

would be cynic Riccabocca, to the man of gentle sympathies, poet heart and deep forgiving affection, Harley L'Estrange. It may be that the other characters are drawn with more power,—more knowledge of the different currents that agitate our common nature,—more acquaintance with the weakness and errors of our race; but Harley L'Estrange shines to us brighter than all: the perfect likeness of a perfect man; one subject to the passions of humanity, but with strength to rise above those passions; with a spirit keenly sensitive to wrong, but forgiving by its very nobleness those who wronged it. Touchingly cherishing his great sorrow, wasting it may be for a time a valuable life in idle dreaming and bootless memories, there is nothing weak or inconsistent in Harley L'Estrange: the brightest and best creation of Bulwer's imagination,—woman-like in tenderness,—man-like in sorrow and indignation,—God-like in forgiveness. And Audley Egerton—the accomplished statesman—to outward seeming the stoic-man, striving to live independent of all the charities and love of home or friendship; merging individual life in public existence; sinking in the struggle because memory had mighty weapons to shake the self-control of the strong man. Failing once in his friendship and his honour, his whole life was ever afterwards to himself a living lie; in the power of a man he despised, hating himself, and yet but for one almost unavoidable stain the perfect type of an English gentleman, the very soul of truth and honour; wasting away daily more by inward reproach, than anxious ambition or toiling care—he yet presented to the world an iron front, which only sank when the wronged friend knew all, when extenuation was admitted, and forgiveness extended. When happiness at last opened to the weary man, and the strong arm and loving heart of a son worthy a parent's pride and affection, were near to sustain and cherish him, the eagle spirit drooped and the strong soul departed forever!

Of the female characters in 'My Novel,' we do not feel inclined to award enthusiastic praise. Bulwer never seems to comprehend with fidelity a woman's soul. Perhaps as he met not with appreciation or even indifferent courtesy, from one whose right and privilege it was to bestow everything, he does not believe in their common endowments. Not that Helen or Violante are not beautiful types of womanhood, but there is something wrong—not a flaw, a want in the ideal—an indefinite something which does not detract but which leaves a void. Helen in childhood—protecting her father, strengthening and sustaining Leonard, is a lovely picture, a type of the woman that endures; while Violante rises with superior strength, and while she also loves she is not so willing to suffer as to exalt ambition and overcome difficulties. Mrs. Dale is more of a genuine woman, with her 'little tempers,' quick, thoughtful affection, and honest unconcealed pride in the husband; she attempts to lecture and control only when he has erred in the domestic matter of keeping dinner waiting and such like minor offences. The 'initial chapter' on 'My Dear,' is