

**ADA MOORE'S STORY.
A NOVEL. IN THREE
VOLUME. VOL. III**

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Ada Moore's story. A novel. In three volume. Vol. III by Anonymous

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A NOVEL.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

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STRAND.

1833.

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ADA MOORE'S STORY.

CHAPTER I.

MR. FENWICK'S LECTURE.

VIOLET had not been so well as usual. Like all consumptive patients, she was very imprudent: and the slightest imprudence is very dangerous at Mentone. The heat there is sun-heat; and when the sun has set, or in the shade where his rays do not penetrate, it is often bitterly cold. In spite of Colonel Ridley's extreme care,—and he watched his lovely Violet as a tender mother might have done,—she had stayed out too late one day,

when a cold wind arose, and a violent cold had greatly increased her cough and all her distressing symptoms. She was, however, so much better on this evening that her father could not bear to refuse her when she entreated him to let her join our party; but we all saw a great change in her. There was a hectic flush on her cheek and an unnatural brilliancy in her eyes, a restlessness in her manner, and the transparency of alabaster in her skin. Poor Violet! she looked very lovely, but it was a beauty that made one's heart ache.

Colonel Ridley watched his darling daughter,—the last of so many lovely, loving, and beloved girls, his youngest, his last, his only hope,—and I think his experienced eye detected something that alarmed him, for I saw his cheek grow pale, and tears moisten his eyelids. He proposed to Violet to go home at once, saying she looked tired, and

ought not to be up late after her recent illness.

Violet was unwilling to go. She said she was very happy, and felt so well; but Colonel Ridley insisted, and as she was a sweet-tempered, duteous child, she followed her father, after having embraced us all tenderly.

"I fear that sweet girl is not long for this world," said my mother, as we heard the sound of the wheels of the carriage that bore her off die away in the distance.

"Whom the gods love die young," said Harry Blake mournfully, "and many deaths do they escape by this—the death of friends, and that which kills still more, the death of friendship. And since the common lot overtakes at last those who the longest escape the old archer's dart, perhaps the early grave over which men mourn may have been meant to save."

“Once,” said Alphonse de Monleon, “I wished to die young, but now the world seems so beautiful, and life so exquisite now, to die would seem too terrible. How I pray for long life! I feel too happy to die—I cannot die now.”

As he spoke, his beautiful dark eyes, radiant with pure love, hope, and joy unutterable, met the timid, tender glance of Beatrice's shy, violet orbs. Eloquently as a glance (a maiden's glance) could speak, those eyes said, ‘No! we cannot die now; we are too happy!’

Mr. Fenwick, having re-entered the room, took a seat by my mother, and resumed the rather boring old history of the principality:—

“I was speaking of the Port of Hercules,” said Mr. Fenwick, “when we were so unfortunately interrupted. I will only add that Augustus Cæsar embarked for Genoa from this very port, on his way to Rome,