

**ELLA V OR,
THE JULY TOUR**

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Ella V or, The July tour by Fitch Waterman Taylor

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FITCH WATERMAN TAYLOR

**ELLA V OR,
THE JULY TOUR**

Mrs. G. T. Paddy

ELLA V—,

OR

THE JULY TOUR.

BY ONE OF THE PARTY.

He can form a moral on a glass of champagne.

La Rev.

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Wm. B. Ewing

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INTRODUCTION.

THE principal object of the writer of the following pages, has been to record the religious reflections which they contain. The fictitious part of the work is a mere appendage, in which he has purposely avoided plot and denouement, so usually and essentially the parts of a novel.

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THE
CITY OF
COLUMBIA

ELLA V— ,

OR

THE JULY TOUR.

SECTION I.

A PERSON, on a lovely July morning, standing on the deck of a steamer, just ready to leave her fastenings to move like a courser up the Hudson, would be characterized for little feeling, were he to gaze without emotion on the grouping multitude around him. He sees many a face lighted up with a smile of expected pleasure as he hears the parting salutation, the spirited jest, the lady-laugh, and the exhortation to the leaving party, that they will take care of themselves; with a hundred wishes that they may have a pleasant tour and a safe return. By a single change, the eye of the observer of this happy group may be arrested by a graver circle, seated in their solitary musings; or rest upon some face that has just brushed from the cheek the feeling and farewell tear. But could the bosom of each stranger-face at such a moment be read, it would only give, like every other crowd, the world's varied and vast emotion, in less but

proportionate amount, of the joyous and the sorrowful, which swells the ever agitated bosoms of mankind.

The little group among whom the writer deemed himself fortunate to have been thrown, had its brighter and more shaded faces. Upon the arm of Le Roy, a young and joyous bride was leaning, although this was not their bridal-tour. Her younger sister stood at her side, with a fresh lip, and a cheek deepened by the early breath of the morning; and her young heart gushed free in her anticipations of looking abroad on the wide world, which, as yet, she had only known through the medium of her school-books, or in the conversation of the family circle; or in the dreams and romance of fiction and the imaginings of a young and unsophisticated heart. And yet, from circumstances of early illness, she had acquired a habit of thought and manner beyond the usual intelligence and address of a young lady of sixteen. She was speaking to a young gentleman who was to join the party the next morning at the Springs, and who left her, in the mean time, with the hope that her anticipations of pleasure might be more than realized. A slight shade deepened the delicate bloom on the cheek of Miss V. as her eye met the young gentleman's parting look. We were told, on his leaving the boat, that he was a young clergyman of superior abilities and finished educa-

tion, and as remarkable for his refined taste as his engaging and polished manners. Mrs. E., one of his parishioners, a young widow lady, and her sweet orphan girl, four years old, whom he had accompanied from the south, were of our party. This little girl had a fresh bouquet of flowers in her hand, and was urging the servant that accompanied her to put them into water, that they might be kept fresh and fair for her friend Mr. F., the young clergyman, when he should overtake them at Saratoga the next morning.

The last bell of the steamer had rung. Our boat shot out from the dock, and led on her course ahead of the opposition, until the receding boat was lost, ere long, in the distance.

We seldom finish our sail in a steamboat without meeting with a number of old friends, and adding new names to the list of our speaking acquaintances. Mrs. E. and child were soon recognised by some southern friends, with whom there was a beautiful little girl of eight or ten years of age, who had attracted Mr. F.'s attention on board the boat from Norfolk to Baltimore, as resembling his only sister, and for whom, while on board the boat, he had pencilled a few lines of poetry, which the little girl now recited to them.

The next morning, at about eleven o'clock, little Rosa E. was seen running across the room at Congress Hall, with an immense bouquet in her tiny