

**MEMOIRS OF A LADY
IN WAITING, IN TWO
VOLUMES. VOL. I**

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Memoirs of a lady in waiting, in two volumes. Vol. I by J. D. Fenton

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J. D. FENTON

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VOLUMES. VOL. I**

MEMOIRS

OF A

LADY IN WAITING.

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Memoirs of a Lady in Waiting.

by

The Author of *Adventures of Mrs. Colonel Somerset
in Caffraria, &c.*

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.



London:

Saunders, Otley, and Co., Conduit Street.

1860.

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MEMOIRS
OF
A LADY IN WAITING.

CHAPTER I.

"There is but the fitting moment wherein to enjoy,
But in the calendar of memory that moment is all time."
TURPIN'S Proverbial Philosophy.

How strange it is to look back upon the past; the often mentioned "long ago" of our lives; to take a retrospective view of all the trials and troubles that saddened our hearts, and made life seem so heavy a burthen. Do we think those trials so heavy now, when time has shown us the heart's real strength, and made us own that trials are often, in reality, "glances of God's

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watchful eye?" Do we not wonder how we could weep over such trifling matters?

Ah! it is too true, life begins with trifles. Some one has said—"Sorrows grow with us to perfect maturity, and then having attained their climax, lose their strength as we do ours, till at last they become almost pleasant, drawing us closer to our rest."

I have found this true, and think most very old people will say so too; but I am wandering away. I was talking of *thinking*, or rather dreaming, of the past.

I dream over it a good deal, and in the quiet evening I draw my arm-chair in front of the fire, and clasping a little precious case of relics belonging to my "long ago," I sit down to enjoy my dream. I conjure up bright scenes in the merry blaze, and hear the echo of happy laughter in the

crackling coals. It is very sad, and yet very pleasant; so pleasant, indeed, that I would not forego that half hour of quiet thought for all the gay doings of the merry world.

I love the remembrance of my young days, the young days too of friends, some of whom are dead, some gone far away, and some so changed that I thank God I can remember their childhood, and thus bear with their present condition, for the past sheds its unchanging halo round all and each.

I am an old woman, a very old woman, and an old cripple, too; so, dear reader, if you would like to learn what I have seen before the former came to pass, you must bear with an old fashioned, and, perhaps, rather prosy individual; and when you tire do not tire your friends also by abusing