

recommended to all matrimonial combatants, and also to their single guests that they may retire from family arguments, or decide upon the nature of the case, by noticing in which clause of the opening sentence occurs the ominous 'My Dear!'

And these 'Initial Chapters'—what grains of gold lie in every line! more worth the seeking than the glittering dust in Australian gold fields: words of experience,—jewels from the depth of thought,—lessons of genuine wisdom to guard from error and overcome evil,—dissertations on the subtlest topics written with master power, and yet though learned open to the simplest comprehension. In 'My Novel' we have the rare combination of learning without pedantry, sentiment without egotism, humour without coarseness; a book filled with the knowledge of human passions, yet free from repulsiveness or extenuation of them; a book which will come home to and interest the most experienced man of the world, and yet charm and benefit the most guileless.

Can we say more—and yet we feel as if half were not said in honour of this wonderful work of genius. Praise is superfluous: it defies it. It takes hold of the imagination, the feelings, the intellect—and we lay it down, certainly wiser, wishing to be better. We believe it is Bulwer who says at the conclusion of one of his early works, that he lingers fondly upon the last pages of his story, loth to break the link that has bound him for so long to his readers. And such is the feeling of those who have dwelt entranced upon the developement of 'My Novel.' They linger still over the pages of a work which has afforded them so much food for the intellect, such great play for the fancy. With reluctant hand the book at last is closed, and we almost sorrow that we have seen all, gone step by step till all is ours through this world of beauty and delight. Though all looked forward with eagerness to the developement of the story, we believe there were few who closed it without a sigh. And when Blackwood came again unbrightened by the spirit, whose revealings we were wont to yearn for, all felt as though some household friend was silent—that a bright companion had paid its farewell visit!

But 'My Novel' is yet ours in perfect form, and will be recurred to again and again in the hours of solitude, or when in friendly interchange with our fellow men, we wish to enforce some truth, some sublime conception which our own words may fail to elucidate. Then the maxims of the poet, the sage, and the statesman all speaking from the voice of Bulwer, will be read again, and heart and intellect will once more relearn the lesson.

While the English language lasts, surely the work under review will remain and be read as a proof of the power and beauty of that language; as a monument to him who was the master of its flexibility, its humour, its pathos, its sublimity! We have often marvelled what manner of men were our ancestors, when we read books handed down to us by them, so admired in their day, but which seem now to us as the incarnation of coarseness or stupidity; and