OCTOBER MAGAZINES.

The Harper Brothers are the only publishing house who know how to attract to their hands the capricious, the laughter-loving, the unique Rose Browne. Unexpectedly to other people's solicitation, he reserves his ear solely for the wise charming of the Harpers, and to whatever distance he locates himself, can still hear the invitation to come in, sit down and send his narrative purling as of old through the familiar, printing-press in Franklin Square. When this sembiant joker is abroad—which is always—he thinks of how his adventures will sound to the Harpers; when by any chance he is in New York, he thinks it an obvious pleasantry to struggle through the carts and Juggernauts of Pearl street, find Harpers' roll up the iron corkscrew which occupies their central domjon, and there, hanging over New York by the hour in the embrasure of the lofty tower, let off an incessant detonation of the most irresistible wit, until the editors curse him for their interruption, the pencils of the artist staff shake in their hands, and Mr. John or Mr. Fletcher Harper himself is forced to chamber up the winding stair to see what is the interruption that is clogging the whole system of their machinery. When the Harpers tell Rose Browne to be quiet, he is strictly stubbe; when they want him to be sober, no judge can look more grave. *Harper's Magazine* for October contains the first instalment of Rose Browne's sketches of "Explorations in California," so solid and scientific in character as at first to deceive the Serious Family themselves, but the sly note, the old comical twinkle coming in now and then to give expression to a paragraph, continually betray the author of "Yusef." We expect strange things from these California papers; Browne finds in Lower California the cold, lazy Spanish life, so prolific in humorous situations, which Dana found on the north when he touched the California coast before the discovery of gold, and described so tellingly in "Two Years before the Mast." The other illustrated papers in the October number of this inimitable magazine are about the Chinese Embassy and George and Robert Stephenson, the latter condensed from Smiles' new and excellent biography of that wonderful father and son. The pathetic story by the author of "John Halifax" ("The Woman's Kingdom") grows every month, and is attractively embellished with transfers from the original English prints. Another welcome extract is made from the History of the War, by Dr. Draper. The shorter papers have the old variety, and the *Easy Chair* comments, with its usual delicate sense, upon the risk of our place-seekers of diversion, upon Tories, and upon the false' old proverb "*De Mortuis*."—For sale by Pitcher.

The Nursery for October is pretty, richly illustrated and interesting as it always has been, and the jolliest thought of it is, that in different sizes of type for readers of various ages is kept up. Our fancy is rather taken by the "Tragedy of the Weathercock," (a bit from the German, we guess) in which Frank gives Grace a ride; the tragedy culminates in the reversal of all the *dramatis personæ*, and the fracture of Miss Pink's porcelain nose—all because the "weathercock" was alive," and "wanted to turn." Published by Shorey, Boston.

We may notice in connection with monthly literature the well-advised collection of their magazine stories into one volume, by the Messrs. Lippincott & Co. The anthology, simply entitled "Short Stories for Spare Moments," forms a neat octavo, rather thicker than a number of *Lippincott's*, containing fifteen favorite tales, and at a price following its suffices to call up again a pleasant memory of our first enjoyment in reading them month by month.

"Alas Poor Ghost!" by Leonard Kip; Lady Houghton's Mistake, by Annie Thomas; Please Aunt Martha, by Margaret Hosmer; Rankoh Bassano, by J. T. McKay; The Poet-Me-Not, by Gustav zu Putlitz; A Wreck upon the Shore, by L. Clark Davis; The Strange Passenger, by Harriet Prescott Spofford; Love and Ghosts, by D. B. Dorsey; "Loyal en Tout," by Kate T. Greene; The Legend of Bali's Lake, by Rev. R. Wilson; Vox Humana, by Anne Brewster; Willie's Wife, by Rosamond Dale Owen; Ned Wood, by Maria L. Pool; Love on the Onio, by D. B. Dorsey.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"What Answer?" By Anna E. Dickinson. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

In opening Miss Dickinson's dreamy, enthusiastic, hot-hearted and hot-headed novel it is impossible to see anything beyond the fact that this is a girl of passionately good intentions trying for the first time to change her voice from the declaiming register to that of narrative: her elocution is an old success; but she is ambitious, and will conquer another world. She will stand as a novelist where she has long stood as orator. We regard "What Answer? as the first half-painful effort of the artist to change her line, and we expect in subsequent books the finish and air of ease which we miss in this. To indicate the very real interest which Miss Dickinson has been able to lend to her situations we devote our column largely to quotation, leaving the reader to taste and discriminate for himself. Here is the heroine, as she first appears delivering a school-girl's commencement-essay on Slavery:

"Tom thought it would be a pretty lady-like easy, and said so; then sat astounded at what he saw and heard. Her face—this school-girl's face—grew pallid, her eyes moumful, her voice and manner sublime, as she summoned the witness from the throne of God's justice and the humanity of the world; as she arraigned it; as she brought witness after witness to testify against it; as she proved its horrible atrocities, and monstrous barbarities; as she went on to the close, and, lifting her head and face and voice together, thrilled out, 'I look backward into the dim, distant past, but it is one sight of oppression and cruelty that I turn to the present, but hear nought but the mother's broken-hearted plaint, the infant's wail, the groan wrung from the strong man in agony; I look forward into the future, but the night grows darker, the shadows deeper and longer, the tempest wilder, until I involuntarily cry out: How long, O, God, how long?'

Later in the narrative the pythoness of freedom, under the name of Francesca Erolle downe, the superb octoroon, assumes a *quasi* position in society, and captivates the hero, Surrey, whom Miss Dickinson endows with manly graces out of a generous repertory.

Here is a scene in a Philadelphia street-car, which the author explains to have had its parallel under her own observation:

"Car No. 14, Fifth street line, Philadelphia, was crowded. Travelling bags, shawls and dusters marked that people were making for the 11 P.M. New York train, Kensington depot. One pleasant-looking old gentleman, whose face shone under a broad brim, and whose cloaky drabs were brought into distasteful proximity with the garments of a pale heavy, stupid-looking young man, seemed relieved his mind by turning to his neighbor with the statement, 'Considering, a jewel!'

"Undoubtedly him. Mr. Chopford! swerved the neighbor, 'but what caused the remark?'

"That," looking with mild disgust at the dirty and ragged leg sitting by his own. 'Here's this filthy fellow a nuisance to every body near him, can ride in these cars, and a nice, respectable colored person can't. So I couldn't help thinking, and saying, that consistency is a jewel.'

"Well, it's a shame—that's a fact; but of course nobody can interfere if the companies don't choose to let them ride; it's their concern, not ours.'

"There's a fine specimen now, out there on the sidewalk. The fine specimen was a large, powerfully made man, black as ebony, dressed in army blouse and trousers—one leg gone—evidently very tired, for he leaned heavily on his crutches. The conductor, a kindly-faced young fellow, pushed the door and helped him on to the platform with a peremptory 'Move up front, there!' to the people standing in the aisle.

"'Why!' exclaimed the old Friend,—'do my eyes deceive me? Then getting in, and taking the man by the arm, he seated him in his own place: 'Thou art less able to stand than I.'

"Tears rushed to his eyes as he said: 'Thank you, sir! you are too kind.' Evidently the man was, and as evidently unaccustomed to find any one 'too kind.'

"Then somebody got out, the old Friend sat down; and the coal-heaver, roused by the stir, lifted himself from his drunken sleep, looked around, saw who was beside him.

"A vile oath, an angry stare from his bloodshot eyes.

"'Yo——' what are yo doin'here? out wi' yo, quick!'

"'What's the matter?' queried the conductor, who was collecting somebody's fare.

"'The matter, is it? matther enough! what's this nasty nagur doin' here? Put him out, can't yo?'

"The conductor took no notice.

"'Conductor!' spoke up a well-dressed man, with the air and manner of a gentleman, 'what does that card say?'

"The conductor looked at the card indicated, upon which was printed: 'Colored people not allowed in this car,' legible enough to require less study than he saw fit to give it. 'Well!' he said.

"'Well,' was the answer,—'your duty is plain. Put that fellow out.'

"The conductor hesitated,—looked around the car. Nobody spoke.'

"'I'm sorry, my man! I hoped there would be no objection when I let you! but our orders are strict; and, as the passengers ain't willing, you'll have to get off,'—jerking only at the bell.

"As the car slackened speed, a young officer, whom nobody noticed, got on.

"There was a moment's pause as the black man gathered his crutches, and rose himself painfully. 'Stop!' cried a thrilling and passionate voice,—'stand still!' Of what stuff are you made to sit here and see a man, maiméd and maimed in your cause and for your defence, insulted and outraged 'at the bidding of a drunken boor and a cowardly traitor?' The voice, the beautiful face, the intensity burning through both, electrified every soul to which she spoke. Heads were stretched out to draw back the crippled soldier; eyes that a moment before had looked kindly at him; a Babel of voices broke out, 'No, no, let him stay,' 'it's a shame,' 'Shame alone, no conducting,' 'he ain't so bad as that,' with more of the same kind; those who chose not to join in the chorus discreetly held their peace, and made no attempt to sing out of time and tune.

"The car started again. The *gentleman*, furious at the turn of the tide, cried out, 'Ho, ho! here's a pretty preacher of the gospel of equality! wish, ladies and gentlemen, his higher, who presumes to lecture us, is nothing to you.'

"The sentence was cut short in mid-career, the insolent sneer dashed out of his face, face and form prone on the floor of the car, while over him bent and blazed the young officer, whose countenance, a little while before, nobody had heeded.

"Spurning the prostrate body at his feet, he turned to Francesca, for it was she, and stretched out his hand,—his left hand,—his right was in his sling. Light shone in her eyes, color flushed her face, and died out, and she stood there shivering, a look of suffering in her face.'

Miss Dickinson finds her consummate in the midst of the bloody New York riots of July. After a description of that short reign of horror, given with great eloquence and correctness, she introduces the figure of her hero and heroine, now man and wife. A lame negro boy has been strung up and burnt. Surrey, his ineffectual defender, is thrown into the utmost danger, but finally manages to escape with the victim's mother.

"'Safe, thank God!' exclaimed Surrey, as he hurried his companion onward. Half the space to their destination had been crossed, when a band of rioters, rushing down the street from the sack and burning of the Orphan Asylum, came upon them. Defence seemed utterly vain. Every house was shut; its windows closed and barred; its inmates gathered in some rear room. Escape and hope appeared alike impossible, but Surrey, flinging his charge behind him, with drawn sword, face to the on-sweeping hordes, backed down the street. The combination—a negro woman, a soldier's uniform—inflamed the mad fury of the mob, which was, nevertheless, held at bay by heroic resistance, growing steel of their single adversary. Only, for a moment. Then, not venturing near him, a shower of bricks and stones hurled through the air, falling about and upon him.

"At this instant a voice called, 'This way! this way! For God's sake! quick! quick!' and he saw a friendly black face and hand thrust from an area window. Still covering with his body his defenceless charge, he moved rapidly towards this opening, for such as was the motion, it was not speedy enough; he reached the railing, caught her with his one powerful arm, lifted now with a giant's strength, flung her over to the waiting hands that seized and dragged her in. Stopping for an instant, ere he leaped himself, to beat back a blow aimed at the foremost miscreants, who would also have captured their prey, just vanishing from sight. 'Sublime, yet fatal delay! but an instant, yet those death-crowded streets, storm surrounded him, disarmed him; overcame him, and beat him down.'

"Meanwhile what of Francesca? The morning passed, and with its passing came terrible rumors of assault and death. The afternoon began, wore on,—the rumors deepened to details of awful facts and incidents: and he—he, the man, his courage, his fatal dress—was absent, having—one of the details—been struck down. She wandered from room to room, forgetting her reserve, and accosting every soul she met for later news—for information which, rejected, did but drive her back with more intolerable pangs, and send her to her knees; though, kneeling, she could not pray; calling upon God in some crude, inarticulate fashion, 'God be merciful!'

"The afternoon was spent; the day gone; the summer twilight deepening into night; and still he did not come. Had he been caught, and his hat and mantle with some insane intention of rushing into the wide, wild city, on a frenzied search; when—two generals, relieved his mind by turning to his neighbor with the statement, 'Considering, a jewel!'

"'Undoubtedly him. Mr. Chopford!' answered the neighbor, 'but what caused the remark?'

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