

the pretext for badgering him and getting up a scene. From this awkward position he is rescued by a neighbor, hitherto unknown to him, Marius Laheyard by name, who has spent his life in Paris, and, amongst other excellencies, has acquired the art of dressing in a style which the other young men of Juvigny-en-Barrois find very captivating. 'He wore a soft felt hat with a broad brim, and a loose black velvet jacket, with the ends of a flame-colored cravat floating over the lapels; white cashmere trousers, ornamented with a black stripe, completed his toilet,' which we are glad to say our author confesses to be 'easy, but rather loud.' And Gérard finds his new acquaintance as daring in his mental attitudes as in his energetic waltzings—even going so far as to call his father 'the old man,' an altogether unheard-of freedom to our hero's thinking. In fact M. Gérard has been so long kept in leading-strings that his father retains entire dominion over him to the end of the book, shutting him up in a room, or sending him away to the Grange-Allard, a farm-property held by the father at some distance from town, at pleasure. It is true that Gérard gets out of the room, and walks back from his exile in a secret manner, but he never really confronts the despotism that deprives him of his liberty, face to face.

Of course this Argus-eyed parent finds out about the ball, and at once plans a marriage for Gérard with one M^{lle}. Georgette Grandfief, as a sort of quieting dose to prevent any more nocturnal and undignified ramblings. Unfortunately, or fortunately for the interests of our tale, the hero does not take kindly to the heiress, but on the contrary falls vehemently in love with Marius's sister. The second time he sees her, she has mounted into a plum-tree, and a very pretty picture she makes there, eating the luscious greengages, with the amatory sunlight flecking her face and long hair. The little children have run away with the ladder by which she got up, and the first love scene is carried on in an idyllic fashion *de haut en bas*.

We must not tell the varying incidents which checker this love-making. The imprudent Marius gets the chief characters into a terrible scrape, and they part, thinking, or at least one of them thinking, that they will never meet again. The outburst of talk among the scandal-mongers at Juvigny is very aptly told. 'The inhabitant of a small city, who watches, behind curtains discreetly drawn, the comings and goings of his neighbors, and makes this his only occupation, welcomes a scandal as a rare game, a treat of high relish that he must enjoy to the utmost. He seasons it with marvellous ingredients, and cooks it at a slow fire with special refinement; he breakfasts and dines upon it for a month.' But poetical justice is not long delayed. M^{lle}

Georgette (although her innocence is so great as to remind us of some of Molières inimitable touches in the character of Agnes in 'L'Ecole des Femmes') falls under the like imputations. Luckily this double scandal acts the part of a reconciler in bringing the parted couples together again, and M. de Seigneuilles's love of honor overcoming his love of family and position, everything ends happily.

M. Theuriet may be congratulated on having written a pleasant little tale, hardly perhaps coming up to the standard of its predecessor in the series, but still lively and sparkling, and containing some pretty bits of description, as, for instance, the shooting party and picnic, and the game of St. Nicholas' Gate, which bears an important part in the *dénouement*. If we must be critical we should point to the amusing scene between Georgette and the Abbé Volland, as, in one point, becoming a trifle broad; and if we single out the one misprint of 'rights of hospitality,' for 'rites,' it is because it is, so far as we can notice, the only misprint or mistake in the book.

NOTE.—It is not customary to offer a rejoinder to newspaper strictures on a book-review, and if an exception be for once made, in favour of the *Christian Guardian*, it is not because our contemporary merits the distinction or with any idea of forming a precedent, but simply on account of the momentous practical issues involved in this particular instance. In an editorial contained in its issue of the 12th ult., entitled 'Partial and Bitter Criticism,' it takes up the polemical cudgels on behalf of Mr. Gideon Ouseley, the reprint of whose work on 'Old Christianity' was noticed in these columns last month. As briefly as possible, we propose to advert to the *Guardian's* false suppositions, errors in fact, and paralogism in argument. Our reviewer is *not* an 'Anglican semi-papist,' nor is he Romish or 'semi-Romish.' He is not conscious of having the slightest 'sympathy with the dogma of Transubstantiation,' or any other distinctive doctrine of Rome; he does not for one moment believe that 'the priest changes the bread into the body and blood of Christ,' but is firmly convinced that 'the wafer remains bread after consecration.' In short, he is as good a Protestant as the editor of the *Christian Guardian*, unless bigotry and intolerance have usurped the place and dignity of charity amongst the Christian virtues.

Our reviewer is no 'Puseyite,' and utterly disclaims any 'anti-Protestant animus.' He did *not* display 'obsequious homage and admiration for popery;' but he did protest strongly against the republication of Mr. Ouseley's book, because it is an anachronism, a resurrection of old-time violence in religious