

with Machiavellian maxims ever on his lips, and the deepest feelings of benevolence and honour in his heart; wronged basely and bitterly by the world, and striving to despise and wrong that world in return, the humanity and the principle of a better nature triumphed over all; the gentle love and charities of home and woman healed the deep wounds a counter influence had wrought, and the sage came forth perfected as the Christian. His is a character not so rare among us, as casual readers might imagine; in our own small world we have those who seem as though distrusting all, yet incline to faith in the least worthy as Riccabocca in Randal Leslie. Of the latter we trust he is but the rare type of a limited class; he is almost the only character in the book with whose fate we feel no interest. We recoil from the serpent's wisdom; dark, scheming, and heartless, humanity is pained to know that it can be disgraced by such a being. Nor do we like the destiny which Bulwer has awarded him as he closes his career. Randal Leslie, wily and unprincipled, should never have been placed as the teacher of youth; never put in connection with young impressible minds—to darken and destroy them by the corrupting influence of immorality and unbelief. Wide asunder as the poles are the characters which meet together in this volume; the dove for a time is lured by the fascination of the serpent, but virtue triumphs and the pure moral of the tale shines forth resplendent.

We have not space to review all the types of our race that Bulwer has here presented to us. Beautifully and well has he depicted the poet's struggles; the combat of genius with the legion of poverty, shame and neglect. Leonard Fairfield is a model which the young would do well to study. May we not in the yearnings of the poet's mind trace the inner workings of the mighty master's own; shewing us how step by step Bulwer has risen from the visionary dreamer, to the large-hearted man and profound philosopher that he now is; shewing us how he, too, learned in the school of difficulty and disappointment that 'Knowledge is Power;' but only power when directed to the highest aims, and used for the benefit and elevation of our fellows. He has shewn us genius exalted and genius debased, and how the one warned by the other escaped the snares set in a hundred paths. What a touching portrait is that of John Burley, with his giant intellect, keen wit, and lofty though fallen nature; how even amidst the darkest degradation shine out flashes of that brighter soul, which better training had, with himself, regenerated an extended circle. Dim grow the shadows around the picture; the sensual eclipsing the spiritual; the hope of securing the *perch* gone forever; and yet with the dying out of hope for this world comes the fulness of expectation for the next. With ineffable yearnings for 'Light,' the light comes.

'Varieties in Life' this work gives us, indeed: from the accomplished knave in the Count Peschiera, to the holy virtues of Parson Dale; from the village agitator, Tinker Sprott, to the astute statesman Audley Egerton; from the