

**ADA MOORE'S STORY:  
A NOVEL; IN THREE  
VOLUMES, VOL. II**

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Ada Moore's story: a novel; In three volumes, Vol. II by Anonymous

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**ANONYMOUS**

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# ADA MOORE'S STORY.

A NOVEL.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:  
TINSLEY BROTHERS, 18 CATHERINE STREET,  
STRAND.

1867.

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## ADA MOORE'S STORY.

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### CHAPTER I.

SIR JAMES MOORE, K.C.B.

THE arrival of my uncle in London accelerated the departure of the Hodgson family. Although I had not much sympathy with their tastes, feelings, or pursuits, yet as they had always been kind to me and I had known them all my life, I wept to think that I should probably never see them again at Moordell Hall.

Mrs. Hodgson looked ill, anxious, and wretched, but she said nothing more on the

subject of her troubles to my mother. It was quite clear she had not had courage to follow my mother's good advice, and she was ashamed to own her moral cowardice. Poor old Hodgson, deceived by his wife and son, had taken Smithkin into partnership.

As soon as the Hodgsons were gone, workmen filled the Hall. Builders too were busy there. As my uncle had not requested my father to superintend their movements, or to look over the place, or in any way to interest himself in what was going on, he, hurt and even perhaps a little offended, neither visited Moordell himself nor encouraged us to do so.

We heard, however, of great works going on there,—of an addition to the house, built on to it in the Indian style, from a plan sent down by Sir James himself,—of what Bessie called “all manner o' ootlondish contrivances,”—and of vans of furniture of the costliest description, and much of it Indian.



We heard that my uncle was in town, long before he wrote to us to announce his arrival there. When he did so, my father, whose warm heart yearned towards this cold, eccentric brother, resolved to go up to London to welcome him back to his native land. He did not stay very long, and he seemed rather disappointed in his brother's reception.

In his letter to my mother he said, "Twenty-five years in India have altered James so that when first I saw him I did not recognize him at all. I fear he is out of health: the liver is affected most likely, for he is very yellow; even the whites of his eyes have a deep yellow tinge. He is reserved, cold, and very sarcastic, and seems so little disposed to be brotherly that I shall get back to my dear warm home and my affectionate darlings, as soon as I can."

My father came home to us on Tuesday; and on the following Sunday, to my great

surprise, I saw a bald old guinea-coloured little man, with keen black eyes and a very shrivelled skin, in the squire's pew. I felt certain that it *was* Sir James, and I was much disappointed, for I had always fancied that my father's brother must bear at least a family likeness to my father.

Alas! I never saw two people more entirely unlike in every respect,—form, feature, colouring, but expression above all. My father's noble face beamed with intellect and love; my uncle's had a kind of worldly shrewdness, but the prevailing expression was one of suspicion and sarcasm. I feared him from the first moment I met his cold, keen eyes; I tried not to hate him.

We had had no notice of his arrival, which must have taken place in the night. He hurried out of church and back to the Hall, so that to speak to him was impossible. He did the same at afternoon church. As my

father and mother never paid any visits on Sunday, they resolved to call upon him the next day. I accompanied them. A black footman said massa was gone to Abwick; and I own I felt it a relief not to see him.

On the third day from that of our call, he returned the visit.

“How glad you must be to find yourself in old England once more, Sir James!” said my mother.

“Why no, Ma’am,” he replied. “I infinitely prefer India. I like to see the sun, and feel it too; I have not been warm since I’ve been in this land of east winds, fogs, and taxes.”

“But the dear old Hall—you are glad to be there at last? The Hall—”

“Looks much smaller than I had pictured it to myself,” he replied. “I believe our memories always exaggerate the size and beauty of the places we loved in boyhood. And