

**A SUMMER IN LESLIE  
GOLDTHWAITE'S  
LIFE**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649270408

A summer in Leslie Goldthwaite's life by Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

[www.triestepublishing.com](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY**

**A SUMMER IN LESLIE  
GOLDTHWAITE'S  
LIFE**



## WORKS OF MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY.

---

<i>A SUMMER IN LESLIE GOLDTHWAITE'S LIFE.</i> Illustrated, 12mo .....	\$ 1.50
<i>REAL FOLKS.</i> Illustrated, 12mo .....	1.50
<i>WE GIRLS: A HOME STORY.</i> Illustrated, 12mo .....	1.50
<i>THE OTHER GIRLS.</i> Illustrated, 12mo, 500 pages .....	2.00
<i>SIGHTS AND INSIGHTS.</i> 2 vols. 12mo .....	3.00
<i>PANSIES: A Volume of Poems.</i> Beautifully bound in Purple and Gold. 16mo .....	1.50

---

"Such books as these should be in every household, to be read, loaned, re-read and re-loaned, so long as the leaves and cover will hold together, — not holiday volumes for elegant quiet, but stirring and aggressive works, with a 'mission,' which is, to make the world better than they find it." — *Boston Commonwealth.*

---

\* \* \* For sale by all booksellers. Sent by mail, post paid, by

**JAMES R. OSGOOD & CO.,**  
PUBLISHERS, BOSTON.

# A SUMMER

IN

## LESLIE GOLDTHWAITE'S LIFE

BY

MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY,

AUTHOR OF "FAITH GARTNEY'S GIRLHOOD," "THE GAYWORTHYS," ETC.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY AUGUSTUS HOPPIN

DAVEY OF  
CALIFORNIA



BOSTON:

JAMES R. OSGOOD AND COMPANY,

LATE TICKNOR & FIELDS, AND FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO.

1878.

To the Memory  
OF  
MY DEAR FRIEND  
MARIA S. CUMMINS,  
AND  
OF Days AMONG THE MOUNTAINS MADE BEAUTIFUL  
BY HER COMPANIONSHIP,  
I DEDICATE  
*THIS LITTLE STORY.*

M81838

## A SUMMER IN LESLIE GOLDTHWAITE'S LIFE.

---

### I.

“**N**OTHING but leaves — leaves — leaves! The green things don't know enough to do anything better!”

Leslie Goldthwaite said this, standing in the bay-window among her plants, which had been green and flourishing, but persistently blossomless, all winter, and now the spring days were come.

Cousin Delight looked up; and her white ruffling, that she was daintily hemstitching, fell to her lap, as she looked, still with a certain wide intentness in her eyes, upon the pleasant window, and the bright, fresh things it framed. Not the least bright and fresh among them was the human creature in her early girlhood, tender and pleasant in its beautiful leafage, but waiting, like any other young and growing life, to prove what sort of flower should come of it.

“Now you 've got one of your 'thoughts,' Cousin Delight! I see it 'biggening,' as Elspie says.” Leslie turned round, with her little green watering-pot suspended in her hand, waiting for the thought.

To have a thought, and to give it, were nearly simultaneous things with Cousin Delight; so true, so pure,



so unselfish, so made to give, — like perfume or music, which cannot be, and be withheld, — were thoughts with her.

I must say a word, before I go further, of Delight Goldthwaite. I think of her as of quite a young person; you, youthful readers, would doubtless have declared that she was old, — very old, at least for a young lady. She was twenty-eight, at this time of which I write; Leslie, her young cousin, was just “past the half, and catching up,” as she said herself, — being fifteen. Leslie’s mother called Miss Goldthwaite, playfully, “Ladies’ Delight”; and, taking up the idea, half her women-friends knew her by this significant and epigrammatic title. There was something doubly pertinent in it. She made you think, at once, of nothing so much as heart’s-ease; a garden heart’s-ease, — that flower of many names; not of the frail, scentless, wild wood-violet, — she had been cultured to something larger. The violet nature was there, colored and shaped more richly, and gifted with rare fragrance — for those whose delicate sense could perceive it. The very face was a pansy-face; with its deep, large, purple-blue eyes, and golden brows and lashes, the color of her hair, — pale gold, so pale that careless people who had perception only for such beauty as can flash upon you from a crowd, or across a drawing-room, said hastily that she had *no* brows or lashes, and that this spoiled her. She was not a beauty, therefore; nor was she, in any sort, a belle. She never drew around her the common attention that is paid eagerly to very pretty, outwardly bewitching girls; and she never seemed to care for this. At a party, she was as apt as not to sit in a corner; but

the quiet people, — the mothers, looking on, or the girls, waiting for partners, — getting into that same corner also, found the best pleasure of their evening there. There was something about her dress, too, that women appreciated most fully; the delicate textures, — the finishings — and only those — of rare, exquisite lace, — the perfect harmony of the whole unobtrusive toilet, — women looked at these in wonder at the unerring instinct of her taste; in wonder, also, that they only with each other raved about her. Nobody had ever been supposed to be devoted to her; she had never been reported as “engaged”; there had never been any of this sort of gossip about her; gentlemen found her, they said, hard to get acquainted with; she had not much of the small talk which must usually begin an acquaintance; a few — her relatives, or her elders, or the husbands of her intimate married friends — understood and valued her; but it was her girl-friends and women-friends who knew her best, and declared that there was nobody like her; and so came her sobriquet, and the double pertinence of it.

Especially she was Leslie Goldthwaite's delight. Leslie had no sisters, and her aunts were old, — far older than her mother; on her father's side, a broken and scattered family had left few ties for her; next to her mother, and even closer, in some young sympathies, she clung to Cousin Delight.

With this diversion, we will go back, now, to her, and to her thought.

“I was thinking,” she said, with that intent look in her eyes, “I often think, of how something else was found, once, having nothing but leaves; and of what came to it.”

"I know," answered Leslie, with an evasive quickness, and turned round with her watering-pot to her plants again.

There was sometimes a bit of waywardness about Leslie Goldthwaite; there was a fitfulness of frankness and reserve. She was eager for truth; yet now and then she would thrust it aside. She said that "nobody liked a nicely pointed moral better than she did; only she would just as lief it should n't be pointed at her." The fact was, she was in that sensitive state in which many a young girl finds herself, when she begins to ask and to weigh with herself the great questions of life, and shrinks shyly from the open mention of the very thing she longs more fully to apprehend.

Cousin Delight took no notice; it is, perhaps, likely that she understood sufficiently well for that. She turned toward the table by which she sat, and pulled towards her a heavy Atlas that lay open at the map of Connecticut. Beside it was Lippincott's Gazetteer, — open, also.

"Travelling, Leslie?"

"Yes. I've been a charming journey this morning, before you came. I wonder if I ever *shall* travel, in reality. I've done a monstrous deal of it with maps and gazetteers."

"This has n't been one of the stereotyped tours, it seems."

"O no! What's the use of doing Niagara or the White Mountains, or even New York, and Philadelphia, and Washington, on the map? I've been one of my little by-way trips; round among the villages; stopping wherever I found one cuddled in between a river and a