

ringing themselves over the pier in wrath and foam, or dancing like spirits in their glee.

We must, however, deny ourselves the pleasure of following the fascinating Rambler farther, and reluctantly bid her a short farewell.

LADY CHEVELEY, OR THE WOMAN OF HONOUR.

THIS little satirical poem is said to be from the pen of Sir E. L. Bulwer, and purports to be a reply to the inuendoes contained in the novel of "Cheveley," to which allusion was made in the June number of the *Garland*. Having noticed the previous work at some length, we cannot in justice pass over in silence the rejoinder, the spirit of which we condemn as candidly as we did that which characterised Lady Bulwer's narrative.

Of the causes which led to the separation of Sir Edward and his talented lady, we know nothing, nor have we any curiosity to enquire. These are matters beyond the sphere of any who are not intimately associated with the fair names of the contending parties; and while we look upon their published appeals, as the legitimate prey of the reviewer, we should shrink from the most distant idea of invading the hallowed precincts of private life, or urging one syllable beyond what has been given by themselves to the public, as data from which a just judgment may be formed upon their cause. The influence, for good or evil, which such works may have upon public morality, as well as upon the literature of the times, must be our apology for approaching, even in the most distant manner, so delicate a theme.

In ordinary cases, we might be tempted to splinter a lance in behalf of the lonely dame—for as true knights, we are bound to war only on that side which is ostensibly the weaker; but, in the present instance, the lady seems to be the equal in skill of her antagonist, and having the choice of ground, may be safely left to battle in the field alone—and this without disparagement to the power of Sir Edward, who wields a gigantic pen—none denying him a lofty eminence among the authors of his age—but we much fear that his vanity treads closely upon the heels of his genius; and if the present poem, which is unscrupulously imputed to him, be really his, assuredly he is not ignorant of his attractive powers. Indeed some portions of it betray an overweening arrogance, totally at variance with the lofty character we had intuitively accorded to the author of *Rienzi*; and in a feeling "more of sorrow than ire," we have thrown the book aside, sickened to find him descend so far beneath the true level of his powers.

It is with feelings of poignant pain that we have seen Bulwer become subject to the "common lot" of genius—for such it seems—few of the children of tale and song enjoying the happiness of the home-born affections they so delight to picture, as the envied portion of their less gifted fellows. To what

cause may we attribute this? Is it, that their sympathies are more lively—their feelings more acute, and consequently more easily wounded? or is it that incessant study has rendered them peevish and irritable—careless of giving, and ready to receive the "words which burn,"—which sear the core of the wounded spirit, and change life's cup of happiness into gall. But, alas! it boots not to enquire the cause, since remedy there is none in human power. Argument is useless against feeling; and it were as wise to attempt to change the course of the mountain avalanche, as to essay to soothe the stern passions of the human heart, with honeyed phrase or sympathising words.

We have said that we regret that such things are—is there one who does not? Who that has lingered over the pages upon which the "breathing thoughts" of Bulwer glow with life, will not regret that domestic strife hath crept in to mar the evening of his days with sadness, or to stamp the future of his life with the bitterness which follows the wreck of the heart's joy—the miserable waking from "love's young dream."

While we write, the splendid creations of his genius pass in review before us. "Pelham," "the Disowned," "Devereux," "Rienzi," in turn revel for a moment on "memory's page,"—"alike, and yet how far different." It cannot be, that he whose ideas are embodied there, is indeed the callous mortal which some of the lines of the poem before us speak—although even this is possible—for of such conflicting and contradictory *matériel* is poor humanity composed. We are all the creatures of circumstance—swayed by the shadows of every passing hour, and often is the heart sunk in deepest sadness, when the brow wears its most joyous smile; and too often is the voice attuned to gladness when the brain is giddy with distress and pain.

"Ah! little they think, who delight in her strain,
That the heart of the minstrel is breaking."

We are aware that we have wandered from our subject—but it is not a pleasant one. Bulwer has long been our favourite; we have held him in rank second to none of his contemporaries; among whom we have indeed ever ranked him highest. It is not strange then, that we should regret to find him descending to such language as the following, when speaking of her who has been the sharer of his "nose and heart":—

She may be fair, what halo would you fling
Around a painted reptile with a sting,
Its hues are bright—'tis weak! its venom'd dart
May yet prove fatal to a trusting heart.
Oh! when a reptile's hue its sting endears
Then shed these mockish and degrading tears.

While, however, we thus freely condemn those portions of the poem, which we look upon as de-