

Reviews.

THE HOLLY BRANCH. By HARRIETT ANNIE, Hamilton, C. W. Printed at the Spectator Office, James Street, 1851.

With the fair authoress of this neat little volume we have not the pleasure to be acquainted, but her writings are far from being unfamiliar to us.

The favourable estimate which we thus came to form of the writer's powers, has been confirmed by a perusal of her poems, now that they have appeared in a collected form.

We extract the following stanzas as a fair average specimen of "The Holly Branch":—

"ON THE DEPARTURE OF THE LORD BISHOP OF TORONTO FOR ENGLAND, APRIL, 1850.

The gathering of a host: What means this murmur like the distant sea, Why gazing on the waters dashing free Ontario's coast?

No trumpet sound is there, No echoing to the war-steed's dashing by; No armies with their lances flashing high, The foe to dare.

A throng upon the shore! At these the Tyrant bands of olden time, Breathing farewell in this far Western clime, All met once more!

Ah! no, but such as these, The Tyrant spirit from earth has not fled, That sleeps not with the records of the dead, In Time's dark sea.

One with years on his brow, The aged prelate comes amongst his flock, For them he goes to dare the wave, the rock,— He speaketh now:

'I go, my people, from you all, Yet go I not alone, Your prayers, your blessings, are with me, And still we must be one; One in our Saviour and our God, Distance may not us part, And in the cause I go to plead,— Are we not one in heart.'

'I go, my people, there's a voice Bids me this voyage take, Not for bright honour, nor for fame, 'Tis for the children's sake; I've seen the wolf essay to snatch The young ones of the fold,— Ere I forget to feed the lambs, May this warm heart grow cold.'

'I go, my people, deep dark waves Must soon between us roll, But pure and holy beams of faith, Shine on your Bishop's soul; I know a thousand kindred hearts Upon our mother land, Will aid us to rebuild our walls, And shield our infant band.'

'I go, my people, it may be I'm going to meet my grave; Beloved ones, my best home's with those Immanuel died to save; Should I be gathered to that throng, And blissful regions fair, Ere I behold your forms again, Oh! meet your Bishop there.'

The sailless ship had raised Her throbbing pulses for the dark blue lake, And many a cheer and blessing did she take, From them who gazed.

Up rose the silent prayer From many a lip, that each may turn the feet, Of the loved young toward Heaven, and then all meet, Their Bishop there."

What we like least about the volume is the "Epistle Dedicatory." It is turgid and overstrained, and one or two texts of Scripture are misapplied in a manner which almost borders upon the profane.

In her future lyrical attempts we would strongly advise the fair "Harriett Annie," to avoid blank verse. Her essays in this department of composition are almost uniformly failures—neither more nor less in short, than misprinted prose. Take the following as a sample:—

"And thou art dead from Earth, fair child, and thy young spirit dwells in climes Of bliss unknown, bliss inaccessible to flesh, clad mortality!" If so inclined we would easily multiply instances of a similar nature, but we forbear.

We trust that the fair poetess of Hamilton will take our strictures in good part—one thing we can assure her of, that they are made in a spirit of kindness, as well as of honesty. Indiscriminate praise is the greatest harm that could be done to a young and unexperienced writer, as thereby faults which might be amended became confirmed habits—chronic literary diseases.

"The Holly Branch," deserves an extensive patronage; if our cordial wishes can avail anything, that patronage shall not be wanting.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE, May, 1851. Toronto: Maclear.

The May number of *Maga* opens with a somewhat rambling notice of five American poets, viz.: Longfellow, Bryant, Whittier, Lowell, and Holmes.

In general the criticisms are neither very accurate nor over profound—and praise is frequently bestowed which the cited specimens fail to justify.—For instance, the following lines from "Treadmill Song" of Mr. Holmes, are characterised as being "very good":—

"Here tread upon the long man's toes, He shan't be lazy here— And punch the little fellow's ribs, And twitch that lubber's ear, He's lost them both—don't pull his hair, Because he wears a scratch, But poke him in the further eye, That isn't in the patch!"

If old Christopher North had been in the enjoyment of his pristine vigour, his dunce-quelling crutch would assuredly have saluted the head of the poet who perpetrated such dismal rubbish, and the back of the critic who pronounced it "very good!"

"My Novel" is continued, but is becoming somewhat tedious. The author should beware that he does not meet with the fate of his own *Audley Egerton*, "the man of men to speak late at night, and to impatient benches."

*Transatlantic Tourists* is a lively and readable review of two recently published volumes upon the United States and Cuba—the one by a French Gentleman, M. X. Marmier, an amateur wanderer in quest of novelty, and the other a Mr. John Glanville Taylor, who goes abroad to "push his fortune," as the old story books say. The latter writer gives some terrible descriptions of the state of slavery in Cuba, and of the severities to which the hapless bondsmen are obnoxious.

"Onward Tendencies," is a capital article, in which much wisdom is enshrouded in a garb of playful wit. It contains a cutting satire, but not more cutting than true, upon the thousand and one transgressions of the *Free Traders*—and especially of the *Pretites*, who are described as "little better than pragmatical coxcombs."

"The Pupal Aggression Bill" contains some sound remarks upon the necessity which exists for checking the quasi state authority, which our government of late years has been so notoriously labouring to confer upon Romanism. It contains much reasonable and instructive matter.

"The Book of the Farm" is a judicious criticism upon Mr. Stephens' able work of that name.

"An Evening Walk" by Thomas Aird, is an original poem from the pen of one who ranks high among the second class of the modern bards of Scotland. The present effusion, however, is not one of the writer's happiest efforts, though containing some stanzas of marked beauty. There is an artistic truthfulness in the following lines:

"Your eye still shifting to the setting sun, The diamond drops upon the glistening thorn, Are topazes and emeralds by turns; Twinkling they shake, and aye they tumble into one.

"Clouds press the sinking orb; he strikes a mist Of showery purple on the forest tops; The western meadows, and the skirting slopes; Down comes the stream a lapse of living amethyst!"

Next follows part V. of that able and interesting series of papers "*Modern State Trials*," which concludes the famous forgery case of Alexander, who laid claim to the Earldom of Stirling. The trial was a very curious one, and the author of the paper under notice presents us with its most striking features.

An article on "*The Dinner to Lord Stanley*," of respectable merits, and containing some home protectionist truths, closes this very creditable number of *Ehony*.

THE UPPER CANADA JOURNAL OF MEDICAL, SURGICAL, AND PHYSICAL SCIENCE. No. 2. Toronto: A. F. Fiers.

This Journal, we think, is destined to occupy a high position in our Provincial scientific literature. The present number is at least equal to its predecessor, and the names of the Editors furnish a sufficient guarantee, that nothing empirical will be admitted into its pages.

BULLETIN OF THE AMERICAN ART UNION.—New-York, 1851.

The fine arts are as yet only in their infancy in Republican America, and require vigorous and judicious fostering. From what we know of the association, whose organ is now before us, we have every reason to believe, that its operations will have the happiest influence, both in improving the taste of the denizens of the United States, and in aiding artists in the arduous struggle up the "hill difficulty" of fame.

We have examined the number of the *Bulletin* for April, which is the first of a new series, and have much pleasure in being able to record our honest approval of its literary and pictorial contents. The leading papers are evidently the productions of men who are well acquainted with the subjects upon which they write. In particular we may specify Mr. Tuckerman's article on Sir David Wilkie, as containing much sound criticism, conveyed in a chaste and graphic style. It would do credit to the *London Art Journal*, which we consider no small meed of praise.

As regards the pictorial department of the *Bulletin*, the illustration meriting special commendation is Darley's sketch of a scene from the *Prairie*,

etched in outline upon stone by the artist himself. Nothing can be more truthful than the attitude of Leather Stocking and his companions,—the drawing is correct—and the story told with unmistakable precision. We regret that we cannot speak in terms equally favourable of the etching from Woodville's *Mexican News*. It is the picture and not the engraving to which our remark has reference. The latter is spirited and distinct, but the design is common-place in the extreme. Our Republican neighbours too frequently mistake exaggeration for humour, and that mistake has been fallen into in the present instance by Mr. Woodville. The figure and expression of the *quidnunc* who is reading the newspaper, and which forms the leading feature in the group, is a marked failure.—Besides the above prints we are presented with a well-executed cut, after a painting by Cropsey.—The subject is the *Temple of the Sibyl*, at *Tivoli*, and is managed with considerable artistic skill, though the distance is wanting in softness and obscurity.

On the whole we cordially commend the *Bulletin*, and the union of which it is the exponent, to the attention of the Canadian lovers of art. For an annual subscription of £1 5s. currency, each contributor receives a large engraving—a copy of the periodical we have been noticing—and has also the chance of obtaining a valuable painting or other work of art. Mr. Henry Rowell, we may add, is the Hon. Sec. for Toronto.

THE SAXON IN IRELAND; London: Murray, 1851.

This is an interesting book from the pen of an intelligent man, who visited Ireland for the purpose of ascertaining what inducements it holds forth to the agriculturalist. After visiting Galway, Connemara, Castlebar, and Achill Head, he finally resolves to take up his abode in the vicinity of the Ballycray Mountains.

Speaking of this work, the *Guardian* remarks: "The practical part of the book is very useful.—For the man of capital, whether large or small, who can find nothing to do in England, and who longs for an active country life, the North-west of Ireland seems to possess almost every requisite.—There may be found fertile land in abundance, or such as may be easily made so; every facility for transferring property from the hands of those who have not either the capital or the will to make the most of it, to the hands of those who have; and labourers enough, both willing and able to work. Pity only that so promising a state of things has been so long delayed."

The following passage is interesting in itself, and conveys a fair impression of the author's style:

"As I made my way from Dovega into the interior of the island there were manifest symptoms of excitement abroad. People were seen in their best garments, descending the hills and hanging in groups along the roads; and in answer to my inquiries, I was informed that Dr. M'Hale, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Tuam, was that day to visit this portion of his diocese.

I hurried on to see the reception of this once all-powerful spiritual lord of this island.—Meeting with a person having much the appearance of a Scripture reader, for several of these functionaries are employed by the mission, I was informed by him that the rector of the island, the Rev. W. Seymour, had printed and sent a challenge to Dr. M'Hale, to dispute, in presence of the people, on thirteen propositions, embodying the principal differences between the Roman and Anglican Churches, and this challenge was not only extensively placarded all over the island, but with another and very energetic missive from the Colony, penned by the Rev. Mr. Nangle, was dropped along the public roads as a ready mode of general distribution. Of these I myself picked up several, as I travelled next day through a portion of Ballycray.—My informant presented me with copies of both the letters to Dr. M'Hale. That by the Rev. Mr. Seymour was written in a firm and not ungentlemanly spirit for an Irish theologian, the other was of the John Knox school. The Rector's letter was addressed to the Most Rev. Dr. M'Hale, and commenced, 'Most Reverend Sir—I feel bound not only to warn my people, but to challenge you to prove, out of the Sacred Scriptures, the truth of the several doctrines under-

mentioned. . . . The Rector of Achill, accompanied by Rev. — and several Scripture readers, with certain of their friends in the island, certainly did meet the Roman Catholic Archbishop and his accompanying clergy face to face, and did there and then, at the ferry of the Sound of Achill, give them an opportunity of maintaining and proving their doctrines. . . . I was informed that Dr. M'Hale and his party passed on without deigning to notice either the presence or the challenge of the reformed divines. A number of persons followed the carriage. Achill contains six thousand inhabitants, but of these scarce a hundred were there. The appearance of the people was wretched in the extreme. A few rode rough ponies."

LONDON LABOUR AND THE LONDON POOR. By HENRY MAYHEW; Part 5 and 6. Toronto: T. Maclear.

This serial increases in interest as it progresses, and continues to present us with graphic sketches and details of classes, who, though to be met with in every quarter of the great metropolis, have been less known than many of the dwellers in the antipodes. The section devoted to "the Street-sellers of Stationery, Literature, and the Fine Arts," is exceedingly curious, and very amusing. From it we extract the following general portraiture of these *al fresco* bibliopoles:—

"The street-sellers of stationery, literature, and the fine arts, differ from all before treated of in the general, though far from universal, education of the sect. They constitute principally the class of street-orators, known

in these days as "patterers," and formerly termed "mountebanks,"—people who, in the words of Strutt, strive to "help off their wares, by pompous speeches, in which little regard is paid either to truth or propriety." To patter, is a slang term, meaning to speak. To indulge in this kind of oral puffery, of course, requires a certain exercise of the intellect, and it is the consciousness of their mental superiority which makes the patterers look down upon the coster-mongers as an inferior body, with whom they object either to be classed or to associate. The scorn of some of the "patterers" for the mere costers is as profound as the contempt of the pickpocket for the pure beggar.—Those who have not witnessed this pride of class among even the most degraded, can form no adequate idea of the arrogance with which the skilled man, no matter how base the art, looks upon the unskilled.—"We are the aristocracy of the streets," was said to me by one of the street-folks, who told penny fortunes with a bottle. "People don't pay us, for what we gives 'em, but only to hear us talk. We live like yourself, sir, by the hexercise of our bistellects—we by talking, and you by writing."

The street-sung ballads which find favour with the multitude, furnish the best data for estimating the popular feeling on questions of the day. As illustrative of the "*Wiseman agitation*," we lay the following rude but characteristic passages before our readers:—

OF THE EXPERIENCE OF A CHANTER.

"The Pope, sir," he began, "was as one-sided to chant as to patter, in course. We had the Greeks (the lately arrived Irish) down upon us more than once. In Liverpool-street, on the night of the meeting at Guildhall about the Papal Aggression, we had a regular skirmish. One gentleman said: 'Really, you shouldn't sing such improper songs, my men.'—Then up comes another, and he was a little crusted with port wine, and he say: 'What, against that cove the Pope! Here, give me half a dozen of the papers.' The city was tidy for the patter, sir, or the chant; there was sixpences; but there was shillings at the West End. Of course we had no feeling either for or against the Pope. We goes to it as at an election; and let me tell you, sir, we got very poorly paid, it couldn't be called paid, for working for Lord John at the City Election; and I was the original of the live rats which took well. But there's a good time coming to pay Lord Johnny off.

"Some of the tunes—there's no act of parliament about tunes, you know, sir—was stunnors on the fiddle; as if a thousand bricks was falling out of a cart at once. I think 'The Pope and Cardinal Wiseman,' one of the first of the songs, did as well as any. This verse was greatly admired:—

'Now Lord John Russell did so bright, to the Bishop of Durham a letter write Saying while I've a hand I'll fight, The pope and cardinal wiseman, Lord John's ancestor as I tell, Lord William Russell then known well A martyr he in glory fell, And now Lord John so bold and free, Has got a rope as we may see, To hang up on each side of a tree, The pope and cardinal wiseman.'

"This finishing verse, too, was effective, and out came a few browns:—

'Now we don't care a fig for Rome, why can't they let the girls alone, And mind their business at home, the pope and cardinal wiseman, With their nonsical red cardinals hat, And lots of wafers in a sack, If they come here with all their clack, we'll wound them til fall la ra whack, In England they shall not be loose, Their humbugging is all no use, If they come here we'll cook their goose, The pope and Cardinal Wiseman.'

CHORUS. Monks and Nuns and fools afloat, We'll have no bulls shoved down our throat, Cheer up and shout down with the Pope, And his bishop cardinal Wiseman.'

"Then there was another, sir. 'The Pope he is coming; oh, crickey, oh dear!' to the tune of the 'Camels are coming.' There was one bit that used to tickle them. I mayn't exactly remember it, for I didn't do any thing beyond a spurt in it, and haven't a copy for you, but it tickled 'em with others. This was the bit:—

'I've heard my old grandmother's grandmother say, They burnt us in Smithfield full ten every day, O, what shall I do, for I feel very queer, The Pope he's a-coming, oh! crickey, oh, dear!'"

LITERARY NOTICES.

Original and Select.

To the second edition of his work on *The Sermon on the Mount* Mr. Trench has prefixed a very interesting and elaborate essay on St. Augustine, which is now published separately under the title of *St. Augustine as an Interpreter of Holy Scripture*. It has all the characteristics of Mr. Trench's writings. Thorough knowledge of his subjects, deep religious feeling, and a clear and attractive style, carry us on with unabated interest through the volume. How much would be gained to our knowledge and our charity if men would set themselves to the examination of separate important epochs, or striking characters in Church history, in the same spirit and with the same conscientious industry which Mr. Trench displays in this valuable little book!

Mr. Neale's *Followers of Our Lord* is intended to supply a set of stories fit to be put into the hands of children for their reading during Holy Week. The author's considerable powers of touching and picturesque narration are well known, and he has selected for their exercise seven very interesting, and, for the most part, uncommon stories. He has taken pains to procure accurate versions of them. The book seems very well qualified for the purpose it undertakes to fulfil.

A prose translation of Homer, executed by a poet, might be a really valuable work. A mere literal version is of less interest, and, indeed, possesses little actual value except to the schoolboy. Mr. Buckley's *Homer Literally Translated, with Explanatory Notes*, hardly rises above the "crib." As such, it appears to be close and accurate enough.

Mr. Humphry's volume of *Hulsean Lectures*, for 1850, is entitled the *Early Progress of the Gospel*, and consists of eight sermons, in which he discusses the