

The time is long past when readers cut the leaves of a fresh novel with the expectation of finding in it anything strikingly original. It is so much easier to follow on in the beaten paths of predecessors than to strike out independently for one's self, that the present school of novelists are content to glide smoothly along the accustomed route ringing innumerable changes upon the same old bells.

Thus, *Mr. Yates*, to use an appropriate expression, has "rung" himself up into something like popularity, without possessing any of those qualities which constitute a high class novelist.

Nothing could be more easy of conception than the plot of "*The Forlorn Hope*."^{*}

A certain Dr. Wilmot marries, without having duly considered the sacred responsibility involved in such an act, a lady whom he really does not love. She, however, loves him with all the intensity of woman's nature; but, from a singularity of character, makes no demonstration of her passion, and suffers silently, as only woman can, all the pangs of unrequited affection.

Dr. Wilmot is suddenly summoned to attend a young lady, a Madeleine Kilsyth, whom he rescues from the perils of disease, and with whom he falls violently in love. All this comes in due time to the ears of his wife in London, who having in her own opinion, drained the cup of sorrow to its dregs, secretly destroys herself.

Dr. Wilmot is now free to follow up his later and deeper affection; but a brother of Miss Kilsyth's, a captain in profession and a puritan in principle, comes inconveniently in the way. The doctor goes abroad, a cure for such maladies often resorted to, and buries himself in obscurity upon the Continent. In course of time, he succeeds by the death of an old and eccentric patient, to a considerable fortune, and rekindles in his breast the old flame; but Miss Kilsyth has ere this been "disposed of," and his only source of relief is a relapse into the rounds of gaiety and indulgence.

Madeleine, however, speedily becomes a prey to consumption under the combined influence of a constitutional weakness and an uncongenial marriage; and Dr. Wilmot has at last the only solace which could be given, the pleasure of consulting her last moments, and of hearing from her lips an avowal of her love for him.

Much of the effect of the story lies in the details, which for the most part are cleverly enough worked out. By far the best drawn character is that of Dr. Wilmot; by degrees he wins our confidence and gains our admiration; and we leave him a grey-haired man full of sorrows, with the keenest regret.

Cleverer by far and infinitely more to our taste than the above is, "*Raymond's Heroine*."[†] The chief strength, for a wonder, lies in the dialogue, which must

* *The Forlorn Hope*, a novel, by Edmund Yates. Loring, publisher, Boston, 1867. C. Hill, Montreal.

† *Raymond's Heroine*, a novel. N. Y., Harper Bros., 1867. From Dawson Bros. Montreal.