

AP
2
.H296

HARPER'S



13974

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOLUME XXXV.

JUNE TO NOVEMBER, 1867.

NEW YORK:
HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
327 to 335 PEARL STREET,
FRANKLIN SQUARE.
1867.

CONTENTS OF VOLUME XXXV.

JUNE TO NOVEMBER, 1867.

ADVENT.....*George C. McWhorter* 796

ALBERT, PRINCE, THE QUEEN'S LIFE OF.....*A. H. Guernsey* 649

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Prince Albert at Twenty..... 649 Prince Albert at Four..... 651

AMERICAN WOMEN AND FRENCH FASHIONS.....*H. A. Delille* 118

ANTAGONISMS.....*Susan M. Waring* 371

APPLE-WOMAN, AN OLD.....*Edmund Kirke* 728

ILLUSTRATION.—*Betsy Sanders*..... 728

ART AND AUCTIONS.....*G. W. Gesner* 110

BARNABAS, OUR MAN.....*Alice Carey* 748

BLIND PEOPLE.....*Mary Titcomb* 767

BOATING AT HARVARD.....*George H. Tripp* 654

BOBINETTE BERLOPS.....*Louise E. Chollet* 545

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Bobinette's Deliverance..... 545 Prince Jack and Bobinette..... 548
The Saratoga Trunk..... 546 Bobinette's Wedding..... 549
The real Fairy Prince..... 547

CALICO.....*Elizabeth Stuart Phelps* 756

CASTLES IN SPAIN, EIGHT.....*R. B. Coffin* 350, 463, 585

CAVE OF THE WINDS, THE.....*C. H. Webb* 771

CEDAR MOUNTAIN, BATTLE OF.....*D. H. Strother* 273

CHILDHOOD, MY SECOND.....*W. H. Davenport* 40

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Keeping House..... 40 Funnin', are yer?..... 43
The Spirit of Common Sense..... 41 Lost in the Street..... 44
Seeking Knowledge under Difficulties..... 42 Don't! Oh, don't!..... 44
Torture of an Innocent..... 42 Miserable little Creatures..... 45
An Object of Compassion..... 42

COLORADO, OVER THE PLAINS TO.....*A. W. Hoyt* 1

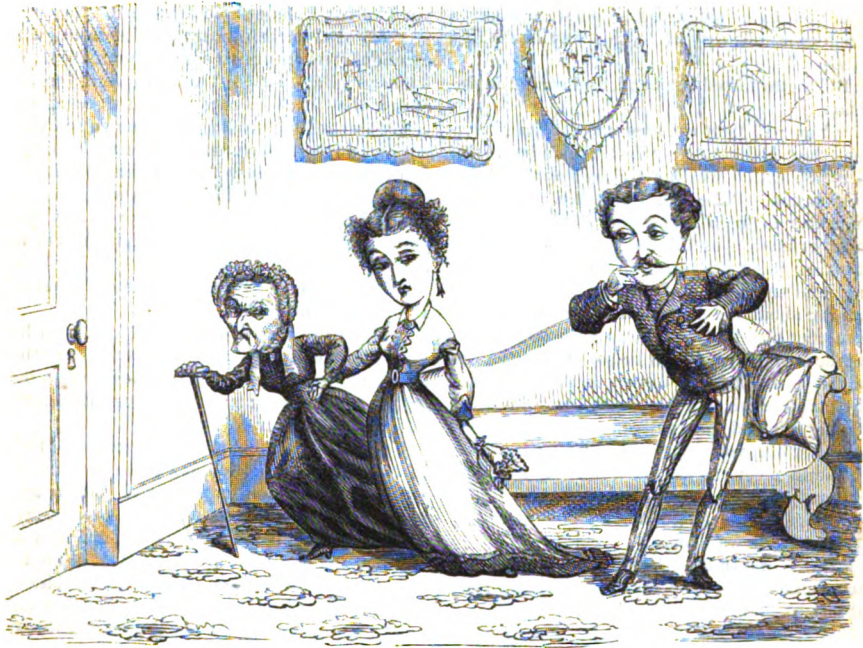
ILLUSTRATIONS.

The Westward Course of Empire..... 1 Denver City, Colorado..... 7
Map of Railway Routes..... 2 Black Hawk City..... 8
Omaha City..... 4 Central City..... 9
Platte River Valley..... 5 Empire City..... 12
Vice-President viewing the Work..... 6 Mineral Belt of Colorado..... 14
Laying the Rails..... 6 Upper Canon of South Platte..... 18
Construction Train..... 7 View on South Platte River..... 19

SAINT PAUL'S, NEW YORK	<i>W. Frothingham</i>	236
SOUTH FERRY, A ROMANCE OF	<i>Mary E. Bradley</i>	192
STRANDED.....	<i>N. G. Shepherd</i>	527
TOADS.....	<i>John A. Bolles</i>	638
TOM CORWIN OF OHIO.....	<i>W. F. G. Shanks</i>	80
TOM MARSHALL OF KENTUCKY.....	<i>W. F. G. Shanks</i>	354
TRULY RURAL, THE.....	<i>C. H. Webb</i>	185
TURKS, GREEKS, AND SLAVONS, THE.....	<i>O. B. Bunce</i>	296
ILLUSTRATIONS.		
Serbian Body-Guard	296	Serbian Peasants and Townspeople..... 303
Bulgarian Merchants and Peasants	298	The Castle of Prizren..... 304
Cathedral of Ochrida	300	Rayah paying Tribute
Mussulmans and Rayahs	301	306
VANITY.....	<i>Harriet Prescott Spofford</i>	39
VIRGINIANS IN TEXAS, THE.....	<i>George F. Harrington</i>	85
WALL STREET, MY OPERATION IN	<i>Edgar Johnson</i>	638
WALTER COLQUITT OF GEORGIA.....	<i>James J. Bethune</i>	505
WEAK-MINDED WOMAN, ANOTHER.....	<i>S. E. Wallace</i>	792
WEBSTER, DANIEL, PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE OF.....	<i>A. P. Putnam</i>	365
WHAT SHALL THEY DO?.....	<i>Elizabeth Stuart Phelps</i>	519
WHAT SHALL THEY DO TO BE SAVED?	<i>Fitz Hugh Ludlow</i>	377
WOODSIDE, AT	<i>T. De Witt Talmadge</i>	624
WRECKED AT SEA		776
YANKEE BEFORE THE THRONE, THE.....	<i>Olive Logan</i>	453

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCIX.—OCTOBER, 1867.—VOL. XXXV.



Bobinette Berlops.

PRINCE JACK kissed her hand, and Bobinette was assuming a look of reproof lined with a smile (if Milton tailored the clouds I suppose I may "dress-make" a look), when what should she see but her fairy godmother!

But first, you should know that some weeks before, as Bobinette Berlops nibbled at her breakfast, she heard a sharp little rap at the door; and before one could say "Come in" her fairy godmother whisked through the keyhole.

"Good-morning, godmother," said Bobinette, in that tone which means—"Why in the world did *you* come?"

"Morning," returned her godmother, resting herself on her crutch; "and I hope, Bobinette, that you have properly reflected on your serious position."

"Eh?" said Bobinette.

"For my part," continued the fairy, "I am positively shocked when I reflect that this is your twentieth birthday."

"Why?" asked Bobinette, opening her large black eyes.

"Why!" echoed her godmother. "Hear her! Could she be more serene if she had lived several hundred years ago, when girls had only to keep a sharp look-out at the windows till the Fairy Prince rode in at the castle gate. Bobinette, you need waking up. Reflect, my child! This is New York, where, if the Fairy Prince does not come after the marriageable damsel, the damsel must go after him. Twenty years old! Good Heavens, Bobinette! Suppose you should meet Mrs. Grundy without so much as an engagement ring about you. How long before she would transform you into an old maid!"

"But what can I do?" bleated Bobinette, wiping away two tears with her napkin.

"I am here to tell you that," returned the fairy godmother, promptly; "and you will do well to listen with attention, for the modern

ing those clear brown eyes, as if they could read his heart.

"Why, a chum of mine—the very first fellow I met when I came down—told me all about it. They had him dead in the newspaper a week before, because he was known to be shot, and the body was not found. Harry Giles was a good-hearted fellow, and he stuck to his captain—had him taken to a farm-house near, and took care of him to the last. He died on New-Year's Day—and—and—you are not listening, Phil."

Not listening! At the words a great burden lifted itself up from the soul of Philip and floated away, and he looked up with some half-articulate prayer to that Saviour who is one with the great suffering heart of humanity, "in that he suffered, being tempted." Rifts of gold were breaking through the clouds, and a delicate fairy arch, glittering in violet and dusky green, melting into fervid crimson and orange, spanned the sky. The token that God would no more desolate the world shone out in lovely tinted characters of light. And Philip took to his heart the sweet promise of the hour. Neither would God permit the storm of an unavailing regret to break forever on a desolate soul!

But willful Rose still maintains that Philip committed no great sin.

Did he?

And do you, my readers, recognize the sins of will that never ripen into deeds?

AT WOODSIDE.

ON this the brightest week of the brightest month of all the year I sit down to write that which I hope may be pleasant to read when red-armed Autumn smites his anvil, and through all the woods the sparks are flying, and it needs not a prophetic eye to see the mountains from base to tip-top filled with horses and chariots of fire. Indeed June and October, if they could see each other, would soon be married. Not much difference between their ages; the one fair and the other ruddy; both beautiful to look upon, and typical; the one holding a bunch of flowers, and the other a basket of fruit. The south winds would harp at the nuptials, and against the uplifted chalices would dash the blood of strawberry and grape. To that marriage altar January would bring its cups of crystal, and April its strung beads of shower, and July its golden crown of wheat.

Another dream of our life is fulfilled. For the last eight years we have wanted a place where for a few weeks, apart from the hard work of our profession, we could sit with our coat off, laugh to the full extent of our lungs without shocking fastidious ears, and raise Cochinchina hens of the pure breed.

While yet the March snows were on the ground we started out to purchase a place in the country. Had unaccountable experiences with land-agents, drove horses terrible for tardiness or speed, gazed on hills and flats, ex-

amined houses with roof pitched or horizontal, heard fabulous stories of Pennsylvania grass and New Jersey berries, until one day, the wind a hurricane, and the roads slush, and the horse a-drip with rain from blinder to trace, we drove up in front of a cottage, the first glance at which assured us we had come to the fulfillment of our wishes.

In selecting a place the first requisite is *seclusion*. There is a profound satisfaction in not being looked at. After dwelling for considerable time in a large place you are apt to know a multitude. If on some Monday morning, starting down street, you feel decidedly frisky, you must nevertheless walk with as grave a step as though ascending a pulpit. If you acted out one-half the blitheness you feel a score of gentlemen and ladies would question your sanity. A country village affords no retreat. There every body knows every body's business. You can not raise half a dozen goslings without having them stoned for picking off your neighbor's gooseberries. Gossip wants no better heaven than a small village. Miss Glib stands at her gate three times a day talking with old Mrs. Chatterbox, and on rainy days at the blacksmith shop the whole business of the town swims in a tank of tobacco-juice of the worst plug. Every body knows whether this morning out of the butcher's cart you bought mutton or calf's liver, and the mason's wife, at the risk of breaking her neck, rushes down stairs to exclaim, "Just think of it! Mrs. Stuckup has bought a sirloin steak, and she is no better than other people!" Your brass kettle is always borrowed. A handbox was seen going from the millinery shop to the house of a villager on Saturday afternoon, and on Sunday morning a score of people are early at church, head half-turned toward the door, ready to watch the coming in of the new purchase, handkerchief up to mouth, ready to burst out at what they pronounce a *perfect fright* of a bonnet. They always ask what you gave for a thing, and say you were cheated; had something of a better quality they could have let you have for half the money. We have at different times lived in a small village, and many of our best friends dwell there, but we give as our opinion that there are other places more favorable for a man's getting to heaven.

Yes, our place must be secluded. Not roused at night by fire-engines, nor wakened in the morning by the rattle of milkman's wagon. Our milk-can shall come softly up in the shape of our clear-eyed, sleek-skinned, beautiful Devon. No chalk-settlings at the bottom of the milk, or unaccountable things floating on the top—honest milk, innocent of pump, foaming till it seems piled up above the rivets of the pail-handle. The air at noon untormented of jar and crash and jostle: only hen's cackle, and sheep's bleat, and cow's bellow, and the rattle of clevises as the plow wheels at the end of the furrow. No calling in of people just because they suppose it is expected, but the coming in of neighbors

and friends because they really want to see you, their appetite so whetted with the breath of plowed ground that they are satisfied if you have nothing but ham for dinner. Such seclusion we have at Woodside.

It is never real morning except in the country. In the city in the early part of the day there is a mixed color that climbs down over the roofs opposite, and through the smoke of the chimney, that makes people think it is time to get up and comb their hair. But we have real morning in the country. Morning! descending "from God out of heaven like a bride adorned for her husband." A few moments ago I looked out, and the army of night-shadows were striking their tents. A red light on the horizon that does not make me think as it did Alexander Smith of "the barren beach of hell," but more like unto the fire kindled on the shore by Him whom the disciples saw at day-break stirring the blaze on the beach of Genesareth. Just now the dew woke up in the hammock of the tree-branches and the light kissed it. Yonder, leaning against the sky, two great uprights of flame, crossed by many rundles of fire! Some Jacob must have been dreaming. Through those burnished gates a flaming chariot rolls. Some Elijah must be ascending. Morning! I wish I had a rousing bell to wake the whole world up to see it. Every leaf a psalm. Every flower a censer. Every bird a chorister. Every sight beauty. Every sound music. Trees transfigured. The skies in conflagration. The air as if sweeping down from hanging-gardens of heaven. The foam of celestial seas plashed on the white tops of the spiræa. The honey-suckle on one side my porch challenges the sweet-brier on the other. The odors of heliotrope overflow the urns and flood the garden. Syringas with bridal blossoms in their hair, and roses bleeding with a very carnage of color. Oh the glories of day-dawn in the country! My pen trembles, and my eyes moisten. Unlike the flaming sword that drove out the first pair from Eden, these fiery splendors seem like swords unsheathed by angel hands to drive us in.

We always thought we would like to have a place near a woods. A few trees will not satisfy us. They feel lonely, and sigh, and complain about the house; but give me an untamed woods that with innumerable voices talk all night in their sleep, and when God passes in the chariot of the wind wave their plumes and shout, as multitudes in a king's procession.

Our first night at Woodside was gusty, and with the hum of multitudinous spring-leaves in our ears we dreamed all night of waves roaring and battalions tramping. Shrubs and bushes do not know much, and have but little to say, but old trees are grand company. Like Jotham's, they talk in parables from the top of Gerizim; have whole histories in their trunk; tell you of what happened when your father was a boy; hold engravings on their leaves of divine etching, and every bursting bud is a "Thanatopsis." There are some trees that were never

meant to be civilized. With great sweat and strain I dug up from the woods a small tree and set it in the door-yard; but it has been in a huff ever since. I saw at the time that it did not like it. It never will feel at home among the dressed up evergreens. It is difficult successfully to set hemlocks and kalmias and witch-hazel into the rhyme of a garden. They do better in the wild blank verse of the forest.

We always thought that we would like a place which, though secluded, would be easy of access to the city. We always want our morning newspaper by breakfast. This little world is so active that we can not afford to let twenty-four hours pass without hearing what new somersault it has taken. If we missed a single number we would not know that the day before the Czar of Russia had been shot at. Some day we must have a certain book. We need an Express to bring it. We must say "Yes" or "No" to a lecturing committee at Cincinnati, Boston, Bangor, or Brooklyn; and we must have a telegraph to say it. Oh, it is pleasant to sit a little back and hear the busy world go humming past without touching us, yet confident that if need be our saddle could in ten minutes rush us into it.

Thank God for a good, long, free breath in the country! For the first time in ten years we feel rested. Last evening we sped along the skirt of the wood. Our horse prefers to go fast, and we like to please him; and what with the odor of red clover tops, and the breath of the woods, and the company with us in the carriage and the moonlight—it was nothing less than enchantment.

There is something in this country air to put one in blindest mood. Yesterday we allowed a snake to cross our path without any disposition on our part to kill it. We are at peace with all the world. We would not hurt a spider. We could take in our bitterest foe and give him a camp-stool on the piazza. We would not blame him for not liking us if he liked our strawberries. We would walk with him arm in arm through water-melon patch and peach-orchard. He should be persuaded that if we could not write good sermons and vivacious lectures we can nevertheless raise great pumpkins, and long orange-carrots, and Drumhead cabbage. We would take him in our carriage, going at consistent ministerial gait, as though on the way to Old School Presbytery, never racing with any one, if there were danger of our being beaten. We hereby proclaim peace forever with any man who likes our hens. We fear we would have been tempted to sign Jeff Davis's bail-bond if he had praised our early scarlet radishes.

Amidst such scenes till autumn. Congregations would be advantaged by it if for a few weeks of every year they would allow their pastors a little farm life. Three weeks at fashionable watering-place will not do the work. There is not enough salts and sulphur in all the springs to overcome the tight shoes, and

the uncomfortable gloves, and the late hours, and the high living, and the dresses economical at the neck. Rather turn us out to physical work. A sharp hoe will hack to pieces all your dyspepsia. A pruning-knife will cut off the excrescences of your disposition. The dash of the shower that wets you to the skin will cool your spirit for ecclesiastical strife. Daily swinging of the axe will tone up your nerves. Trampling down the hay as it is tossed into the mow will tread into forgetfulness your little perplexities. In the wake of the plow you may pick up strength with which to battle public iniquity. Neighbors looking over the fence may think we are only weeding cantaloupes, or splitting rails, or husking corn, when we are rebuilding our strength, enkindling our spirits, quickening our brain, purifying our theology, and blessing our souls.

Here I stop. The aroma of the garden almost bewilders my senses. Flowers seem to me the dividing-line between the physical and the spiritual. The stamen of the honey-suckle is the alabaster pillar at which the terrestrial and the celestial part and meet. Out of the cup of the water-lily earth and heaven drink. May the blessing of larkspur and sweet-william fall upon all the dwellers in country and town! Let there be some one to set a tuft of mignonette by every sick man's pillow, and plant a fuschia in every working-man's yard, and place a geranium in every sewing-girl's window, and twine a cypress about every poor man's grave. And, above all, may there come upon us the blessing of Him whose footsteps the mosses mark, and whose breath is the redolence of flowers! Between these leaves I press thee—Oh! "Lily of the Valley!"

GIVING LESSONS ON THE PIANO.

THERE is an immense amount of sympathy manifested for recent widowers, who never had any while their wives were alive. When Mr. Camomile, that bitter-looking man, lost the late Mrs. Camomile all the single ladies in the neighborhood of mature age expressed great sorrow for his misfortune, although it was a town-talk that he neglected her shamefully. If it had not been for the established habit the poor woman had of sending back as good as she received, when he said cruel things to her, which no human being animated with a soul ought to bear, married life would have been a monotonous affair to her.

Well, Mrs. Camomile had not been dead a fortnight before one sent in a bowl of rich soup; another suggested he should not take off his flannels, although it was the middle of July; and to crown all, it was universally agreed in a party of thoughtful unmarried ladies that Mr. Camomile must feel lonely, and of course wretchedly, after being for so many years accustomed to seeing a woman at the head of the table.

Pardon this episode: the circumstance came to mind in the way of contrast. Where is there a widow who has a bowl of soup sent to her sol-

itary chamber, unless she is a reputed beauty, or, what is more attractive in this age of selfishness, has a genteel competency? Widows are so common, by the contingencies of war and the restless waves of the ocean, there is not sympathy enough in the world to subdivide it equitably among the thousands upon thousands whose days, like mine, have been those of toil, blighted hopes, and prayerful aspirations. Under all circumstances a widow is to be commiserated, but especially when she has nothing but her hands to depend upon. Her condition may be one of never-ending anxiety, or made painfully burdensome by the unkindness of those whose duty as well as privilege it should be to lighten her cares.

There are gay and thoughtless butterfly widows, whose fingers seem made for showing off rings, and whose ears are rarely used for any other purpose than hooks for hanging out pearls for other people to see. Perhaps they are happy in proportion to their ignorance; but upon that point there is a difference of opinion. Then again there are widows always in weeds. A perpetual face of gloom is a kind of ineffable language, carrying the idea that they refuse to be comforted. Next comes the cheerful widow, who makes sunshine wherever she goes, whose presence is a foretaste of heaven in the midst of wretchedness. In short, a classification of all the recognized orders of widows, from young to old, would be a new department of literature.

Once more, before proceeding to the immediate subject of my lucubration: whether pretty or plain, rich or poor, young or old, widows invariably succeed better when thrown upon their own individual resources than widowers, because it has been announced by celestial authority, the widow and the fatherless shall not be forsaken.

Imprints: In my seven-and-twentieth year I was suddenly deprived of the society of the best husband that ever fell to the lot of a woman. We had been settled in a pretty cottage located on one quarter of an acre of ground, in a village within six miles of Boston, which we owned, free of all encumbrance. It was earned by honest industry by my dear James, who had an ambition to have a hive before he had bees. He paid off the last bill incurred in giving a finish to that little ark of domestic safety only seven weeks before our marriage.

A feeling of entire independence is an unspeakable source of happiness. Next to that is to be the absolute owner of a home, be it ever so small. Ours was free and clear, plainly furnished, but the abode of as much wedded felicity as usually falls to the lot of that class who are obliged to sustain themselves by their industry.

My father had a large number of children, with small means, but his heart was large; his ambition boundless to have them qualified for every place they might be called in life to occupy. It was one of his sage maxims that it was better to have a good education than money in the pocket. He therefore exerted every faculty of his nature to have us all qual-