

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY MORNING, JANUARY 3, 1839.

A NEW VOLUME, AND AN ORIGINAL NUMBER.

We present to the patrons of *THE PEARL* to-day, a specimen of a new Volume; and an Original Number, approaching more nearly, perhaps, than any we have yet published, to the standard of literary interest which we are anxious to attain.

With regard to the mechanical execution of *The Pearl*, we hope we have left our friends nothing to desire. Both the type and paper are from the best English manufactories, and are inferior to none employed in any Colonial establishment.

Having, as we conceive, made such exertions as were within our power, since *The Pearl* came into our hands, to support its character, and to give it a permanent standing as a periodical designed to excite to literary exertion in the Colonies, we feel that we can now, with some degree of confidence, appeal, not only to the people of Nova-Scotia, but to those of the surrounding British Provinces, for a further enlargement of our list, and a general extension of our resources.

The Pearl, unlike nearly all the other Colonial publications, political and religious, is not addressed to any party, or designed for the expression of the peculiar opinions of any mere section of the population. It is intended to be a source of instruction and rational amusement to all—to heal, so far as the restorative influences of literature can be made available, the wounds which the others create—to convey into every family in the Colonies, at least once a week, the treasures that can be gathered from the stores which British and Anglo-American intellect supply—to give to those who labour, a cheap source of relaxation in the hours snatched from the cares of life; and to those who have leisure, the means of mental enjoyment, without any thing to impair the moral energies. We confess that the *Pearl* is but an experiment—that, considering that the scattered family of British Americans, to whom it is addressed, are neither so numerous, refined nor wealthy, as to divest the enterprise of hazard, there may be some reason to apprehend that it may be premature. Still, we see much in the character of the British North Americans to cheer us in our path; and we see every thing in the aspect of the times to warrant the belief, that if a little exertion on the part of those who are favourable to the undertaking, enables us to keep our ground for a short time, the field of usefulness and of hope, so far as our own interests and those of *The Pearl* are concerned, will be expanding every day.

Hitherto the Colonists have had to rely, almost altogether, upon the scanty supplies furnished by the weekly Press, whose occupation by news, advertisements, and general and local politics, have left but little space for the diffusion of belles lettres and general information. These have been thrown in as stowage, to fill up the interstices between the more ponderous or exciting wares with which their ships were laden. They form our staple commodity—our Bark is freighted with them; and our hope is, that as the perfume from a cargo of spices is haled by voyagers from all nations, though each condemns the flavour of the less odoriferous elements of commerce which he does not carry himself, so *The Pearl* may be found to bear nothing that is offensive to any, and something grateful to all; and that thus, with a free sheet and our white sails swelled by popular favour, we may ride over the great ocean of literature, even in times of general war, respected by, and respecting, the several belligerent powers.

To the British American it cannot have been very agreeable to reflect, that to whatever extent his demand for polite literature happened to exceed the scanty domestic supply, he was compelled to call in the aid of foreigners: to periodicals in the United States he has hitherto been compelled to turn, in his necessity, for two substantial reasons—first, because he had no literary paper of his own; and secondly, because, even if he had, the foreign possessed advantages, in a priority of intelligence, to which a domestic periodical, under the circumstances of the olden times, could not aspire. But times are changed, or will soon change, so as to make Halifax the great point from which literary, as commercial and political information, will be circulated over the surrounding Colonies. *The Albion*, *The Mirror*, and other American publications, will no longer enjoy the monopoly of the literary treasures of Europe, which their lines of packets gave them; and the Colonist, finding that the foreigner possesses no advantage over him in point of time, will turn to a vehicle which, while it perhaps addresses his taste and understanding as powerfully as those which formerly enjoyed his patronage, has a stronger claim upon his feelings.

We do believe that the reading public, not only of Nova Scotia, but of New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, Newfoundland, Bermuda, the West Indies, and even Canada, when by and bye Halifax is brought by Steamers within ten days of the Metropolis of the World, and they are by branch lines brought within a few hours, or a few days of Halifax, will view with pleasure the growth of a Colonial publication, intended to supersede foreign sources of intelligence; and circulating, at a cheap rate, choice gleanings from the general stock of English literature. But we entertain a higher hope—we indulge the anticipation of seeing the *Pearl* recognized and fostered; not only as a medium for the dissemination over the Colonies of what other countries produce, but as a treasury into which shall flow the ripened productions of Colonial taste and genius,

and which we may present with pride, as formed of contributions of British America, to the common treasury. It is with this view that we try the experiment of Original numbers; and, from the readiness with which we have found our efforts sanctioned, we anticipate with confidence the time when the best pens which all the lower Colonies can produce, will be employed to enable us to multiply and still further enrich these Original Numbers. Why should this not be? Why should not the voice of British America be heard in the charming deliberations and communications of the world of letters, as in the dryer fields of commercial statistics, and sterner arenas of political discussion? Why should not the literary men and women of the Lower Provinces, or as many of them as can be combined around a common center, have their medium of literary and scientific communication with each other, and with the rest of the world? To afford them that medium is our object; and as we believe that our efforts, when they come to be generally understood, will be as generally appreciated, we are not without a hope, that while *The Pearl* finds friends in the Province from which it emanates, to enable it to exist, the aid and co-operation of all the other British Colonies will be thrown in, if we shall seem to deserve it, to extend our resources, and enable us to take a standing, second to no literary work of the same character among our republican neighbors.

If our friends ask how they can aid us? we reply, that if each subscriber on our list were to procure us another—if those who can write would send us even one article in a year, our stores would be continually accumulating, and we should by and bye be able to issue to the world of letters even more than we received.

We shall send this number to those places, where *The Pearl* has not yet obtained a footing; and to some gentlemen in the neighbouring Colonies, who, we believe, will take an interest in its objects, and some pains in extending its circulation.

A GLANCE AT THE ANNUALS.

(Continued from our last.)

We subjoin the conclusion of a glance at the *Annals*. Although not altogether original, it perhaps has not so much of the character of mere selection, as to preclude it from a place in the present number, and its postponement would cause an awkward delay in completing a notice already rather behind its time.

The next of those works which so peculiarly belong to elegant literature, is of American manufacture, and is named "*The Token or Atlantic Souvenir*." It has an outside of scarlet and gold, and the execution of its interior would be creditable to the arts, even if London, instead of Boston, were at the foot of its title page.

We must hurry through its embellishments, for it is possible to have too much of sweets, at one particular time.

The first engraving is called "*The Widow's Hope*," and represents a very handsome woman, in her widow's weeds, watching, with a chastened pensiveness, over the couch where a beautiful baby sleeps. The total repose of the innocent, and the thought of the tender blank which its mind presents, contrast well with the mother's watchfulness, and her supposed chequered history.

"*Early Days*" represents a couple of urchins fishing on a lonely knoll.

"Maturer age brings ripper thought,
Fills with nobler hopes the mind,
Seeks the truth by prophets taught,
Toils to benefit mankind;—
Yet who mid all that life can bring,
Would forget life's budding spring?"

"*The Velvet Hat*" is a pretty miniature of a lively little beauty, in a new hat.

"*The Mantillo*" is the title of a picture of a Spanish lady, gazing intently from a balcony. It is connected with a melancholy tale, of disappointed love and despair.

"*The Politician*" represents honest erispin, resting for a moment from his labour, spectacles on nose, and paper in hand, criticising the acts of courts and cabinets. It is a true picture, and shows, strikingly, how the newspaper links classes otherwise vastly divided.

"*The Haunts of the Sea Fowl*," is a wild scene,—a couple of boys are perilously placed among some high crags, while far below the strong lights and shades of evening are on the waters.

"*The Fairies*" is an old subject, and scarcely good enough for repetition in a volume like the present. It represents "the good people," as they are called, at one of their moonlight revels; but it is not a pleasing extravaganza.

"*Anticipation*" represents a couple of girls in a sylvan scene, one braiding the long raven hair of the other.

"Nay, nay, Bianca, why shouldst thou
Take thought about thy hair?
For who will lock on thee to-night,
Or think if thou art fair?
Thou deckest thyself for Guido's eye,
And all the rest will pass thee by."

"Ah, sister, shouldst thou ever know
The worth of one fond heart,
Soon, soon, would all this girlish pride
And coquetry depart;
Content, like shelter'd dove, to rest,
Within one warm and faithful breast."

We now come to the last and most splendid of the *Annals* which we undertook to turn over. It is "*The Drawing Room Scrap-Book*," quarto size, in blue silk and gold.

The first engraving is called "*The Favourite Odalique*;" it represents a group of Turkish beauties in the apartments of the harem.

The next possesses peculiar interest. It is a portrait of "L. E. L." who was so long a favourite with the reading world, and whose recent death, at Cape Coast Castle, Africa, caused so much sympathy.

The literary department of the *Drawing Room Scrap Book* comprises eight pieces which had been prepared for it by L. E. L.; Mary Howitt, another favourite, contributes the remainder.

The next embellishment is the "*Interior of a Moorish Palace, Algiers*." The lace-like architecture, the gorgeous accessories,—and the groups, at banquet, reposing, and performing on musical instruments, form a noble scene.

"White are the walls, but o'er them wind
Rich patterns curiously design'd.
The Koran's sentences of light,
Where azure, gold, and red unite;
And like their mirrors, fountains play
To lull and cool the burning day."

"*Kate is Crazed*" is a striking illustration of Cowper's graphic lines on the unfortunate girl. She is represented wandering by the sea-side, on a bleak evening, her fine tresses tossed by the wind; the surges break on the strand, and, far away, traced against the lighter horizon, a pile of buildings give slight indications of society where all else is lone and melancholy.

We next have a portrait of Lord Byron.

"*The Shrine of Santa Rosalia*," on Monte Pelegrino, near Palermo, Sicily,—is a splendid picture of a chapel-like grotto. A magnificent shrine, and groups at devotional exercises, are the chief characteristics.

"*The Great Mosque of the Alcazar*," is a noble architectural scene, in the Spanish city of Cordova. The Mosque is said to be inferior only to the Mosque at Mecca.

"Round the purple shadow of the twilight falls
O'er the sculptured marble of Cordova's walls.
Scarcely is the present seen,
Thinking over what has been.
Over the crowned glories,
Told in ancient stories
Of the Moslem rule in Spain."

A portrait of Thomas Clarkson, the apostle of slave emancipation, accompanies some lines on the same subject. By a note it appears that Mr. Clarkson is now in his eightieth year.

A fine engraving of the Temple of Juggernaut follows.

A scene in Mount Lebanon, forms a splendid landscape, with groups of eastern travellers.

"*Household Treasures*" is a noble picture. A fine woman caresses two lovely children. One, a curly-pated urchin, has clambered up, and presses his dimpling cheek close to his mother's,—the other, a fair-haired girl, leans on the maternal knee, fondling there a little pet lap-dog.

Mary Howitt's lines are a good accompaniment to this fine engraving.

"My heart is filled with gladness,
When I behold how fair,
How bright, are rich men's children,
With their thick golden hair!
For I know 'mid countless treasures,
Glean'd from the east and west,
These living loving human things,
Are still the rich man's best."

"My heart o'erfloweth to mine eyes,
When I see the poor man stand,
After his daily work is done,
With children by the hand—
And this, he kisses tenderly,
And that, sweet names doth call—
For I know he has no treasure
Like those dear children small!"

"*The Source of the Jumna*" is the title of the next embellishment; it represents a romantic view of the source of the sacred stream, amid many-peaked mountains.

"*The Mosque of Sultan Achmet, Constantinople*," is a gorgeous scene,—the interior of the great Mosque, at the moment when the sacred standard is unfurled, and the true Moslems are exhorted to rally round it.

"*The Baron's Daughter*" is a beautiful picture, of a comely young woman, looking from her casement, with the verses of a "landless poet" in her hand.

"*Pilgrims at the Sacred Fair of Hurdwar*" is exceedingly rich in scenery, and figures.

"'Tis April's pleasant months, when blow
The breezes from the hill of snow,
And pilgrims from all Hindostan,
Woman and child and swarthy man,
In crowds on crowds, all castes and ranks,
Are gathering towards the Ganges banks."

"*A Street in Smyrna*" is the next very elegant embellishment. The narrow street, the grotesque buildings with their jutting casements, the loungers about the doors, and the travelling group moving along the highway, are all beautifully characteristic.

"Oh city by the Lesbian sea,
Great glory 'tis to know
That Homer sang within thy street
Some thousand years ago!"

Oliver Cromwell, struck with remorse on seeing the picture of Charles I. is the next subject. The incident is beautifully told by the artist.