

Reviews.

LEWIS ARUNDEL, OF THE RAILROAD OF LIFE.—
Toronto: Thomas Maclear, 1851.

Amidst the mass of trash and immorality which weekly deluges our Province in the shape of novels, it is refreshing to meet now and then with a fiction which we can honestly recommend and approve.—The work before us is one of the exceptions in question. We have perused it with much pleasure, and have no hesitation in pronouncing it to be the production of a fresh, and well constituted mind. Much ingenuity is displayed in the construction of the plot—several of the more prominent characters are sketched with the breadth which indicates artistic power—and the dialogue is natural and epigrammatic. If no particular moral truth be inculcated by the story, the general impression produced is bracing and healthy, and the delineations of life which it contains are as true as if taken by the daguerreotype.

A DESCRIPTION AND HISTORY OF THE ISLAND OF JAMAICA, &c. By WILLIAM WEMYSS ANDERSON, late Member of Assembly for the Parish of Portland. Kingston, Jamaica: G. Henderson, 1851. Forty-six pages, 8vo.

The greater portion of this pamphlet is filled with a republication of the portion of "An Account of America or the New World, by John Ogilby, Esq., Master of the Revels in Ireland," published in the year 1671, relating to Jamaica, and also "A Description of the Island of Jamaica, by Richard Blome; London, 1678," accompanied by certain annotations explanatory of the text of these authors, and preceded by an introductory chapter, laudatory of Jamaica, its climate and resources.

Mr. Anderson avows his object to be, to induce emigration to Jamaica by two classes of persons, whom he thus describes:—

"For those whose delicate structure and state of health disables them from continuous active exertion in a cold climate; and

"Secondly—For the coloured inhabitants of the Northern States of America and Canada, many of whom, it is believed, might be desirous of settling here, and who, if satisfied that there were no impediments from climate, would do so."

His principal object undoubtedly is, to entice the coloured population of the States to seek a home in Jamaica in preference to Canada; and he states what we have for many years regarded as a political axiom, viz.—that "Jamaica and the other Islands of the British West Indies, are destined to be the proper homes of the civilized coloured races." The policy of the British Government for the last thirty years or more has been to advance the coloured population as a class, and bring to pass Mr. Anderson's prediction "That prosperity will be realized as soon as the free black and brown inhabitants of the United States resort to it, as their proper home."

Jamaica must be a melancholy sight during its present transition state; some idea may be formed from the following extract of a letter recently received from an intelligent party resident there:—"I am sorry to say the cholera still lingers here, and now the Influenza is raging as an epidemic; every thing in this beautiful island looks dull and gloomy, and the prospect for the future equally so. Hardly an estate has planted for next crop—the seasons have been unusually wet, which circumstance has retarded the manufacture of the present growth. Sugar is down to £12, and rum cannot be sold; merchants threatening to throw up; persons in the island refusing to pay taxes; labourers striking for more wages, and all this crowned by the dreadful diseases now so prevalent."

Such is the picture drawn by an eye-witness in July 1851. No one will deny that emigration is necessary—but something more seems to be requisite to make Jamaica quite the "El dorado" of Mr. Anderson's pamphlet.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Original and Selected.

Mrs. Toogood is entitled to the gratitude of persons engaged in educating young children for her interesting and well-executed, though unpretending *History of Greece, taken from the Greek Historians, the Religious Faith, Manners, and Customs illustrated from the writings of the Poets.* The narrative is pleasantly and clearly written: the contemporary writers have been almost exclusively followed; disquisition being for the most part entirely avoided, and on disputed subjects that being stated "which has been judged most probable by our best authorities." It is a useful book and very creditable to the abilities and learning of the authoress.

A very able and useful compendium of information has been published by Mr. Fox, entitled *The Six Colonies of New Zealand.* The author has passed many years in the country in high official situations, and has himself visited the places he describes, and become acquainted with the classes whose prospects he discusses. His book is, accordingly, full of valuable information, well put together, the feeling of the author being strongly adverse to the Government, as might be expected from one acquainted with its proceedings. He anticipates the rapid and utter extinction of the native races, and disbelieves in their capacity for civilisation. Of the six colonies, he gives the most attractive account of Nelson, New Plymouth, and Canterbury, as far as society, soil, and climate are concerned. Mr. Arrowsmith's map, appended to the book, is exceedingly valuable, and Mr. Fox vouches for its completeness and accuracy down to the present time.

SCENES IN OUR PARISH.

NO. VIII.

THE WOODS.

"They love the country and none else who seek,
For its own sake, the silence and the shade."

COWPER.

There is little need that I should remind you of that summer walk, for I do not think either of us likely to forget it. But it would be strange if, having written so much for my own amusement, I should hesitate to attempt, at least, any subject proposed by you. Yet pleasant though the theme be, do not think that it is without its difficulties. The beautiful woods are too beautiful for my weak powers of description, and I am likely to make mistakes, for I was a stranger in a strange place. This at least is not a scene in our parish; and you and others know every step of the ground so well, that the most trifling mistake will be evident.

Yet such considerations shall not influence me. Others, indeed, may see what I write—but it is to please friends—for the few who understand me—for those who

"Know my raptures are not conjur'd up
To serve occasion of poetic pomp."

for those that I write, who can trace steps trodden at my side, occurrences that befel us in each other's company; to please such, that is my first design. I cannot refuse a remembrance of that walk, since you have asked it, for who understands me better than you?

"Her merchants are princes," said the prophet when he spoke of Tyre; and as we stood on the bank of the river which bears riches from all quarters of the world to your city gates—as we looked up at the long splendid rows of buildings, the houses, so very like palaces, we thought the words applicable enough to the merchants of our own day. Yet knowing so little of the world's business as I do, I hear enough of the uncertainty of great men's possessions, not to envy them; and thinking of my country in general, if it is "righteousness that exalteth a nation," the Christian may tremble for its prosperity indeed. But the stately scene before us, the grand buildings ranged so loftily in the sunshine, one above another, spoke to the outward view, at least, of wealth and glory. A noble princely scene, yet it touched no answering chord in my heart—it awakened no deep feeling—no thought of peace and home—the world glitters too brightly for me, for I have been used to the shade, the thronging and the press make me giddy, the noise stuns, and the glare confuses me,—with what delight we turned into the deep and silent shade!

I knew that the woods were beautiful, for I had heard them described often, but that so near such an immense population, and trodden so constantly, there should be so little to show the neighbourhood of avaricious man, I did not think possible; for I cannot help feeling, that man seldom lays his hand on God's fair creation, but he leaves a blot on the page. As yet, however, he has not done so here. Up to the very top of the steep ascent, here grow untrimmed, uninjured, the delicate birch, and the aspen, trembling as the sun displays the glittering silver of its leaves. No rough hand has torn the wild clematis: it is not yet in blossom, but its luxuriant verdure, ornaments well the pure, pale tassals of woodbine, whose sprays at this time of the year are more "copious of flowers" than of foliage. We turned out of the accustomed path, pushed aside the tangled hawthorn boughs, and the swaying branches of the latest dog-roses, and seated ourselves on a little open space, which commanded a view of the deep way beneath, and the wood covered hill opposite. Those lovely trees! O you can see them in your mind's eye, and if not, I could not describe them to you. How they tower one above another, each beautiful, exactly with its own peculiar grace, and all grouping together. O how the divine Artist had grouped them—grey and green and silver, deep green and pale, blue and brown, and copper color! By that slight, quivering aspen, look at the broad oak, whose rugged trunk and massive form contrasts with the lively colour of the young leaves, and those again are well relieved by the slender dark sprays of ivy, which twist and hang and cling about its branches, as lovingly, as if it felt how much it needs support. Perhaps it is a feeling natural to one who has seen very little; but as I looked, I wondered how there could be any thing more beautiful in the whole world. Every soft shadow seemed thrown exactly in the situation most fitting to bring into full relief some form of exquisite elegance and grace; and every sunbeam streamed just where it showed most of might and perfection: how could it do otherwise since it streamed from heaven! But the hand of an omnipotent Artificer was evident also in the small flowers that sprung amongst the deep moss on which we sat. We could yet see the folds from which His hand had that very morning unbound the tender leaves of the fairy cistus. He also had instructed the glad birds that sung so joyously round us, and He had provided for the merry rabbits that scouted by us. Do not think I am forgetting the dignity of my subject. O no! I am sure of that, since the pen of inspiration has not disdained to inform us, who it is that maketh the "high hills an habitation for the wild goats, and the stony rocks for the coney."

We had stayed, not as long as we could gladly have done, but as long as time permitted, and we descended to the shadowed pathway again. You pointed out to me traces of the handy work of former days. There are the remains of a Roman road, and we paused to see how little was to be seen. Yet what skill was displayed once in planning—what energy in carrying forward—what ability in completing the work; and it was the work of the mightiest men, of those who boasted their citizenship, and obtained their freedom from the greatest city in the world. And this is all that is left to show of it—a foot or two here and there of rough pathway—a yard or two of shattered wall, which none but an antiquary's eye cares to trace. Yet the vanity of earth's distinctions need not raise a sigh in their hearts, who humbly trust that their citizenship is in heaven.—We stopped to rest once more amongst the green trees at the top of the wood. It was a lovely spot in the full pride of summer. The softest thyme and moss beneath, and leaves, and garlands of clematis and woodbine and ivy, the greenest, above us. We were in the midst of earth's loveliest, and most fading things, and we talked, as it was natural enough we might, of others that we had known, lovely and fading. It was an interesting conversation, and I remind you of it, because it turned afterwards on the epithet "Sentimental," and I said, I was anxious not to deserve the charge, and if it might be, to escape it. And here, as others, who do not understand me so well, will very probably read these remembrances, I will just say, that I mean by sentimental writers, such as give way to morbid melancholy, and who express deeper feeling of this world's worthlessness, than they really experience. The sentimentalist views things in a false light. When Charlotte Smith asks in such a despairing tone,

Ah! why has happiness no second spring!"

I think she is sentimental. She ought to have known, that happiness cannot, for the honor of God's justice, be a native of a sinful world; and the happiness that for the honour of his mercy, descends from heaven, she might have experienced if she would; to blossom after the spring and summer of youth are past, more lovely in the grey autumn of life's decline, all through the frost of age's winter, and shining on the grave of death. Charlotte Smith ought to have recollected, that

"It is not wise complaining,
If either on forbidden ground,
Or where it was not to be found,
We sought without attaining."

But I do not think that can justly deserve the charge of sentimentality, if there is such a word, or perhaps I shall be understood better, if I call it false sentiment or morbid feeling, which although it views the world as one cursed indeed for its sin, and abounding with thorns and thistles; yet traces throughout it, a path marked by divine mercy, by the side of which there are "quiet resting places" for God's people, from whose parched rocks flow streams in the desert. It is natural sometimes to shudder at the remembrances of the storms and tempest through which one has past, and which we know may darken our sky again at any moment; but it is not sentimental to do so if faith's bright and steady eye is fixed on the rainbow that shines forever about the throne. And surely no one will venture to call me sentimental for speaking, once now and then, of withered flowers and riven blossoms: for then the voice which said, "Cry, all flesh is grass, and the godliness thereof as the flower of the field," will be charged with sentimentality, and the prophet who wrote it down, and the apostle who repeated it, will be called sentimental too.

It was time for us to go on; and so much singular and majestic scenery, such strange masses of fallen rock, such aged, picturesque trees, so fantastic roots, propped up they seemed with huge stones, and garlanded with ivy by the hand of Nature—such bright and graceful foliage, detained us to admire and wonder every moment, that, after all, we had time to look at but half that we longed to see. Those stones must have been hurled from the top ages ago, and with what a crash, with what a tremendous fall they must have come down!—There they lay, the immense branches that they broke in their fall, withering about them, and shadowing with their decaying leaves the red and brown masses of freshly severed stone.

By degrees, the vivid red and brown became less distinct, as the weather stains drove against them, and then the lichens, the grey, and afterwards the yellow, slowly spread upon the surface; and as they mouldered, the seeds of innumerable small plants, wafted there by winds, or carried there by birds, grew up luxuriantly in the healthy shade; and now the large stones which lie all down the steep bank, as if they had been born there by the current of a strong stream, are covered with fern and thick feathery moss. There is one much larger than the rest. It is lofty and square, like a huge altar tomb. You might well fancy it the grave of a minstrel, for here were gathered together all mute nature's sympathies to bewail him. I remembered Sir W. Scott's lines,

"Call it not vain; they do not err
Who say, that when the Poet dies,
Mute nature mourns her worshipper,
And celebrates his obsequies."

I need not write down that passage—who does not

know it, and delight in it? But that singular stone, and the romantic scenery around it, reminded me also of a sad story of modern date, the death of the poor sculptor Deare. It was in some such spot possibly, but beneath the cloudless sky of Italy, on such a chilly couch, that he chose to rest, only his was the block of pure marble, which he had just procured, and on which he determined to sleep, fancying that, in such a situation, sublime dreams might present forms to his imagination, fit subjects for the superior beauty of the mass of marble which was to employ his chisel. Do you recollect the story? He slept there the whole night; who can tell the enthusiast's feelings, but those who have felt such? He dreamt as only genius dreams. The proud spirit felt, and exulted in its unearthly might; but the night wind had chilled the weak mortal frame, and the young sculptor awoke, fell sick, and died.

"There will I rest to-night," the artist said.
"Place my pure marble by the myrtle tree,
And if as hard as Jacob's be my bed,
Visions, as Jacob's bright, shall come to me—
Beautiful marble! gathering over thee—
My touch to thee immortal fame shall give,
And thou shalt breathe my marble, and shalt live."
It was a passionate energy—alone
He lay, to rest on that majestic stone;
He laid him down, when in the deep, blue sky,
Keeping its sleepless watch, each star shone high;
Whilst stately lilies, born to grace that land,
Breathed their pure incense in the clear moon's ray,
Soft, odorous gales his burning temples fam'd,
As on his cold, and dazzling couch he lay.

Then came fair visions round him—such as keep
Watch, mighty Genius! o'er thy fitful sleep:
Beauty was there, with spring's fresh roses crown'd,
Her locks loose floating, and her zone unbound—
Her white feet glancing in the pure moon's light,
Her sweet voice singing to the listening light,
Thither descending with bright wings unfur'd,
Came Hope exulting from a fairer world;
And mighty Strength on massive club reclin'd
And Joy, whose bounding feet outstripp'd the wind.
And hark! and hark! Fame's trumpet blast,
As on the glorious pageant past;
High beat his heart exulting at the sound,
But darker forms his midnight couch surround—
A voice of terror on his slumber broke,
Death threw his cold arms around him, and he woke!

The path was steep and slippery which we had to descend as we passed these singular stones, and the spot so sheltered that last year's leaves still lie heaped up and rustling under our tread. As we paused there, we caught, through the tops of the trees, a glimpse of a broad, sunshiny road at a little distance. We could distinguish the passing of varied forms, and the glitter of gay equipages. O how unlike "the silence and the shade!" But it is a world for action and exertion, not for musing only, I know; and therefore we will uncomplainingly go back again: ever remembering, or trying to remember this, that where the path of duty lies, be it in the hot glare or the pleasant shade, there only God's, blessing rests, and there only shall we find happiness.

ERROR OF THE CONTINENTAL REFORMATION.

(From the Rev. Dr. Lee's Sermons on the Papal Aggression.)

The Roman yoke of bondage was cast off by the Church of England under somewhat different circumstances from those which characterized the Continental Reformation: which circumstances account for the undeniable fact that a purer Gospel has been and is now generally preached in England, and wherever England's Church has been planted, than in any other portion of the eastern hemisphere. I refer to the retention in England of the primitive order of the Church, to the adoption of Scriptural liturgy, to a due appreciation of the appointed sacraments of Baptism and the Lord's Supper; which in connection with the preaching of the word, and the general dissemination of the Scriptures among the masses of the people, have preserved that country in a great measure from the blighting influences of Socinianism and Rationalism, and made it the most enlightened Christian nation in the old world. On the Continent, owing mainly to the absence of the distinguishing features of the Primitive Church, as to its order, polity, and worship, the inroads of error have been numerous and melancholy. Socinianism reigns triumphant at Geneva, Rationalism has overrun many parts of Germany. Provoked and excited by the usurpations of the Roman priesthood the continental Reformers did not pause to separate the use from the abuse—the usurpation of authority from the real authority which Christ committed to his Church and ministry. Hence they overthrew the whole system of ecclesiastical government, assuming the dangerous principle that no particular polity had any peculiar claims from primitive institution or practice, and regarding it as a matter of indifference what form of government was adopted, though giving the preference to what was novel and modern, rather than to what was ancient and primitive. This was a great error; it was probably the great error of the Continental Reformation; and this error was avoided by the English Reformers. The abjured Papal superstitions; but at the same time they paid proper deference to whatever was plainly apostolic and primitive. They in fact simply made the English Church what it was before it felt the bondage of