

**NELLIE'S MEMORIES. A
DOMESTIC STORY. IN
THREE VOLUMES. VOL. II**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649655892

Nellie's Memories. A Domestic Story. In Three Volumes. Vol. II by Rosa Nouchette Carey

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY

**NELLIE'S MEMORIES. A
DOMESTIC STORY. IN
THREE VOLUMES. VOL. II**

NELLIE'S MEMORIES.

VOL. II.



NELLIE'S MEMORIES.

A Domestic Story.

BY

ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.



LONDON:

TINSLEY BROTHERS, 18, CATHERINE STREET, STRAND.

1868.

[All rights of Translation and Reproduction are reserved.]

250. W. 23.

NELLIE'S MEMORIES.

CHAPTER I.

'O weary hearts! O slumbering eyes!
O drooping souls, whose destinies
Are fraught with fear and pain,
Ye shall be loved again!

No one is so accursed by fate,
No one so utterly desolate,
But some heart, though unknown,
Responds unto his own.

Responds—as if with unseen wings,
An angel touch'd its quivering strings,
And whispers in its song,

"Where hast thou stay'd so long?"—*Longfellow.*

In a very short time I had fitted into my old niche again, as though I had never moved out from it. At first it felt strange to be sitting sewing quietly in that silent house, hearing nothing but the rustling of the leaves in the court, and the sighing of the wind in the cedar tree; to look out upon unswept garden paths with their heaps of dead rotting leaves, or drearier still on the stubbly fields in front, but by-and-by I got used to it, and looked back on Hurst-hall and its splendours as the 'baseless fabric of a dream.'

At Bruce's request our old musical evenings were resumed, and Louie, once more in her element, presided at the grand piano, while Dudley suffered his cornet to see the light, and his brother brought out his beloved violin. On those occasions, Halcot had been accustomed to perform prodigies with a drum and triangle, while I, constituting the auditory, withdrew to the farthest corner of the room, so as not to be deafened, and thought it the finest orchestra in the world. These concerts gave the boys great satisfaction; now and then, it is true, Bruce's violin got the spasms, and howled and wailed as if demoniacally possessed, or Dudley's breath whistled through his cornet in unmelodious shrieks, that left him red in the face, while Halcot had a knack of chiming in at the soft pathetic parts, which drew down anathemas on his devoted head; but in spite of these little accidents, some of the finest operas were executed with triumphant success, and sometimes Seymour would coax his father across to listen to a favourite piece.

Working quietly by my shaded lamp, I would think sometimes pityingly of Herwald in his lonely hall; or musing abstractedly, would ponder of the past, the present, and the future. And here a word or two to those who peruse these simple records of a quiet home life.

It may be that some may think—I do not say they do, but the idea has struck me—that I have shadowed forth myself too faintly and in colourless tints, while I have suffered others to stand more boldly out upon the canvas. Let no one think I would not have it so, it is what I have intended from the first. If I have sketched myself more dimly than the others; if I have

withdrawn a foot or two into the shade; if I have suffered brief sentences to touch on feelings where others would have written whole pages; it is because I wish this to be no egotistical autobiography, but rather the remembrances of home characters and tender home scenes.

And there is another point where my reticence may be mistaken—let no one think I did not love Keith. From the hour when he wooed me a second time, comparing himself to Jacob and me to Rachel, in that the years he waited for her were nothing to the love he bore her; and looking on me with that brave sweet smile went cheerfully away to his exile; so in that moment, to quote a Scriptural expression, 'my heart clave to him,' and the love so long dormant, and so timidly confessed, grew day by day stronger and stronger. I loved him, there was no mistaking that; deep in the recesses of my heart I held that secret hid; no one knew the intensity of my feelings, no one was witness of those long musing fits in my little room at night, or saw how often my pillow was wet with my tears.

If any one guessed at these things, it was Dudley; I only knew this by his giving me all Keith's letters and never asking for them again. He never wrote to me, and rarely sent me messages, but I felt that every line was meant to reach my eyes, and hoarded them with the jealousy of a miser. With the new-born love, awoke a restless thirst and craving, a feverish desire for work, for companionship, for excitement; and in those days, Lucy Graham was my great resource.

It was late in the week when she arrived, and be-