

mantle in her cheeks from 'pinky' up to 'crimson' at the slightest, or no provocation. Yet Zoe is always surprising us. This model young Englishwoman falls in love with one Severne, a most contemptible scoundrel, who lies gratuitously, uses foul and excited language before her, is eaten up by avarice, forges clumsily, and apparently forgets all about it, for, without taking any trouble to meet his felonious paper at maturity, he quietly stops on at Vizard's house, to whom he had disposed of his 'flimsies,' until the inevitable discovery is made and he is kicked out. This is stupid enough for a most accomplished rogue and swindler, as he is supposed to be. But the modest Zoe! Seeing Severne at the public gaming table after a quarrel, she 'dropped her aunt's arm, and began to creep up like a young cat after a bird, taking a step and then a long pause, still with her eye fixed on him.' This 'arch, but cat-like advance' doesn't make her blush at all, but we should think the hardened old aunt might have done so for her. *Par parenthese* we might remark that nearly all the characters get feline in their movements throughout the book. Miss Gale, M.D., avows herself 'cat-like' at p. 97; Fanny Dover, the flirting cousin, watches Severne 'like a cat a mouse.' The transparently simple-minded Zoe and the more worldly Fanny 'open very cat-like' (peculiar English that) upon Severne in a train, that is to say, in pursuance of a pre-arranged plan, one of them plays on his feelings while the other watches from behind her book 'every lineament of his face.' Even a steady English waiting-man catches the infection and 'retires cat-like' at p. 92; and Lord Uxmoor, Zoe's alternative lover, experiences great difficulty when the female *Galen* (that is a joke, as Mr. Reade would not be above pointing out) pumps him with 'insidious questions, cat-like retreats and cat-like returns.' But to leave this domesticated animal, never more useful than in Mr. Reade's hands, nor more palpably endowed with nine lives, let us return to Zoe. She is, as we learned, intensely modest, but Severne soon kisses her hand, and his rapid style of wooing quickly makes him master of the situation. When he disappears to the background, Zoe speedily consoles herself with 'Milor,' but on the same evening re-plights her troth to the first love, who sneaks back and sees her in her aunt's garden. When it is clearly perceptible, even to her weak brain, that she cannot possibly marry Severne, who turns out to be married already (a fault not so easily condoned as persistent lying, forgery, and violent assaults on unoffending ladies), she is very good and quiet till she books Lord Uxmoor again, and it is not till Severne really dies that we can believe she

is fairly free of him. And this is a pure, delicate-minded English lady of birth and breeding? Pshaw, Mr. Reade, you must know better, though you do make Fanny let Severne kiss her hand again and again in a crowded railway carriage, 'with warm but respectful devotion, which she minded no more than marble.'

On the whole, younger writers need not despair of success when they find a veteran like Charles Reade make such blunders as these. It would, in fact, be hard for a tyro to find a much more vulgar style than his is. 'It is a case,' 'and that's a fact,' are samples of his classical English. Vizard keeps a '*printed list of five fellows*' who were killed or crippled by careless women, which is an absurdity; and he speaks to a lady of 'men with stomachs in their bosoms,' which is rather nastier than it is witty. He is so sentimental that when a drop or two of blood falls from the wounded temple of the woman he loves, upon his clothes, he folds up the entire suit and ties it up in a silk handkerchief, leading us to suppose that either the suit was very small or the kerchief very big. But this runs in the family, for Zoe carefully irons and puts away an old spoiled dress she had got drenched in during her wooing. All the women are called 'La.' Old nurse Judge is 'La Judge,' and the doctress, 'La Gale,' which is decidedly uncalled for. But to wind up this string of gems (for we have no room for the serio-comic rescue from a mad bull, which we really thought fiction writers had done with), we must mention the delicate way Rhoda has of showing her sympathy for a friend, by 'laying a pair of wet eyes on her shoulder.' After that one would like a glass of wine, but hardly such as ran through Ashmead's veins, 'like oil charged with electricity and elixir vitæ.'

JOAN: A Tale. By Rhoda Broughton. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Given a high-bred, noble-looking girl, with ripely, dewily red lips, a milk-white throat, and a willowy form, and an amorous guardsman, five foot eleven in his shooting boots, with wicked grey eyes, who 'has not got it on his conscience that he ever in all his life missed an opportunity of squeezing a woman's hand,' with Miss Broughton to set the puppets dallying, and we know beyond a peradventure what the upshot will be. The amorous guardsman of the killing eye and the ready hand will fall desperately in love with the girl with the milk-white throat; and the girl with the milk-white throat will fall even more desperately in love with the