

**WANDERINGS OF A
BEAUTY: A TALE OF THE
REAL AND THE IDEAL**

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Wanderings of a Beauty: A Tale of the Real and the Ideal by Mrs. Edwin James

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MRS. EDWIN JAMES

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BEAUTY: A TALE OF THE
REAL AND THE IDEAL**



NEW YORK, WARREN, PRUD'GERS 1863.

WANDERINGS OF A BEAUTY.

A Tale

OR

THE REAL AND THE IDEAL.

BY

MRS. EDWIN JAMES.

"O tu, cui feo la sorte
Dono infelice di bellezza, ond'hai
Funesta dote, d'infiniti guai."

FILICAJA.



New-York:

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(LATE RUDD & CARLETON.)

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York.

TO

SIR EDWARD LYTTON BULWER LYTTON, BART.,

IN TOKEN OF

PROFOUND ADMIRATION FOR HIS GENIUS,

AND

SYMPATHY WITH HIS OPINIONS,

THIS WORK

Is Inscribed,

BY

THE AUTHOR.

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PREFACE TO THE THIRD EDITION.

BEFORE presenting to the public a third edition of this small volume, a word of explanation is due, both to my friendly reviewers and courteous readers.

Divers opinions having been expressed as to whether this is or is not, an autobiography, I must premise that the second title of my work states it to be "*A tale of the real and the ideal,*" and perhaps the best description of what it actually is, is contained in a paragraph which I extract (for the entire notice is too flattering to transcribe) from the *Canada Spectator*, as follows: "The author depicts every scene with a vividness and force which strike the reader with a belief that imagination has been resorted to for the purpose of concealing the real actors. ***** There is much to indicate an extensive personal experience on the part of the writer, and, divested of its romantic character, the work will readily appear to be a history of actual life."

That is it, O most discriminating and lucid but unknown critic—*the real and the ideal*. Most of the characters, many of the incidents, are tangible and actual; the rest are but phantasms, airy beings, having their dwelling-place in dreamland. I remember Byron once wished that

"Woman-kind had but one rosy mouth,
To kiss them all at once from North to South."

Without exactly endorsing this rather too tender sentiment of the noble bard, the author, in humble imitation, has made her ideal Philip d'Arcy, an American, that in him she might embody all the kindly feeling and gratitude of her heart towards a people from whom she has, during her short sojourn in their land, met with unvarying sympathy. There is no country in the wide world, not excepting dear old England, where women receive such chivalrous devotion; no land where the weak are more surely protected against the strong, the injured against the injurer. In the noble nature, the manly intellect, the upright and high-principled character of my hero, it may be I have drawn from life, it may be I have not; this is an author's secret, which of course can never be divulged.

In conclusion, may I beg my readers and reviewers to consider these "Wanderings" rather as a vehicle for the expression of the writer's sentiments and opinions, than as a novel of the purely legitimate school. The author can with truth say that the occupation of writing it has beguiled many a weary and lonely hour; and if this little book has in any way afforded gratification to her amiable friends and numerous readers, she will feel more than amply repaid for what has in itself been but a labour of love, and so she wishes each and all of you a kind farewell.

NEW YORK, May, 1868.