

Sometimes we find a happy expression, as in his didactic poem the 'Ages,' in which he describes the astronomer as

'he whose eye  
Unwinds the eternal dances of the sky.'

But having said this, we are unable to go further and exalt Mr. Bryant, as Mr. Symington would fain have us do, to a position among the really great poets of our tongue. In his younger days Mr. Bryant appears to have been addicted to spread-eagleism. Thus, in his 'Genius of Columbia,' he very unnecessarily defies Napoleon, and intimated the crushing defeat which awaited the 'Eastern despot' in case he ventured to invade America, which, it is needless to say, he never intended to do. At other times we find his poems spoiled by an anticlimax, as in the case of the 'African Chief' who goes mad in the most pathetic manner on being led into captivity. The concluding stanza informs us that he

'Wore not long those fatal bands;—  
And once, at shut of day,  
They drew him forth upon the sands  
The "foul hyena's prey."'

The 'foul hyena' is generally credited with a capacity for doing his work in a manner which does not require repetition.

Bryant was a disciple of Wordsworth; but Mr. Symington, in quoting the verses 'Oh Fairest of the Rural Maids,' 'the simple purity and delicate imagery' of which he considers most characteristic of Bryant's genius, does not think fit to draw the reader's attention to the extreme closeness with which the disciple followed the work of his master. The idea of the poem, an innocent child brought up in the forest shades,—and even the wording of it,

'And all the beauty of the place  
Is in thy heart and on thy face,'

cannot fail to remind us of the motive and turn of expression in Wordsworth's exquisite poem,

'Three years she grew in sun and shower,'

and especially the verse which tells us how

'beauty born of murmuring sound  
Shall pass into her face.'

We have left ourselves no room to speak

of Bryant in his capacity of journalist. His life, dealt with in a more manly spirit, would have inspired us with higher feelings of respect for his character than we feel after the perusal of these pages. Mr. Symington makes him out altogether too good. The man who had no redeeming vice is out of the hunt with him. He is so temperate that we get to hate temperance, and when he has got nothing else to brag about he erects the taking of pepper with one's food into a *quasi-sin* against nature, and plumes himself upon resisting the direful temptation. There is a concentrated grandeur of littleness about this, which we are not little to see surpassed in a hurry.

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(*First Notice.*)

The appearance of so elaborate and ambitious a work as this, undertaken by a Canadian publisher for the home market, is alike creditable to the progress of the native book trade and complimentary to the character of the public men whose lives are, on the whole, so excellently portrayed in the volume. In its mechanical appearance, the book is a notable instance of spirited publishing enterprise and a pleasing evidence of the growth of the printing and lithographing industries in Canada, which have contributed to its manufacture. In some instances the work of the lithographer has not been happy—a few of the portraits being inartistic in appearance and unsuccessful as likenesses. Others, on the contrary, are uncommonly good, and may be taken as an earnest of better things in the portions of the book yet forthcoming. The experiment of illustrating a Canadian biographical work with coloured lithographs, is so new and withal so novel, that every allowance should be made for occasional shortcomings, more particularly while the mode of embellishment is so pleasing and attractive, and when, on the whole, as we have said before, the work has been so well done. The literary workmanship, so far as we have been able to examine it, also calls for a word of praise. It is marked by industry and ability, as well as by an intelligent appreciation of the features of interest in