

**PAST HOURS, IN  
TWO  
VOLUMES, VOL. I**

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Past Hours, in Two Volumes, Vol. I by Adelaide Sartoris (Adelaide Kemble)

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**ADELAIDE SARTORIS (ADELAIDE KEMBLE)**

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TWO  
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# PAST HOURS.

BY

ADELAIDE SARTORIS

(ADELAIDE KEMBLE).

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.



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## PREFACE.

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**T**HE chief object in publishing the unfinished history of "Judith," together with the short stories and pieces which have already appeared in print, is to enable the many friends who hold my mother's memory dear, to possess a complete volume of all her smaller writings.

To some, no doubt, to whom my mother read it, "Judith" will bring back pleasant memories of happy hours, passed in the company of one whose large sympathies and greatness of soul never failed to attract and bring out all that was best and

most noble in every one who approached her. In reading over these pages, they will picture to themselves again the glowing room, filled with warm sunshine; vague odours of flowers and sea, and the far-off songs of birds will float dimly out of the past upon their senses, and every sentence will vibrate again with those harmonies, in the clear depths of which that radiant spirit was reflected, whose charm and influence will be remembered and felt by all who knew her until life and recollection cease.

It may interest the readers of "Judith" to know that it was my mother's intention to portray in her a great and noble character led astray by the very qualities that ennobled it. Pure, but passionate, guileless, sensitive, vehemently indignant against the code of morals which govern what is called "society,"—thrown at an early age in the midst of entirely unsympathetic surroundings, with no one to turn with loving care the chafing impetuous tide of youth into safe channels,—how



*should such a nature stand against the repeated shocks and disappointments produced by a sordid and insincere world? It was intended that in course of time Judith should leave the cold protection of Brankleigh Manor, and going forth to earn her bread she should become a great artist and public singer, crowned with success, and the admired of all. More sinned against than sinning, through her own large-heartedness and mistaken generosity she falls into deep error, which brings with it sorrow, desertion, and bitterness, as its natural consequences. The story would have been a sad one enough, ending with Judith's death, lonely and unhappy, with only one or two friends left her; but we should have had the history of a noble woman, who, in spite of triumphs, sin, and sorrow, retained her truthful and unworldly nature to the last.*

*I hesitated long in bringing so incomplete a work before the public, but for the reasons before-mentioned, and being strongly advised thereto by*

*my friends, I resolved to add it to the already published stories, thinking, at the same time, that even a fragment from the authoress of "A Week in a French Country House" might not be unacceptable to many.*

*MAY E. GORDON.*

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