

We notice with regret, a decrease in the number of American Annuals, but two have appeared for 1833—the *Token*, and *Pearl*, and their pages seem not to be enriched, by the secret wealth of their suppressed rivals. The *Token* and *Souvenir*, are merged in one; and though sufficiently elegant to sustain its first claim to patronage, we cannot say it has received any extraordinary embellishment from the union. The slightest deterioration is more sensibly felt, than the most evident improvement, and any falling off in those works of taste, and refinement, give an unpleasant sensation, lest the public should become weary of the light and graceful productions of fancy. In proportion to the encouragement given, will efforts be made towards the attainment of perfection—and the deficiencies apparent in the Works now before us, may be more attributable to a change in public taste than to want of zeal in the conductors. The said public taste, is a most coquetish personage, the flowery wreath that binds her, must be for ever varied, the lightest and loveliest chains would fall heavily around her, if novelty be not interwoven with the links, and when that wears off, she slides from other merits, with amazing rapidity. We would fain hope that sufficient attraction may yet be found in this species of *Literary Bijouterie* to fix a partiality.—Those little works serve as pretty and appropriate tributes to friendship, and in each one that falls off; the Boudoir loses an ornament, and the fair occupant an offering, richer in sentiment and less evanescent, than the bouquets of Eastern story, The *Pearl* we can only recommend for its engravings, there are many of them very pretty. The first plate, Innocence, has great beauty, there are two or three plates in the *Token* too, that must arrest attention.

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The following story is extracted from the *Token*, we consider it as a fair specimen of the whole, certainly, not one of absorbing interest, or likely to excite the imagination, but simple and amusing.