

**HARWOOD:
A NOVEL**

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Harwood: A Novel by George James Atkinson Coulson

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GEORGE JAMES ATKINSON COULSON

**HARWOOD:
A NOVEL**

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

ARWOOD.

A NOVEL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ODD TRUMP."



New York:
E. J. HALE & SON, PUBLISHERS,
MURRAY STREET.
1875.

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P R E F A C E .

Most Courteous Reader :

The Author has only endeavoured to indicate in these pages how Youth may pass into Manhood through the portals of Grief; how Manhood may grow into full maturity in the practice of self-abnegation, without the lapse of years. For the rest, the story is simply told, and appeals to nothing but your gentler sympathies. And if it shall happen that the characters herein rudely sketched shall assume shape and identity, and grow with you, as they have with him, into living realities, and so awaken your kindly interest, then the Author will have accomplished his purpose and won his reward.

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162

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175

176

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188

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211

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214

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228

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347

348

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350

351

352

353

354

355

356

357

358

359

360

361

362

363

364

365

366

367

368

369

370

371

372

373

374

375

376

377

3

CONTENTS.

HARWOOD.

| | PAGE. |
|-------------------------------------|-------|
| CHAPTER I. Preliminary..... | 7 |
| II. Book Making..... | 11 |
| III. The First Ordeal..... | 15 |
| IV. The Second Ordeal..... | 19 |
| V. The Third Ordeal..... | 23 |
| VI. The Third Ordeal Concluded..... | 26 |
| VII. Eureka!..... | 31 |

HERBERT'S JOURNAL.

| | |
|--------------------------------------|----|
| CHAPTER VIII. First Impressions..... | 36 |
| IX. The Haunted Laurels..... | 45 |
| X. Captain Delaney..... | 53 |
| XI. Mistaken..... | 55 |
| XII. The Doctor..... | 60 |
| XIII. Ret..... | 64 |
| XIV. Herbert..... | 78 |
| XV. Kindred..... | 92 |
| XVI. A Parting..... | 96 |

A BUNDLE OF LETTERS..... 130

HERBERT'S JOURNAL RESUMED.

| | |
|------------------------------------|-----|
| CHAPTER XVII. Mr. Denham..... | 129 |
| XVIII. Allen Harwood's Letter..... | 134 |
| XIX. What Pentland..... | 138 |
| XX. Heartbroken..... | 148 |
| XXI. Recognition..... | 156 |
| XXII. The Crisis..... | 170 |
| XXIII. Barnard Harwood..... | 178 |
| XXIV. A Year Later..... | 190 |

HARWOOD.

CHAPTER I.

PRELIMINARY.

YE who listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy, and pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope; who expect that age will perform the promises of youth, and that the deficiencies of the present day will be supplied by the morrow; attend to the story of "Harwood" and the publishers.

The foregoing is a slight improvement upon the opening sentence of "Rasselas." It has been quoted to many an unhappy student of rhetoric as the culmination of elegance in English composition. It is an undeniable fact that this history of the Abyssinian prince, admitted to the front rank among English classics, is almost unknown to the present enlightened age; and it may be that it has been ostracized, like Aristides the Just, because humanity cannot stand prolonged arrogant assumption, even if well founded. The courteous reader will, therefore, please note that the above sentence is a quotation. The last thing I should dream of doing would be to kill Harwood by writing too elegantly at the outset.

To descend to plain prose, then, I invoke the reader's patience while I relate the story of Harwood's birth. And I counsel the cultivation of this virtue the more earnestly, not only because of its inherent excellence, but also because patience is the very attribute that will be most exercised in getting through the following pages.

More than a dozen years ago I was an exile from home and kindred. It does not matter how this came about, and it is enough to say that the exile was endured in the way of known duty. The Sahara to which I banished myself was the City of New York, and the solitude of that desert was the more horrible from the density