

purpose of his toils and cares was to heap up wealth, by means of which he hoped, at no distant day, to return with her to England, and there secure for her a marriage that should at once gratify his pride and elevate her to a higher station in society. This hope had been his darling thought for years; and when it was frustrated his disappointment urged him to temporary madness or at least to desperation."

CENTENARY,—SCHOOL CELEBRATION, ETC.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE PEARL.

Sir—As it is well known that every event which tends to the encouragement of good feelings, and the diffusion of genuine happiness, is with you a peculiar favourite,—I doubt not but you have, with myself, witnessed the efforts of Wesleyan Methodists in the cause of the world's moral renovation, with the conviction that such men deserve the esteem of all well-thinking persons.

The Centenary of Methodism!—and what a host of reminiscences come crowding upon us—the name of Wesley connected with them all,—like a tree laden to drooping with goodly fruit;—and clustering about that name acts of real benevolence, and labours of holy love. We honour the remembrance of Wesley,—we love Methodism for itself,—and while we give our hand to all those who, professing this doctrine, *act up to the spirit of it*, we are free to acknowledge the piety of other denominations.

What a credit to the genius of Wesley was the exclamation of a lady,—that, so simple was his sermon, the most illiterate might have understood it! And yet this sentiment is not very popular just now—and why? Surely not an idea that fine language answers the end of heart-stirring ideas! But if the attention of the preacher is so given to the "matter" of his discourse, that the heart is pained with intricately lengthy sentences, and the ear offended with sounding repetitions,—suffer an *individual*, kindly to make known the fact of such being the case.

The Sunday-school children had their celebration on Friday last. After religious exercises, the rising generation were treated with tea, and etceteras, in the shape of cakes and delicacies in great variety and abundance, a Centenary card being suspended at the neck of each of the happy creatures. All passed off delightfully, I am informed; and after *sun-down*, the teachers sat down to their repast. One disaster has been mentioned as the result of this part of the proceedings,—a flag of rice paper, bearing the inscription, "Centenary of Methodism," which waved gracefully over a splendid pound cake, was missing at the most interesting moment. To lose a standard is considered disgraceful to any corps; and the teachers—whose praise is in the mouths of all men, for benevolent exertion—felt accordingly. We all know that flags are struck at *sun-down*, but those in charge have the right to strike, and in the present case the ruse was not expected. However, it appears that the flag, which is said to be worth seeing, is not altogether lost, and that it may be seen at the house of the gallant captor, which is somewhere in the vicinity of the Round church-hill.

In conclusion, allow me to hope, that such joyous modes of celebrating times and seasons may be more general, and that every man will continue to do his duty, not one in future being found to lag.

SIGNAL STAFF.

Fort George, Nov. 1st.

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 1, 1839.

AMERICAN FINE ARTS AND LITERATURE.—There are several evidences of the rapid growth, considering circumstances, of the fine arts—elegant literature, painting, engraving, etc.—on this continent. Confining our remarks to periodicals, we find several of high character,—at the head of which perhaps should be placed, the Knickerbocker, a monthly magazine, published at New York, and enjoying an extensive circulation over the whole Union. It generally has an excellent supply of rather short, racy articles; its list of contributors being lately enriched by the name of *Geoffrey Crayon*. This periodical occasionally presents its readers with an engraving, thus ministering to their pleasure, adding to its own interest, and patronizing the artists of the country. The last engraving thus published, was a view on the Hudson, we believe. It was a pleasing picture, but struck us as not being very characteristic. Its foreground was the chief feature, and that might answer for certain parts of almost any river in America. An angler, also, which formed a prominent figure in the landscape, was a coarse, stubbed specimen of humanity, and a tree which balanced the biped was not a more graceful representative of the vegetable world. The engraving was called very beautiful, however, by a host of authorities; its composition, as a whole, had a very pleasing effect, and its execution exhibited much manual dexterity with the graver.

The New York Albion is a well known literary journal, and it occasionally ministers to the love of art, and the encouragement of artists, by circulating an engraving with its numbers. The last embellishment was an elaborate work, called a portrait of Queen Victoria. The details were well handled, and the composition was

graceful, but, certainly, other painters must have made her Majesty look too young, and too innocent, and too simply beautiful, if the Albion's picture was a likeness.

The New York Spirit of the Times, is a large journal devoted chiefly to Sporting intelligence, and furnishing a mass of matter weekly. It also patronizes the engraver, but its pictures hitherto, we believe, have been exclusively in the Animal line: portraits of celebrated horses have furnished the gentlemen of the turf with likenesses of their favourites.

The New York Mirror is a veteran in the embellishment line. It has repeatedly presented its readers with elegant engravings. The number for October 19, is one of those which is distinguished as a Plate Number and an Original. The plate is entitled, *The Landing at James Town*, and has some delightful characteristics. It represents a group of the olden time; on the sea shore;—a boat approaching with other pilgrims, we suppose, and Indians, a distant group, and ships, as accessories. The principal group is a very graceful composition,—in attitude, and drawing, and *chiaro scuro*, it strikes the eye with very grateful effect, while the expression of sky and sea harmonizes well with the subject. A person inclined to be hypercritical, might object, that, the incident illustrated, is not well supported by the action of the chief figures in the group,—they are turned from the approaching strangers,—while the principal figure, wrapt in a snow white mantle, looks out of the picture, as if observing the effect which the strong light of his drapery had on the spectator, rather than caring about ship or boat;—a stooping figure, employed in lifting a plank for the convenience of the boat's crew in landing, has found a centre of gravity different from that of most such robust personages, or he would tumble over, and fall foul of a well-drawn reverend figure opposite him; the standing figure in the bow of the boat seems a Goliath among Davids;—the nearer vessel is made the more distant, by the aerial perspective;—the artist was evidently puzzled what to do decently with his Indians, and indistinctness partly conceals defects in expression, attitude and verisimilitude;—the feet of the poles which support a fishing net appear to have taken a lesson from Hogarth's caricature on perspective,—about ten feet high, they span an extent which would require almost a couple of masts of an Admiral,—and the running figures in the middle distance, certainly did not take a lesson from Celeste, or any other of the mistresses or masters of the poetry of motion. All this might be said, but perhaps it would not be gracious to say it, and only for the extravagant trumpeting which the plate has obtained from American writers, it would not be intimated in this place. As it is, we have not mentioned the large space devoted to the sky and a not very elegant tree, and other minor matters,—but again revert to the particulars which well redeem defects: these are, the general disposition and drawing and high relief of the group;—the expression of the conversing sages,—of the welcoming warrior,—and of the female figures and the personage on whom they lean; also, as we before mentioned, the very effective light and shade, and the harmony of the whole. Held at a little distance from the eye, the figures seem miniature realities at a sunny sea side,—and it is not until after a close examination, that the Indians and their clumsy boat, and the straddling poles, and the shuffling distant figures, offend the eye.

The Mirror is an elegantly printed periodical, perhaps as elegantly as any weekly in the world. A glance at this original number will not be uninteresting. The first article is a series of verses which, to some extent, illustrates the plate.

"I see a train of exiles stand,
Amid the desert, desolate.
The fathers of my native land,
The daring pioneers of fate,
Who braved the perils of the sea and earth,
And gave a boundless empire birth."

The next article is a chapter from a Novel now in the Press, by T. S. Fay, and called the *Countess Ida*. It is a lively description of a quarrel in "high life" but does not strike as of great promise. "What's in the wind" is the title of a column suggested by the late delay of the British Queen, which was partly occasioned by the want of a supply of eggs, while the politicians of Wall street saw in it, "signs of change, perplexing monarchs," and republics also. "A Tale of Naples" is a light sketch "turning on love" and a column of scraps, not a bit better than scraps generally are, follow. Then comes a song entitled "Land Ho" by G. P. Morris; this has been much praised, and is a spirited versification of the poetic feeling experienced by the sight of land after a long voyage. The song is more bacchanalian than suits the Temperance morality, else we might copy them in our Miscellany. "Letters from London," treat of the Fine Arts in the metropolis of the world,—we extract a passage on the effects which such exhibitions as that of the National gallery have on the public mind.

"The advantages of such an institution cannot easily be overrated. As a place of study and severe discipline for rising artists, it is inestimable. But there are other and perhaps higher points of view in which it is to be regarded as a national benefit. It is not merely an agreeable lounge for the affluent connoisseur, but here resort, more especially on holidays, the industrious tradesman and the humble mechanic. Who can say, among the crowds that come hither, what numbers there may be with aspirations far

beyond what might have been expected from the station in life which they at present occupy, and who have been denied by circumstances the means of cultivating and improving the better nature within them? Who can say what impulses may be given—what ray kindled in this place for the benefit and admiration of posterity? Nothing so much tends to humanize and elevate the mind, as the contemplation of what mind has effected; and by the forms of immortal beauty almost moving and breathing around, it is quite possible some poor youth may feel incited to spring from his present condition, and "leave behind him name and memory." Such things have been—such may be.

"But, in an humbler and more practical point of view, what excellent aids are museums, parks, and picture galleries, which can be enjoyed without expense, to temperance societies. How many may be kept away by them from the gin-palace and the tavern. What purifying, instead of debasing influences, may be exercised through their medium on thousands. These moral statistics are worth attention."

"The dead Guest" is a piece of German diablerie. The next article is a notice of Goeth's *Faustus*, from which we copy the characteristic song of the Dancing Peasants, translated by Mr. Anster; the modulation of the verse is a fine help to the sense, and the words dance in excellent time to the fiddle bow of the village musician.

"The shepherd for the dance was drest
In ribands, wreaths and Sunday vest;
All were dancing full of glee,
Underneath the linden tree!
'Tis merry and merry—heigh-ho, heigh-ho,
Blithe goes the fiddle bow.

Soon he runs to join the rest,
Up to a pretty girl he prest;
With elbow raised and pointed toe,
Bent to her with his best bow—
Pressed her hand: with feigned surprise.
Up she raised her timid eyes!
'Tis strange that you should use me so,
So, so—heigh-ho,
'Tis rude of you to use me so."

All into the set advance,
Right they dance, and left they dance—
Gowas and ribands how they fling,
Flying with the flying ring;
They grow red, and faint, and warm,
And rested, sinking, arm in arm.
Slow, slow, heigh-ho,
Tired in elbow, foot and toe!

'And do not make so free,' she said;
'I fear that you may never wed;
Men are cruel'—and he prest
The maiden to his beating breast.
Hark! again the sounds of glee
Swelling from the linden-tree.
'Tis merry, 'tis merry—heigh-ho, heigh ho,
Blithe goes the fiddle bow!"

An historical notice of the play of "Douglas" conducts to the Editorial columns, which are filled with the usual number of short paragraphs, chiefly on topics of the day. The first of these paragraphs come in appropriately here, as giving the Editor's opinion on matters of which we have just hazarded some remarks:

"AN ORIGINAL NUMBER.—It is with no ordinary degree of pleasure that we present our readers with the illustrated number of the New York Mirror which we publish this day. The engraving by Danforth, from a design by Chapman, has been pronounced by artists unrivalled by any similar production ever executed in this country. It is needless to point out its beauties—they will be apparent to all with an eye for the beautiful in art; nor is it necessary to add, that it is the most highly-elaborated and expensive engraving on steel ever executed for a periodical work in the United States. It is, moreover, an American picture, illustrative of American history, and designed and engraved by American artists. Of the literary contents of the present number, it may not so well become us to speak; but we cannot forbear calling attention to the interesting extract from Mr. Fay's new novel, 'The Countess Ida,' a work destined to be extremely popular. The 'Wall-street Sketch,' from the pen of a Sexagenarian correspondent, will be found highly amusing, besides being true. The 'Tale of Naples,' from the pen of an accomplished scholar and elegant writer, will of course command attention; and if we could venture to speak of the noble song of 'Land Ho!' by General Morris, we might say much that our relations to that gentleman now debar us from expressing. We hope he will not have a glimpse of what we have said until the paper 'has gone to press.' The German story, by a valued contributor, will be found full of interest; and the specimens of Goethe's *Faust*, worthy of the high fame of the original."

The last page is devoted to a piece of Music, and literary scraps.

We have thus given a glance at American Fine Arts and Literature. Those who are aspiring themselves should examine the progress of persons who are higher up the tree,—should feel the excellencies and understand the defects of the more highly favoured in the same walk of life, and bide the time, anticipatively, when themselves may venture on the different departments and the accessories of the profession.

An article on our third page describes an invention by an ingenious townsman, Dr. Morris, who has been heretofore noted for research and talent. The project appears feasible, and we hope that it will be found to succeed according to the views of the inventor. If it does, it will be a valuable contribution to Science, and although Doctor Morris may fail in obtaining a patent, he ne