

**ADA MOORE'S  
STORY. A  
NOVEL, VOL. I**

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Ada Moore's story. A novel, Vol. I by Anonymous

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**ANONYMOUS**

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ADA MOORE'S STORY.

# ADA MOORE'S STORY.

A NOVEL.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:  
TINSLEY BROTHERS, 18 CATHERINE STREET,  
SECOND,  
1871.

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## ADA MOORE'S STORY.

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### CHAPTER I.

#### THE HOME OF MY CHILDHOOD.

I WAS born in Northumberland, that dear hospitable county, which Madame de Staël has so grossly maligned in the latter part of her *chef-d'œuvre* 'Corinne.'

But when did a French writer, or indeed any foreigner, understand or appreciate either England or the English?

While they persist in calling our Shakespeare "the great Williams," and look upon the being elected "Lord Mayor" as the



greatest dignity and as the highest honour to which even aristocracy can aspire; while they aver that we breathe nothing but fog—that we never see the sun—that our soil yields neither fruits to refresh, nor flowers to gladden us—and that we generally terminate our dark lives by suicide, who can look for justice to England from the pens of foreign writers? Who can oppose Reason to Passion, or refute Prejudice by Truth? If it is thus in 1866, no wonder that half a century ago Madame de Staël drew so false a picture of our grand old Border Land.

Could the brilliant author of 'Corinne' ever have visited a county so rich in noble ruins and historical remains, when she declared that there was not a monument of antiquity to be found far or near?

How came she to forget Warkworth—its Castle and its Hermitage? The former mentioned by Shakespeare, whose Henry IV.

speaks of it as even in his time "his worm-eaten Hold of Wark."

Had she never heard of Dunstanburgh, Bamborough, Morpeth, and many other noble ruins of grand picturesque beauty and great antiquity?—all convicting Madame de Staël of ignorance or injustice!

To me the large features of hospitable Northumbria are like those of a plain but kindly face; and here and there the landscape dimples into beauty, like that plain kindly face when it smiles.

I was born in a snug old red-tiled vicarage, whose front windows looked on the great German Ocean. There was no other habitation near, and of us at Moordell Vicarage it might have been remarked, as Dr. Johnson said of the Duke of Northumberland while living at Alrwick Castle, that our next-door neighbour was the King of Denmark.

We were sheltered on one side by a plantation of dark Scotch firs, the foremost of which, bent and stript by the prevailing east winds, seemed to my fancy, when I was a child, to resemble ragged pilgrims bowing at the foot of the dear old church of Moordell, which stood on a hill close by.

Again, as some of these tall dark pines stood on ground that sloped down to the sea, they seemed to me like black and plumed warriors of a giant race, who, descending the hill to encamp on the sands below, had suddenly been arrested and rooted to the spot by command of the Storm Fiend, or some other potent spirit of the Border Land.

To the north of our dear old parsonage come the sand-hills which border the coast at this part, and which are covered by a rank long grass, not unlike very fine rushes.

Behind Moordell Vicarage rose and spread