



JULIA ATTEMPTED TO TAKE UP THE CHILD, WHICH MADE
HER LOOK MOST LOVELY IN MY EYES.

PAGE 221.

A

GIFT FROM JULIA.

“Ere yet the cares of life lie dim
On thy young spirit’s wings,
Now in thy morn forget not HIM
From whom each pure thought springs!”

* a dusi/e-chap
www.dusie.org



DUSIE

THE WIDE, WIDE WORLD

Julia however reaped a reward for her faithful steadiness to duty while her aunt was ill. Things were never after that as they had been before. She was looked on with a different eye. To be sure Miss Fortune tasked her as much as ever, spoke as sharply, was as ready to scold if anything went wrong;—all that was just as it used to be; but beneath all that Julia felt with great satisfaction that she was trusted and believed. She was no longer an interloper, in everybody's way; she was not watched and suspected; her aunt treated her as one of the family, and a person to be depended on. It was a very great comfort to little Julia's life. Miss Fortune even owned that "she believed she was an honest child, and meant to do right,"—a great deal from her; Miss Fortune was never over forward to give any one the praise of *honesty*.
Julia

THE SPANISH HEROINE

Julia soon found herself safely lodged in a room on the basement story of the "Hotel do-lo Malco," where, as usual, she gave orders for her supper to be brought to her room. The poor little girl felt too much agitated to take tea at the table with the balance of the guests. Dreadful forebodings of some coming evil now took possession of her young breast; she saw that in the eyes of young Gabbez which plainly told her that she had in him a stubborn foe to deal with, and she saw, too, that he had complete control of her father. Julia threw herself on a sofa close by a little window, and burst into a violent flood of tears. She was very much alarmed; she heard the heavy footsteps of two men enter the adjoining room, separated from hers only by a thin plank partition. They seated themselves within six inches of the sofa upon which Julia

EVENTIDE

"I knew it would come to this at last," she wrote. "I have acknowledged my error, and told him of my engagement with Rufus Malcome. It cost me a struggle, but I knew he must learn it from some source e'er long, and better from my lips than those of strangers. He will visit Wimbledon, and then, O horrible thought! I shall be the bride of another; for father tells me Col. Malcome is desirous the marriage should be consummated the approaching winter. I got a long, foolish letter from Rufus yesterday. O dear, how sick and sorry it made me. It is strange mother never writes. Col. Malcome says she is not as well as when we left, and this intelligence disposes father to hasten home. O, my poor bleeding heart! How soon this little day of happiness has past." She closed the book, and threw herself on the bed. After a while she fell asleep, and was roused by Julia

FERN LEAVES FROM FANNY'S
PORT-FOLIO

I approached the enclosure, as the gardener had directed me. There were five graves. *In which* slept the authoress? for there was *not even a headstone!* The flush of indignant feeling mounted to my temples; the warm tears started from my eyes. *She was forgotten!* Sweet, gifted Fanny! *in her own family burial place she was forgotten!* The stranger from a distance, who had worshiped her genius, might in vain make a pilgrimage to do her honor. I, who had personally known and loved her, had not even the poor consolation of decking the bosom of her grave with the flowers I had gathered; I could not kiss the turf beneath which she is reposing; I could not drop a tear on the sod, 'neath which her remains are mouldering back to their native dust. I could not tell, (though I so longed to know,) in which of the little graves—for there were several—slept her "pure May," her "dear Julia

**BRYAN MAURICE, OR, THE
SEEKER**

Nobody will care for the plain prose of the journey home to Broadwater, which Maurice had to take the next day. Julia would not hear of his lingering for her sake. She was heroic for him. It was necessary that he should begin at once his course of study, in order to be ready for the Lenten-Embertye ordination. He could get away at Christmas, but not before; and, after Easter, if he said so, her home should be wherever was his. Meanwhile, letters were to be his comfort and her daily joy. So they parted, after brief meeting. But her Sunday-school children, and the poor, among whom she had been a very sister of charity, never worshipped her so much, never found her so lovely as during that winter of untiring service; and stormy indeed was the winter day that missed her steps from the deep-arched portal of her church, and her presence at its daily prayers. People asked inquisitively why Julia

ST. ELMO

“My dear aunt, the goodness of your heart has strangely blinded you to the character of the girl you have taken into your house, and honored with your confidence and affection. Be patient with me while I unmask this shrewd little *intrigante*. She is poor and unknown, and if she leaves your roof, as she pretends is her purpose, she must work for her own maintenance, which no one will do from choice, when an alternative of luxurious ease is within reach. Mr. Leigh is very handsome, very agreeable, wealthy and intelligent, and is considered a fine match for any girl; yet your *protégée* discards him most positively, alleging as a reason that she does not love him, and prefers hard labor as a teacher to securing an elegant home by becoming his wife. That she can decline so brilliant an offer seems to you incredible, but I knew from the beginning that she would not accept it. My dear Aunt Julia

MAGA STORIES

Beginning, now, to be actuated by a desire to obtain by conversation the complement of the scanty knowledge with which mere exterior observation had supplied me, and thus to secure some satisfactory acquaintance with one who, I did not doubt, possessed unusual gifts, I forthwith resorted to Cousin Julia. From her I requested an introduction to my fair unknown; at the same time inquiring in general as to her name and condition. She was, Julia said, a Miss Irene Chester; the daughter of a farmer in one of the small seaport towns of Fairfield county, Connecticut; an assistant teacher in one of the city schools; an old schoolmate of hers, cousin Julia's; here in society for almost the first time, but already making quite a sensation; nicknamed "The Two-edged Sword," from the keenness of her repartees; always a strange girl; invited on the ground of the school-fellowship, having, I think, been Julia's roommate; perhaps not known at all in city society, beyond Julia's

NAT GREGORY; OR, THE OLD MAID'S SECRET

To this Harriet made no reply, for she belonged to that numerous class of Christians whose faith is bounded by what they can see and feel; and who consider not a few of the events recorded in the Bible as only so many nursery tales. Shortly after rejoining Mr. Everet and Julia, the former proposed that they should leave for the city, although they had only spent an hour at the cabin. The shortness of the visit may be accounted for from the fact that he wished to make calls at the two farms which he had purchased in the neighborhood. So, bidding the young woman and the lad good-bye, and promising that ere long he would see them again, the banker and his daughter entered their barouche, and were on the point of leaving, when the former made a sign to Jack to approach nearer, and placing in his hand a large envelope, requested him to read the paper enclosed to Julia

**GALLANT TOM, OR, THE PERILS
OF THE OCEAN**

Barnsley, notwithstanding the raging of the tempest, and the imminent danger in which they were placed—it not being expected that the vessel could live one moment from another—had been with Julia, and had once more urged his hateful suit, in more urgent terms than before, when, suddenly, the ship lurched frightfully—a terrific crash was heard, and several voices, in tones of despair, shouted that she had sprung a leak, and Barnsley rushed hastily from the cabin, leaving the door open behind him. Great as were the terrors of Julia, they did not so far overcome her strength as to prevent her immediately leaving the cabin, and hastening upon deck, where the miscreants, desperate as they were at other times, were now pale and trembling at the prospect of death, and every one was using such precautions as the time would permit, to rescue themselves from the danger by which they were surrounded. The ship was rapidly filling, and completely frantic with despair, Julia

THE NORTH AND SOUTH

We all help mother to sew, though we do not stick so closely at it as she does. She rises at four o'clock in the morning, and sits up till twelve at night. Today my sister Julia, who is not very strong, rose from her chair, and crossed the room to get a drink of water. She fell down, and Harry screamed out, "Oh! mother, Julia is dead." My mother and all of us ran to her, and found she had fainted. We carried her and laid her on the bed, and bathed her face and hands with cold water, (we have plenty of that.) At this moment my father came in; he had been out walking. He asked what was the matter with Julia. My mother has been very careful to hide from my father how long we have been without bread; and, by selling small articles of dress at the shop, she has contrived to get something for him. She told him that Julia

TIGHT TIMES, OR, THE DIAMOND
CROSS

Still Lizzie lingered, but the scornful laughter of the girls, and the whispers that reached her ears, proved more than she could bear, and rushing from the room, she went up to her chamber and threw herself on the bed. Her wakeful night had left her worn and wearied, and despite the new trouble that stared her in the face she wept herself to sleep. She must have slept hours, for when she awoke the noon-tide sun was high in the heavens. She resolved that they should not force her to leave the house before she had seen Walter; and now that this had happened, she questioned whether it was not best to yield to his wishes, and give him the right to protect her. She made up her mind so to do, and commenced packing her few clothes for removal. A footstep startled her, and looking round, she saw Emily Price standing in the doorway. Emily boarded with Miss Morgan, and had a room in the attic, with Julia

OLIE; OR, THE OLD WEST ROOM

"Cora says it is a secret yet, a family secret, but I can tell *you*, mother, that Miss Lizzie has promised to be Mary's sister, and she seems as proud of Arthur's plain yet expressive face, and fine talents, as he is of her beauty and grace. They look well together, though there is a great contrast in their appearance. Their courtship is quite romantic. Cora told me all about it. Lizzie said once she would be willing to risk her happiness with the author of a certain piece of poetry, which she admired very much. It chanced to be a poem of Arthur's, and Lizzie made the remark to Mary Sherwood, and she was taken at her word after all. I have become well acquainted with Mary Sherwood; she is a charming young lady. She will spend some time with her old friend Ella. Doctor has hired the elegant house formerly occupied by Mr. Brown, who has one of the proudest families in the city, and whose daughter Julia

**THE LIME-KILN MAN; OR, THE
VICTIM OF MISFORTUNE**

She thanked me again and again as we walked towards my cave. But, now the point I had aimed at was gained; how was I to secrete my prize from these insolent villains? Should they discover that their prisoner was in my possession I would meet an immediate and horrible fate, as well as the one I had rescued from their insolence.

After arriving at the cave, we had a cool and deliberate discussion, and at length determined to keep them in ignorance, as long as it could possibly be done, and should they gain a knowledge of the lady's existence, to resist every attempt to regain her, even if it resulted in death to us both. The night was passed, and the sun again lit up the heavens with its beautiful crimson. I felt inspired with new life and vigor. I was happy at the thought of speaking and being answered—not by an echo, but by the real voice of a fellow being. I dared not allow Julia

**FEMALE LIFE AMONG THE MOR-
MONS**

There was a man in the company named Peter Short, who, to excessive boorishness of manner united a most repulsive countenance and forbidding disposition. He was extremely ignorant, having not even mastered the first rudiments of education. But, as might be expected, he was a great devotee, a firm believer in all the visions and miracles of the Prophet, and the firm adherent of all his doctrines. Peter, though already possessing a wife and ten children, seemed to have been struck with the pensive grace and beauty of Julia. He seemed never to weary of gazing at her, or talking to her, though it was equally perceptible that she loathed and hated him. She rarely looked towards him, answered his questions only by monosyllables, and otherwise manifested every symptom of dislike to him and his society. I had frequent opportunities for observing this, and it seemed to me, from the first, that some difficulty would grow out of it. I was walking a little apart from the others, when Julia

PERSONALS; OR, PERILS OF THE PERIOD

Such was the correspondence. In the greasy wallet were memoranda of ladies and gentlemen moving in Fifth avenue circles. When the effects of the prisoner, who proved to be one of the Amity street spies, were given to him, he little suspected that copies of this correspondence had been taken, and through the kindness of a friend they are produced here. The same friend, who is the Sergeant who locked up the prisoner, informed the author, a month or two later, that he had discovered the principals in the nefarious correspondence. Harry, was a clerk in a prominent down-town bank; and Julia, the young wife of a distinguished broker, in Wall street, and a communicant at Grace Church. Whether the guilty meetings of the lovers were ever discovered, he never ascertained; but he had discovered that the "poor people" in Elizabeth street were the occupants of the house where Baumann, the Williamsburgh school-teacher, shot his guilty paramour, Annie McNamara, and then killed himself. It is more than probable that Julia

OUR PROSPECTS

The ladies made no remarks, and thought the head of the family was laboring under mental excitement. They finished the breakfast in silence. The young ladies were the first to leave the table, they went to their room to commence their *reception toilet*. The head ornamentation, of course, was first begun with. Woe doubt whether the architect of Notre Dame, at Strasbourg, has given more thoughts to the grand steeple of that celebrated church than our young ladies did when they arranged their waterfalls on this grand occasion; suffice it to say, the waterfall was high, so high that a five-inch hair-pin was not long enough to pin it on the side to the natural hair. Nothing shorter than a six or seven-inch hair-pin would answer to keep the substantial waterfall in its place, but such hair-pins were not at hand. Julia must go and get some. But poor Julia was sick; nine eggs fried and turned over, eaten at midnight, before going to bed, was more than even Julia

TALES OF EUROPEAN LIFE

The studios of the two friends, as we have said, were in a building formerly called the cloister of a convent belonging to the cathedral of Santa Croce, but which had been used for many years for secular purposes. Salvi's was immediately adjoining the church, into which it led by a door, the key of which was with the Sacristan. In the room was a lay figure, dressed in armor, with a Moorish cap, evidently alternately the model of the Saracen and Rinaldo. A number of sketches of heads, many of them resembling Julia, studies of horses and foliage, were about the walls and tables, showing that the artist had worked diligently on his picture. On an easel was a highly finished portrait of Lord Bute, who, having seen the picture from Ariosto during his sittings, had engaged it at a very remunerative price. As Salvi put in a few finishing touches to the hair of Angelica, a pleased expression stole over his features. He had been successful in making a likeness to Julia

HEAVENWARD LED: OR, THE TWO BEQUESTS

She thus cut short the old woman's visit kindly, yet decidedly, for she felt unable to keep up their talk together any longer just then, and that another attempt at endearment on the affectionate old servant's part would break down all her wonted fortitude and self-control. When she was left again to herself she resumed her thoughtful attitude, and with her eyes fixed upon the embers which glowed on the hearth, allowed her thoughts to travel, with softened feelings, through a different channel. Old Mammy's visit had done her good. Ever and anon her sister's sweet, lovely face, thoughtful and sad, seemed to peer out from the midst of some fiery castle, just as it was about to crumble into ashy ruins. She felt an irresistible longing to go to her and say some little tender, loving word, which, without containing any allusion to the incidents of the day or evening, might help to soothe the sense of injured pride which she felt would have been her predominant feeling had she been in Julia's

O'HALLORAN (VOL. 2)

On reaching Isle Muck, it was determined to land there, to take some refreshment, and give the ladies an opportunity of recovering their spirits. The surface of this islet consists of a green sward of about three acres in extent. It is uninhabited by man; but commonly contains a flock of sheep, and constantly a multitude of rabbits. It has a fine spring of fresh water near its centre, in consequence of which it is a favourite place of resort for boating parties of pleasure, from the neighbouring country. Our party, after partaking of a cold dinner, materials for which they had taken care to bring with them, spent sometime in rambling over the islet, and viewing from different points, the magnificent and picturesque scenery of land, and water, and rocks, and ships, and castles, and cottages, that at various distances surrounded them. They at length seated themselves on a hillock, to enjoy the sweets of song and music before they departed. Miss Agnew was now called on for the performance of her stipulation with Julia

REDWOOD (VOL. 2)

Julia, anxious to avail herself of this moment, rose, and giving Mr. Redwood her hand, bade him farewell; he reiterated his expression of interest and kindness, and they parted. "Poor girl!" thought Mr. Redwood, as she closed the door; "it is as I suspected: the most virtuous seem always the most persecuted by destiny. Why should another thorn be planted in her innocent bosom?" Mr. Redwood felt a consciousness that he might avert the destiny he deprecated—he had virtue for good emotions, but not for the difficult sacrifice of a favourite object. Believing as he had, that the best owe most of their virtue to the applause of society, or to the flattery of their little world; the unostentatious goodness of Julia (dignified as he deemed her by talents and improvement) had made a deep and ineffaceable impression on him. He sat for a long time meditating on her character and singular history; he thought that if there were ever two beings formed to make a joyous path over this wilderness world, they were Julia

ALICE BARBER; OR, THE ADVENTURES OF A YOUNG WOMAN

His downward career was indeed a swift one. He had become the victim not only of his own passions, but also the victim of some accomplished and artful blackleg; for his estate wasted away like dew in a warm morning's sun, and his nerves became much shattered and deranged. I often visited his wife, but seldom saw him. And how my heart did bleed when I saw the roses fading from her cheeks, and her countenance losing its beautiful expression. Her health, too, seemed gradually to fail, and her spirits to grow sad and sorrowful. It was a sad spectacle to me. Charles Homer's condition was even much worse than Julia's husband; for he had wasted every cent of his property and been convicted and imprisoned for stealing Frank's money. He had drank so much that when shut up in prison, he was seized with a fit of delirium tremens from which he never recovered, but died a miserable death in his cell. I hoped that his terrible death would have some beneficial effect upon Julia's

SPARING TO SPEND; OR, THE LOFTONS AND PINKERTONS

Pinkerton had always felt an attachment for Lofton; and the feeling, different as they were in their tastes, habits, and principles of action, was reciprocated by the latter. After Lofton's marriage, his friend often called to see him, in the evening, or on Sundays, and the more frequently he met Mrs. Lofton, the more did he become charmed with the beauty of her character. While her mother lived, the education of Julia had been as carefully attended to as very limited means would permit. Mrs. Birch was a woman of cultivated mind, and had moved at one time of life in a circle of great refinement. Though restricted in her circumstances, she had never permitted low and vulgar influences to come so within the reach of her daughter, as in any way to deprave her native delicacy of feeling; while, at the same time, she had taught her to set a true value upon those homely virtues, which one in her station would be called upon to exercise. Under so wise and loving a teacher, Julia

ELSIE VENNER

Rockland would have been but half a town without its pond; Quinnepeg Pond was the name of it, but the young ladies of the Apollinean Institute were very anxious that it should be called Crystalline Lake. It was here that the young folks used to sail in summer and skate in winter; here, too, those queer, old, rum-scented, good-for-nothing, lazy, story-telling, half-vagabonds, who sawed a little wood or dug a few potatoes now and then under the pretence of working for their living, used to go and fish through the ice for pickerel every winter. And here those three young people were drowned, a few summers ago, by the upsetting of a sail-boat in a sudden flaw of wind. There is not one of these smiling ponds which has not devoured more youths and maidens than any of those monsters the ancients used to tell such lies about. But it was a pretty pond, and never looked more innocent—so the native “bard” of Rockland said in his elegy—than on the morning when they found Sarah Jane and Julia

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF A
SLAVE GIRL

So, then, after all I had endured for their sakes, my poor children were between two fires; between my old master and their new master! And I was powerless. There was no protecting arm of the law for me to invoke. Mr. Sands proposed that Julia should go, for the present, to some of his relatives, who had removed to Brooklyn, Long Island. It was promised that she should be well taken care of, and sent to school. I consented to it, as the best arrangement I could make for her. My grandmother, of course, negotiated it all; and Mrs. Sands knew of no other person in the transaction. She proposed that they should take Julia with them to Washington, and keep her till they had a good chance of sending her, with friends, to Brooklyn. She had an infant daughter. I had had a glimpse of it, as the nurse passed with it in her arms. It was not a pleasant thought to me, that the bondwoman's child should tend her free-born sister; but there was no alternative. Julia

OUR WORLD

"True, Harry; true!"—he lays his hand on the black man's shoulder, is about to rise—"it is the truth plainly told, and nothing more." He will have a glass of water to quench his thirst; Harry must bring it to him, for there is consolation in his touch. Seized with another pain, he grasps with his left hand the arm of his consoler, works his fingers through his matted hair, breathes violently, contorts his face haggardly, as if suffering acutely. Harry waits till the spasm has subsided, then calls an attendant to watch the patient while he goes to the well. This done he proceeds into the kitchen to enquire for a vessel. Having entered that department as the clock strikes two, he finds Julia busily engaged preparing food for Mr. M'Fadden's property, which is yet fast secured in the pen. Feeling himself a little more at liberty to move about unrestrained, he procures a vessel, fills it at the well, carries it to his master's bed-side, sees him comfortably cared for, and returns to the kitchen, where he will assist Julia

THE WATCHMAN

"Times were hard, my father and I were out of work, and there was no prospect of our obtaining any, and—I will be free with you, Mr. Selby—I was almost driven to despair; to drown thought, I began to indulge in ardent spirits; that led me into bad company, and in an evil hour in a fit of intoxication, I shipped on board a man-of-war which sailed for India on the following day. I served on board of her three years, and was then sent to the hospital at Colombo, in the island of Ceylon—for I met with a serious hurt, in consequence of falling from the main-top to the deck. I was laid up six months at the hospital, and when at last I got up, and was discharged, I shipped on board a coasting vessel bound to Calcutta. Soon after I was paid off there, and signed articles on board the Montezuma, for New York, under a feigned name. I bitterly repented having left home, and I resolved to return and see if the old folks and Julia

EDITH'S MINISTRY

But a new trial awaited her. Lilly's peculiar affliction made it necessary, that she should be sent away from home, to be educated; this had been Mrs. Clifford's request; and now that she was old enough, Edith took great pains in making inquiries; and, selecting the institution at P——, she prepared to send her away, under the care of a faithful, and tried servant, Julia Moore, the niece of old nurse. Lilly was greatly distressed, at the thought of leaving her own sweet home, and her dear sister; but, on being told it was mamma's wish she had no more to say. On the night before her departure, Edith, as usual, retired with the children to their room. Placing her arm affectionately around Lilly, who leaned her head upon her sister's shoulder, she said: "It grieves me, dear, to send you from me; but you cannot be properly educated at home, and I am sure, that you will wish to be of some use in the world. There, you can be taught to read and write, to sew, to knit, and to do many more useful things. Julia

KATHERINE MORRIS

"When that first year had elapsed, I was in no condition to assume the cares of a household; I was too feeble for any unusual effort. My heart was beating with the first mysterious ecstatic emotions of motherhood. My darling, my precious infant Georgie lay in my arms. It was many months before I regained my health. My husband devoted himself to me with untiring assiduity, and the second year of our married life began and passed almost like a blissful dream. Our little one was healthy, promising, and of course beautiful. My husband began in earnest, when my health was restored, to make plans for our removal to a house of our own. Seeing that I did not second, though I did not oppose them, his old grave manner, of which I had scarcely seen a glimpse during the whole year, reappeared. One day, after talking upon the subject for some time with his usual earnestness, while I listened with indifference, he turned his face upon me, and said, suddenly assuming a look of displeasure, 'You do not seem to take much interest in this matter, Julia

WOMEN, OR, CHRONICLES

“Yes, a long letter from Julia, which was smuggled through by some woman who came through the lines. She says that every one of their servants left them, and they have gone regularly to cooking. She gives a very amusing account of their condition the morning they left. The first notice they had of it, except a mere suspicion growing out of their devotion to the Yankees and their change of manner to themselves, was an army-wagon driving up to the door at daylight, and the entire family of domestics, eight in number, stepping out ready equipped for their departure. Aunt Mary went out and spoke to them, when they condescended to tell her good-bye. Of course no one made a remonstrance, it would have been useless; and besides, no one wanted them to stay under the circumstances—all confidence between the parties had been destroyed. But Julia says that Aunt Annie bustled up at once, and announced that she was going down to get breakfast; and dressing herself in a wrapper and the most cooky apron she could find, she disappeared. In about half an hour after, Julia

DOWNWARD AND UPWARD

While Jay was tossing upon his bed, Cyrus went in and out of the room, silent and still. There was little that he could do; but, for a time, the demon drink lost the supremacy. As a dreamer, suddenly awaking, finds himself on the verge of a fearful precipice, starts back with horror and affright, so Cyrus recoiled from the hot, fiery breath—the lurid flames ready to envelop him. Taking advantage of this, Daisy endeavored to rouse his better nature, pointing him to others, and entreating him to turn from the old paths. At times, he listened patiently; then, prompted by some unseen influence, he poured into Daisy’s ear the story of his life, the excesses to which he was accustomed, the devouring thirst for drink, and, when he tried to leave it, the almost visible presence of the tempter, goading him on, until he was almost ready to peril body and soul to gratify his passion. It was a new phase of life, and one of which the poor girl had never so much as dreamed. Burdened with sorrow that she could not share even with Julia

THE OLD HOUSE BY THE RIVER

So it was in the only sleighing that we had last winter. We went out with a pleasant company of friends to show them the old house whereof they had heard so many stories. It was dinner-time when we arrived, and Willis did the honors of his old home with all the grace and dignity of the stately judge who preceded him. But after dinner was over, and when they were beginning to make merry in the large drawing-room, and the sound of music, and the laughter of young, gay, light-hearted boys and maidens rang through the hall, I thought it sacrilege, and stole out and up the staircase, with noiseless footstep, to the door of my own rooms; and as I passed along I saw the door of Willis's room open, and by the blaze of his hearth-fire saw the same old drapery, and the dark furniture, and the massive carved bed, and in the deep window stood my friend with his arms folded, looking out to the white moonlight, and down the leafless avenue, and away toward the spire of the village church and the resting-place of Julia

HENRI; OR, THE WEB AND WOOF OF LIFE

"I wrote to Amanda, to send me the letter; she complied without delay. You may judge of my surprise when I found that the writing seemed like my own; so much so, that those best acquainted with my hand would have been deceived. I read the superscription when my father held the letter in his hand; but I was so much agitated that I did not notice the character of the writing. I knew at a glance that my sister Julia had written it; we had, for a number of years, been taught by the same master; and, observing how much our hands were alike, we wrote after the same copies, until no one but ourselves could detect the difference. We frequently wrote articles to puzzle our friends, and had many a hearty laugh at the mistakes they made, when they decided, after a close scrutiny, which of us was the writer. Alas! I did not dream, then, that this innocent deception, which served so well for a pleasant pastime, should rob me of what I held most dear, and be the bane of my life! When at school, Julia

LIFE AND ITS AIMS

Susan was thought too sensitive to follow her little one to its resting-place; but all their friends were punctual in their attendance, and all looked sorrowful and sad. Frank, however, could not help feeling that he was a man of mark, as he saw the long line of carriages drawn up before his door; and during the ride to Mount Auburn, many thoughts were in his mind, besides those connected with the lifeless form before him; while Mr. Clifford, who followed after, felt equal pride in the pomp displayed, although it was mingled with keen disappointment and regret, for the child had borne his name, and he had looked upon him as the future upholder of his house and fortunes; but now that he was gone, who could ever supply his place? Another child the parents would never, perhaps, name after him. Thus would one generation at least pass by, without a bearer of this so highly prized title. But gradually his thoughts reverted to his daughters, and ideas of adoption flashed across his mind, and involuntarily he turned to look upon the carriage following. It should have been Julia's

LIFE'S LESSON

The next morning they commenced their journey early, and thus from day to day moved onward. For the first few days the fatigue seemed overpowering to Julia, but after that she became accustomed to the long travel, and did not feel it half so much. Mr. Kirk was always by her side, to give her advice and see that she was comfortable. Here it was that she first saw a prairie, not as she would see them weeks later, but a prairie with the young grass just shooting above the surface, and looking like an immense carpet of green velvet. And the Indians they met, with what interest, and yet half terror, she gazed upon them, edging closer to George's side as they came nearer, to get a look at the white squaw. Every thing was novel, and had interest. George never wearied of pointing out to her objects on the road, or watching to see if she was tiring of her journey. They had some days of bad weather, which Mrs. Adams grumbled at; but wrapped in a cloak, and protected as much as possible by buffalo robes, Julia

WHY I AM A TEMPERANCE MAN

To the venerable Fleetwood, whose life he had saved from the mob, he appeared as a deliverer; and in the wealthy merchant, Edward found a firm and enthusiastic friend, with a *carte blanche* to unlimited confidence—his house and hospitality. The gratitude of the daughter was almost idolatry, and it would have been strange if the lone youth had not learned to more than admire the beautiful and gifted creature who, as a client, first brought out that spark which had kindled into a blaze. She was every way worthy of such an attachment—a prize which the best and the noblest in the land might have been proud to win. Wealth had often sought her hand, but she turned from all to treasure the regard of the young and unknown, but gifted Carlton. We said he was unknown. We mean so far as his personal history was concerned. None knew from whence he came, or of what family he was. None asked him, for the broad stamp of nobility was upon him. Nature's heraldry was written indelibly upon his features, and her best blood had a fountain in his true heart. Had he been of kingly line, with an ancestry reaching back into the mist, and renowned in the history of ages, Julia

DICK WILSON, THE RUMSELLER'S VICTIM

"Well, mother, my mind has been running back. I am afraid, after all, it is more prone to go backward than forward; but I will try to subdue this disposition, except when I want to hold communion with dear Julia. I have been thinking, mother, of times past, and the changes which have taken place. There was a time in our history, when the slightest indisposition in our family would have called to our door those who, under no imaginable circumstances, would come now. This, I think, is what we have learned,—that it is not what people wear, nor the society in which they move, that gives the true index to their characters. There is Mrs. Livingston and Mrs. Walston—they are both very wealthy. Now, mother, there is Mrs. Walston: I do not think you can remember two days together, for several years, when she has not been at our house. Many an hour, mother, have I listened to her, while she was trying to flatter you in every possible way. At one time she would speak in raptures of father—his wealth—his fine disposition—his brilliant prospects, and so on. Then, she would tell you what a fine boy master John was; and then she would turn to poor Julia

CLYDE WARDLEIGH'S PROMISE

But how, through this year, did it fare with Clyde's resolutions? It is easy enough to be unselfish and to forget ourselves when others are in trouble, easy enough to deny ourselves then for their sakes, even as we can more bravely endure one great trial than many small ones. And so, those who in the petty troubles and annoyances of daily life—which make, after all, the best test of character—may be restless, dissatisfied, and discontented, may, when called upon by the pressure of circumstances, exert themselves for others in a way which will surprise every one, and then, when the incentive is removed, fall back into their original inertness. But it was not thus with Clyde. Once roused, her conduct was consistent. With her, to determine upon any fixed course was to carry it out persistently, despite all obstacles and regardless of what it might cost her. Little Georgie's affection had been the first thing to touch the girl's heart, and now that he was gone, his work accomplished, all the love Clyde had given him was now added to that which she felt for her aunt and for Julia. During the latter's illness she was alike their comfort and their stay. Mrs. Bertrand relied and depended upon her as if she had, in truth, been her own child; and Julia

HIS LEVEL BEST

We had passed through the northeast corner of Vermont yesterday. To-day we entered it a little after six in the afternoon, on the extreme northwest, and by the Central Railway, followed up the valley of the Winooski River, and passed through the middle of the State, as the name of the railway implies. I understand that Winooski is the Indian for onion, and that in English this pretty little stream is called the Onion River. St. Alban's is a thriving town, with a fine station-house and a large inn. We made some stay there, and, from the number of people around the station, inferred the existence of a large population. It was the scene of a considerable action in the late war, in which the Confederates were victorious. We left about sunset, and soon found ourselves, in the gathering darkness, in the gorges of the Green Mountains, from which the State takes its name, having been named by French-Canadians, in whose language *vert* signifies green, and *mont* a mountain. Sleeping-berths were again arranged,—on quite a different plan from those of yesterday. I was able to take two compartments, as they are called. In one of them Mrs. G. slept in a lower berth, and I in the berth above, as we had done in our state-room in the Europa. In the other, Julia

LOVE AFFAIRS IN OUR VILLAGE
TWENTY YEARS AGO

“But,” said Julia sadly, “if my parents should not overlook this folly—if my dear, good father should refuse to love me again, O what could ever repay me for my father’s love?” She gave her lover a look that might have melted a stone. “Well, supposing the worst,” replied Moulton, “suppose he never forgives, you will have my love, a husband’s love forever. You may have to give up one of us; take your choice,” said he rather fiercely, and reining up the horse so short as to stop him at once. “Take your choice, I say—father or husband—now or never; so that, hereafter, you can never blame me, come what will. If you don’t know your own mind, which I believe women never do five minutes at a time, reconsider and decide now. It is not too late to give me up yet.” Giving her such a look as sent the warm blood back in a rush to her heart, he waited her decision. There was a fierce, tyrannic glance about it that woke up her indignation, and in one moment more she would have said, “take me home,” but either he thought he had waited long enough, or, reading her purpose in her face, he wished to prevent it, and he gave Trot another series of touches with his whip, and on they dashed. Julia

THE CLIFFORD FAMILY; OR, A
TALE OF THE OLD DOMINION

Here he was interrupted by the entrance of new guests, greatly to Julia’s relief; but she observed that, notwithstanding the assiduity with which he performed all the duties of hospitality—and many and various were the duties of this nature that devolved on him—a cloud still hung on his brow, and she heard him answer the doleful complaints of a valetudinarian with a forced air of cheerfulness, and a congratulation on his returning health, and make inquiries of other guests about their families, then abruptly changing his theme, without waiting for their answers. Olivia concealed her mortification and disappointment much more skillfully, though Julia observed something very like a tear glisten in her eye, as some allusion was made to the last 31st of January; and Miss Lesley remarked that it had been one of the happiest days she had ever spent, and among other pleasant things, she remembered Mr. Clifford’s conversation as particularly animated and interesting. Olivia averted her face, and entered into conversation with the person next her, in so light and playful a strain, that none could have suspected how little the gayety of her heart corresponded with her words and manner. It is true, toward the close of the evening, fits of abstraction came on her; any noise in the passage startled her, and a glance toward the door every now and then, showed Julia

HARRY HAREFOOT

While she lay with her face buried in the pillow she, also, felt that the time had indeed come for their separation. She saw that he could no longer supply the wants he had created; while the rent of their room was soon due; and winter was approaching to find neither without money to meet it. Yet to come to this decision was painful and trying. She was attached to Mosley but she had long since discovered that she never had loved him. The separation would be painful, but she resolved that it must be borne. No moral objections intruded upon her thoughts; for though hitherto faithful to him, her mind had been sufficiently corrupted by associating with others of her sex, and by a thorough knowledge of the resources of persons in her situation, to leave her long to hesitate. Nothing is more surprising in the phenomena of character than the sudden and thorough abandonment of the mind of a young girl, however pure it hitherto may have been, when she has once departed from virtue. So profound and innate is the poison of vice that scarcely ever does a woman reform! with her it is all downward till her star of life, which rose in beauty and glory, sets forever in a night of infamy and unrepented guilt! If the pure and guileless girl in humble life, whose beauty promises, like Julia

THE KNIGHTS OF THE HORSE-SHOE

Together they proceeded on foot, when just as they entered the avenue leading to the Palace, they discovered the Doctor's carriage driving away, and Kate hastily retreating from the door. Now, as this avenue was always lighted at night, they could see that Julia still sat alone upon the back seat, and that she was weeping. She also caught a glimpse of them, and drew herself up in the corner of the carriage, out of sight. This was all very strange and inexplicable to the young men, especially on such a night, and after all that had happened at the hotel. It was just the reverse of what Frank had anticipated, but he proceeded on his course, none the less bent on clearing up the mystery from what he had just seen. He was destined to some farther experience in the matter, earlier than he expected; for no sooner had he entered the hall of the Palace, than a servant presented him with a message from Miss Kate—she desired to speak a few words with him. He followed and was led into one of the sitting rooms on the lower floor, where Kate awaited him with a bundle in her hand. She congratulated him upon his restoration to his proper name and station, and said she was sorry to be the bearer of unpleasant news at such a time, but her friend Julia

THE VICTIM OF EXCITEMENT

Then, at her own request, he sat down by her side, and endeavoured to explain to her the grand yet simple truths of Christianity. And beginning with the law and the prophets, he carried her with him to the mount that burned with fire and thick smoke, where the Almighty, descending in shrouded majesty, proclaimed his will to a trembling world, in thunder and lightning and flame; he led her on with him, through the wilderness, pointing out the smitten rock, the descending manna, the brazen serpent, and all the miraculous manifestations of God's love to his chosen people; then, taking up the lofty strains of prophecy, from the melodious harp of David to the sublimer lyre of Isaiah, he shadowed forth the promised Messiah. In more persuasive accents he dwelt on the fulfilment of those wondrous prophecies. Gently, solemnly he guided her on, from the manger to the cross, unfolding as he went the glorious mysteries of redemption, the depth, the grandeur, the extent, and the exaltation of a Saviour's love. Julia listened and wept. She felt as if she could have listened for ever. At one moment she was oppressed by the greatness of the theme, at another melted by its tenderness. Those who from infancy have been accustomed to hear these divine truths explained, who from their earliest years have surrounded the household altar, and daily read God's holy word, can have no conception of the overpowering emotions of Julia

THE LAWYER'S STORY

"As I said before, mother. Poverty with Julia Harcourt sooner than wealth with Lady Mary. Good Heaven! as well might one try to warm an icicle into flame as to extract love from the cold, selfish heart of Lady Mary Alton. Mother, I am no silly child to dream that mutual love, alone, can constitute happiness. Love in a cottage is very pretty in a picture or a novel; but unless there is something more substantial in the cottage—fuel to warm it and food to give it strength—love is very likely to die of starvation. But why should poverty, much less beggary, be my lot if I marry Julia, even supposing what I utterly disbelieve, the trumped up tale of Lord Alton to be true? Am I not strong and healthy? Can I not labor for my living as others do, who, like me, have been favored with a good education, but, who, unlike me, have not been pampered with the smiles of fortune. Let me be thankful that in my early youth my uncle taught me the virtues of self-denial; and although I have enjoyed fortune's favors, I have not forgotten her frowns. Poverty, with Julia Harcourt!—never, while I have the strong arm and true heart wherewith to gain independence. Never! This is no boy boasting, mother. I feel what I say, and shall act up to it. If Heaven spares my life and hers, I shall marry Julia

O'HALLORAN (VOL. 1)

Edward was now once more amongst his relations, and the friends of his youth, an inhabitant of the metropolis of his country. But his heart and his affections were in a remote province. It was in vain that the ladies of Dublin assumed their most interesting and fascinating looks in his presence; in vain were the various pleasures of that captivating city spread before him, and offered to his acceptance. His Julia was afar off, and, perhaps in danger, and how could he be happy? It came into his mind, that some of the most unprincipled of the conspirators might be so revengeful and unmanly, as to resent upon her, the part she had taken in his rescue. This idea rendered him miserable. He wrote a second time to the Recluse, conjuring him to lose no time in acquainting him with the treatment that Julia had received from her grandfather and his confederates, after his departure. It was, however, only the next day after forwarding this letter that his mind was set at ease on this subject, by receiving one from the old man in reply to that which he had written at Sir Philip Martin's. He was informed, that the United men kept the circumstance of his escape very quiet, that the whole blame was thrown on Jemmy Hunter, who was very willing to bear it. The old man added, that he even believed that O'Halloran was secretly rejoiced at it. "He, indeed," said he, "pretty sternly and closely interrogated Julia

REDWOOD (VOL. 1)

The water was shallow, and apparently there was not the least danger. Caroline, however, had given too powerful an impetus to the frail bark she was guiding, and it struck against the rock with so much force as to recoil with a fluttering motion. Caroline was frightened, and increased by her agitation the irregular motion of the canoe; Julia perceived the dangerous operation of her terrors, but before she could make her comprehend that all that was necessary was that she should sit down quietly, Caroline had grasped the pendant vine which was strong and tenacious, and the canoe had passed from under her. It drifted a few yards, and then remained stationary at the base of the rock. The rock was perpendicular, and too high for Miss Redwood to reach its summit. Julia perceived, at a single glance, the dilemma in which Caroline's fears had involved her, and perceived and adopted the only mode of extricating her from her awkward situation. She ran around the curve of the shore, ascended the rock where the ascent was gradual, and letting herself down as gently as possible into the canoe, she rowed immediately to the relief of the distressed damsel, whose arms already trembled with the weight which they sustained. "Oh, I am dead with fright!" she exclaimed, as soon as a certainty of recovered safety restored to her the use of her tongue: "for Heaven's sake tell me, Julia, how you got to me; I thought you dropped from the skies." Julia

EDITH ALLEN

Mr. Blundell, who had a very sound and prudent regard for wealth, was gratified that his ward should have such a visitor as young Fitzgerald, whom he pronounced to be "a fine, sensible young man, and well to do." Indeed, Julia out of the question, Mr. Blundell liked such a young man to visit his house. He liked a good name, too. He was thankful that his own was one he had no cause to be ashamed of. It had been altered, by the elision of a letter, it was true, having been originally Bloundell; but his grand-father, he would punningly observe, had by striking a cipher from his name, been enabled to add several to the figure which represented his before somewhat narrow fortune—an eccentric relative, who had quarrelled with his family, having made him his heir on this condition. Mr. Blundell was rather fond, than otherwise, of speaking of "his family;" upon what ground, however, we are ignorant. In so far as we know, he may have belonged to the family, and been a near relative of, Bloundell Bloundell, Esquire, of Bloundell Hall, Bloundellshire. While speaking of him, we will state that, whatever we may say, hereafter of his love of money, nevertheless he was, in his own house, a very hospitable man, and took pride in living well. "Fitzgerald's name," he said, "was a good one; and a good name," he would go on to say, "was all the better for a good fortune to back it." In fact he esteemed Julia

TWICE MARRIED

If I were to attempt a relation of all that happened between this memorable Sunday night and the next Thanksgiving-day, my story, which is, I fear, already too long, would be extended, by the recital, far beyond all reasonable limits. Albeit I cherish a modest hope that, if I were to describe some of the events which took place in this interval, a few, at least, of my fair readers would be thereby greatly entertained. For instance, there is the journey to Hartford, which was performed in the covered spring-wagon by Lucy and her mother, John Dasheigh himself driving the span of five-year-old black colts; the main purpose of which was the buying of Lucy's wedding dress and other kindred matters. In the space of three days, the ladies expended the sum of two hundred dollars, which had been given to Lucy by her fond father, in the form of a roll of crisp, rustling, old Hartford bank-bills; besides a smaller sum that Mrs. Manners had on hand in her own private purse. John Dasheigh, also, ordered a handsome suit of clothes, which the tailor promised should be finished, and sent out in a parcel to Walbury, by the post-rider, in time for the wedding; stipulating, furthermore, that every garment should fit like a glove. He also went to a goldsmith's and bought a plain gold ring; which, as it was of a very small size, could not have been for his own hand, and, therefore, might have been intended as a present for little Julia

159, 162, 162, 163, 166, 170, 170, 170,
174, 176, 176, 180, 183, 188, 189, 190,
190, 214, 224, 230, 234, 243, 252, 256

courting in earnest

Assembled by Boyd Spahr
Printed in Carlisle, Pennsylvania
January, 2008
x100

