

**DELAMERE: A  
NOVEL, IN THREE  
VOLUMES, VOL. III**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649392933

Delamere: a novel, in three volumes, Vol. III by G. Curzon

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](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**G. CURZON**

**DELAMERE: A  
NOVEL, IN THREE  
VOLUMES, VOL. III**



# DE LAMERE.

A Nobel.

BY

G. CURZON,

AUTHOR OF "THE VIOLINIST OF THE QUARTIER LATIN."

*IN THREE VOLUMES.*

VOL. III.

LONDON:

SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, SEARLE & RIVINGTON,  
CROWN BUILDINGS, 188, FLEET STREET.

1866.

*(All rights reserved.)*

LONDON :

PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS, LIMITED,  
STAMFORD STREET AND CHARING CROSS.

823  
C948d  
v. 3

## DELAMERE.

---

### CHAPTER I.

WHILE Colonel Stamer was bidding adieu to Fleurette, and Bernard, in thorough disgust at the failure of his plan, was trying to while away his time at the Hotel de Russie, Evelyn was leading a quiet, uneventful life at Monkhurst. Though a much less pretentious home than Delamere, it was preferable to her for many reasons, and, with the exception of a few weeks spent in the Highlands with Raymond during the last Easter

recess, she had lived uninterruptedly there for the last four years. It was her own special property, left her by her father, and not only was endeared to her by memories of the past, but she could breathe the air of heaven there unburdened by the thought that she was an interloper. Her only difficulty was to invent some good excuse to Raymond for persistently absenting herself from a place of which he was justly proud, and which he naturally looked upon as his own. Being of a studious turn, he appreciated Evelyn's love for retirement, and was quite as much averse to society as she was. Before his first year at Oxford had come to a close he had distinguished himself as a classical scholar, and, if his own tastes were consulted, he would have shut himself within the walls of Monk-hurst instead of roaming through the



Trosachs with his mother. But she explained to him that she needed the change, and that she would not go without him, so he gave in at once. He had improved very much in his appearance, and was a fair average height, having grown rapidly within the last year. He had a sallow complexion, like his father; but his strongly marked eyebrows and thoughtful eyes gave character and individuality to his face, and went far to redeem any irregularity of feature.

He and Evelyn were inseparable during the fortnight. The change of air and scene, and the companionship of her son, had a cheering effect upon her, and brought a glow of health to her cheeks. In spite of the misfortunes which had attended her, she had preserved her good looks and youthful appearance to a wonderful degree, and few who looked at her and

Raymond would have believed that they were mother and son. Fleurette, as a matter of course, was the constant topic of conversation. Evelyn showed an almost morbid interest in her, and if Raymond's own admiration for his fascinating cousin were less decided, he might have been jealous of the undue share she seemed to possess of his mother's thoughts. It would not have been surprising, either, if from the spirit of contrariety he had become careless about an engagement which was so obviously pressed upon him. His love for Fleurette, however, was sincere, and his character too decided to be swayed by trifles. Evelyn had no reason to suppose that her son would refuse to gratify her on the all-important point of his marriage, yet she saw very plainly that for the present his mind was wholly

occupied with his success at college. He looked upon his marriage with Fleurette as a settled thing, but it was for the future. Meantime, she was fast approaching womanhood; while he, although nearly two years older, could only be considered a lad. Evelyn, being fully alive to this fact, and fearing that Raymond would have a host of rivals the moment Fleurette returned to England, resolved that she should spend the last year of her school life entirely on the Continent. In Belgium she was safe, as the only person she ever mentioned in her letters was an elderly maiden lady. In a letter which Evelyn received some weeks ago from Madame de Lange, she heard that Fleurette was again staying with Miss Bouverie, but she had no reason to suppose that this visit would differ in any respect from the preceding ones, which