

risk of giving personal pain, or pandering to the love of personal slander, in order to illustrate the union, which in itself is only too possible, of literary sentimentalism and philosophy with practical selfishness and knavery.

James Maynard is the unacknowledged, though legitimate, son of Lord Littmass. Singularly enough, he seems never to have had the curiosity to inquire into his own origin. He is a Fellow of a College at Oxford, an intellectual monk, devoted to physical science and to an enquiry into primitive religions. That there is a world of affection and passion besides the world of pure intellect, is a fact of which he is first made aware by the results of his researches into religious antiquities. In the spirit of the primitive cultus, he falls in love with Margaret Waring, the ward of Lord Littmass. But as that intellectual nobleman has been making free with his ward's fortune, he does not find it convenient to let the marriage take place. He is, however, obliging enough, just at the right moment, to vacate life in a highly sensational manner, by a spasm of the heart, with his pen in hand, leaving some important confession written under the influence of a mysterious stimulant, on his last page. Having married Margaret, James Maynard takes her to Mexico, where he is superintendent of a mine for a European company—an appointment which he owes to his high scientific acquirements. But the pair had not been destined for each other; James cannot really win Margaret's love, and his somewhat scientific attempts to analyse the causes of her coldness only make the matter worse. Edmund Noel goes to visit them at their Mexican *hacienda*, and an "elective affinity" at once makes itself divinely manifest. "He (Noel) saw that Margaret and himself were indeed one and identical in temperament, in character, in soul—the other half of each other, long dreamed of and yearned for; and now at length found, found when too late." It is evident that the feeling is shared by Margaret, though she is the most faithful and dutiful of wives; and the reader at once divines that it will not be "too late" for the purpose of destiny to be fulfilled. Sophia Bevan, seeing how matters stand, says "I never before appreciated the beauty of divorce." This, however, is not the way in which the knot is eventually untied. James Maynard, in the prosecution of his researches into primitive religion, has been in the habit of visiting Stonehenge. He wanders thither once more; a storm comes on; he takes shelter under one of the great stones; it is blown down upon him; and his corpse is found by a working party under the direction of Edmund Noel, not so much

mashed as might have been expected, owing to the wetness of the ground. So perish all husbands who commit such an offence against the religion of love as to marry a goddess when they are not her other half, and when her other half is in existence, and yearning for union with her in a divine whole. The scene is laid—though a great part of the novel is laid in Mexico, as that of "The Pilgrim and the Shrine" was—in California, the exodus from traditional religion and morality being in each symbolized, as it were, by an exodus from the civilized world. The description of Mexico and its inhabitants, with the account of Juarez, the type and restorer of the Indian race, are the portions of the work which we have read with the most unalloyed satisfaction. The philosophy has the same kind of interest which it had in "The Pilgrim and the Shrine," being a strong and vivid statement of the sceptical view, both in its intellectual and emotional aspect. But it takes so many things as proved which seem to us not to have been proved, and so many things as disproved which seem to us not to have been yet disproved, that it excites in us controversial feelings which almost exclude the possibility of æsthetic enjoyment. It is also anti-ascetic to an extreme, which will offend not a few. It pervades the whole of this tale as it did the last. Each personage distils it at every pore. As from the Homeric gods, when wounded, flowed not blood but ichar, so we feel that if James Maynard or Edmund Noel cut his finger, there would flow not blood but dissertations about religion, the formation of character, art, marriage, or the theory of love. Even Mrs Partridge, Margaret's nurse, philosophises, and tells her young lady that "life is a riddle to all until they learn to love." This is at least three centuries in advance of the old nurse in *Romeo and Juliet*.

As to the woman-worship, it would make women fools, and men drivellers, unworthy of any woman's love.

The composition, like that of former novels, is good throughout. It is a specimen of that easy and graceful style of which John Henry Newman may be regarded as the chief originator or restorer.

The writer seems very familiar with Oxford, and with the life of Oxford Fellows. We should certainly conclude that he had been one, were it not for some strange little slips which he makes in scholarship. He speaks of the words *medio de parte dolorum surgit amari aliquid* as occurring in a Latin ode, a blunder which could hardly have been made by any one who had ever scanned a Latin verse.

LITERARY NOTES.

The principal literary announcement of the month, in fact the only one which can be said to attract general interest, is that of Mr. Stanley's promised book on the discovery of Dr. Livingstone. Although an exceptionally high price has been paid for it, the sale of the book will, no doubt, prove remunerative, unless some more exciting subject take possession of the public mind and consign Mr. Stanley and his adventures to premature oblivion. Its title is thus advertised:—"How I Found Livingstone: Travels

and Adventures in Central Africa, including an account of Four Months' residence with Dr. Livingstone. By Henry M. Stanley." The illustrations are to be engraved from the author's own drawings, and maps given of his route. The publishers take pains to inform the public that "this work is not made up of correspondence which has already appeared in print." This may, in some sense, be true. They further assert that it will contain "valuable geographical and ethnographical information,—which we take leave