

be grateful for a good guide book ; and we believe they will find it in the work before us. Shaw's Guide is eminently portable, in measurement resembling a large pocket-book—though it is a good deal thicker—and closing in the same manner. It contains the fullest practical directions, specially adapted to the case of Americans. It is furnished with an abundance of good maps. Its style is condensed, and it gives within the smallest compass all the information, we believe, both topographical and historical, that the general tourist can require about the objects of interest, of every kind, with the best routes to be followed in visiting them. We doubt whether a more useful work of the kind has ever been produced.

We will venture to add two practical remarks of our own. The first is that the charm of England lies not so much in special objects as in the general beauty and richness of the country, which are very poorly seen from the railroads ; an occasional carriage drive, if the tourist has time, is therefore desirable. The second remark is that the loveliest of lands will lose its loveliness unless you can look at it with tolerably kindly eyes.

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THE NEW MAGDALEN. By Wilkie Collins. Toronto : Hunter, Rose & Co. 1873.

The author of "The New Magdalen" is a man of undoubted genius of a very original and peculiar kind. This novel is popular, and the drama into which he has himself transformed it is so popular that it is said to have been one of the greatest successes of the late London theatrical season. We look upon this popularity as very deplorable. No doubt the writer's own foremost object has been to enlist all the sympathies of the reader and spectator for an unfortunate woman whom a series of calamities had dragged down, during a period antecedent to the story, to the lowest depths of degradation into which a woman can fall. This is done effectively, and we give him full credit for it. Hard and black indeed must be the heart which cannot feel keenly for such misfortunes so told. But let us examine the means by which the purpose is carried out. The author creates two women—a true woman and a false. The false woman is a traitress, a liar and an impostor. She is a thief also or not, accordingly as may be determined whether appropriating the credentials, the clothes, and the personality, for the sake of imposture, of one supposed to be dead, is or is not stealing. The true woman commits no moral wrong whatever, and yet the author labours to enlist, and we fear succeeds in enlisting, the sympathies of the public on the side of the false woman. Now, if thi

be so, it is surely most deplorable. Let us not shrink from calling a spade a spade. Traitor, liar and impostor are very hard words indeed. If we use them without ample warrant, they are utterly unpardonable.

The false woman is Mercy Merrick. She has risen from her degradation so far as to have attained a position of which any woman might be proud. She has, in fact, cast the slough, and a safe career in the capacity which she has assumed lies before her. The author represents this differently ; we leave the point to the judgment of the reader. She has qualified for a hospital nurse, and has been appointed to a military ambulance in the field, under the sacred protection of the Red Cross of the Geneva Convention, which is embroidered on her shoulder. With sick and wounded under her immediate care, one of whom has just been in danger of bleeding to death, she deserts her post in order that she may carry out her imposture, and abandons them to their fate. If this be not treason to her duty, and treason of a very shocking kind, we are at a loss to know what to call it. She proceeds to declare herself to be the woman supposed to have been killed ; that is lying, assuredly. She assumes a personality that is not her own, and thereby profits by the generous confidence of a lady who becomes her kind benefactress. She throws an impenetrable veil over her antecedents and individuality, and so gains the love of a man—and engages herself to marry him—who would shrink from her if he knew the truth. If that is not being an impostor, then the term had better be blotted out of the English language. Mercy Merrick, then, was a traitress, a liar, and an impostor, and a thief or not, as the reader shall please. We shall come presently to what the author considers sufficient justification for her transformation by his magic wand into "one of the noblest of God's creatures." We have no desire to prejudge that ; we shall endeavour to place fairly before the reader every extenuating circumstance, and leave the legitimate conclusions to follow. Of these extenuating circumstances, the first in order is that Mercy, stung with remorse, and aghast at the idea of consummating her fraud, hangs back from fixing the day on which the marriage shall take place. She does, however, reluctantly consent that it shall take place in a fortnight, but she does not give that consent in good faith, intending to escape by some unknown means from its fulfilment, even at the last hour.

At this crisis the true woman, Grace Roseberry, whom Mercy believes to have seen killed, and whose personality and property she had thereupon assumed, reappears on the scene, after some months, like one risen from the dead. She has suffered a horrible wound, and has endured a lingering recovery. She