thus briefly, but lingers fondly on her grace and dignity, her beauty and her womanliness. The intimate companionship between Bulwer and his mother was a potent factor in his character and the cause of much in his later life. From her he inherited his sympathetic nature, his tendency to philosophical reflection and the sombrous melancholy of character which her later influence went to strengthen.

His early education was fragmentary. At the age of seven he had learned a little Latin, when on the death of his grand father, a very erudite man, the great library was brought to London. In his own words, "Behold the great event of my infant life—my Siege of Troy, my Persian Invasion, my Gallic Revolution—the arrival of my Grandfather's Books. The learned deluge flowed into that calm, still world of Home; it mounted the stairs; it rolled on, floor upon floor; the trim face of the drawing rooms vanished before it; no attic, the loftiest, escaped from the flood. But the grand reservoir, the Lake Moeris of the whole inundation, was the great drawing room; and there, where the flood settled, I rested mine infant ark." But in time the great library was sold and Bulwer was sent away to school. There his shrinking and timid nature was so imposed upon by his ruder fellows that he was taken home. Two more changes in quick succession brought him to the school of a Dr. Hooker. "Here," he says, "I made a leap." In addition to his regular school work he became a poet-amateur and a pugilist. He was now fourteen years old and fulfilled the precocious promise of his infancy. Already he addressed his mother with the mature expression of a man, but with the old affection. He writes gravely and touchingly of love and already has a disappointed passion to inspire his muse. Indeed, after making all allowance for the effusive exaggeration of a highly sentimental nature, it seems plain that Bulwer was extremely suscepticle to female charms. His early loves did not seriously affect either himself or their objects, but at eighteen he became deeply enamored of a young, and almost friendless maid, the daughter of a duke. There is no need for details. A few brief weeks, and their sweet intercourse was abruptly terminated by the marriage of the inamorata to another and she soon after died. It was a sad blow to poor Bulwer. He lost flesh and spirits, became gloomy and despondent, and the silly extravagance with which he bewails his lot moves us equally to laughter, sneers and pity. The passion of a man was combined with the callow judgment of youth, and, as ever, lost its manliness.

In this condition he entered Cambridge where he remained nearly four years. College life, the debating club, associations with men like Macaulay inspired the young writer and his boyish uature was rapidly lopped off. But that much of the rash romance of youth still remained is shown by an escapade among some gypsies while on a Scottish pedestrian tour.

His college life ended with high honors. He had made a name for himself already and he made it constantly brighter by his unceasing labor, till at his death in 1873 he was reckoned second only to Carlyle as a leader in English literature. At the age of twenty Bulwer married Rosina Wheeler after an acquaintance of nearly two years. In this he violated the wishes of his mother and caused an estrangement which lasted two years. He seems to have been greatly pained and there can be little doubt that at this time the foundation of much of his later moroseness was laid. Since leaving college he had been steadily employed in writing and henceforward supported himself by the labors of his own hand and brain.

From this time the details of his life lose interest and become less essential to a conception of his work and his success.

In recording a life, if any part is to be slighted, let it be the latter part, for, having made acquaintance with the youth we know the man; but we can never feel sure of the mature until we have caught at least a glimpse of the immature character. Having traced the history of this somewhat remarkable man thus far, we have gone over the most interesting part of his life. His development as a writer was henceforth natural. His genius was diverse and his success signal in many departments of literature. He became a politician, though never a partisan. In this he differed from Disraeli, who became his intimate friend. With Lytton politics was by-play in a literary life; Disraeli was a statesman, literature his amusement. The former lacked too, the indifference to criticism which marked the latter, but he was the more indefatigable worker.

Since the early years of Bulwer appear so free from care and so fraught with opportunity, he has been rudely criticized for the cynicism and morbid sentiment, almost Byronic, which flavor his earlier works. But his boyhood training, while apparently giving all blessings to be wished, was calculated to intensify, rather than to counteract the morbid gloom of his sensitive nature. He early breathed an atmosphere of discontented unhappiness. He lived at a time when unreal sentiment and vain pedantry were rife and, calculated as he was to look backward rather than forward for inspiration, it is not strange that his writings were tainted with unhealthy thought. At least we may find here some palliation of his offence. He has power in depiction of character, in scenic description and in narration. He always interests and, while his earlier attempts are marred by his sickly sentiment or visionary dreams, his later writings abound in a strong and grave philosophy of life. While he interests he instructs. His life is an object lesson of industry, his success an inspiration to persevering patience. Peace to his ashes: immortality to his works.

H.

A CRITICISM.

The poems of Thomas Gray may belong to the epochal literature of the English people; a place has been claimed for them in universal literature. A more or less careful study of his poems has led me to offer the following critique.

The poems of Gray are without exception short; nothing less than a complete mastery over form, therefore, is acceptable in him if he would sustain his claim to the rank of poet.

The effort to attain to great perfection in technique, to a finical nicety of expression, impresses itself upon the casual reader, and grows intenser as he reads more carefully. Indeed the author asserts that such is his aim, and that nothing less exacting would suit his peculiar poetic taste. But form rather proves itself the master, and Gray is led to unusual expressions, to redundancy and ambiguity, to elisions and contractions, simply to get a rhyme or for the sake of the metre. Of course these small matters of technique should be attended to by anyone pretending to write English and are serious faults in poetry, especially in the ode or sonnet.

In the subject matter of his poems Gray is at once more fortunate and less happy. This apparent enigma resolves itself at once into this: Gray was learned; he was moreover of a philosophical turn of mind, yet in his narrow way a man of deep emotions. He had poetical invention; he lacked in intensity, in earnest convictions—the true inspiration of the poet. Lacking also in the power of reproducing in his reader the feelings which he himself had, whether by direct conveyance or by suggestion, Gray was here less a happy success