

**THE LADIES OF BEVER  
HOLLOW, IN TWO  
VOLUMES: VOL. II**

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The Ladies of Bever Hollow, in Two Volumes: Vol. II by Anne Manning

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**ANNE MANNING**

**THE LADIES OF BEVER  
HOLLOW, IN TWO  
VOLUMES: VOL. II**



THE  
LADIES OF BEVER HOLLOW.

*A Tale of English Country Life.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARY POWELL."

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

"The bodily frame wasted from day to day;  
Meanwhile, relinquishing all other cares,  
Her mind she strictly tutored to find peace  
And pleasure in endurance. Much she thought,  
And much she read . . . and brooded feelingly  
Upon her own unworthiness."—WORDSWORTH.

*The Churchyard among the Mountains.*

LONDON :

Printed for RICHARD BENTLEY, *New Burlington Street.*

1858.

249. E. 173.

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THE LADIES  
OF  
BEVER HOLLOW.

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CHAPTER I.

*Latent Antipathies.*

Familiar matter of to-day—  
Some natural sorrow, joy, or pain  
That has been, and may be again.

WORDSWORTH.

“I MUST go—yes, I must go to mamma,”  
I thought poor Pamela, on her sleepless  
pillow, “and tell her all. No, that will never do;  
she will take me away at once, and I shall lose  
sixty pounds a year. And yet I feel as if I  
could not stay . . . and yet Mrs. Glyn was light-  
headed; and people are not answerable in that

state for what they say. No, but they are for what they habitually think; and Mrs. Glyn must, I fear, have already entertained some such thoughts as those she expressed, or they would not have shaped themselves into words. I do not know how that is—I must ask Mrs. Althea. Yes, it will be better to consult Mrs. Althea than mamma, because she will have all our difficulties at heart: mamma will, for the time, have only mine. Mrs. Althea is dispassionate and yet sympathising—she will tell me whether to go or stay.”

And the tired girl turned on her pillow, breathed a prayer, and fell asleep.

George Mildmay rode over to Mrs. Althea the next morning, brimful of things he wanted to say to her, and fervently hoping Mrs. Kitty might be in the poultry-yard, pig-stye, or anywhere but in the parlour.

Wherever Mrs. Kitty might be, Mrs. Althea

to his chagrin, was not alone. Her companion, at first sight, was not ill-looking; her age might be a little above forty; her figure was compact; her features tolerably regular, though sharp; her complexion a little heated; her eyes not large, but black, and as sharp as darning-needles. Her black silk dress and pink neck-tie were unexceptionable, her cap rather juvenile, but very neat; her foot and hand small, but rather stumpy. Such was Mrs. Brand. She was engaged in fabricating one of those works of art which go by the name of antimacassar.

"I'm glad to see you, George," cried she, starting up, and holding out her hand with a very friendly air.

"'George!' who in the world can the woman be?" thought he. "You have the advantage of me, ma'am," said he.

"Well, years have passed since we met," said she, laughing; "I believe it was