I see the view I wish to see,
Two horsemen riding merrily.

Cecilia. 'Tis but my father and my brother,
Look, sister, 'tis indeed no other!

Louisa. Now may your beauty fair befall!
Look just below the castle wall;
Who rides bareheaded?

Cecilia. 'Tis Lord John,
And by his side Lord Ellington!

Louisa. And now I hear my father's laughter,
As he and Harry gallop after."

"Mussooree" is a delightful scene of a mountain station in India. The next is a striking portrait of Marshal Soult.

"The Tomb of St. George" is a picture of a romantic scene on the route from Beirut to Tripoli. A strange excavation in the foreground is called the Tomb of St. George, whose combat with the dragon is said to have taken place near the spot.

"Vespers in the Capella Real, Palermo," is a beautiful interior. "Newcastle, from the side," is a fine view of an old English city.

"I love the fields, the woods, the streams,
The wild flowers fresh and sweet,
And yet I love no less than these,
The crowded city street;

For haunts of men, where'er they be,
Awake my deepest sympathy.

I see within the city street
Life's most extreme estates,

The gorgeous domes of palaces,
The prison's doleful grates;

The hearths by household virtues blest,
The dens that are the serpent's nest."

"View near Debut, among the Himalayes" is another noble landscape.

"Old realms of Indian story,
By witchery of thought,
Wrapt in a hazy glory,
Before my soul are brought."

"The Rajah's daughter" is a gem. An elegant female, in gorgeous Indian costume, resting on an ottoman, lightly touches her guitar.

"Sumroo! Sumroo!--what song is thine,
Thou daughter of an ancient line?
O lovely Princess, on that brow
What shadowy thoughts are resting now?"

The next engraving is a view of the "New Palace of Sultan Mahmoud the 2d, on the Bosphorus." It is a fine architectural and marine piece.

"The Monastery of Santa Saba, in the wilderness of Ziph," is a noble scene of rude buildings amid a magnificent chaos of precipices. The site is near Jerusalem, and is enriched by scripture recollections. The Monastery was founded by Saint Saba in the fourth century, and he caused himself to be removed to it when his end approached.

"Saint Saba's hours were drawing to their close;
And "carry me, my pious friends," said he,
Into the chapel of my last repose,
Nigh to the waters of the dark deep sea!"

"The Ordeal of touch" represents an ancient custom. The picture consists of a fine interior, and some good figures.

A portrait of Lord Holland follows.

The next embellishment is "The Andalusian Lover," and a beautiful specimen it is, in design, drawing and engraving. A Moorish tower is partially illumined by the moon and stars, of a balmy night. A handsome cavalier has climbed to the balcony by means of a rope ladder; and, resting at the casement, is timidly caressed by a lovely girl, who looks aside anxiously, as if fearful of discovery. Her lover gazes fixedly on her dove-like features, seeming reckless of all else in the world. The light and shade,---the architectural parts---and the expression, attitude and symmetry of the figures, make this picture one of unusual beauty.

"The Gipsy Mother" is a representation of one of these poor wanderers, caressing her babe, as if she could enjoy the treasure as well as those who have houses and lands.

The next is "the installation of the Bishop in the Metropolitan Church in Magnesia." As the title imports, magnificent architecture, and splendid groups, are its characteristics.

The last embellishment of this rich volume, is a picture of the "Monument of the Earls of Rutland, in Battersford Church, Leicestershire." It is a view of one of those interiors which are thickly studded with the monuments of departed greatness. William

Howitt describes the scene in a prose article, of which the following is an extract:

"Upon richly panell'd tombs, beneath arch and pediment of fairest marble, lie the effigies of the long line of knights and ladies, the judges and the prelates of their family. Time has there deposited the dead of eight hundred years, with all their monuments and memorials; some of which have again crumbled into oblivious dust, or present worn and shapeless masses of stone. But yet how fair, how quaint, how solemn and imposing those which remain! Those massy figures of ancient knights in armour, pillowing their heads perhaps upon their helmets, and resting their feet against some heraldic creature---the family crest; some of them with crossed legs, denoting their having fought in the Holy Land; many with their fair ladies by their side---all with upraised hands joined in an everlasting prayer. Below them, are rows of their kneeling children, little quaint figures ranged in front of their gothic-tapestried tombs; and above them their shields, and the records of their deeds, in carved tablets, and in letters of brass or gold."

Thus have we glanced over the *Annals*, and what an evidence are they of the extension of the fine arts, during the present generation. Artists of great ability, employed on the most interesting subjects, and not for Kings and Emperors, but for the people. For those patrons who were supremely despised in such concerns a century ago, but who now have become the rewarders of workers in the most elegant materials.

NEWS OF THE WEEK. English dates to the 22nd of November have been received by the arrival of the Packet Ship South America, at New York. The political world seems unusually quiet. The money, and other markets, had improved. Sir John Colborne had arrived home in the Pique frigate. The members of the Privy Council had been summoned to attend the Queen on the 23rd, to receive a special message; it was supposed that the object was a communication respecting her Majesty's Marriage with Prince Albert. The London Standard asserts that Lord Melbourne had determined to resign before the meeting of Parliament. The death of John Lander, in Africa, is announced. His brother Richard, the more celebrated traveller, died in the same country about two years ago. Nothing of importance appears from France or Spain.

A destructive fire occurred at New York on Dec. 14. It commenced in Cedar Street, and raged until property to the amount of about £120,000 had been destroyed. The Patroon war at Albany had subsided. The refractory tenantry wisely preferred petitioning the Legislature, to fighting the troops. Storms had occasioned much damage to Boston and its vicinity. Stores, shipping, and merchandize, had been extensively injured, and many lives lost. The Liverpool Steamship left New York on Dec. 15th, with about £322,000 in specie; the remittances, including Bills of Exchange and State bonds, amounted to about £1,000,000. The prevalence of small pox in Boston, had caused much concern. Re-vaccination was insisted on, as a preventive of the distemper. The town of Metamoras had been captured by the Texans. Congress elected a Speaker on December 14th. The honour was conferred on the Hon. R. M. J. Hunter, Whig member for Virginia.

The Governor General of British America sent a message to the U. Canada Legislature on December 7th, on the union of Upper and Lower Canada. The terms of this union, as stated by his Excellency, are,---equal representation of each province,---the granting of a sufficient civil list,---and the charging of that part of the debt of U. Canada which was contracted for public works, on the joint revenue of the Provinces. Propositions very different from these terms were entertained by some members, who wish to give the British party a decided preponderance over the French interest.---A case of death from Hydrophobia had occurred at Quebec.---Reports of extensive attempts by brigands prevailed, but no good foundation for the rumours appeared. The city gates of Quebec were to be closed at night, by order of the commander of the forces, Sir J. McDonald.

NEW YEAR'S DAY. The first day of the new year is honoured, variously indeed, by common consent. Some feel called on to begin the year, as they would end life, in acts of devotion, soothing reflections on the past, and hopeful anticipations of the future. Others indulge freely in what is called innocent recreation,---and some, it is to be feared, deform the day, or its close, with riot and debauch.

The general feeling respecting the festival, appears to distinguish it, as a high hill, in the day's journey of a traveller. He rests for awhile on its summit, and looks over the devious road which he has passed. There he tasted of the refreshing stream,---there he toiled amid crag and briars,---there a drenching rain overtook him, and his head found no shelter,---and there he reposed, enjoying the tempered sunshine, and feasting on the revivifying fruits of the country. Forwards, what does he see?---much in imagination;---but, except he be a young traveller, he doubts the mirage. While he fondly maps out the hoped for course, he sighs at the mishaps which he may expect, girds up his loins for righteous exertion, and looks for certainty to the dense clouds, only, which load the horizon, and which mark the end of his sojourning. There he is to lie down at night, and to rest from wanderings in the morning, and he is borne up in his present labours, feeling that he may ensure happiness beyond, if not on, the road of life.

FASHION IN LITERATURE.---It has been observed at many periods, that authors who have attained to celebrity, have immediately attracted a number of imitators, have been the founders of schools in their particular departments, as eminent painters, sculptors and

musicians, have been in other walks of art. Not to go further back, Burns led a host of song writers, many of whom, even yet, imagine that they rival the "inspired ploughman" if they only write rhyme in "broken English." Scott's beautiful octasyllabic poems, caused so many perpetrators of the poetical Romance, that there was said to be a fatal facility in the metre, when it should be expressed, a fatal temerity in the metre-mongers. Byron has set some thousand young gentlemen wearing white collars turned down over black kerchiefs, and railing at every thing, in laughable style. Bulwer has been the father of novellettes, and has had a tail of tales moreounding, if not more brilliant, than that of Enck's Comet. No one can tell the number of melodies---in name---which are to be put down to Tom Moore's account,---and Crabbe, no doubt, would have as many not-humble admirers, only that instead of a "fatal facility," there is a fatal difficulty to common imitators, in his truth-charged, life-giving pictures and homilies. Dickens, in our more immediate day, leads his school also,---and he may be said to be at the head of the middle-class, periodically-appearing, romantic novel. His train is lengthening, and it already reckons Mrs. Trollop, Captain Marryatt, and numerous fictitiously named personages, in Bentley, Blackwood, and the other magazines; beside those who venture, as he did, periodical printing on their own hook. Time was, when scarcely anything in the "elegant literary" line was readable, except it had castles, and draw-bridges, and Knights of black armour, and Nuns of white veils, and Lords and Ladies in dozens:---now, Factory Boys,---old Sailors,---London thieves,---Usurers,---School-masters,---Sempstresses and Clerks, are the chief stock in trade. This is a great revolution. A very striking specimen of the school, is a history in course of publication in Blackwood, called Ten-thousand a year. The chief personages are two poor shop clerks, and all the minutiae of their sayings and doings is told with as much care and brilliancy as if they were a pair of Johnsons, and had another Boswell for a notator.

The mention of Crabbe in the above paragraph, reminds, that a poem, entitled the Maniac, appears in our present number, and has many lines that strikingly recall the quiet philosophy and flowing diction of the bard who has been called "nature's severest painter and her best."

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE. Mr. A. McKenzie delivered an interesting lecture on last Thursday evening, on the Economy of Nature. The lecturer dwelt on the amazing peculiarities, and connections, and adaptations, of the different kingdoms of nature, and, as he always does on such occasions, strongly directed contemplation from nature to nature's source. Mr. A. McKinlay will lecture next Wednesday evening on Heat,---and Mr. George R. Young on the ensuing Wednesday, January 16, on Ancient and Modern Public Speaking.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. We have to heartily thank our correspondents for the contributions with which we have been favoured. Some remain for future numbers, the present was arranged, or nearly so, when their favours came to hand.

MARRIED.

At Stewincke, on the 19th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Smith, Mr. Thomas Fulton to Miss Agnes Lutherford, both of Stewincke.
At New York, on October last, by the Rev. Mr. Milner, Mr. Joseph Edwin Forrest, to Elizabeth Eleanor, second daughter of Mr. George Hamilton, formerly of Halifax.
At Horton, N. S. on the 19th instant, by Mr. Somerville, Mr. John Duncan, Merchant, of New Brunswick, to Mary Alice, daughter of E. Woodworth, Esq. of the former place.
At New Brunswick, on Sunday evening, by the Rev. Dr. Gray, Mr. Sternes Jones, Merchant, of Weymouth, N. S. to Margaret Ann, eldest daughter of Mr. Isaac W. Doane, of this City.
At New Brunswick, on Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. Enoch Wood, Mr. William Ross, to Miss Elizabeth Bailey, formerly of Brnar Island, N. S.
At Shelburne, N. B. on the 26th instant, by the Rev. F. W. Miles, Mr. John F. Smith, of Fredericton, to Miss Letitia Ann, eldest daughter of Mr. H. Bridges.
At Westport, 19th December, by Rev. W. Jackson, Mr. Thomas Horsfield, to Julia, 6th daughter of Mr. William Rice, both of that place.
On Wednesday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Knowlan, Mr. William Muncey, to Charlott M. youngest daughter of the late Mr. Wyndham Madden.

DIED.

At Newport, on Saturday, 21st December, aged 54 years, Sophia, wife of the Rev. William Bennett, and daughter of the late John Sargent, Esq. of Burlington.
At Digby, N. S. on Tuesday the 28th November, George Augustus, youngest son of the late Rev. Roger Veits, in the 19th year of his age.
At sea, on board brig Condor, Captain Lamigan, on her passage from Kingston, Jam. on the 22d instant, Alexander, youngest son of Mr. Matthew Forrester.
Yesterday morning, Elizabeth Ann, infant daughter of Captain Joseph Harrison, aged 5 months.

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