

tree, and it became full of roses, and the nightingale sang over it, and the organ in the church played the finest psalms that were in the book under the dead one's head. And the moon shone straight down on the grave—but the dead was not there: every child could go quietly in the night-time and pluck a rose there by the church-yard wall. The dead know more than all we living know—the dead know the awe we should feel at something so strange as their coming to us. The dead are better than us all, and therefore they do not come.

There is earth over the coffin, there is earth within it; the psalm-book with its leaves is dust, the rose with all its recollections has gone to dust. But above it bloom new roses, above it sings the nightingale, and the organ plays: we think of the old grandmother with the mild, eternally young eyes. Eyes can never die! Ours shall once again see her, young and beautiful, as when she for the first time kissed the fresh red rose which is now dust in the grave.—*Hans Andersen.*

LORD BULWER.

TOWARDS twelve o'clock Mr. Lytton Bulwer was announced, and enter the author of "Pelham." I had made up my mind how he *should* look, and between prints and descriptions thought I could scarcely be mistaken in my idea of his person. No two things could be more unlike, however, then the ideal of Mr. Bulwer in my mind, and the real Mr. Bulwer who followed the announcement. I liked his manners extremely. He ran up to Lady Blessington, with the joyous heartiness of a boy let out of school; and the "How d'ye, Bulwer?" went round as he shook hands with everybody in the style of welcome usually given to "the best fellow in the world." . . . Bulwer's head is phrenologically a fine one. His forehead retreats very much, but is very broad and well-marked, and the whole air is that of decided mental superiority. His nose is aquiline. His complexion is fair, his hair profuse, curly, and of light auburn. A more good-natured, habitually smiling expression could hardly be imagined. . . I can imagine no style of conversation calculated to be more agreeable than Bulwer's. Gay, quick, various, half-satirical, and always fresh and different from everybody else. . . Bulwer's voice, like his brother's, is exceedingly lover-like and sweet.—*N. P. Willis.*

DICKENS' CHARACTERS.

If Mr. Dicken's characters were gathered together, they would constitute a town populous enough to send a representation to