

'Hints to Emigrants,' by giving grotesque representations of not altogether impossible 'incidents in the emigration of [any] John Smith, of Smith-Town.' Some useful lessons may certainly be deduced from them; but we suspect that generally, emigrants would laugh at the depicted difficulties here presented.—'difficulties, compared with which the labours of Hercules were perfect trifles—quite as heartily as those seated by a comfortable snug fire-side in Old England. The second plate of the series is peculiarly good. The enormous and massive trunks of the trees are ludicrously contrasted with the puny size of the luckless 'John Smith,' who proposes to fell them. Indeed, the pictures altogether are good; and we trust that thousands of laughs will be soon enjoyed over Mr. Percy Crutshank's 'Hints to Emigrants.'—*Morning Advertiser.*

"A series of humorous and well-executed cuts on the all-exciting topic of emigration. The inspection of the land, with the enormous pine-trees which have to be vigorously removed, is a rich engraving, the bare inspection of which would be quite sufficient to deter the most energetic and sanguine from even thinking of a location in North America."—*London Journal.*

"The author of this work is unknown to us, but he bears a name which a thousand merry recollections force us to more than like, and in the manner of his hand, as well in the form of his ideas, we think we discover indications of the family to which he belongs. If it should be as we suspect, we can only wish he may be the inheritor of the fame that encircles the cognomen he bears; but we also hope he may live to possess those rewards which the talent of George Crutshank has never yet properly received. George Crutshank has, we feel, a fair ground of reproach against society. His industry is as great as his ability is peculiar; but he lives in comparative neglect. Because his pencil does not pander to the petulancy of a class, the real artist whose works have gladdened the minds of the people is virtually unrecognized. There is no real appreciation for art when its declarations in any sphere can be thus poorly recompensed, for in many of the finest qualities and some of the highest attributes of purest art the works bearing the signature of George Crutshank abound. He may not deal with colours or impress his thoughts on canvases, but these are but the medium by which ideas are represented. He speaks to us in an intelligible phrase, and in what he expresses mind is always declared. For fancy and invention he is before the foremost artists of the present time, and, being thus embold, he should not live among the poorest in worldly recompense. We cherish the hope that the day may come when, far before the skilful mimic of a bygone style or apt transcriber of an ancient form, the breathing genius that informs mankind may be enrolled among the few whose names are honoured.

"In the etchings put forth with the name of Percy Crutshank attached to them we think we perceive indications of a youthful effort. Such signs are not to be absolutely interpreted, and we have no knowledge that what we imagine is the truth, but hope the supposition is correct. Should it be so, the work is one of promise, and as such we for the present welcome it. It contains ten subjects, which are all remarkable for humour. The etching is, however, better than the drawing, but the subjects are of themselves so comic that the deficiency is scarcely felt. Fun bubbles up in each, and the laugh which all provoke is hearty. As in a burlesque, every accident points a joke, and throughout the spirit never flags. The author seems to have perfectly enjoyed the office he had undertaken, for things of this description are not to be coldly conceived. Our readers will do well to procure the etchings, and by inspection test the truth of our assertion. We can confidently promise them that they will not be disappointed of any pleasure which an exuberant quizz can grant. The exaggeration is so tremendous that it is irresistible, and we will not spoil the delight it can afford by any attempt to describe it. The expense of the work is extremely small, and any one of the plates would be worth the price of the whole; therefore we advise our readers to obtain it; but we hope, the author, who exhibits such power to depict his ideas with point and humour, will not by success be tempted to neglect those studies which he has yet hardly well entered upon. We have alluded to his defects, and if he would, in the estimation of the public, aspire to succeed as the representative of his name, he must labour by observation to correct them."

—*Morning Post.*