

# *Love and freindship*

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TO MADAM LA COMTESSE DE FEUILLDE THIS NOVEL  
IS INSCRIBED BY HER OBILIGED HUMBLE SERVANT  
THE AUTHOR

“Deceived in Freindship and  
Betrayed in Love”

## Transcriber's

### Note:

A few very small changes have been made to this version: Italics have been converted to capitals. The British 'pound' symbol has been converted to 'L'; but in general the author's erratic spelling, punctuation and capitalisation have been retained

## *Letter the First form Isabel to Laura*

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How often, in answer to my repeated instreaties that you would give my daughter a regular detail of the Misfortunes and Adventures of tour Life, have you said “No, my friend never will I comply with your request till I may be no longer in Danger of again experiencing such dreadful ones.”

Surely that time is now at hand. You are this day 55. If a woman may ever be said to be in safety from the determined Perseverance of disagreeable Lovers and of obstinate Fathers, surly it must be at such a time of Life. Isabel

## *Letter 2<sup>nd</sup> Laura to Isabel*

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Altho' I can't agree with You in supposing that I hall never again be exposed to Misfortunes as unmerited as those I have already experienced, yet to avoid the imputation of Obstinacy or ill-nature, I will gratify the curiosity of your daughter; and many the fortitude with which I have suffered the many afflictions of my past Life, prove to her a useful lesson for the support of those which may befall her in her own. Laura

### *Letter 3<sup>rd</sup> Laura to Marianne*

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As the daughter of my most intimate friend I think you entitled to that Knowledge of my unhappy story, which your mother has so often solicited me to give you.

My Father was a native of Ireland and an inhabitant of Wales; my mother was the natural Daughter of a Scotch Peer by an Italian Opera-girl I was born in Spain and received my Education at a Convent in France.

When I had reached my eighteenth Year I was recalled by my Parents to my paternal roof in Wales. Our mansion was situated in one of the most romantic parts of the Vale of

Uske. Tho' my Charms are now considerable softened and somewhat impaired by the Misfortunes I have undergone I was once beautiful. But lovely as I was the Graces of my Perfections. Of every accomplishment accustomary to my sex, I was Mistress. Had always exceeded my instructions, my Acquirements had been wonderful for my age, and I had shortly surpassed my Masters.

In my mind, every Virtue that cloud adorn it was centred; it was Rendez-vous of every good Quality and of every noble sentiment.

A sensibility too tremblingly alive to every affliction of my Friends, my Acquaintance and particularly to every affliction of my own, was my only fault, if a fault it could be called Alas! How altered now! Tho' indeed my own

Misfortunes do not make less impression on me than they ever did, yet now I never feel for those of another. My accomplishment too, begin to fade I can neither sing so well nor dance so gracefully as I once did, and I have entirely forgot the MINUET DELA COUR.  
Laura.

*Letter 4<sup>th</sup> Laura to Marianne*

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Our neighbourhood was small, for it consisted only of your mother. She may probably have already told you that being left by her parents in indigent Circumstances she had retired into Wales on economical motives. There it was our friendship first commenced. Isobel was then one and twenty. Tho' pleasing both in her Person and Manners(between ourselves) she never possessed the hundreds part of my Beauty or Accomplishments. Isabel had seen the World. She had passed 2 Years at one of the first Boaraing-schools in London; had spent a fortnight in Southampton.



“Beware my Laura (she would often say) Beware of the insipid Vanities and idle Dissipations of the Metropolis of England; Beware of the unmeaning Luxuries of Bath and of the stinking fish of Southampton.”

“Alas! (Exclaimed I) how am I to avoid those evils I shall never be exposed to? What probability is there of my ever testing the Dissipations of London, the Luxuries of Bath, or the stinking Fish of Southampton? I who am doomed to waste my Days of Youth and Beauty in a humble Cottage in the Vale of Uske.”

Ah! Little did I then think I was ordained so soon to quit that humble Cottage for the Deceitful Pleasures of the World. Adeiu Laura

## *Letter 5<sup>th</sup> Laura to Marianne*

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One Evening in December as my father, my mother and myself, were arranged in social converse round our Fireside, we were on a sudden greatly astonished, by hearing a violent Knocking on the outward door of our rustic Cot.

My Father started” What noise is that” (said he.) “It Sounds like a load rapping at the door” (replied my mother.) ”It does indeed,” (cried I.)” I’m of your opinion; (said my father) it certainly does appear to proceed from some uncommon violence exerted against our unoffending door.” “Yes (exclaimed I) I can’t help thinking it must be somebody who knocks for admittance.”

“That is another point (replied he;) we must not pretend to determine on what motive the person may knock tho’ that someone DOES rap at the door, I am partly convinced.”

Here a 2d tremendous rap interrupted my father in his speech, and somewhat alarmed my mother and me.

“Had we better not go and see it is? (Said she) the servants are out.” “I think we had.” (replied I.) ”Certainly, (added my father) by all means.” “Shall we go now?” (Said my mother,) “The sooner the better.” (Answered he.) “Oh! Let no time be lost” (cried I.)

A third more violent Rap than ever again assaulted our ears “I am certain there is somebody knocking at the Door.” (Said my

mother.) “I think there must,” (replied my father) “I fancy the servants are returned; (said I) I think I hear Mary going to the door.” “I’m glad of it (cried my father) so I long to know who it is.”

I was right in my conjecture; for Mary instantly entering the room, informed us that a young Gentleman and his Servant were at the door, who had lost their way, were very cold and begged leave to warm themselves by our fire.

“Won’t you admit them?” (Said I.) “You have no objection, my dear?” (Said my father.) “None in the world.” (replied my mother.)

Mary, without waiting for any further commands immediately left the room and

quickly returned introducing the most beauteous and amiable youth, I had ever beheld. The servant she kept to herself.

My natural sensibility had already been greatly affected by the suffering of the unfortunate stranger and no sooner did I first behold him, than I felt that on him the happiness or Misery of my future Life must depend. Adeiu Laura.

## *Letter 6<sup>th</sup> Laura to Marianne*

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The noble youth informed us that his name was Lindsay for particular reasons however I shall conceal it under that of Talbot. He told us that he was the son of an English Baronet, that he had a sister of the middle size. “My father (he continued) is a mean and mercenary wretch it is only to such particular friends as this Dear Party that I would thus his failings. Your Virtues my amiable Polyvore (addressing himself to my father) yours Dear Claudia and yours my Charming Laura call on me to repose in you, my confidence.” We bowed. “My Father seduced by the false glare of Fortune and the Deluding Pomp of Title, inside on my giving

my hand to Lady Dorothea. No never  
exclaimed I. Lady Dorothea is lovely and  
engaging I prefer no woman to her; but Know  
Sir, that I scorn to marry her in compliance  
with your Wishes. No! Never shall it be said  
that I obliged my father.”

We all admired the noble Manliness of his  
reply. He continued

“Sir Edward was surprised; he had  
perhaps little expected to meet with so  
spirited an opposition to his will. “Where,  
Edward in the name of wonder (said he) did  
you pick up this unmeaning gibberish? You  
have been studying Novels I suspect.” I  
scorned to answered: it would have been  
beneath my dignity. I mounted my Horses and

followed by my faithful William set forth for my aunts.”

“My Father’s house is situated in Bedfordshire, my aunts in Middlesex, and tho’ I flatter myself with being a tolerable proficient in Geography, I know not it happened, but this beautiful Vale which I find is in south Wales, when I had expected to have reached my aunts.”

“After having wandered some time on the Banks the Uske without Knowing which way to go, I began to lament my cruel Destiny in the bitterest and most pathetic Manner. It was now perfectly dark, not a single star was there to direct my steps and I know not what might have befallen me had I not at length discerned thro’ the solemn Gloom that surrounded me a distant



light, which as I approached it, I discover to be the cheerful Blaze of your fire. Impelled by the combination of Misfortunes under which I laboured, namely Fear, Cold and Hunger I hesitated not to ask admittance which at length I have gained; and now my Adorable Laura (continued he taking my Hand) when may I hope to receive that reward of all the painful sufferings I have undergone during the course of my attachment to you, to which I have ever aspired Oh! When will you reward me with yourself?”

“This instant, Dear and Amiable Edward.” (replied I.). We were immediately united by my father, who tho’ he had never taken orders had been bred to the church. Adeiu Laura.

## *Letter 7<sup>th</sup> Laura to Marianne*

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We remained but a few days after our Marriage, in the Vale of Uske. After taking an affecting Farewell of my Father, my mother and my Isabel, I accompanied Edward to his aunts in Middlesex. Philippa received us both with every expression of affectionate Love. My arrival was indeed a most agreeable surprise to her as she hadn't only been totally ignorant of my marriage with her nephew, but had never even had the slightest idea of there being such a person in the World

Augusta, the sister of Edward was on a visit to her when we arrived. I found her exactly what her brother had described her to be of the middle size. She received me with equal surprise though not with equal Cordiality, as Philippa. There was

disagreeable coldness and Forbidding Reserve in her reception of me which was equally distressing and unexpected. None of that interesting Sensibility or amiable sympathy in her manners and Address to me when we first met which should have distinguished our introduction to each other. Her language was neither warm, nor affectionate, her expressions of regard were neither animated nor cordial; her arms were not opened to receive me to her Heart, tho' my own were extends to press her to mine.

A short Conversation between Augusta and her brother which I accidentally overheard increased my dislike to her, and convinced me that her Heart was no more formed for the soft ties of Love than for the endearing intercourse of Friendship.

“But do you think that my father will ever be reconciled to this imprudent connection?” (Said Augusta.)

“Augusta (replied the noble youth) I thought you had a better opinion of me, than to imagine I would so abjectly degrade myself as to consider my father’s concurrence in any of my affairs, either of consequence or concern to me. Tell me Augusta with sincerity; did you ever Know me consult his inclinations or follow his Advice in the least trifling Particular since the age of fifteen?”

“Edward (replied she) you are surely too different in your own prise. Science you were fifteen only! My Dear Brother since you were five years old, I entirely acquit you of ever having willingly contributed to the satisfaction of your father. But still I’m not without apprehensions of

your being shortly obliged to degrade yourself in your own eyes by seeking a support for your wife in the Generosity of Sir Edward.”

“Never, never Augusta will I so demean myself. (Said Edward). Support! What support will Laura want which she can receive from him?”

“Only those very insignificant ones of Victuals and Drink.” (answered she.)

“Victuals and Drink! (replied my Husband in a most nobly contemptuous Manner and dost thou then imagine that there is no other support for an exalted mind (such as is my Laura’s) than the mean and indelicate employment of Eating and Drinking?”

“None that I knew of, do efficacious.”  
(Returned Augusta).

“And did you then never feel the pleasing Pangs of Love, Augusta? (Replied my Edward). Does it appear impossible to your vile and corrupted Plate, to exist on Love? Can you not conceive the Luxury of living in every distress that Poverty can inflict, with the object of your tenderest affection?”

“You are too ridiculous (Said Augusta) to argue with; perhaps however you may in time be convinced that...”

Here I was prevented from hearing the remainder of her speech, by the appearance of a very Handsome young woman, who was ushered into the Room at the Door of which I had been listening. On hearing her announced by the Name of “Lady Dorothea,” I instantly quitted my Post and followed her into the Parlour, for I well-

remembered that she was the Lady, proposed as a wife for my Edward by the Cruel and Unrelenting Baronet.

Although Lady Dorothea's visit was nominally to Philippa and Augusta, yet I have some reason to imagine that (acquainted with the Marriage and arrival of Edward) to see me was a principal motive to it.

I soon perceived that tho' Lovely and Elegant in her Person and tho' Easy and Polite in her Address, she was of that inferior order of Beings with regard to Delicate Feeling, tender Sentiments, and refined Sensibility, of which Augusta was one.

She staid but half an hour and neither in the Course of her Visit, confided to me any of her secret thoughts, nor requested me to confidence in her, any of mine. You will easily imagine

therefore my Dear Marianne that I could not feel  
any ardent affection or very sincere Attachment  
for Lady Dorothea. Adeiu Laura



*Letter 8<sup>th</sup> Laura to Marianne, in Continuation*

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Lady Dorothea hadn't left us long before another visitor as unexpected a one as her Ladyship, was announced. It was Sir Edward, who informed by Augusta of her brother's marriage, came doubtless to reproach him for having dared to unite himself to me without his knowledge. But Edward foreseeing his design, approached him with heroic fortitude as soon as he entered the room, and addressed him in the following Manner.

“Sir Edward, I know the motive of your journey here You come with the base Design of reproaching me for having entered into an indissoluble engagement with my Laura without your Consent. But Sir, I glory in the Act. It is my

greatest boast that I have incurred the displeasure of my father!”

So, saying he took my hand and whilst Sir Edward, Philippa, and Augusta were doubtless reflecting with admiration on his undaunted Bravery, led me from the parlour to his father’s carriage which yet remained at the Door and in which we were instantly conveyed from the pursuit of Sir Edward.

The Postilions had at first received orders only to take the London Road; as soon as we had sufficiently reflected However, we ordered them to Drive to M. the seat of Edward’s most particular friend, which was but a few miles distant.

At M. we arrived in a few hours; and on sending in our names were immediately admitted

to Sophia, the wife of Edward's friend. After having been deprived during the course of 3 weeks of a real friend (for such I term your Mother) imagine my transports at beholding one, most truly worthy of the Name. Sophia was rather above the middle size; most languor spread over her lovely features, but increased their Beauty. It was the Characteristics of her Mind. She was all sensibility and feeling. We flew into each others arms and after having exchanged vows of mutual Friendship for the rest of our Lives, instantly unfolded to each other the most inward secrets of our Hearts. We were interrupted in the delightful Employment by the entrance of Augustus, (Edward's friend) who was just returned from a solitary ramble.

Never did I see such an affecting Scene as was the meeting of Edward and Augustus.

“My Life! My Soul!” (exclaimed the former)  
“My adorable angel! (replied the later) as they flew  
into each other feelings of Sophia and myself We  
fainted alternately on a sofa.” Adeiu Laura.

*Letter 9<sup>th</sup> from the same to the same*

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Towards the close of the day, we received the following Letter from Philippa.

“Sir Edward is greatly incensed by your abrupt departure; he has taken back Augusta to Bedfordshire. Much as I wish to enjoy again your charming society, I can’t determine to snatch you from that, of such dear and deserving Friends When your Visit to them is terminated, I trust you will return to the arms of your” “Philippa.”

We returned a suitable answer to this affectionate Note and after thanking her for her kind invitation assured her that we would certainly avail ourselves of it, whenever we might have no other place to go to. Tho’

certainly nothing could to any reasonable Being, have appeared more satisfactory, than so grateful a reply to her invitation, yet I know not bow it was, but she was certainly capricious enough to be displeased with our behaviour and in a revenge own our Conduct, or married a young and illiterate Fortune-hunter. This imprudent step (tho' we were sensible that it would probably deprive us of that fortune which Philippa had ever taught us to expect) could not on our own accounts, excite from our exalted minds a single sigh; yet fretful least it might prove a source of endless misery to the deluded Bride, our trembling Sensibility was greatly affected when we were first information of the Event. The affectionate Entreaties of Augustus and Sophia that we would for ever

consider their House as our Home, easily prevailed on us to determine never more to leave them, In the society of my Edward and this Amiable pair, I passed the happiest moments of my Life; Our time was most delightfully spent, in mutual Protestations of friendship, and in vows of unalterable Love, in which we were secure from being interrupted, by intruding and disagreeable Visitors, as Augustus and Sophia had on their first Entrance in the Neighbourhood, taken due care to inform the surrounding families, that as their happiness centred wholly in themselves, they wished for no other society. But alas! Then enjoyed was too perfect to be lasting. A most severe and unexpected Blow at once destroyed every sensation of Pleasure. Convinced as you must

be from what I have already told you concerning Augustus and Sophia, that there never were a happier Couple, I need not I imagine, inform you that their union had been contrary to the inclinations of their Cruel and Mercenary Parents; who had vainly endeavoured with obstinate Perseverance to force them into a Marriage with those whom they had ever abhorred; but with a Heroic Fortitude, they had both, constantly refused to submit to such despotic Power.

After having so nobly disentgled themselves from the shackles of Parental Authority, by s Clandestine Marriage, they were determind never to forfeit the good opinion they had gained in the World, in so doing, by accepting any proposals of reconciliation that



might have offered them by their Fathers to this father trial of their noble independence however they never were exposed.

They had been married but a few months when our visit to them commenced during which time they had been amply supported by a considerable sum of money which Augustus had gracefully purloined from his unworthy father's Escritoire, a few days before his union with Sophia

By our arrival their Expenses were considerably encreased tho' their means for supplying them were then nearly exhausted. But they, Exalted. Creatures! Scorned to reflect a moment on their pecuniary Distresses and would have blushed at the idea of paying their Debts Alas! What was their Reward for such

disinterested Behaviour! The beautiful Augustus was arrested, and we were all undone. Such perfidious Treachery in the merciless perpetrators of the Deed will shock your gentle nature Dearest Marianne as much as it then affected the Delicate sensibility of Edward, Sophia, your Laura, and Augustus himself. To compleat such unparalleled Barbarity we were informed that an Execution in the House would shortly take place. Ah! What could we do but what we did! We sighed and fainted on the sofa. Adeiu Laura.

## *Letter 10<sup>th</sup> in Continuation*

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When we were somewhat recovered from the overpowering Effusions of our grief, Edward desired that we would consider what was the most prudent step to be taken in our unhappy situation while he repaired to his imprisoned friend to lament over his misfortunes. We promised that we would, and he set forwards on his journey to Town. During his absence we faithfully complied with his Desire and after the most mature Deliberation, at length agreed that the best thing we could do was to leave the House; of which we every moment expected the officers of justice to take possession. We waited therefore with the greatest impatience, for the

return of Edward in order to import to him the result of our Deliberations. But no Edward appeared. In vain did we count the tedious moments of his absence in vain did we weep in vain even did we sigh no Edward returned. This was too cruel, too unexpected a Blow to our Gentle Sensibility we could not support it we could only faint. At length collecting all the Resolution I was Mistress of, I arose and after pacing up some necessary apparel for Sophia and myself, I dragged her to a carriage I had ordered, and we instantly set out for London. As the Habitation of Augustus was within twelve miles of Town, it wasn't longer we arrived there, and no sooner had we entered Holboun than letting down

one of the Front Glasses I enquired of every decent-looking Person that we passed “If they had seen my Edward?”

But as we drove too rapidly to allow them to answer my repeated Enquiries, I gained little, or indeed, no information concerning him. “Where am I to drive?” Said the Postilion.” To Newgate Gentle Youth (replied I), to see Augustus. “Oh! no, no” (exclaimed Sophia) I can’t go to Newgate; I shall not be able to support the sight of my Augustus in so cruel a confinement my feelings are sufficiently shocked by the RECITAL, of his Distress, but to behold it will overpower my Sensibility. As I perfectly agreed with her in the justice of her

Sentiments the Postilion was instantly directed to return into the Country. You may perhaps have been somewhat surprised my Dearest Marianne, that in the Distress I then endured, destitute of any support, and unprovided with any Habitation, I should never once have remembered my father and mother or my paternal Cottage in the Vale of Uske. To account for this seeming forgetfulness, I must inform you of a trifling circumstance concerning them which I have yet never mentioned. The death of my parents a few weeks after my Departure, is the circumstance I became the lawful inheritress of their House and Fortune. But alas! The House had never been their own and their Fortune had only

been an Annuity on their own Lives. Such is the Depravity of the World! To your Mother I should have returned with Pleaser, should have been happy to have introduced to her, my charming Sophia and should with Cheerfulness have passed the remainder of my Life inn their dear Society in the Vale of Uske, had not one agreeable a scheme, intervened, which was the Marriage and Removal of your mother to a distant part of Ireland. Adeiu  
Laura.

## *Letter 11<sup>th</sup> Laura in Continuation*

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“I have a Relation in Scotland (said Sophia to me as we left London) who I am certain wouldn’t hesitate in receiving me.” “

Shall I order the Boy to drive there?” said I but instantly recollecting myself, exclaimed, “Alas, I fear it will be too long a Journey for the Horses.” Unwilling however to act only from my own inadequate Knowledge of the Strength and Abilities of Horses, I consulted the Postilion, who was entirely of my opinion concerning the Affair. We therefore determined to change Horses at the next Town and to travel Post the remainder of the journey. When we arrived at the last Inn we were to stop at, which was but a few miles from the house of Sophia’s



Relation, unwilling to intrude our Society on him unexpected and unthought of, we wrote a very elegant and well penned Note to him containing an account of our Destitute and melancholy Situation, and of our intention to spend some months with him in Scotland. As soon as we had dispatched this Letter, we immediately prepared to follow it in person and were stepping into the Carriage for that purpose when our attention was attracted by the Entrance of a coroneted Coach and 4 into the Inn-yard. A Gentleman considerably from it. At his first Appearance my Sensibility was wonderfully affected and e'er I had gazed at him a 2d time, an instinctive sympathy whispered to my Heart, tat he was my grandfather. Convinced that I couldn't be mistaken in my conjecture I

instantly sprang from the Carriage I had just entered and following the venerable Stranger into the room he had been shewn to, I threw myself on my knees before him and besought him to acknowledge me as his Grand Child. He started and having attentively examined my features, raised me from the Ground and throwing his Grand-fatherly arms around my Neck, exclaimed, “Acknowledge thee!” Yes, dear resemblance of my Laurina and Laurina’s daughter, sweet image of my Claudia and my Claudia’s Mother, I do acknowledge thee as the daughter of the one and the grandfather of the other. While he was thus tenderly embracing me, Sophia astonished at my precipitate Departure, entered the Room in search of me. No sooner had she caught the eye of the

venerable peer, than he exclaimed with every mark of Astonishment “Another Granddaughter! Yes, yes, I see you are the daughter of my Laurina’s eldest girl; your resemblance to the beauteous Matilda sufficiently proclaims it” Oh! Replied Sophia, “when I first beheld you the instinct of Nature whispered me that we were in some degree related but whether Grandfathers, I couldn’t pretend to determine.” He folded her in his arms, and whilst they were tenderly embracing, the door of the Apartment opened, and a most beautiful young man appeared. On perceiving him lord St. Clair started and retreating back a few paces, with uplifted Hands, said, “Another Grandchild! What an unexpected Happiness is this! To discover in the space of 3 minutes, as

many of my Descendants! This I am certain is Philander the son of my Laurina's 3d girl the amiable Bertha; there wants now but the presence of Gustavus compleat the Union of my Laurina's Grand-Children."

"And here he is (said a graceful youth who that instant entered the room) here is the Gustavus you desire to see. I am the son of Agatha your Laurina's 4<sup>th</sup> and youngest Daughter," "I see you are indeed, replied Lord St. Clair but tell me (continued he is looking fearfully towards the door) tell me, have I any other Grand-Children in the House." "None my Lord." "Then I will provide for you all without farther delay Here are 4 Banknotes of 50L each Take them and remember I have done the Duty of a grandfather."

He instantly left the Room and immediately afterwards the House.

Adeiu, Laura.

## *Letter 12<sup>th</sup> Laura in Continuation*

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You may imagine how greatly we were surprised by the sudden departure of Lord St Clair. “Ignoble Grand-sire! Exclaimed Sophia.” Unworthy Grandfather! Said I, and instantly fainted in each other’s arms. How long we remained in this situation I know not; but when we recovered, we found ourselves alone, without either Gustavus, Philander, or the Banknotes. As we were deploring our unhappy fate, the Door of the Apartment opened, and “Macdonald” was announced. He was Sophia’s cousin. The haste with which he came to our relief so soon after the receipt of our Note, spoke so greatly in his favour that I hesitated not to pronounce him at first

sight, a tender and sympathetic Friend. Alas! he little deserved the name for though he told us that he was much concerned at our Misfortunes, yet by his own account it appeared that the perusal of them, had neither sight, nor induced him to bestow one curse in our vindicative stars. He told Sophia that his daughter depended on her returning with him to Macdonald-Hall, and that as his cousin's friend he should be happy to see me there also. To Macdonald-Hall, therefore we went and were received with great kindness by Janetta the daughter of Macdonald, and the Mistress of the mansion. Janetta was then only fifteen; naturally well disposed, endowed with a susceptible Heart, and a sympathetic

Disposition, she might, had these amiable qualities been properly encouraged, have Nature; but unfortunately, her Father possessed not a soul sufficiently exalted to admire so promising a Disposition, and had endeavoured by every means on his power to prevent it increasing with her years. He had actually so far extinguished the natural noble Sensibility of her Heart, as to prevail on her to accept an offer Recommendation. They were to be married in a few months, and Graham, was in the House when we arrived. We soon saw through his character. He was just such a Man as one might have expected to be the choice of Macdonald. They said he was Sensible, well-informed, and Agreeable; we



didn't pretend to Judge of such trifles, but as we were convinced, he had no soul, that he had never read the sorrows of Werter, and that his Hair bore not the least resemblance to auburn, we were certain that Janetta could feel no affection for him, or at least that she ought to feel none. The very circumstance of his being her father's choice too, was so much in his disfavour, that had he been deserving her, in every other respect yet THAT of itself ought to have been a sufficient reason in the Eyes of Janetta for rejecting him. These considerations we were determined to represent to her in their proper light and doubted not of meeting with the desired success from one naturally so well disposed,

whose errors in the affair had only arisen from a want of proper confidence in her own opinion, and a suitable contempt of her father's. We found her indeed all that our warmest wishes could have hoped for; we had no difficulty to convince her that it was impossible she could love Graham, or that it was her Duty to disobey her father; the only thing at which she rather seemed to hesitate was our assertion that she must be attached to some other Person. For some time, she persevered in declaring that she knew no other young man for whom she had the smallest Affection; but upon explaining the impossibility of such a thing she said that she believed she DID LIKE Captain M'Kenrie

better than any one she knew besides. This confession satisfied us and after having enumerated the good Qualities of M'Kenrie and assured her that she was viodesired to know whether he had ever in any wise declared his affection to her.

“So far from having ever decaled it, I have no reason to imagine that he has ever felt any for me.” Said Janetta.” That he certainly adores you (replied Sophia) there can be no doubt. The Attachment must be reciprocal. Did he never gaze on you with admiration tenderly press your hand drop an involuntary tear and leave the room abruptly? Never (replied she) that I remember he was always left the room indeed when his visit has been

ended but has never gone away particularly abruptly or without making a bow.” Indeed, my Love (said I) you must be mistaken for it is absolutely impossible that he should ever have left you but with Confusion, Despair, and Precipitation. Consider but for a moment Janetta, and you must convince how absurd it is to suppose that he could ever make a Bow or behave like any other person. Having settled this point to our satisfaction, the next we took into consideration was, to determine in what manner we should inform M’Kenrie of the favourable Opinion Janetta entertained of him.... We at length agreed to acquaint him with it by an anonymous Letter which Sophia drew up in the following manner.

“Oh! Happy Lover of the beautiful  
Janetta, oh! Amiable Possessor of HER Heart  
whose hand is destined to another, why do  
you thus delay a confession able Object of it?  
Oh! Consider that a few weeks will at once  
put an end to every flattering Hope that you  
may now entertain, by uniting the unfortunate  
Victim of her father’s Cruelty to the execrable  
and detested Graham.”

“Alas! why do you thus so cruelly  
connive at the projected Misery of her and of  
yourself by delaying communicating that  
scheme which had doubtless long possessed  
your imagination? A secret Union will at once  
secure the felicity of both.”

The amiable M'Kenrie, whose modesty as he afterwards assured us had been the only reason of this having so long concealed the violence of his affection for Janetta, on receiving this Billet flew on the wings of Love to Macdonald-Hall, and so powerfully pleaded his Attachment to her who inspired it, that after a few more private interviews, Sophia and I experienced the satisfaction of seeing them depart for Gretna-Green, which they chode for the celebration of their Nuptials, in preference to any other place although it was at a considerable distance from Macdonald-Hall. Adeiu Laura.

## *Letter 12<sup>th</sup> Laura in Continuation*

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They had been gone nearly a couple of Hours, before either Macdonald or Graham had entertained any suspicion of the affair. And they might not even then have suspected it, but for the following little Accident. Sophia happening one day to open a private drawer in Macdonald's Library with one of her own keys, discovered that it was the Place where he kept his Papers of consequence and amongst them some bank notes of considerable amount. This discovery she imparted to me; and having agreed together that it would be a proper treatment of so vile a Wretch as Macdonald to deprive him of money, preps the dishonestly gained, it was determined that next time we should either of us happen to go that way, we would take one or more of the Bank notes

from the drawer. This well-meant Plan we had often successfully put in Execution; but alas! on the very day of Janetta's Escape, as Sophia was majestically removing the 5<sup>th</sup> Banknote from the Drawer to her own purse, she was suddenly most impertinently interrupted in her employment by the entrance of Macdonald himself, in a most abrupt and precipitate Manner. Sophia (who though naturally all winning sweetness could when occasions demanded it call forth the Dignity of her sex) instantly put on a most forbidding look, and darting an angry frown on the undaunted culprit, demanded in a haughty tone of voice "Wherefore her retirement was thus insolently broken in on?" The unblushing Macdonald, without even endeavouring to exculpate himself from the crime he was charged with, meanly endeavoured to reproach Sophia with ignobly



defrauding him of his money.... The dignity of Sophia was wounded; “Wretch (exclaimed she, hastily replacing the Bank-note in the Drawer) how darest thou to accuse me of an Act, of which the bare idea makes me blush?” The base wretched was still unconvinced and continued to upbraid the justly offended Sophia in such opprobrious Language, that at length he so greatly provoked the gentle sweetness of her Nature, as to induce her to revenge herself on him by informing him of Janetta’s Elopement, and of the active Part we had both taken in the affair. At this period of their Quarrel, I entered the library and was as you may imagine equally offended as Sophia at the ill-grounded accusations of the malevolent and contemptible Macdonald. “Base Miscreant! (Cried I) how canst thou thus undauntedly endeavour to sully the spotless

reputation of such bright Excellence? Why dost thou do not suspect MY innocence as soon?” “Be satisfied Madam (replied he) I DO suspect it, and therefore must desire that you will both leave this House in less than half an hour.”

“We shall go willingly; (answered Sophia) our hearts have long detested thee and noting but our friendship for thy daughter could have induced us to remain so long beneath thy roof.”

“Your friendship for my daughter has indeed been most powerfully exerted by throwing her into the arms of an unprincipled Fortune-hunter.” (Replied he)

“Yes, (exclaimed I) amidst every misfortune, it will afford us some consolation to reflect that by this one act of Friendship to

Jannetta, we have amply discharged every obligation that we have received from her father.”

“It must indeed be a most grateful reflection, to your exalted minds.” (Said he.)

As soon as we had packed up our wardrobe and valuables, we left Macdonald Hall, and after having walked about a mile and a half we sate down by the side of a clear limpid stream to refresh our exhausted limbs. The place was suited to meditation. A grove of full-grown Elms sheltered us from the East. A Bed of full-grown Nettles from the West. Before us ran the murmuring brook and behind us ran the turn-pike road. We were in a mood for contemplation and in a Disposition to enjoy so beautiful a spot. A mutual silence which had for some time reigned broke by my exclaiming “What a lovely scene!

Alas why are not Edward and Augustus here to enjoy its Beauties with us?”

“Ah! My beloved Laura (Cried Sophia) for pity’s sake forbear recalling to my remembrance the unhappy situation of my imprisoned Husband. Alas, what would I not give to learn the fate of my Augustus! To know if he is still in Newgate. Or if he is yet hung. But never shall I be able to so far to conquer my tender sensibility as to enquire after him. Oh! Don’t I beseech you ever let me again hear you repeat his beloved name. It affects me too deeply. I can’t bear to hear him mentioned it wounds my feelings.”

“Excuse me my Sophia for having thus unwillingly offended you” (Replied I) and then changing the conversation, desisted her to admire the noble Grandeur of the Elms which sheltered

us from the Eastern Zephyr. “Alas! my Laura (returned she) avoid so melancholy a subject, I intreat you. Don’t again wound my Sensibility by observations on those elms. They remind me of Augustus. He was like them, tall, majestic he possessed that noble grandeur which you admire in them.”

I was silent, fearful lest I might any more unwillingly distress her by fixing on any other subject of conversation which might again remind her of Augustus.

“Why do you not speak my Laura? (Said she after a short pause) I can’t support this silence you must not leave me to my own reflections; they ever recur to Augustus.”

“What a beautiful sky! (Said I) How charmingly is the azure varied by those delicate streaks of white!”

“Oh! My Laura (replied she hastily withdrawing her Eyes from a momentary glance at the sky) don’t thus distress me by calling me Attention to an object which so cruelly reminds me of my Augustus’s blue satin waistcoat striped in white! In pity to unhappy friend avoid a subject so distressing.” What could I do? The feelings of Sophia were at that time so exquisite, and the tenderness she felt for Augustus so poignant that I hadn’t power to start any other topic, justly fearing that it might in some unforeseen manner again awaken all her sensibility by directing her thoughts to her Husband. Yet to be silent would be cruel; she had intreated me to talk.

From this Dilemma I was most fortunately relieved by an accident truly apropos; it was the lucky overturning of a Gentleman's Phaeton, on the road which ran murmuring behind us. It was a most fortunate accident as it diverted the attention of Sophia from the melancholy reflections which she had been before indulging. We instantly quitted our seats and ran to the rescue of those who but a few moments before had been in so elevated a situation as a fashionably high Phaeton, but who were now laid low and sprawling in the Dust. "What an ample subject for reflection on the uncertain Enjoyments of this world, wouldn't that Phaeton and the Life of Cardinal Wolsey afford a thinking Mind!" Said I to Sophia as we were hastening to the field of Action.

She hadn't time to answer me, for every thought was now engaged by the horrid spectacle before us. Two Gentlemen most elegantly attired but weltering in their blood was what first struck our Eyes we approached they were Edward and Augustus. Yes, dearest Marianne they were our Husbands. Sophia shrieked and fainted on the ground I screamed and instantly ran mad. We remained thus mutually deprived of our senses, some minutes, and on regaining them were deprived of them again. For an did we continue in this unfortunate situation Sophia fainting every moment and I running mad as often. At length a groan from the hapless Edward (who alone retained any share of life) restored us to ourselves. Had we indeed before imagined Hours and a quarter that either of them lived, we should have been more sparing of our Grief but as we had



supposed when we first beheld them that they were no more, we knew that nothing could remain to be done but what we were about. No sooner did we therefore hear my Edward's groan than postponing our lamentations for the present, we hastily ran to the Dear youth and kneeling on each side of him implored him not to die. "Laura (Said He is fixing his now languid Eyes on me) I fear I have been overturned."

I was overjoyed to find him yet sensible.

"Oh! Tell me Edward (Said I) tell me I beseech you before you die, what has befallen you since that unhappy Day in which Augustus was arrested."

"I will (Said he) and instantly fetching a deep sigh, Expired. Sophia immediately sank again into a swoon. My grief was more audible. My

Voice faltered, My Eyes assumed a vacant star, my face become as pale as Death, and my senses were considerably impaired.”

“Talk not to me of Phaetons (Said I, raving in a frantic, incoherent manner) Give me a violin. I’ll play to him and sooth him in his melancholy Hours Beware ye gentle Nymphs of Cupid’s Thunderbolts, a void the piercing shafts of Jupiter Look at the grove of Firs I see a leg of Mutton They told me Edward wasn’t Dead; but they deceived me they took him for a cucumber” Thus I continued wildly exclaiming on my Edward’s Death. For two Hours did I rave thus madly and shouldn’t then have left off, as I was not in the least fatigued, hadn’t Sophia who was just recovered from her swoon, intreated me to consider that Night was now approaching and that the Damps began to fall. “And wither shall we go

(Said I) to shelter us from either?” “To that white Cottage.” (Replied she pointing to a neat Building which rose up amidst the grove of Elms and which I hadn’t before observed) I agreed and we instantly walked to it we knocked at the door it was opened by an old woman; on being requested to afford us a Night’s Lodging, She informed us that her house was but small, that she had only two Bedrooms, but hat However we should be welcome to one of them. We were satisfied and followed the good woman into the House where we were greatly cheered by the sight of a comfortable fire. She was a window and had only one Daughter, who was then just seventeen One of the best of ages; but alas! she was very plain, and her name was Bridget.... Nothing therefore could be expected from her she could not be supposed to possess either exalted Ideas,

Delicate Feelings or refined Sensibilities. She was nothing more than a mere good-tempered, civil, and obliging young woman; as such we could scarcely dislike here, she was only an Object of Contempt.

Adeiu Laura.

## *Letter the 14<sup>th</sup> Laura in Continuation*

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Arm your self my amiable young Friend with all the philosophy you are Mistress of; summon up all the fortitude you possess, for alas! in the perusal of the following Pages your sensibility will be most severely tried. Ah!

What were the misfortunes I had before experienced and which I have already related to you, to the one I am now going to inform you of. The death of my father and my mother and my Husband though almost more than my gentle Nature could support, were trifles in comparison to the misfortune I'm now proceeding to relate. The morning after our arrival at the Cottage, Sophia complained of a violent pain in her delicate limbs,

accompanied with a disagreeable Head-ake  
She attributed it to a cold caught by her  
continued faintings in the open air as the Dew  
was falling the Evening before. This I feared  
was but too probably the case; since how it  
could be otherwise accounted for that I  
should have escaped the same indisposition,  
but by supposing that the bodily Exertions I  
had under in my Blood as to make me proof  
against the chilling Damps of Night, whereas  
Sophia lying totally inactive on the ground  
must have been exposed to all their severity. I  
was most seriously alarmed by her illness  
which trifling as it may appear to you, a  
certain instinctive sensibility whispered me,  
would in the End be fatal to her.

Alas! my fears were but too fully justified; she grew gradually worse, and I daily become more alarmed for her. At length she was obliged to confine herself solely to the Bed allotted us by our worthy Landlady. Her disorder turned to a galloping Consumption and in a few days carried her off. Amidst all my Lamentations for her (and violent you may suppose they were) I yet received some consolation in the reflection of my having paid every attention to her, that could be offered, in her illness. I had wept over her every Day had bathed her sweet face with my tears and had pressed her fair Hands continually in mine. “My beloved Laura (said she to me a few Hours before she died) take

warning from my unhappy End and avoid the imprudent conduct which had occasioned it... Beware of fainting-fits.... Though at the time they may be agreeable yet believe me they will in the end, if too often repeated and at improper seasons, prove destructive to your Constitution... My fate will teach you this... I die a Martyr to my grief for the loss of Augustus... One fatal swoon has cost me Life... Beware of swoon Dear Laura... A frenzy fit is not one quarter so pernicious; it is an exercise to the Body and if not too violent, is I dare say conducive to Health in its consequences. Run mad as often as you chuse; but don't faint"



These were the last words she ever addressed to me... It was her dieing Advice to her afflicted Laura, who has ever most faithfully adhered to it.

After having attended my lamented friend to her Early Grave, I immediately (tho' late at night) left the detested Village in which she died, and near which had expired my Husband and Augustus. I hadn't walked many yards from it before I was overtaken by a stage-coach, in it to Edenborough, where I hoped to find some kind some pitying Friend who would receive and comfort me in my afflictions.

It was so dark when I entered the Coach that I couldn't distinguish the Number

of my Fellow-travellers; I could only perceive that they were many. Regardless however of anything concerning them, I gave myself up to my own sad Reflections. A general silence prevailed A silence, which was by nothing interrupted but by the loud and repeated snores of one of the Party.

“What an illiterate villain must that man be! (Thought I to myself) What a total want of delicate refinement must have, who can thus shock our senses by such a brutal noise! He must I’m certain be capable of every bad action! There is no crime too black for such a Character!” Thus reasoned I within myself, and doubtless such were the reflections of my fellow travellers.

At length, returning Day enabled me to behold the unprincipled Scoundrel who had so violently disturbed my feelings. It was Sir Edward the