

—truth of external nature, truth of character, historic truth in at least its essence, and ethical truth in its bearings on the great problem of society,—it should be received with merited favour,—not frowned upon or rejected. We have been much pleased, on this principle, with the novels of a writer to whom we ought to have referred approvingly long ago,—the authoress of “Mrs Margaret Maitland,”—one of the most thoroughly truthful writers of her class, and one of the most pleasing also. We have now before us what may be regarded as a continuation of her first work,—in “Lilliesleaf,”—a concluding series of passages in the life of “Mrs Margaret Maitland.” It is, of course, a formidable matter to introduce a second time to the public any character that had on its first appearance engaged and interested it. Shakspeare could do it with impunity. Falstaff, on even his third appearance,—an appearance, however, which, had the great dramatist been left to himself, he would never have made,—is Falstaff still. But even Scott has been but partially successful in an attempt of the kind. The Cœur de Lion of the “Talisman” is not at all so interesting a personage as the Cœur de Lion of “Ivanhoe.” And so we took up these new volumes with some little solicitude regarding Mrs Margaret. The old lady has, however, acquitted herself admirably,—in some passages more admirably, we will venture to say, in the face of an opposite opinion which we have seen elsewhere expressed, than on her first appearance. In the early part of the first volume we were, indeed, sensible of an air of languor, and the narrative moved on too slowly,—Mrs Maitland seemed to have grown greatly older than when we had last seen her ; though even in this part of the work we found some very admirable things,—among the rest, a true life-picture of the ancient dowager lady of Lilliesleaf, with her broken health and failed understanding, ever carping and fault-finding ; and, while beyond the reach of all advice herself, always obtruding her