

truth to nature—on the information which is blended with amusement in their pages, and on the strength and beauty of their composition. Some of the brightest names on the literary annals of the world, have been identified with these comparatively light works; and the best of them exhibit a chain of occurrences which in all probability have passed, and are passing in the great theatre of life—and exhibit them with as much vigour and beauty, as if the powerful minds of their authors had borne a part in the scene. As such, modern Novels must retain strong hold on the reading world; and it is to be regretted that their beauty and philosophy, and historical information, and natural truth, but too frequently are accompanied by passages which have by far too much of base alloy in their structure.—While Novels are of the nature we mention, and are the productions of men whose names are a tower of strength, they seem most legitimate matter for the reviewer; and perhaps many who affect contempt for such works, are in the constant habit of feasting on more deleterious compounds, because they pretend to truth, but which are less beautiful, and much farther from fact and nature. However, we believe that the prejudice against works of imagination is in a great measure extinct, and that good or evil are the considerations now; for we find the religious world as abundant in romance and novel of its own caste, as if it found that parable and allegory and fable were legitimate and very productive sources of information and delight.

Paul Clifford is written by Mr. Bulmer; and claims attention, from its author having previously produced works, in which sublime philosophy and religion were delightfully blended in interesting narratives. These volumes differ greatly from his other works, and from those of his cotemporaries in the same line—The scene is partially laid amid low English life and habits, and the pages contain very caustic satires on the institutions and practices of the country. Previous to giving any examples of its sentiments or underplots, we will give an outline of its story, and of its principal characters.—In the words of its author,

“The Hero of the story is an attempt to portray an individual of a species of which the country is now happily rid, but which seem to me to have possessed as many of the real properties of romance, especially comic and natural romance, as the foreign Carbonari and exotic pirates whom it has pleased English writers, in search of captivating villains, to import to their pages.”

The scene is laid in London, and the death bed of a wretched woman is one of the first sketches. The departing wretch leaves her child, a boy of three years old, in charge of the landlady of the ‘Mug’ public house, where she dies. The boy is represented as growing up full of harmless spirit and vivacity—and the ignorant and vicious landlady treats him with tenderness, and