

Brave city that draws to yourself the great business of the West and rivals the Gotham of the Pagans over the border! I grow enthusiastic when I think of Montreal.

The party had "done" the markets with their hundreds of booths, their thousands of chattering tongues. They had visited the churches, the hospitals, the printing offices, the banks, the quays. At last, it was proposed to go to the top of Notre Dame. Some were blown and sat down for a rest below. Penwell and Miss Dolby were first up and remained till the last. They looked over the great mass of buildings, the great crowd of people, and saw the towers of the churches and the hospitals.

"We must honor the French," he said. "We have just left Quebec with its French memories. Here we have them still. What good fellows they were, what brave men, what honest gentlemen, what good Christians! Who would not wish to have been with those who came up this noble river. Surely 'tis the Holy River of Canada. Surely as the Hindoo comes to his Ganges to bathe in it and die, might we not come to this river of ours and think it holy too."

"I love the French a little more than my father," she said, "and I share your enthusiasm, both about the river and the city. Isn't it a splendid scene, such a mass of wealth and industry and charity all combined?"

"I should like to have it for my own," he said, looking into her eyes and feeling his head throb with unwonted excitement.

"Why so," she said looking away towards the Hotel Dieu to escape his gaze.

"That I might offer it all to you, that I might give it all to you." He clasped her hand which was not withdrawn and resisted but a little.

"Dear Miss Dolby let me say to you"—

"Katy, I think you had better come with me," said Mr. Dolby, with his head and shoulders over the stairs along side.

(To be continued.)

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

"CAN you tell me what a smile is?" asked a gentleman of a little girl.—"Yes sir; it's the whisper of a laugh."

"CAN you spell donkey with one letter?" asked a silly young man of a bright girl.—"Yes," she answered; "u."

FASHIONABLE young lady, detaching her hair before retiring: "What dreams may come when we have shuffled off this mortal coil!"

THE Rev. Phæbe Hanaford is said to weigh scarcely 100 pounds. "But every word she speaks," adds a writer, "weighs a ton."

KATE Field says that if she were the Princess Louise she would emigrate to a country where her husband would be her social equal.

"THERE, that explains where my clothes-line went to!" exclaimed a Yankee woman, as she found her husband hanging in the barn.

WE hear that the ladies call the new style of tight-fitting dress "the Bishop," and defend it as a pious imitation of the clerical tight-fitting apron of those church dignitaries.

A LADY in Paris becoming exasperated at an editor, challenged him; he accepted the challenge, and exasperated the lady still more by naming *bodkins* as the weapons.

THE Princess Frederica, daughter of the ex-King of Hanover, is said to be without doubt the most beautiful princess in Europe. She is the devoted companion of her blind father.

"MA," observed Blobs's little child reflectively the other night as the first stars came out, "don't you think that when those stars twinkle that way they must tickle the angels' feet?"

LITTLE Alice was crying bitterly, and on being questioned, confessed to having received a slap from one of her playfellows. "You should have returned it," unwisely said the questioner.—"Oh, I returned it before," said the little girl.

No Norwegian girl is allowed to have a beau until she can bake bread and knit stockings; and, as a consequence, every girl can bake and knit long before she can read or write, and she doesn't have to be coaxed into her industry, either.

ANNA CONNETT, a pretty girl over in New Jersey, was acquitted of the charge of burglary, whereupon she threw her arms around the Judge's neck, and kissed him. And now all the married lawyers around Plainfield are candidates for Judge.

"I SEE you are in black: are you in mourning for a friend?" was propounded by one friend to another in the street the other day.—"No, I am in mourning for my sins."—"I never heard that you lost any," was the instant and keen reply.

MISS Maria Mitchell, Professor of Astronomy at Vassar College, is described by some one who saw her at the Woman's Congress, as a large woman, with a fine, commanding figure, a square face, with a prominent chin and mischievous brown eyes, and hair falling over her face in short gray curls.

The New York Times thinks, in leading brevity, that, despite woman's dress, her personal beauty imparts about all there is to her make-up. This is an æsthetic and careful way of putting the moral fashions into print: but it is a physical fact that a quarter of a row of pins will make a woman's personal beauty crop out anywhere.

HE was smoking a cigar on a car where there were ladies. A lady took out her purse, got ten cents, and handed it to the smoker. "What's

this for?" said he. "It's to buy you a good cigar when you smoke in the presence of ladies." He threw the cigar out of the window, the scrip in the lady's lap, jerked the strap, and jumped out.

THE term "grass widow" is said to be a corruption of "grace widow." "Grace widow" is the term applied to one who becomes a widow by grace or favor, and not by the death of her husband, and originated in the early ages of European civilization, when divorces were granted but seldom, and wholly by the Catholic Church. When such a decree was granted to a woman the Papal rescript stated "Vidua de gratia," which, interpreted, is "widow of grace." In the law of the French it would read, "Veuve de grace" or "grace widow," "veuve" being translated as "widow."

LITERARY NOTICES.

The place of honor in the November ATLANTIC is assigned, and properly so, to the new serial of its editor, W. D. Howells, entitled "Private Theatricals," the first two chapters of which are published. The same qualities of quiet, artistic attraction which have given this author his reputation, are plainly discernible in his new work, and the drawing of a couple of the characters reveals something akin to a new power. We are glad of this. Mr. Howells, although he has already put forth several works, is still on the threshold of his career, and we are justified in expecting from him the opening of distinctly fresh fields. "Roderick Hudson," from the delicate pen of Henry James, Jr., is reaching its termination, and before pronouncing definitively upon this rather ambitious work, we prefer to read it as a whole. It has struck as rather drawn out in parts. We have reproduced in another column of this issue a pretty Sonnet by F. S. Among other papers in the present number, we may mention "At the Gates of the East," not in the best vein of Charles Dudley Warner, and the fourth chapter of Frances Ann Kemble's "Old Woman's Gossip," which contains some pleasant anecdotes.

The feature eagerly looked for in SCIBNER'S for November, is the new novel, by Bret Harte entitled "Gabriel Conroy." All that was expected of it is fulfilled in the opening chapters, which are replete with sensational power, and if the rest of the work maintains this standard, we shall have found at last the American novel. It will be well, however, not to be too sanguine, as the opening pitch is almost too high and may possibly not be sustained. Meantime, we trust our readers will hasten to procure themselves the gratification of perusing these initial chapters. "The Story of Seven Oaks" is nearing its conclusion, and has already, we believe, been issued in book form. We are inclined to rate it as the best of Dr. Holland's works. It satisfies by its maturity, a quality of combined imagination and keen judgment which reveals the mastery of deep humanitarian studies. That quality is just now so truly developed in Dr. Holland that we must look for further and more lasting productions of a similar character. The remaining pages of the Monthly are replete with the usual amount of sterling literary matter.

With the November number, St. NICHOLAS enters brilliantly upon the third year of its existence. We know of no periodical which has maintained itself so well from its initial issue. The illustrations before us are exquisite and some of the little sketches can serve for studies. The present number contains no less than thirty articles, of all characters, but every one nicely adapted to the readers of the magazine. For the December number something special is promised in the shape of a paper, denominated: "One Hundred Christmas Presents and How to make them." This article will be full of practical descriptions, by the aid of which girls of all ages, and boys, too, for that matter, can make beautiful and useful Christmas presents for all their friends and relations. It will be ready on the 20th November.

In LIPPINCOTT'S for November we have a generous instalment of Mrs. E. Lynn Linton's fine story of the "Atonement of Leam Dundas." It is sufficient of itself to give currency to the present number. The two illustrated papers are "Up the Thames," with a number of charming views, and "St. Augustine in April." These illustrated articles of travel have been a specialty with LIPPINCOTT'S, and contributed very materially to its popularity. Rebecca Harding Davis is unquestionably one of the most promising among American female writers, and her short stories, more especially, have a rare quality of spiritual insight very akin to genius. "Qualla" in the present number is a grand sketch from her pen. Among the good papers are "The Magic Handkerchief," "Summer Days at Vichy," and an interesting review of Claude Tillier, a French Provincial writer, from the pen of Wile Wallace Harney. The Monthly Gossip of the Magazine and the Literature of the Day are, as usual, entertaining and useful.

Mrs. Annie Edward's new story, entitled "Leah, or A Woman of Fashion," reaches its termination in the November number of the GALAXY. The work is interesting and original, and, published in book form, by Sheldon & Co., must command a ready sale. The present number of the GALAXY contains a series of those light, entertaining papers for which this periodical has a reputation. "The Two Ampères," "Nannette Schiller," "A Peaceful Pipe," "Twenty years" can all be read at one sitting, during the smoking of a cigar, and from each a curious bit of informa-

tion can be derived. Richard Grant White is, of course, again to the fore, and this time the very title of his paper is attractive. We should dispute the etymological correctness of Heterophemy, or "Other-Speech" as significant of verbal blunder, but for the fear of drawing down a second article on our devoted heads. The blunder of which he treats is an example of what "physiological psychologists" call unconscious cerebration. The error consists in thinking one thing and speaking or writing another. R. G. W. gives a number of amusing instances, introducing that personal flavor which constitutes the chief charm of his writings.

HEARTH AND HOME.

MIND.—The mind perceives by occasion of outward objects as much more than is represented to it by sense, as a learned man does in the best-written book than an illiterate person or brute. To the eyes of both the same characters will appear; but the learned man, in those characters, will see heaven, earth, sun and stars—read profound theorems of philosophy or geometry—learn a great deal of new knowledge from them, and admire the wisdom of the composer; while, to the other, nothing appears but black strokes drawn on white paper.

GOODNESS AND WICKEDNESS.—If there is one lesson which history and revelation unite in teaching, it is this—that goodness and wickedness ever have been, and, as long as the world lasts, ever will be, mixed up in this still of our existence—that social progress and civilization will never make goodness universal, eradicate vice, or bring the flesh into final subjection to the spirit. They teach also like a "voice for ever sounding across the centuries" the laws of right and wrong. Opinions alter, manners change, creeds rise and fall, but the moral law is written on the tablets of eternity. For every false word or unrighteous deed, for cruelty or oppression, for lust or vanity, the price has to be paid at last, not always by the chief offenders, but paid by some one.

IMPRUDENT MARRIAGES.—I have often been surprised at the readiness with which some parents allow their daughters to marry gay, thoughtless young men, who have never given any evidence of established habits, or exhibited the stability of character necessary to conduct with propriety the affairs of a family. Respectable parentage, the prospect of a tolerable support, and the absence of any glaring vices, are considered sufficient. If a young man be a little wild, we are told he will become steady as soon as he is married. If he be fond of the midnight revel, and now and then requires the assistance of a friend to get him home, we are assured that a wife will immediately render him domestic; and if profane and irreligious now, he is to become moral, if not religious, when a husband. Thus virtue is anguished from present vice, sobriety from irregularity, and temperance from dissipation; and a daughter possessing perhaps every qualification necessary to make herself and others happy, is trusted to one who must become altered in every respect before he can be in reality a good husband.

That matches are too often made up from sordid motives, and human happiness thus bartered for pounds, shillings, and pence, I need not tell you; and that the respectability of a man's connexion is often the passport of the hand of a lovely female, when he has scarcely a personal qualification to recommend him, you well know. With a portion of the world, this has always been the case, and probably always will be. Do you ask what is to be done? Are we to refuse the offers of young men of family and fortune, because they are rather wild? If you do not choose to risk the happiness of your daughters, most certainly you will, since compliance is the stepping-stone to misery, which, in most cases, only finds a termination when the grave has closed over the victim.

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

The New York Home Journal says:—Constant Mayer's new painting, "The Song of the Shirt," is a very clever interpretation of Hood's tearful ballad. The artist was evidently well aware of the limitations of his art, and wisely refrained from endeavoring to reproduce the lights and shades of the original in all their tragical intensity. He knew that the extremes of want, famine, and despair, which make so powerful an appeal to the imagination and sensibilities in the poem, would, if presented visibly on the canvas, be too painful for contemplation. His aim, therefore, has been to suggest rather than express the story. He represents the heroine as a poor, reduced lady, but clearly a lady. The pathos of her situation is not in the absolute poverty and repulsiveness of her surroundings, but in the implied contrast of her present despairful state with her former happiness and hope. In personal appearance she is still comely; the attire of better days still adorns her, but with clear indications of the day when it will quit service and leave no substitute. The room is plain but comfortable, the plastering scarcely beginning to crumble, and the pointing of the brick masonry at the window still flush and trim. The window is glazed with panes of ample size, such as we associate in this country with a rather luxurious order of architecture. We should say the lady was occupying an attic room in some of our fashionable hotels or Fifth Avenue apartment houses. But the view through the window is unmistakably Londonish, with its

towers and turrets of haughty magnificence. The sun is just rising, and its cold gray light comes opportunely to supplement the poor girl's solitary candle, now burned down into the socket. The candlestick appears to be of good solid brass and might be valued, doubtless, for its metal as well as for old family associations. This, with a tin dish and pewter spoon, and a piece of bread, apparently broken from a French loaf, constitutes the furnishing of the little table. Just above hangs a dainty pincushion, of blue satin. The lady is still beautiful and attractive with something of the tender fascination which tears and sorrow lend to beauty. Though pallid, her cheek is not yet hollowed by famine, nor have the curves of content and comfort all vanished from the once rosy mouth. The eyes, which show where "a royal soul dwelt royally," are large and warm, although weighed down with sorrow and dimmed by long and hopeless labors. Here are the elements of the tragedy: the beauty, refinement, and elevation of character, which give the sharpest pang to the misfortune of poverty, and make death a thousand times more welcome than personal or social disgrace. This is the essence, although not exactly the embodiment of the passionate outcry of the poet's heart. It is not the night, but the pen-sive twilight that precedes the hour of doom. It is decidedly a pleasant view of the subject; one that a millionaire employer might choose where-with to adorn his own private mansion, or the walls of his work cellars, or the hotel for his seamstresses.

THE TRUE SOUTHRON.

At a reunion of Federal and Confederate soldiers, held in Elizabeth, N. J., last week, General Roger Pryor, being called for, said: "We fought for a cause we thought was just and until this is recognized there can never be perfect reconciliation. So long as you think our cause a mere political intrigue, you will be philosophically and historically wrong, but you do not longer think so. If I may criticise our revered forefathers, I would say they were to blame for the late rebellion, for they undertook to join in autonomy two sections of country with widely different interests. From them, from Madison, we learned to believe in our right to secede, in State sovereignty, or Home Rule, as you call it; and when the question of the abolition of slavery came up we could not view it as you did. You contended that you could limit the area of slavery; we thought it a domestic institution to be managed by ourselves. Thus began what ended in the war. When war came we necessarily took the State rights view; we naturally took to our right to secede. I venture to say there is not a gallant soldier before me, who, in my case, would not have been a rebel. The speaker who preceded me had nothing to apologize for; if he had, I should have contempt for him. I have nothing to apologize for, and under the same circumstances, before God, I should do it all over again."

Stillness prevailed as this sentence was rung out, but when the speaker said that though his heart bled over the devastated fields of his native State, and though a million souls were sacrificed by the war, he thought the abolition of slavery was enough to compensate for it all, the loudest, most vociferous applause of the day was given. In conclusion Gen. Pryor said he believed every Southerner was now again attached to the country and the Constitution, and should another war come—"which may God avert—the North would feel the touch of the Southern elbow, and the South would march to the music of the Union."

HUMOUROUS.

At a public-house in Devonshire the landlord has it painted up outside his door, "Good beer sold here, but don't take my word for it."

AMIDST the general reduction of wages in these dull times, there is one thing whose wages are not in the least reduced, and that is sin.

A queer old gentleman being asked what he wished for dinner, replied, "An appetite, good company, something to eat, and a napkin."

A Yankee paper in puffing a certain soap says it is the "best ever used for cleaning a dirty man's face. We have tried it, and therefore ought to know."

A colored man who was lately resuscitated from what seemed death, but was only catalepsy, was entertaining his friends with the sights he beheld in the other world. "Plenty colored brethren in Heaven, I spec, Tom." "Oh, yes," said Tom. "And how about hell—any down there?" asked another interlocutor. "Oh, yes! massa, plenty of dem der too." "Any white folks, Tom?" "Lord save us, der ain't no end on 'em, but, by goah, massa, ebbery white man done got a nigger holdin' between him and de fire!"

OLD WISTON was a negro preacher in Virginia, and his ideas of theology and human nature were often very original. A gentleman thus accosted the old gentleman one Sunday: "Winston, I understand you believe every woman has seven devils. How can you prove it?" "Well, sah, did you never read in the Bible how seven devils was cast out'er Mary Magdalin?" "Oh, yes! I've read that." "Did you eber hear of 'em bein' cast out of any oder woman, sah?" "No, I never did." "Well, den, all de odders got 'em yet."

ARTISTIC.

SOME of the American painters who have been residing at Rome and Paris during the last decade have returned home with the impression that American cities afford better markets than all Europe—for them.

THE Pope has lately purchased Rossignani's collection of Etruscan glass and pottery ware, which took twenty-five years to form. This important and unique collection will be placed in the Vatican Museum.