Project Gutenberg's Love And Freindship And Other Early Works, by Jane Austen

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(Love And Friendship) A collection of juvenile writings

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LOVE AND FREINDSHIP AND OTHER EARLY WORKS

(Love And Friendship And Other Early Works)

A Collection of Juvenile Writings

By Jane Austen

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 capitalisations have been retained.

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Lesley Castle

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Collection of Letters

Scraps

LOVE AND FREINDSHIP

TO MADAME LA COMTESSE DE FEUILLIDE THIS NOVEL

IS INSCRIBED BY HER

OBLIGED HUMBLE SERVANT

THE AUTHOR.

"Deceived in Freindship and Betrayed in Love."

LETTER the FIRST From ISABEL to LAURA

How often, in answer to my repeated intreaties that you would give my

Daughter a regular detail of the Misfortunes and Adventures of your

Life, have you said "No, my freind 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 the cruel Persecutions of obstinate Fathers,

surely it must be at such a time of Life. Isabel

LETTER 2nd LAURA to ISABEL

Altho' I cannot agree with you in supposing that I shall 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 may 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 3rd LAURA to MARIANNE

As the Daughter of my most intimate freind 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 considerably

softened and somewhat impaired by the Misfortunes I have undergone, I

was once beautiful. But lovely as I was the Graces of my Person were the

least of my Perfections. Of every accomplishment accustomary to my sex,

I was Mistress. When in the Convent, my progress had always exceeded my

instructions, my Acquirements had been wonderfull for my age, and I had

shortly surpassed my Masters.

In my Mind, every Virtue that could adorn it was centered; it was the

Rendez-vous of every good Quality and of every noble sentiment.

A sensibility too tremblingly alive to every affliction of my Freinds,

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 an other. My accomplishments

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. Adeiu.

Laura.

LETTER 4th Laura to MARIANNE

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 eoconomical

motives. There it was our freindship first commenced. Isobel was then

one and twenty. Tho' pleasing both in her Person and Manners (between

ourselves) she never possessed the hundredth part of my Beauty or

Accomplishments. Isabel had seen the World. She had passed 2 Years at

one of the first Boarding-schools in London; had spent a fortnight in

Bath and had supped one night 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 tasting 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 an

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 Deceitfull Pleasures of the World. Adeiu Laura.

LETTER 5th LAURA to MARIANNE

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

loud rapping at the door"--(replied my Mother.) "it does indeed." (cried

I.) "I am 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 cannot 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 who 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) for 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 lossed 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

sufferings 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 6th LAURA to MARIANNE

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 his Mother had been for many

years no more and 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 freinds as this Dear Party that I would thus betray his

failings. Your Virtues my amiable Polydore (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, insisted 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 answer: it would have

been beneath my dignity. I mounted my Horse and followed by my faithful

William set forth for my Aunts."

"My Father's house is situated in Bedfordshire, my Aunt's in Middlesex,

and tho' I flatter myself with being a tolerable proficient in

Geography, I know not how it happened, but I found myself entering this

beautifull 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 of 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 discovered

to be the chearfull 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 painfull 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 7th LAURA to MARIANNE

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 Aunt's in Middlesex. Philippa

received us both with every expression of affectionate Love. My arrival

was indeed a most agreable surprise to her as she had not 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 a disagreable coldness and Forbidding

Reserve in her reception of me which was equally distressing and

Unexpected. None of that interesting Sensibility or amiable simpathy

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 extended to press her to mine.

A short Conversation between Augusta and her Brother, which I

accidentally overheard encreased 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 Freindship.

"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 diffident in your own praise.

Since 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 am 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 know of, so 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 Palate, 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 ushured 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.

Altho' 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 confide

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 8th LAURA to MARIANNE, in continuation

Lady Dorothea had not 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 freind, 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 freind. After

having been deprived during the course of 3 weeks of a real freind (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

elegantly formed. A soft languor spread over her lovely features, but

increased their Beauty--. It was the Charectarestic of her Mind--. She

was all sensibility and Feeling. We flew into each others arms and after

having exchanged vows of mutual Freindship for the rest of our Lives,

instantly unfolded to each other the most inward secrets of our

Hearts--. We were interrupted in the delightfull Employment by the

entrance of Augustus, (Edward's freind) 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 latter) as they flew into each other's arms. It was too pathetic

for the feelings of Sophia and myself--We fainted alternately on a sofa.

Adeiu Laura.

LETTER the 9th From the same to the same

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 cannot determine to snatch you from that, of such

dear and deserving Freinds--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 gratefull a reply to her invitation, yet I know

not how it was, but she was certainly capricious enough to be displeased

with our behaviour and in a few weeks after, either to revenge our

Conduct, or releive her own solitude, 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 fearfull lest it might prove a source of endless misery

to the deluded Bride, our trembling Sensibility was greatly affected

when we were first informed 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 Freindship, and in vows of unalterable Love, in which

we were secure from being interrupted, by intruding and disagreable

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 centered wholly in themselves, they wished for no

other society. But alas! my Dear Marianne such Happiness as I 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 Mercenery 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 worthy to be related and admired,

they had both, constantly refused to submit to such despotic Power.

After having so nobly disentangled themselves from the shackles of

Parental Authority, by a Clandestine Marriage, they were determined

never to forfeit the good opinion they had gained in the World, in

so doing, by accepting any proposals of reconciliation that might be

offered them by their Fathers--to this farther tryal of their noble

independance 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 beautifull 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 of Augustus himself. To compleat such

unparalelled 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 10th LAURA in continuation

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 freind 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 impart 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 packing 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 was not long e'er 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 cannot

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 forgetfullness I must inform you of a trifling

circumstance concerning them which I have as yet never mentioned. The

death of my Parents a few weeks after my Departure, is the circumstance

I allude to. By their decease I became the lawfull 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

Pleasure, should have been happy to have introduced to her, my charming

Sophia and should with Chearfullness have passed the remainder of my

Life in their dear Society in the Vale of Uske, had not one obstacle

to the execution of so agreable a scheme, intervened; which was the

Marriage and Removal of your Mother to a distant part of Ireland. Adeiu

Laura.

LETTER 11th LAURA in continuation

"I have a Relation in Scotland (said Sophia to me as we left London) who

I am certain would not 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

advanced in years descended 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, that he was my

Grandfather. Convinced that I could not 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 Grandaughter 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 Grandaughter! 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, or Grandmothers, I could

not pretend to determine." He folded her in his arms, and whilst they

were tenderly embracing, the Door of the Apartment opened and a most

beautifull young Man appeared. On perceiving him Lord St. Clair started

and retreating back a few paces, with uplifted Hands, said, "Another

Grand-child! 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 to compleat the Union of my

Laurina's Grand-Children."

"And here he is; (said a Gracefull Youth who that instant entered the

room) here is the Gustavus you desire to see. I am the son of Agatha

your Laurina's 4th and youngest Daughter," "I see you are indeed;

replied Lord St. Clair--But tell me (continued he 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 the 12th LAURA in continuation

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 releif 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 simpathetic Freind. 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 drawn from him a single sigh, nor

induced him to bestow one curse on our vindictive stars--. He told

Sophia that his Daughter depended on her returning with him to

Macdonald-Hall, and that as his Cousin's freind 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 simpathetic

Disposition, she might, had these amiable qualities been properly

encouraged, have been an ornament to human 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 encreasing 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 from a young Man of his 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 Agreable; we did not 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 the smallest Affection; but upon

explaining the impossibility of such a thing she said that she beleived

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 violently in love with him, we

desired to know whether he had ever in any wise declared his affection

to her.

"So far from having ever declared 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 involantary tear--and leave the room abruptly?"

"Never (replied she) that I remember--he has 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 be convinced 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 beautifull Janetta, oh! amiable Possessor of

HER Heart whose hand is destined to another, why do you thus delay a

confession of your attachment to the amiable 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 to communicate 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 his 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 interveiws, Sophia and

I experienced the satisfaction of seeing them depart for Gretna-Green,

which they chose 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 the 13th LAURA in continuation

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, perhaps dishonestly gained, it was

determined that the 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 5th Bank-note 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 wretch was still

unconvinced and continued to upbraid the justly-offended Sophia in such

opprobious 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

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 nothing but our freindship for thy Daughter could have induced

us to remain so long beneath thy roof."

"Your Freindship 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 Freindship to Janetta,

we have amply discharged every obligation that we have received from her

father."

"It must indeed be a most gratefull 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 beautifull a spot. A mutual silence which had for some time

reigned between us, was at length 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 so far

to conquer my tender sensibility as to enquire after him. Oh! do not

I beseech you ever let me again hear you repeat his beloved name--. It

affects me too deeply--. I cannot 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, desired 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.

Do not again wound my Sensibility by observations on those elms. They

remind me of Augustus. He was like them, tall, magestic--he possessed

that noble grandeur which you admire in them."

I was silent, fearfull 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 cannot

support this silence you must not leave me to my own reflections; they

ever recur to Augustus."

"What a beautifull 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) do not thus distress me by calling my Attention to

an object which so cruelly reminds me of my Augustus's blue sattin

waistcoat striped in white! In pity to your unhappy freind 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 had not power to start any other topic, justly fearing

that it might in some unforseen 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 releived 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, would not 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 had not 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 shreiked 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 Hour and a Quarter 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 that

either of them lived, we should have been more sparing of our Greif--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

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

and we were separated--"

"I will" (said he) and instantly fetching a deep sigh, Expired--. Sophia

immediately sank again into a swoon--. MY greif was more audible. My

Voice faltered, My Eyes assumed a vacant stare, my face became 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, avoid

the piercing shafts of Jupiter--Look at that grove of Firs--I see a Leg

of Mutton--They told me Edward was not 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 should not

then have left off, as I was not in the least fatigued, had not 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

whither 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 had not 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

that However we should be wellcome 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 widow 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 therfore

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 14th LAURA in continuation

Arm yourself my amiable young Freind 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 am 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 disagreable 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 could it be otherwise accounted for that I should

have escaped the same indisposition, but by supposing that the

bodily Exertions I had undergone in my repeated fits of frenzy had so

effectually circulated and warmed 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 became 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 refreshing and agreable yet beleive 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 greif

for the loss of Augustus.. One fatal swoon has cost me my Life.. Beware

of swoons 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 do not 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 freind 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 had not

walked many yards from it before I was overtaken by a stage-coach,

in which I instantly took a place, determined to proceed in it to

Edinburgh, where I hoped to find some kind some pitying Freind who would

receive and comfort me in my afflictions.

It was so dark when I entered the Coach that I could not 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 he have, who can thus shock our

senses by such a brutal noise! He must I am 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 father

of my Deceased Husband. By his side sate Augusta, and on the same seat

with me were your Mother and Lady Dorothea. Imagine my surprise at

finding myself thus seated amongst my old Acquaintance. Great as was my

astonishment, it was yet increased, when on looking out of Windows,

I beheld the Husband of Philippa, with Philippa by his side, on the

Coachbox and when on looking behind I beheld, Philander and Gustavus in

the Basket. "Oh! Heavens, (exclaimed I) is it possible that I should

so unexpectedly be surrounded by my nearest Relations and Connections?"

These words roused the rest of the Party, and every eye was directed to

the corner in which I sat. "Oh! my Isabel (continued I throwing myself

across Lady Dorothea into her arms) receive once more to your Bosom the

unfortunate Laura. Alas! when we last parted in the Vale of Usk, I was

happy in being united to the best of Edwards; I had then a Father and

a Mother, and had never known misfortunes--But now deprived of every

freind but you--"

"What! (interrupted Augusta) is my Brother dead then? Tell us I intreat

you what is become of him?" "Yes, cold and insensible Nymph, (replied I)

that luckless swain your Brother, is no more, and you may now glory in

being the Heiress of Sir Edward's fortune."

Although I had always despised her from the Day I had overheard her

conversation with my Edward, yet in civility I complied with hers and

Sir Edward's intreaties that I would inform them of the whole melancholy

affair. They were greatly shocked--even the obdurate Heart of Sir Edward

and the insensible one of Augusta, were touched with sorrow, by the

unhappy tale. At the request of your Mother I related to them every

other misfortune which had befallen me since we parted. Of the

imprisonment of Augustus and the absence of Edward--of our arrival

in Scotland--of our unexpected Meeting with our Grand-father and our

cousins--of our visit to Macdonald-Hall--of the singular service we

there performed towards Janetta--of her Fathers ingratitude for it.. of

his inhuman Behaviour, unaccountable suspicions, and barbarous treatment

of us, in obliging us to leave the House.. of our lamentations on the

loss of Edward and Augustus and finally of the melancholy Death of my

beloved Companion.

Pity and surprise were strongly depictured in your Mother's countenance,

during the whole of my narration, but I am sorry to say, that to the

eternal reproach of her sensibility, the latter infinitely predominated.

Nay, faultless as my conduct had certainly been during the whole course

of my late misfortunes and adventures, she pretended to find fault with

my behaviour in many of the situations in which I had been placed. As

I was sensible myself, that I had always behaved in a manner which

reflected Honour on my Feelings and Refinement, I paid little attention

to what she said, and desired her to satisfy my Curiosity by informing

me how she came there, instead of wounding my spotless reputation with

unjustifiable Reproaches. As soon as she had complyed with my wishes in

this particular and had given me an accurate detail of every thing that

had befallen her since our separation (the particulars of which if you

are not already acquainted with, your Mother will give you) I applied to

Augusta for the same information respecting herself, Sir Edward and Lady

Dorothea.

She told me that having a considerable taste for the Beauties of Nature,

her curiosity to behold the delightful scenes it exhibited in that part

of the World had been so much raised by Gilpin's Tour to the Highlands,

that she had prevailed on her Father to undertake a Tour to Scotland and

had persuaded Lady Dorothea to accompany them. That they had arrived at

Edinburgh a few Days before and from thence had made daily Excursions

into the Country around in the Stage Coach they were then in, from one

of which Excursions they were at that time returning. My next enquiries

were concerning Philippa and her Husband, the latter of whom I learned

having spent all her fortune, had recourse for subsistence to the talent

in which, he had always most excelled, namely, Driving, and that

having sold every thing which belonged to them except their Coach, had

converted it into a Stage and in order to be removed from any of his

former Acquaintance, had driven it to Edinburgh from whence he went to

Sterling every other Day. That Philippa still retaining her affection

for her ungratefull Husband, had followed him to Scotland and generally

accompanied him in his little Excursions to Sterling. "It has only been

to throw a little money into their Pockets (continued Augusta) that my

Father has always travelled in their Coach to veiw the beauties of the

Country since our arrival in Scotland--for it would certainly have been

much more agreable to us, to visit the Highlands in a Postchaise

than merely to travel from Edinburgh to Sterling and from Sterling

to Edinburgh every other Day in a crowded and uncomfortable Stage." I

perfectly agreed with her in her sentiments on the affair, and secretly

blamed Sir Edward for thus sacrificing his Daughter's Pleasure for the

sake of a ridiculous old woman whose folly in marrying so young a man

ought to be punished. His Behaviour however was entirely of a peice

with his general Character; for what could be expected from a man who

possessed not the smallest atom of Sensibility, who scarcely knew the

meaning of simpathy, and who actually snored--. Adeiu Laura.

LETTER the 15th LAURA in continuation.

When we arrived at the town where we were to Breakfast, I was determined

to speak with Philander and Gustavus, and to that purpose as soon as

I left the Carriage, I went to the Basket and tenderly enquired after

their Health, expressing my fears of the uneasiness of their situation.

At first they seemed rather confused at my appearance dreading no doubt

that I might call them to account for the money which our Grandfather

had left me and which they had unjustly deprived me of, but finding

that I mentioned nothing of the Matter, they desired me to step into

the Basket as we might there converse with greater ease. Accordingly I

entered and whilst the rest of the party were devouring green tea and

buttered toast, we feasted ourselves in a more refined and sentimental

Manner by a confidential Conversation. I informed them of every thing

which had befallen me during the course of my life, and at my request

they related to me every incident of theirs.

"We are the sons as you already know, of the two youngest Daughters

which Lord St Clair had by Laurina an italian opera girl. Our mothers

could neither of them exactly ascertain who were our Father, though it

is generally beleived that Philander, is the son of one Philip Jones

a Bricklayer and that my Father was one Gregory Staves a Staymaker of

Edinburgh. This is however of little consequence for as our Mothers were

certainly never married to either of them it reflects no Dishonour on

our Blood, which is of a most ancient and unpolluted kind. Bertha (the

Mother of Philander) and Agatha (my own Mother) always lived together.

They were neither of them very rich; their united fortunes had

originally amounted to nine thousand Pounds, but as they had always

lived on the principal of it, when we were fifteen it was diminished to

nine Hundred. This nine Hundred they always kept in a Drawer in one

of the Tables which stood in our common sitting Parlour, for the

convenience of having it always at Hand. Whether it was from this

circumstance, of its being easily taken, or from a wish of being

independant, or from an excess of sensibility (for which we were always

remarkable) I cannot now determine, but certain it is that when we had

reached our 15th year, we took the nine Hundred Pounds and ran away.

Having obtained this prize we were determined to manage it with eoconomy

and not to spend it either with folly or Extravagance. To this purpose

we therefore divided it into nine parcels, one of which we devoted to

Victuals, the 2d to Drink, the 3d to Housekeeping, the 4th to Carriages,

the 5th to Horses, the 6th to Servants, the 7th to Amusements, the 8th

to Cloathes and the 9th to Silver Buckles. Having thus arranged our

Expences for two months (for we expected to make the nine Hundred Pounds

last as long) we hastened to London and had the good luck to spend it in

7 weeks and a Day which was 6 Days sooner than we had intended. As soon

as we had thus happily disencumbered ourselves from the weight of

so much money, we began to think of returning to our Mothers, but

accidentally hearing that they were both starved to Death, we gave over

the design and determined to engage ourselves to some strolling Company

of Players, as we had always a turn for the Stage. Accordingly we

offered our services to one and were accepted; our Company was

indeed rather small, as it consisted only of the Manager his wife

and ourselves, but there were fewer to pay and the only inconvenience

attending it was the Scarcity of Plays which for want of People to fill

the Characters, we could perform. We did not mind trifles however--.

One of our most admired Performances was MACBETH, in which we were

truly great. The Manager always played BANQUO himself, his Wife my LADY

MACBETH. I did the THREE WITCHES and Philander acted ALL THE REST. To

say the truth this tragedy was not only the Best, but the only Play

that we ever performed; and after having acted it all over England, and

Wales, we came to Scotland to exhibit it over the remainder of Great

Britain. We happened to be quartered in that very Town, where you came

and met your Grandfather--. We were in the Inn-yard when his Carriage

entered and perceiving by the arms to whom it belonged, and knowing

that Lord St Clair was our Grandfather, we agreed to endeavour to get

something from him by discovering the Relationship--. You know how well

it succeeded--. Having obtained the two Hundred Pounds, we instantly

left the Town, leaving our Manager and his Wife to act MACBETH by

themselves, and took the road to Sterling, where we spent our little

fortune with great ECLAT. We are now returning to Edinburgh in order to

get some preferment in the Acting way; and such my Dear Cousin is our

History."

I thanked the amiable Youth for his entertaining narration, and after

expressing my wishes for their Welfare and Happiness, left them in

their little Habitation and returned to my other Freinds who impatiently

expected me.

My adventures are now drawing to a close my dearest Marianne; at least

for the present.

When we arrived at Edinburgh Sir Edward told me that as the Widow of his

son, he desired I would accept from his Hands of four Hundred a year. I

graciously promised that I would, but could not help observing that the

unsimpathetic Baronet offered it more on account of my being the Widow

of Edward than in being the refined and amiable Laura.

I took up my Residence in a Romantic Village in the Highlands

of Scotland where I have ever since continued, and where I can

uninterrupted by unmeaning Visits, indulge in a melancholy solitude, my

unceasing Lamentations for the Death of my Father, my Mother, my Husband

and my Freind.

Augusta has been for several years united to Graham the Man of all

others most suited to her; she became acquainted with him during her

stay in Scotland.

Sir Edward in hopes of gaining an Heir to his Title and Estate, at the

same time married Lady Dorothea--. His wishes have been answered.

Philander and Gustavus, after having raised their reputation by their

Performances in the Theatrical Line at Edinburgh, removed to Covent

Garden, where they still exhibit under the assumed names of LUVIS and

QUICK.

Philippa has long paid the Debt of Nature, Her Husband however still

continues to drive the Stage-Coach from Edinburgh to Sterling:--Adeiu my

Dearest Marianne. Laura.

Finis

June 13th 1790.

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AN UNFINISHED NOVEL IN LETTERS

To HENRY THOMAS AUSTEN Esqre.

Sir

I am now availing myself of the Liberty you have frequently honoured

me with of dedicating one of my Novels to you. That it is unfinished, I

greive; yet fear that from me, it will always remain so; that as far

as it is carried, it should be so trifling and so unworthy of you, is

another concern to your obliged humble Servant

The Author

Messrs Demand and Co--please to pay Jane Austen Spinster the sum of one

hundred guineas on account of your Humble Servant.

H. T. Austen

L105. 0. 0.

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LESLEY CASTLE

LETTER the FIRST is from Miss MARGARET LESLEY to Miss CHARLOTTE

LUTTERELL. Lesley Castle Janry 3rd--1792.

My Brother has just left us. "Matilda (said he at parting) you and

Margaret will I am certain take all the care of my dear little one, that

she might have received from an indulgent, and affectionate and amiable

Mother." Tears rolled down his cheeks as he spoke these words--the

remembrance of her, who had so wantonly disgraced the Maternal character

and so openly violated the conjugal Duties, prevented his adding

anything farther; he embraced his sweet Child and after saluting Matilda

and Me hastily broke from us and seating himself in his Chaise, pursued

the road to Aberdeen. Never was there a better young Man! Ah! how little

did he deserve the misfortunes he has experienced in the Marriage state.

So good a Husband to so bad a Wife! for you know my dear Charlotte that

the Worthless Louisa left him, her Child and reputation a few weeks ago

in company with Danvers and dishonour. Never was there a sweeter face, a

finer form, or a less amiable Heart than Louisa owned! Her child already

possesses the personal Charms of her unhappy Mother! May she inherit

from her Father all his mental ones! Lesley is at present but five and

twenty, and has already given himself up to melancholy and Despair;

what a difference between him and his Father! Sir George is 57 and still

remains the Beau, the flighty stripling, the gay Lad, and sprightly

Youngster, that his Son was really about five years back, and that HE

has affected to appear ever since my remembrance. While our father is

fluttering about the streets of London, gay, dissipated, and Thoughtless

at the age of 57, Matilda and I continue secluded from Mankind in our

old and Mouldering Castle, which is situated two miles from Perth on a

bold projecting Rock, and commands an extensive veiw of the Town and its

delightful Environs. But tho' retired from almost all the World, (for

we visit no one but the M'Leods, The M'Kenzies, the M'Phersons, the

M'Cartneys, the M'Donalds, The M'kinnons, the M'lellans, the M'kays,

the Macbeths and the Macduffs) we are neither dull nor unhappy; on the

contrary there never were two more lively, more agreable or more witty

girls, than we are; not an hour in the Day hangs heavy on our Hands. We

read, we work, we walk, and when fatigued with these Employments releive

our spirits, either by a lively song, a graceful Dance, or by some smart

bon-mot, and witty repartee. We are handsome my dear Charlotte, very

handsome and the greatest of our Perfections is, that we are entirely

insensible of them ourselves. But why do I thus dwell on myself! Let me

rather repeat the praise of our dear little Neice the innocent Louisa,

who is at present sweetly smiling in a gentle Nap, as she reposes on the

sofa. The dear Creature is just turned of two years old; as handsome as

tho' 2 and 20, as sensible as tho' 2 and 30, and as prudent as tho' 2

and 40. To convince you of this, I must inform you that she has a very

fine complexion and very pretty features, that she already knows the two

first letters in the Alphabet, and that she never tears her frocks--. If

I have not now convinced you of her Beauty, Sense and Prudence, I have

nothing more to urge in support of my assertion, and you will therefore

have no way of deciding the Affair but by coming to Lesley-Castle, and

by a personal acquaintance with Louisa, determine for yourself. Ah! my

dear Freind, how happy should I be to see you within these venerable

Walls! It is now four years since my removal from School has separated

me from you; that two such tender Hearts, so closely linked together by

the ties of simpathy and Freindship, should be so widely removed from

each other, is vastly moving. I live in Perthshire, You in Sussex. We

might meet in London, were my Father disposed to carry me there, and

were your Mother to be there at the same time. We might meet at Bath,

at Tunbridge, or anywhere else indeed, could we but be at the same place

together. We have only to hope that such a period may arrive. My Father

does not return to us till Autumn; my Brother will leave Scotland in a

few Days; he is impatient to travel. Mistaken Youth! He vainly flatters

himself that change of Air will heal the Wounds of a broken Heart! You

will join with me I am certain my dear Charlotte, in prayers for the

recovery of the unhappy Lesley's peace of Mind, which must ever be

essential to that of your sincere freind M. Lesley.

LETTER the SECOND From Miss C. LUTTERELL to Miss M. LESLEY in answer.

Glenford Febry 12

I have a thousand excuses to beg for having so long delayed thanking you

my dear Peggy for your agreable Letter, which beleive me I should not

have deferred doing, had not every moment of my time during the last

five weeks been so fully employed in the necessary arrangements for

my sisters wedding, as to allow me no time to devote either to you or

myself. And now what provokes me more than anything else is that the

Match is broke off, and all my Labour thrown away. Imagine how great

the Dissapointment must be to me, when you consider that after having

laboured both by Night and by Day, in order to get the Wedding dinner

ready by the time appointed, after having roasted Beef, Broiled Mutton,

and Stewed Soup enough to last the new-married Couple through the

Honey-moon, I had the mortification of finding that I had been Roasting,

Broiling and Stewing both the Meat and Myself to no purpose. Indeed my

dear Freind, I never remember suffering any vexation equal to what I

experienced on last Monday when my sister came running to me in the

store-room with her face as White as a Whipt syllabub, and told me that

Hervey had been thrown from his Horse, had fractured his Scull and was

pronounced by his surgeon to be in the most emminent Danger. "Good God!

(said I) you dont say so? Why what in the name of Heaven will become

of all the Victuals! We shall never be able to eat it while it is good.

However, we'll call in the Surgeon to help us. I shall be able to manage

the Sir-loin myself, my Mother will eat the soup, and You and the Doctor

must finish the rest." Here I was interrupted, by seeing my poor Sister

fall down to appearance Lifeless upon one of the Chests, where we keep

our Table linen. I immediately called my Mother and the Maids, and at

last we brought her to herself again; as soon as ever she was sensible,

she expressed a determination of going instantly to Henry, and was so

wildly bent on this Scheme, that we had the greatest Difficulty in the

World to prevent her putting it in execution; at last however more by

Force than Entreaty we prevailed on her to go into her room; we laid

her upon the Bed, and she continued for some Hours in the most dreadful

Convulsions. My Mother and I continued in the room with her, and when

any intervals of tolerable Composure in Eloisa would allow us, we joined

in heartfelt lamentations on the dreadful Waste in our provisions which

this Event must occasion, and in concerting some plan for getting rid of

them. We agreed that the best thing we could do was to begin eating them

immediately, and accordingly we ordered up the cold Ham and Fowls, and

instantly began our Devouring Plan on them with great Alacrity. We would

have persuaded Eloisa to have taken a Wing of a Chicken, but she would

not be persuaded. She was however much quieter than she had been;

the convulsions she had before suffered having given way to an almost

perfect Insensibility. We endeavoured to rouse her by every means in our

power, but to no purpose. I talked to her of Henry. "Dear Eloisa (said

I) there's no occasion for your crying so much about such a trifle. (for

I was willing to make light of it in order to comfort her) I beg you

would not mind it--You see it does not vex me in the least; though

perhaps I may suffer most from it after all; for I shall not only be

obliged to eat up all the Victuals I have dressed already, but must if

Henry should recover (which however is not very likely) dress as much

for you again; or should he die (as I suppose he will) I shall still

have to prepare a Dinner for you whenever you marry any one else. So

you see that tho' perhaps for the present it may afflict you to think

of Henry's sufferings, Yet I dare say he'll die soon, and then his pain

will be over and you will be easy, whereas my Trouble will last much

longer for work as hard as I may, I am certain that the pantry cannot be

cleared in less than a fortnight." Thus I did all in my power to console

her, but without any effect, and at last as I saw that she did not seem

to listen to me, I said no more, but leaving her with my Mother I took

down the remains of The Ham and Chicken, and sent William to ask how

Henry did. He was not expected to live many Hours; he died the same day.

We took all possible care to break the melancholy Event to Eloisa in the

tenderest manner; yet in spite of every precaution, her sufferings on

hearing it were too violent for her reason, and she continued for many

hours in a high Delirium. She is still extremely ill, and her Physicians

are greatly afraid of her going into a Decline. We are therefore

preparing for Bristol, where we mean to be in the course of the next

week. And now my dear Margaret let me talk a little of your affairs; and

in the first place I must inform you that it is confidently reported,

your Father is going to be married; I am very unwilling to beleive so

unpleasing a report, and at the same time cannot wholly discredit it. I

have written to my freind Susan Fitzgerald, for information concerning

it, which as she is at present in Town, she will be very able to give

me. I know not who is the Lady. I think your Brother is extremely

right in the resolution he has taken of travelling, as it will perhaps

contribute to obliterate from his remembrance, those disagreable Events,

which have lately so much afflicted him--I am happy to find that

tho' secluded from all the World, neither you nor Matilda are dull or

unhappy--that you may never know what it is to, be either is the wish of

your sincerely affectionate C.L.

P. S. I have this instant received an answer from my freind Susan, which

I enclose to you, and on which you will make your own reflections.

The enclosed LETTER

My dear CHARLOTTE You could not have applied for information concerning

the report of Sir George Lesleys Marriage, to any one better able to

give it you than I am. Sir George is certainly married; I was myself

present at the Ceremony, which you will not be surprised at when I

subscribe myself your Affectionate Susan Lesley

LETTER the THIRD From Miss MARGARET LESLEY to Miss C. LUTTERELL Lesley

Castle February the 16th

I have made my own reflections on the letter you enclosed to me, my

Dear Charlotte and I will now tell you what those reflections were.

I reflected that if by this second Marriage Sir George should have a

second family, our fortunes must be considerably diminushed--that if

his Wife should be of an extravagant turn, she would encourage him

to persevere in that gay and Dissipated way of Life to which little

encouragement would be necessary, and which has I fear already proved

but too detrimental to his health and fortune--that she would now become

Mistress of those Jewels which once adorned our Mother, and which Sir

George had always promised us--that if they did not come into

Perthshire I should not be able to gratify my curiosity of beholding my

Mother-in-law and that if they did, Matilda would no longer sit at

the head of her Father's table--. These my dear Charlotte were the

melancholy reflections which crowded into my imagination after perusing

Susan's letter to you, and which instantly occurred to Matilda when she

had perused it likewise. The same ideas, the same fears, immediately

occupied her Mind, and I know not which reflection distressed her most,

whether the probable Diminution of our Fortunes, or her own Consequence.

We both wish very much to know whether Lady Lesley is handsome and what

is your opinion of her; as you honour her with the appellation of your

freind, we flatter ourselves that she must be amiable. My Brother is

already in Paris. He intends to quit it in a few Days, and to begin his

route to Italy. He writes in a most chearfull manner, says that the air

of France has greatly recovered both his Health and Spirits; that he has

now entirely ceased to think of Louisa with any degree either of Pity or

Affection, that he even feels himself obliged to her for her Elopement,

as he thinks it very good fun to be single again. By this, you may

perceive that he has entirely regained that chearful Gaiety, and

sprightly Wit, for which he was once so remarkable. When he first became

acquainted with Louisa which was little more than three years ago, he

was one of the most lively, the most agreable young Men of the age--.

I beleive you never yet heard the particulars of his first acquaintance

with her. It commenced at our cousin Colonel Drummond's; at whose house

in Cumberland he spent the Christmas, in which he attained the age of

two and twenty. Louisa Burton was the Daughter of a distant Relation of

Mrs. Drummond, who dieing a few Months before in extreme poverty, left

his only Child then about eighteen to the protection of any of his

Relations who would protect her. Mrs. Drummond was the only one who

found herself so disposed--Louisa was therefore removed from a miserable

Cottage in Yorkshire to an elegant Mansion in Cumberland, and from

every pecuniary Distress that Poverty could inflict, to every elegant

Enjoyment that Money could purchase--. Louisa was naturally ill-tempered

and Cunning; but she had been taught to disguise her real Disposition,

under the appearance of insinuating Sweetness, by a father who but too

well knew, that to be married, would be the only chance she would

have of not being starved, and who flattered himself that with such

an extroidinary share of personal beauty, joined to a gentleness of

Manners, and an engaging address, she might stand a good chance of

pleasing some young Man who might afford to marry a girl without a

Shilling. Louisa perfectly entered into her father's schemes and was

determined to forward them with all her care and attention. By dint of

Perseverance and Application, she had at length so thoroughly disguised

her natural disposition under the mask of Innocence, and Softness, as to

impose upon every one who had not by a long and constant intimacy with

her discovered her real Character. Such was Louisa when the hapless

Lesley first beheld her at Drummond-house. His heart which (to use

your favourite comparison) was as delicate as sweet and as tender as a

Whipt-syllabub, could not resist her attractions. In a very few Days,

he was falling in love, shortly after actually fell, and before he had

known her a Month, he had married her. My Father was at first highly

displeased at so hasty and imprudent a connection; but when he found

that they did not mind it, he soon became perfectly reconciled to the

match. The Estate near Aberdeen which my brother possesses by the bounty

of his great Uncle independant of Sir George, was entirely sufficient

to support him and my Sister in Elegance and Ease. For the first

twelvemonth, no one could be happier than Lesley, and no one more

amiable to appearance than Louisa, and so plausibly did she act and

so cautiously behave that tho' Matilda and I often spent several weeks

together with them, yet we neither of us had any suspicion of her real

Disposition. After the birth of Louisa however, which one would have

thought would have strengthened her regard for Lesley, the mask she had

so long supported was by degrees thrown aside, and as probably she then

thought herself secure in the affection of her Husband (which did indeed

appear if possible augmented by the birth of his Child) she seemed

to take no pains to prevent that affection from ever diminushing. Our

visits therefore to Dunbeath, were now less frequent and by far less

agreable than they used to be. Our absence was however never either

mentioned or lamented by Louisa who in the society of young Danvers

with whom she became acquainted at Aberdeen (he was at one of the

Universities there,) felt infinitely happier than in that of Matilda and

your freind, tho' there certainly never were pleasanter girls than we

are. You know the sad end of all Lesleys connubial happiness; I will not

repeat it--. Adeiu my dear Charlotte; although I have not yet mentioned

anything of the matter, I hope you will do me the justice to beleive

that I THINK and FEEL, a great deal for your Sisters affliction. I do

not doubt but that the healthy air of the Bristol downs will intirely

remove it, by erasing from her Mind the remembrance of Henry. I am my

dear Charlotte yrs ever M. L.

LETTER the FOURTH From Miss C. LUTTERELL to Miss M. LESLEY Bristol

February 27th

My Dear Peggy I have but just received your letter, which being directed

to Sussex while I was at Bristol was obliged to be forwarded to me here,

and from some unaccountable Delay, has but this instant reached me--.

I return you many thanks for the account it contains of Lesley's

acquaintance, Love and Marriage with Louisa, which has not the less

entertained me for having often been repeated to me before.

I have the satisfaction of informing you that we have every reason to

imagine our pantry is by this time nearly cleared, as we left Particular

orders with the servants to eat as hard as they possibly could, and to

call in a couple of Chairwomen to assist them. We brought a cold Pigeon

pye, a cold turkey, a cold tongue, and half a dozen Jellies with us,

which we were lucky enough with the help of our Landlady, her husband,

and their three children, to get rid of, in less than two days after

our arrival. Poor Eloisa is still so very indifferent both in Health and

Spirits, that I very much fear, the air of the Bristol downs, healthy as

it is, has not been able to drive poor Henry from her remembrance.

You ask me whether your new Mother in law is handsome and amiable--I

will now give you an exact description of her bodily and mental charms.

She is short, and extremely well made; is naturally pale, but rouges a

good deal; has fine eyes, and fine teeth, as she will take care to let

you know as soon as she sees you, and is altogether very pretty. She is

remarkably good-tempered when she has her own way, and very lively when

she is not out of humour. She is naturally extravagant and not very

affected; she never reads anything but the letters she receives from me,

and never writes anything but her answers to them. She plays, sings and

Dances, but has no taste for either, and excells in none, tho' she says

she is passionately fond of all. Perhaps you may flatter me so far as to

be surprised that one of whom I speak with so little affection should

be my particular freind; but to tell you the truth, our freindship arose

rather from Caprice on her side than Esteem on mine. We spent two or

three days together with a Lady in Berkshire with whom we both happened

to be connected--. During our visit, the Weather being remarkably bad,

and our party particularly stupid, she was so good as to conceive

a violent partiality for me, which very soon settled in a downright

Freindship and ended in an established correspondence. She is probably

by this time as tired of me, as I am of her; but as she is too Polite

and I am too civil to say so, our letters are still as frequent and

affectionate as ever, and our Attachment as firm and sincere as when it

first commenced. As she had a great taste for the pleasures of London,

and of Brighthelmstone, she will I dare say find some difficulty in

prevailing on herself even to satisfy the curiosity I dare say she feels

of beholding you, at the expence of quitting those favourite haunts of

Dissipation, for the melancholy tho' venerable gloom of the castle you

inhabit. Perhaps however if she finds her health impaired by too much

amusement, she may acquire fortitude sufficient to undertake a Journey

to Scotland in the hope of its Proving at least beneficial to her

health, if not conducive to her happiness. Your fears I am sorry to say,

concerning your father's extravagance, your own fortunes, your Mothers

Jewels and your Sister's consequence, I should suppose are but too well

founded. My freind herself has four thousand pounds, and will probably

spend nearly as much every year in Dress and Public places, if she can

get it--she will certainly not endeavour to reclaim Sir George from the

manner of living to which he has been so long accustomed, and there is

therefore some reason to fear that you will be very well off, if you get

any fortune at all. The Jewels I should imagine too will undoubtedly be

hers, and there is too much reason to think that she will preside at

her Husbands table in preference to his Daughter. But as so melancholy a

subject must necessarily extremely distress you, I will no longer dwell

on it--.

Eloisa's indisposition has brought us to Bristol at so unfashionable a

season of the year, that we have actually seen but one genteel family

since we came. Mr and Mrs Marlowe are very agreable people; the ill

health of their little boy occasioned their arrival here; you may

imagine that being the only family with whom we can converse, we are

of course on a footing of intimacy with them; we see them indeed almost

every day, and dined with them yesterday. We spent a very pleasant

Day, and had a very good Dinner, tho' to be sure the Veal was terribly

underdone, and the Curry had no seasoning. I could not help wishing

all dinner-time that I had been at the dressing it--. A brother of Mrs

Marlowe, Mr Cleveland is with them at present; he is a good-looking

young Man, and seems to have a good deal to say for himself. I tell

Eloisa that she should set her cap at him, but she does not at all

seem to relish the proposal. I should like to see the girl married and

Cleveland has a very good estate. Perhaps you may wonder that I do not

consider myself as well as my Sister in my matrimonial Projects; but

to tell you the truth I never wish to act a more principal part at a

Wedding than the superintending and directing the Dinner, and therefore

while I can get any of my acquaintance to marry for me, I shall never

think of doing it myself, as I very much suspect that I should not have

so much time for dressing my own Wedding-dinner, as for dressing that of

my freinds. Yours sincerely C. L.

LETTER the FIFTH Miss MARGARET LESLEY to Miss CHARLOTTE LUTTERELL

Lesley-Castle March 18th

On the same day that I received your last kind letter, Matilda received

one from Sir George which was dated from Edinburgh, and informed us that

he should do himself the pleasure of introducing Lady Lesley to us on

the following evening. This as you may suppose considerably surprised

us, particularly as your account of her Ladyship had given us reason to

imagine there was little chance of her visiting Scotland at a time that

London must be so gay. As it was our business however to be delighted at

such a mark of condescension as a visit from Sir George and Lady Lesley,

we prepared to return them an answer expressive of the happiness we

enjoyed in expectation of such a Blessing, when luckily recollecting

that as they were to reach the Castle the next Evening, it would be

impossible for my father to receive it before he left Edinburgh, we

contented ourselves with leaving them to suppose that we were as happy

as we ought to be. At nine in the Evening on the following day,

they came, accompanied by one of Lady Lesleys brothers. Her Ladyship

perfectly answers the description you sent me of her, except that I do

not think her so pretty as you seem to consider her. She has not a

bad face, but there is something so extremely unmajestic in her little

diminutive figure, as to render her in comparison with the elegant

height of Matilda and Myself, an insignificant Dwarf. Her curiosity to

see us (which must have been great to bring her more than four hundred

miles) being now perfectly gratified, she already begins to mention

their return to town, and has desired us to accompany her. We cannot

refuse her request since it is seconded by the commands of our Father,

and thirded by the entreaties of Mr. Fitzgerald who is certainly one

of the most pleasing young Men, I ever beheld. It is not yet determined

when we are to go, but when ever we do we shall certainly take our

little Louisa with us. Adeiu my dear Charlotte; Matilda unites in best

wishes to you, and Eloisa, with yours ever M. L.

LETTER the SIXTH LADY LESLEY to Miss CHARLOTTE LUTTERELL Lesley-Castle

March 20th

We arrived here my sweet Freind about a fortnight ago, and I already

heartily repent that I ever left our charming House in Portman-square

for such a dismal old weather-beaten Castle as this. You can form no

idea sufficiently hideous, of its dungeon-like form. It is actually

perched upon a Rock to appearance so totally inaccessible, that I

expected to have been pulled up by a rope; and sincerely repented having

gratified my curiosity to behold my Daughters at the expence of being

obliged to enter their prison in so dangerous and ridiculous a manner.

But as soon as I once found myself safely arrived in the inside of

this tremendous building, I comforted myself with the hope of having my

spirits revived, by the sight of two beautifull girls, such as the Miss

Lesleys had been represented to me, at Edinburgh. But here again, I

met with nothing but Disappointment and Surprise. Matilda and Margaret

Lesley are two great, tall, out of the way, over-grown, girls, just of

a proper size to inhabit a Castle almost as large in comparison as

themselves. I wish my dear Charlotte that you could but behold these

Scotch giants; I am sure they would frighten you out of your wits.

They will do very well as foils to myself, so I have invited them to

accompany me to London where I hope to be in the course of a fortnight.

Besides these two fair Damsels, I found a little humoured Brat here who

I beleive is some relation to them, they told me who she was, and gave

me a long rigmerole story of her father and a Miss SOMEBODY which I have

entirely forgot. I hate scandal and detest Children. I have been plagued

ever since I came here with tiresome visits from a parcel of Scotch

wretches, with terrible hard-names; they were so civil, gave me so many

invitations, and talked of coming again so soon, that I could not help

affronting them. I suppose I shall not see them any more, and yet as

a family party we are so stupid, that I do not know what to do with

myself. These girls have no Music, but Scotch airs, no Drawings but

Scotch Mountains, and no Books but Scotch Poems--and I hate everything

Scotch. In general I can spend half the Day at my toilett with a great

deal of pleasure, but why should I dress here, since there is not a

creature in the House whom I have any wish to please. I have just had

a conversation with my Brother in which he has greatly offended me, and

which as I have nothing more entertaining to send you I will gave you

the particulars of. You must know that I have for these 4 or 5 Days past

strongly suspected William of entertaining a partiality to my eldest

Daughter. I own indeed that had I been inclined to fall in love with any

woman, I should not have made choice of Matilda Lesley for the object

of my passion; for there is nothing I hate so much as a tall Woman: but

however there is no accounting for some men's taste and as William is

himself nearly six feet high, it is not wonderful that he should be

partial to that height. Now as I have a very great affection for my

Brother and should be extremely sorry to see him unhappy, which I

suppose he means to be if he cannot marry Matilda, as moreover I know

that his circumstances will not allow him to marry any one without a

fortune, and that Matilda's is entirely dependant on her Father, who

will neither have his own inclination nor my permission to give her

anything at present, I thought it would be doing a good-natured action

by my Brother to let him know as much, in order that he might choose

for himself, whether to conquer his passion, or Love and Despair.

Accordingly finding myself this Morning alone with him in one of the

horrid old rooms of this Castle, I opened the cause to him in the

following Manner.

"Well my dear William what do you think of these girls? for my part, I

do not find them so plain as I expected: but perhaps you may think me

partial to the Daughters of my Husband and perhaps you are right--They

are indeed so very like Sir George that it is natural to think"--

"My Dear Susan (cried he in a tone of the greatest amazement) You do not

really think they bear the least resemblance to their Father! He is so

very plain!--but I beg your pardon--I had entirely forgotten to whom I

was speaking--"

"Oh! pray dont mind me; (replied I) every one knows Sir George is

horribly ugly, and I assure you I always thought him a fright."

"You surprise me extremely (answered William) by what you say both with

respect to Sir George and his Daughters. You cannot think your Husband

so deficient in personal Charms as you speak of, nor can you surely see

any resemblance between him and the Miss Lesleys who are in my opinion

perfectly unlike him and perfectly Handsome."

"If that is your opinion with regard to the girls it certainly is no

proof of their Fathers beauty, for if they are perfectly unlike him and

very handsome at the same time, it is natural to suppose that he is very

plain."

"By no means, (said he) for what may be pretty in a Woman, may be very

unpleasing in a Man."

"But you yourself (replied I) but a few minutes ago allowed him to be

very plain."

"Men are no Judges of Beauty in their own Sex." (said he).

"Neither Men nor Women can think Sir George tolerable."

"Well, well, (said he) we will not dispute about HIS Beauty, but your

opinion of his DAUGHTERS is surely very singular, for if I understood

you right, you said you did not find them so plain as you expected to

do!"

"Why, do YOU find them plainer then?" (said I).

"I can scarcely beleive you to be serious (returned he) when you speak

of their persons in so extroidinary a Manner. Do not you think the Miss

Lesleys are two very handsome young Women?"

"Lord! No! (cried I) I think them terribly plain!"

"Plain! (replied He) My dear Susan, you cannot really think so! Why

what single Feature in the face of either of them, can you possibly find

fault with?"

"Oh! trust me for that; (replied I). Come I will begin with the

eldest--with Matilda. Shall I, William?" (I looked as cunning as I could

when I said it, in order to shame him).

"They are so much alike (said he) that I should suppose the faults of

one, would be the faults of both."

"Well, then, in the first place; they are both so horribly tall!"

"They are TALLER than you are indeed." (said he with a saucy smile.)

"Nay, (said I), I know nothing of that."

"Well, but (he continued) tho' they may be above the common size, their

figures are perfectly elegant; and as to their faces, their Eyes are

beautifull."

"I never can think such tremendous, knock-me-down figures in the least

degree elegant, and as for their eyes, they are so tall that I never

could strain my neck enough to look at them."

"Nay, (replied he) I know not whether you may not be in the right in not

attempting it, for perhaps they might dazzle you with their Lustre."

"Oh! Certainly. (said I, with the greatest complacency, for I assure

you my dearest Charlotte I was not in the least offended tho' by what

followed, one would suppose that William was conscious of having given

me just cause to be so, for coming up to me and taking my hand, he said)

"You must not look so grave Susan; you will make me fear I have offended

you!"

"Offended me! Dear Brother, how came such a thought in your head!

(returned I) No really! I assure you that I am not in the least

surprised at your being so warm an advocate for the Beauty of these

girls."--

"Well, but (interrupted William) remember that we have not yet

concluded our dispute concerning them. What fault do you find with their

complexion?"

"They are so horridly pale."

"They have always a little colour, and after any exercise it is

considerably heightened."

"Yes, but if there should ever happen to be any rain in this part of

the world, they will never be able raise more than their common

stock--except indeed they amuse themselves with running up and Down

these horrid old galleries and Antichambers."

"Well, (replied my Brother in a tone of vexation, and glancing an

impertinent look at me) if they HAVE but little colour, at least, it is

all their own."

This was too much my dear Charlotte, for I am certain that he had the

impudence by that look, of pretending to suspect the reality of mine.

But you I am sure will vindicate my character whenever you may hear

it so cruelly aspersed, for you can witness how often I have protested

against wearing Rouge, and how much I always told you I disliked it. And

I assure you that my opinions are still the same.--. Well, not bearing

to be so suspected by my Brother, I left the room immediately, and have

been ever since in my own Dressing-room writing to you. What a long

letter have I made of it! But you must not expect to receive such from

me when I get to Town; for it is only at Lesley castle, that one has

time to write even to a Charlotte Lutterell.--. I was so much vexed by

William's glance, that I could not summon Patience enough, to stay and

give him that advice respecting his attachment to Matilda which had

first induced me from pure Love to him to begin the conversation; and

I am now so thoroughly convinced by it, of his violent passion for her,

that I am certain he would never hear reason on the subject, and I

shall there fore give myself no more trouble either about him or his

favourite. Adeiu my dear girl--Yrs affectionately Susan L.

LETTER the SEVENTH From Miss C. LUTTERELL to Miss M. LESLEY Bristol the

27th of March

I have received Letters from you and your Mother-in-law within this week

which have greatly entertained me, as I find by them that you are both

downright jealous of each others Beauty. It is very odd that two pretty

Women tho' actually Mother and Daughter cannot be in the same House

without falling out about their faces. Do be convinced that you are both

perfectly handsome and say no more of the Matter. I suppose this letter

must be directed to Portman Square where probably (great as is your

affection for Lesley Castle) you will not be sorry to find yourself. In

spite of all that people may say about Green fields and the Country

I was always of opinion that London and its amusements must be very

agreable for a while, and should be very happy could my Mother's income

allow her to jockey us into its Public-places, during Winter. I always

longed particularly to go to Vaux-hall, to see whether the cold Beef

there is cut so thin as it is reported, for I have a sly suspicion that

few people understand the art of cutting a slice of cold Beef so well

as I do: nay it would be hard if I did not know something of the Matter,

for it was a part of my Education that I took by far the most pains

with. Mama always found me HER best scholar, tho' when Papa was

alive Eloisa was HIS. Never to be sure were there two more different

Dispositions in the World. We both loved Reading. SHE preferred

Histories, and I Receipts. She loved drawing, Pictures, and I drawing

Pullets. No one could sing a better song than she, and no one make a

better Pye than I.--And so it has always continued since we have been

no longer children. The only difference is that all disputes on the

superior excellence of our Employments THEN so frequent are now no more.

We have for many years entered into an agreement always to admire

each other's works; I never fail listening to HER Music, and she is as

constant in eating my pies. Such at least was the case till Henry Hervey

made his appearance in Sussex. Before the arrival of his Aunt in our

neighbourhood where she established herself you know about a twelvemonth

ago, his visits to her had been at stated times, and of equal and

settled Duration; but on her removal to the Hall which is within a walk

from our House, they became both more frequent and longer. This as you

may suppose could not be pleasing to Mrs Diana who is a professed enemy

to everything which is not directed by Decorum and Formality, or which

bears the least resemblance to Ease and Good-breeding. Nay so great was

her aversion to her Nephews behaviour that I have often heard her give

such hints of it before his face that had not Henry at such times been

engaged in conversation with Eloisa, they must have caught his Attention

and have very much distressed him. The alteration in my Sisters

behaviour which I have before hinted at, now took place. The Agreement

we had entered into of admiring each others productions she no

longer seemed to regard, and tho' I constantly applauded even every

Country-dance, she played, yet not even a pidgeon-pye of my making could

obtain from her a single word of approbation. This was certainly enough

to put any one in a Passion; however, I was as cool as a cream-cheese

and having formed my plan and concerted a scheme of Revenge, I was

determined to let her have her own way and not even to make her a single

reproach. My scheme was to treat her as she treated me, and tho' she

might even draw my own Picture or play Malbrook (which is the only tune

I ever really liked) not to say so much as "Thank you Eloisa;" tho'

I had for many years constantly hollowed whenever she played, BRAVO,

BRAVISSIMO, ENCORE, DA CAPO, ALLEGRETTO, CON EXPRESSIONE, and POCO

PRESTO with many other such outlandish words, all of them as Eloisa told

me expressive of my Admiration; and so indeed I suppose they are, as I

see some of them in every Page of every Music book, being the sentiments

I imagine of the composer.

I executed my Plan with great Punctuality. I can not say success, for

alas! my silence while she played seemed not in the least to displease

her; on the contrary she actually said to me one day "Well Charlotte,

I am very glad to find that you have at last left off that ridiculous

custom of applauding my Execution on the Harpsichord till you made

my head ake, and yourself hoarse. I feel very much obliged to you for

keeping your admiration to yourself." I never shall forget the very

witty answer I made to this speech. "Eloisa (said I) I beg you would

be quite at your Ease with respect to all such fears in future, for

be assured that I shall always keep my admiration to myself and my own

pursuits and never extend it to yours." This was the only very severe

thing I ever said in my Life; not but that I have often felt myself

extremely satirical but it was the only time I ever made my feelings

public.

I suppose there never were two Young people who had a greater affection

for each other than Henry and Eloisa; no, the Love of your Brother for

Miss Burton could not be so strong tho' it might be more violent. You

may imagine therefore how provoked my Sister must have been to have

him play her such a trick. Poor girl! she still laments his Death with

undiminished constancy, notwithstanding he has been dead more than six

weeks; but some People mind such things more than others. The ill state

of Health into which his loss has thrown her makes her so weak, and so

unable to support the least exertion, that she has been in tears all

this Morning merely from having taken leave of Mrs. Marlowe who with her

Husband, Brother and Child are to leave Bristol this morning. I am sorry

to have them go because they are the only family with whom we have here

any acquaintance, but I never thought of crying; to be sure Eloisa

and Mrs Marlowe have always been more together than with me, and have

therefore contracted a kind of affection for each other, which does not

make Tears so inexcusable in them as they would be in me. The Marlowes

are going to Town; Cliveland accompanies them; as neither Eloisa nor I

could catch him I hope you or Matilda may have better Luck. I know not

when we shall leave Bristol, Eloisa's spirits are so low that she is

very averse to moving, and yet is certainly by no means mended by her

residence here. A week or two will I hope determine our Measures--in the

mean time believe me and etc--and etc--Charlotte Lutterell.

LETTER the EIGHTH Miss LUTTERELL to Mrs MARLOWE Bristol April 4th

I feel myself greatly obliged to you my dear Emma for such a mark of

your affection as I flatter myself was conveyed in the proposal you made

me of our Corresponding; I assure you that it will be a great releif to

me to write to you and as long as my Health and Spirits will allow

me, you will find me a very constant correspondent; I will not say

an entertaining one, for you know my situation suffciently not to be

ignorant that in me Mirth would be improper and I know my own Heart too

well not to be sensible that it would be unnatural. You must not expect

news for we see no one with whom we are in the least acquainted, or in

whose proceedings we have any Interest. You must not expect scandal

for by the same rule we are equally debarred either from hearing or

inventing it.--You must expect from me nothing but the melancholy

effusions of a broken Heart which is ever reverting to the Happiness

it once enjoyed and which ill supports its present wretchedness. The

Possibility of being able to write, to speak, to you of my lost Henry

will be a luxury to me, and your goodness will not I know refuse to read

what it will so much releive my Heart to write. I once thought that to

have what is in general called a Freind (I mean one of my own sex

to whom I might speak with less reserve than to any other person)

independant of my sister would never be an object of my wishes, but how

much was I mistaken! Charlotte is too much engrossed by two confidential

correspondents of that sort, to supply the place of one to me, and I

hope you will not think me girlishly romantic, when I say that to

have some kind and compassionate Freind who might listen to my sorrows

without endeavouring to console me was what I had for some time wished

for, when our acquaintance with you, the intimacy which followed it and

the particular affectionate attention you paid me almost from the first,

caused me to entertain the flattering Idea of those attentions being

improved on a closer acquaintance into a Freindship which, if you were

what my wishes formed you would be the greatest Happiness I could

be capable of enjoying. To find that such Hopes are realised is a

satisfaction indeed, a satisfaction which is now almost the only one I

can ever experience.--I feel myself so languid that I am sure were you

with me you would oblige me to leave off writing, and I cannot give you

a greater proof of my affection for you than by acting, as I know you

would wish me to do, whether Absent or Present. I am my dear Emmas

sincere freind E. L.

LETTER the NINTH Mrs MARLOWE to Miss LUTTERELL Grosvenor Street, April

10th

Need I say my dear Eloisa how wellcome your letter was to me I cannot

give a greater proof of the pleasure I received from it, or of the

Desire I feel that our Correspondence may be regular and frequent than

by setting you so good an example as I now do in answering it before the

end of the week--. But do not imagine that I claim any merit in being

so punctual; on the contrary I assure you, that it is a far greater

Gratification to me to write to you, than to spend the Evening either at

a Concert or a Ball. Mr Marlowe is so desirous of my appearing at some

of the Public places every evening that I do not like to refuse him, but

at the same time so much wish to remain at Home, that independant of

the Pleasure I experience in devoting any portion of my Time to my

Dear Eloisa, yet the Liberty I claim from having a letter to write of

spending an Evening at home with my little Boy, you know me well enough

to be sensible, will of itself be a sufficient Inducement (if one is

necessary) to my maintaining with Pleasure a Correspondence with you.

As to the subject of your letters to me, whether grave or merry, if they

concern you they must be equally interesting to me; not but that I think

the melancholy Indulgence of your own sorrows by repeating them and

dwelling on them to me, will only encourage and increase them, and

that it will be more prudent in you to avoid so sad a subject; but yet

knowing as I do what a soothing and melancholy Pleasure it must afford

you, I cannot prevail on myself to deny you so great an Indulgence, and

will only insist on your not expecting me to encourage you in it, by my

own letters; on the contrary I intend to fill them with such lively Wit

and enlivening Humour as shall even provoke a smile in the sweet but

sorrowfull countenance of my Eloisa.

In the first place you are to learn that I have met your sisters three

freinds Lady Lesley and her Daughters, twice in Public since I have been

here. I know you will be impatient to hear my opinion of the Beauty of

three Ladies of whom you have heard so much. Now, as you are too ill and

too unhappy to be vain, I think I may venture to inform you that I

like none of their faces so well as I do your own. Yet they are all

handsome--Lady Lesley indeed I have seen before; her Daughters I beleive

would in general be said to have a finer face than her Ladyship, and yet

what with the charms of a Blooming complexion, a little Affectation and

a great deal of small-talk, (in each of which she is superior to the

young Ladies) she will I dare say gain herself as many admirers as the

more regular features of Matilda, and Margaret. I am sure you will agree

with me in saying that they can none of them be of a proper size for

real Beauty, when you know that two of them are taller and the other

shorter than ourselves. In spite of this Defect (or rather by reason

of it) there is something very noble and majestic in the figures of the

Miss Lesleys, and something agreably lively in the appearance of their

pretty little Mother-in-law. But tho' one may be majestic and the other

lively, yet the faces of neither possess that Bewitching sweetness of

my Eloisas, which her present languor is so far from diminushing. What

would my Husband and Brother say of us, if they knew all the fine things

I have been saying to you in this letter. It is very hard that a pretty

woman is never to be told she is so by any one of her own sex without

that person's being suspected to be either her determined Enemy, or

her professed Toad-eater. How much more amiable are women in that

particular! One man may say forty civil things to another without our

supposing that he is ever paid for it, and provided he does his Duty by

our sex, we care not how Polite he is to his own.

Mrs Lutterell will be so good as to accept my compliments, Charlotte,

my Love, and Eloisa the best wishes for the recovery of her Health and

Spirits that can be offered by her affectionate Freind E. Marlowe.

I am afraid this letter will be but a poor specimen of my Powers in the

witty way; and your opinion of them will not be greatly increased when I

assure you that I have been as entertaining as I possibly could.

LETTER the TENTH From Miss MARGARET LESLEY to Miss CHARLOTTE LUTTERELL

Portman Square April 13th

MY DEAR CHARLOTTE We left Lesley-Castle on the 28th of last Month,

and arrived safely in London after a Journey of seven Days; I had the

pleasure of finding your Letter here waiting my Arrival, for which you

have my grateful Thanks. Ah! my dear Freind I every day more regret the

serene and tranquil Pleasures of the Castle we have left, in exchange

for the uncertain and unequal Amusements of this vaunted City. Not that

I will pretend to assert that these uncertain and unequal Amusements

are in the least Degree unpleasing to me; on the contrary I enjoy them

extremely and should enjoy them even more, were I not certain that every

appearance I make in Public but rivetts the Chains of those unhappy

Beings whose Passion it is impossible not to pity, tho' it is out of my

power to return. In short my Dear Charlotte it is my sensibility for

the sufferings of so many amiable young Men, my Dislike of the extreme

admiration I meet with, and my aversion to being so celebrated both in

Public, in Private, in Papers, and in Printshops, that are the reasons

why I cannot more fully enjoy, the Amusements so various and pleasing

of London. How often have I wished that I possessed as little Personal

Beauty as you do; that my figure were as inelegant; my face as unlovely;

and my appearance as unpleasing as yours! But ah! what little chance

is there of so desirable an Event; I have had the small-pox, and must

therefore submit to my unhappy fate.

I am now going to intrust you my dear Charlotte with a secret which has

long disturbed the tranquility of my days, and which is of a kind to

require the most inviolable Secrecy from you. Last Monday se'night

Matilda and I accompanied Lady Lesley to a Rout at the Honourable Mrs

Kickabout's; we were escorted by Mr Fitzgerald who is a very amiable

young Man in the main, tho' perhaps a little singular in his Taste--He

is in love with Matilda--. We had scarcely paid our Compliments to the

Lady of the House and curtseyed to half a score different people when my

Attention was attracted by the appearance of a Young Man the most lovely

of his Sex, who at that moment entered the Room with another Gentleman

and Lady. From the first moment I beheld him, I was certain that on him

depended the future Happiness of my Life. Imagine my surprise when he

was introduced to me by the name of Cleveland--I instantly recognised

him as the Brother of Mrs Marlowe, and the acquaintance of my Charlotte

at Bristol. Mr and Mrs M. were the gentleman and Lady who accompanied

him. (You do not think Mrs Marlowe handsome?) The elegant address of Mr

Cleveland, his polished Manners and Delightful Bow, at once confirmed my

attachment. He did not speak; but I can imagine everything he would have

said, had he opened his Mouth. I can picture to myself the cultivated

Understanding, the Noble sentiments, and elegant Language which would

have shone so conspicuous in the conversation of Mr Cleveland. The

approach of Sir James Gower (one of my too numerous admirers) prevented

the Discovery of any such Powers, by putting an end to a Conversation we

had never commenced, and by attracting my attention to himself. But oh!

how inferior are the accomplishments of Sir James to those of his so

greatly envied Rival! Sir James is one of the most frequent of our

Visitors, and is almost always of our Parties. We have since often met

Mr and Mrs Marlowe but no Cleveland--he is always engaged some where

else. Mrs Marlowe fatigues me to Death every time I see her by her

tiresome Conversations about you and Eloisa. She is so stupid! I live in

the hope of seeing her irrisistable Brother to night, as we are going to

Lady Flambeaus, who is I know intimate with the Marlowes. Our party will

be Lady Lesley, Matilda, Fitzgerald, Sir James Gower, and myself. We see

little of Sir George, who is almost always at the gaming-table. Ah! my

poor Fortune where art thou by this time? We see more of Lady L. who

always makes her appearance (highly rouged) at Dinner-time. Alas! what

Delightful Jewels will she be decked in this evening at Lady Flambeau's!

Yet I wonder how she can herself delight in wearing them; surely she

must be sensible of the ridiculous impropriety of loading her little

diminutive figure with such superfluous ornaments; is it possible that

she can not know how greatly superior an elegant simplicity is to the

most studied apparel? Would she but Present them to Matilda and me, how

greatly should we be obliged to her, How becoming would Diamonds be on

our fine majestic figures! And how surprising it is that such an Idea

should never have occurred to HER. I am sure if I have reflected in this

manner once, I have fifty times. Whenever I see Lady Lesley dressed in

them such reflections immediately come across me. My own Mother's Jewels

too! But I will say no more on so melancholy a subject--let me entertain

you with something more pleasing--Matilda had a letter this morning from

Lesley, by which we have the pleasure of finding that he is at Naples

has turned Roman-Catholic, obtained one of the Pope's Bulls for

annulling his 1st Marriage and has since actually married a Neapolitan

Lady of great Rank and Fortune. He tells us moreover that much the same

sort of affair has befallen his first wife the worthless Louisa who is

likewise at Naples had turned Roman-catholic, and is soon to be married

to a Neapolitan Nobleman of great and Distinguished merit. He says,

that they are at present very good Freinds, have quite forgiven all

past errors and intend in future to be very good Neighbours. He invites

Matilda and me to pay him a visit to Italy and to bring him his little

Louisa whom both her Mother, Step-mother, and himself are equally

desirous of beholding. As to our accepting his invitation, it is at

Present very uncertain; Lady Lesley advises us to go without loss of

time; Fitzgerald offers to escort us there, but Matilda has some doubts

of the Propriety of such a scheme--she owns it would be very agreable.

I am certain she likes the Fellow. My Father desires us not to be in a

hurry, as perhaps if we wait a few months both he and Lady Lesley will

do themselves the pleasure of attending us. Lady Lesley says no, that

nothing will ever tempt her to forego the Amusements of Brighthelmstone

for a Journey to Italy merely to see our Brother. "No (says the

disagreable Woman) I have once in my life been fool enough to travel I

dont know how many hundred Miles to see two of the Family, and I found

it did not answer, so Deuce take me, if ever I am so foolish again."So

says her Ladyship, but Sir George still Perseveres in saying that

perhaps in a month or two, they may accompany us. Adeiu my Dear

Charlotte Yrs faithful Margaret Lesley.

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THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND

FROM THE REIGN OF HENRY THE 4TH TO THE DEATH OF CHARLES THE 1ST

BY A PARTIAL, PREJUDICED, AND IGNORANT HISTORIAN.

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To Miss Austen, eldest daughter of the Rev. George Austen, this work is

inscribed with all due respect by THE AUTHOR.

N.B. There will be very few Dates in this History.

THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND

HENRY the 4th

Henry the 4th ascended the throne of England much to his own

satisfaction in the year 1399, after having prevailed on his cousin and

predecessor Richard the 2nd, to resign it to him, and to retire for the

rest of his life to Pomfret Castle, where he happened to be murdered.

It is to be supposed that Henry was married, since he had certainly four

sons, but it is not in my power to inform the Reader who was his wife.

Be this as it may, he did not live for ever, but falling ill, his son

the Prince of Wales came and took away the crown; whereupon the King

made a long speech, for which I must refer the Reader to Shakespear's

Plays, and the Prince made a still longer. Things being thus settled

between them the King died, and was succeeded by his son Henry who had

previously beat Sir William Gascoigne.

HENRY the 5th

This Prince after he succeeded to the throne grew quite reformed and

amiable, forsaking all his dissipated companions, and never thrashing

Sir William again. During his reign, Lord Cobham was burnt alive, but I

forget what for. His Majesty then turned his thoughts to France, where

he went and fought the famous Battle of Agincourt. He afterwards married

the King's daughter Catherine, a very agreable woman by Shakespear's

account. In spite of all this however he died, and was succeeded by his

son Henry.

HENRY the 6th

I cannot say much for this Monarch's sense. Nor would I if I could, for

he was a Lancastrian. I suppose you know all about the Wars between him

and the Duke of York who was of the right side; if you do not, you had

better read some other History, for I shall not be very diffuse in this,

meaning by it only to vent my spleen AGAINST, and shew my Hatred TO all

those people whose parties or principles do not suit with mine, and not

to give information. This King married Margaret of Anjou, a Woman whose

distresses and misfortunes were so great as almost to make me who hate

her, pity her. It was in this reign that Joan of Arc lived and made such

a ROW among the English. They should not have burnt her--but they did.

There were several Battles between the Yorkists and Lancastrians, in

which the former (as they ought) usually conquered. At length they were

entirely overcome; The King was murdered--The Queen was sent home--and

Edward the 4th ascended the Throne.

EDWARD the 4th

This Monarch was famous only for his Beauty and his Courage, of which

the Picture we have here given of him, and his undaunted Behaviour

in marrying one Woman while he was engaged to another, are sufficient

proofs. His Wife was Elizabeth Woodville, a Widow who, poor Woman! was

afterwards confined in a Convent by that Monster of Iniquity and Avarice

Henry the 7th. One of Edward's Mistresses was Jane Shore, who has had

a play written about her, but it is a tragedy and therefore not worth

reading. Having performed all these noble actions, his Majesty died, and

was succeeded by his son.

EDWARD the 5th

This unfortunate Prince lived so little a while that nobody had him to

draw his picture. He was murdered by his Uncle's Contrivance, whose name

was Richard the 3rd.

RICHARD the 3rd

The Character of this Prince has been in general very severely treated

by Historians, but as he was a YORK, I am rather inclined to suppose him

a very respectable Man. It has indeed been confidently asserted that he

killed his two Nephews and his Wife, but it has also been declared that

he did not kill his two Nephews, which I am inclined to beleive true;

and if this is the case, it may also be affirmed that he did not kill

his Wife, for if Perkin Warbeck was really the Duke of York, why might

not Lambert Simnel be the Widow of Richard. Whether innocent or guilty,

he did not reign long in peace, for Henry Tudor E. of Richmond as great

a villain as ever lived, made a great fuss about getting the Crown and

having killed the King at the battle of Bosworth, he succeeded to it.

HENRY the 7th

This Monarch soon after his accession married the Princess Elizabeth of

York, by which alliance he plainly proved that he thought his own right

inferior to hers, tho' he pretended to the contrary. By this Marriage he

had two sons and two daughters, the elder of which Daughters was married

to the King of Scotland and had the happiness of being grandmother

to one of the first Characters in the World. But of HER, I shall have

occasion to speak more at large in future. The youngest, Mary, married

first the King of France and secondly the D. of Suffolk, by whom she had

one daughter, afterwards the Mother of Lady Jane Grey, who tho' inferior

to her lovely Cousin the Queen of Scots, was yet an amiable young woman

and famous for reading Greek while other people were hunting. It was in

the reign of Henry the 7th that Perkin Warbeck and Lambert Simnel before

mentioned made their appearance, the former of whom was set in the

stocks, took shelter in Beaulieu Abbey, and was beheaded with the Earl

of Warwick, and the latter was taken into the Kings kitchen. His Majesty

died and was succeeded by his son Henry whose only merit was his not

being quite so bad as his daughter Elizabeth.

HENRY the 8th

It would be an affront to my Readers were I to suppose that they were

not as well acquainted with the particulars of this King's reign as I am

myself. It will therefore be saving THEM the task of reading again what

they have read before, and MYSELF the trouble of writing what I do not

perfectly recollect, by giving only a slight sketch of the principal

Events which marked his reign. Among these may be ranked Cardinal

Wolsey's telling the father Abbott of Leicester Abbey that "he was come

to lay his bones among them," the reformation in Religion and the King's

riding through the streets of London with Anna Bullen. It is however

but Justice, and my Duty to declare that this amiable Woman was entirely

innocent of the Crimes with which she was accused, and of which her

Beauty, her Elegance, and her Sprightliness were sufficient proofs, not

to mention her solemn Protestations of Innocence, the weakness of the

Charges against her, and the King's Character; all of which add some

confirmation, tho' perhaps but slight ones when in comparison with those

before alledged in her favour. Tho' I do not profess giving many dates,

yet as I think it proper to give some and shall of course make choice

of those which it is most necessary for the Reader to know, I think it

right to inform him that her letter to the King was dated on the 6th of

May. The Crimes and Cruelties of this Prince, were too numerous to be

mentioned, (as this history I trust has fully shown;) and nothing can

be said in his vindication, but that his abolishing Religious Houses and

leaving them to the ruinous depredations of time has been of infinite

use to the landscape of England in general, which probably was a

principal motive for his doing it, since otherwise why should a Man who

was of no Religion himself be at so much trouble to abolish one which

had for ages been established in the Kingdom. His Majesty's 5th Wife

was the Duke of Norfolk's Neice who, tho' universally acquitted of the

crimes for which she was beheaded, has been by many people supposed to

have led an abandoned life before her Marriage--of this however I have

many doubts, since she was a relation of that noble Duke of Norfolk who

was so warm in the Queen of Scotland's cause, and who at last fell a

victim to it. The Kings last wife contrived to survive him, but with

difficulty effected it. He was succeeded by his only son Edward.

EDWARD the 6th

As this prince was only nine years old at the time of his Father's

death, he was considered by many people as too young to govern, and the

late King happening to be of the same opinion, his mother's Brother the

Duke of Somerset was chosen Protector of the realm during his minority.

This Man was on the whole of a very amiable Character, and is somewhat

of a favourite with me, tho' I would by no means pretend to affirm that

he was equal to those first of Men Robert Earl of Essex, Delamere, or

Gilpin. He was beheaded, of which he might with reason have been proud,

had he known that such was the death of Mary Queen of Scotland; but

as it was impossible that he should be conscious of what had never

happened, it does not appear that he felt particularly delighted with

the manner of it. After his decease the Duke of Northumberland had the

care of the King and the Kingdom, and performed his trust of both so

well that the King died and the Kingdom was left to his daughter in law

the Lady Jane Grey, who has been already mentioned as reading Greek.

Whether she really understood that language or whether such a study

proceeded only from an excess of vanity for which I beleive she was

always rather remarkable, is uncertain. Whatever might be the cause,

she preserved the same appearance of knowledge, and contempt of what

was generally esteemed pleasure, during the whole of her life, for

she declared herself displeased with being appointed Queen, and while

conducting to the scaffold, she wrote a sentence in Latin and another in

Greek on seeing the dead Body of her Husband accidentally passing that

way.

MARY

This woman had the good luck of being advanced to the throne of England,

in spite of the superior pretensions, Merit, and Beauty of her Cousins

Mary Queen of Scotland and Jane Grey. Nor can I pity the Kingdom for the

misfortunes they experienced during her Reign, since they fully deserved

them, for having allowed her to succeed her Brother--which was a double

peice of folly, since they might have foreseen that as she died without

children, she would be succeeded by that disgrace to humanity, that

pest of society, Elizabeth. Many were the people who fell martyrs to the

protestant Religion during her reign; I suppose not fewer than a dozen.

She married Philip King of Spain who in her sister's reign was famous

for building Armadas. She died without issue, and then the dreadful

moment came in which the destroyer of all comfort, the deceitful

Betrayer of trust reposed in her, and the Murderess of her Cousin

succeeded to the Throne.----

ELIZABETH

It was the peculiar misfortune of this Woman to have bad

Ministers---Since wicked as she herself was, she could not have

committed such extensive mischeif, had not these vile and abandoned Men

connived at, and encouraged her in her Crimes. I know that it has by

many people been asserted and beleived that Lord Burleigh, Sir Francis

Walsingham, and the rest of those who filled the cheif offices of State

were deserving, experienced, and able Ministers. But oh! how blinded

such writers and such Readers must be to true Merit, to Merit despised,

neglected and defamed, if they can persist in such opinions when they

reflect that these men, these boasted men were such scandals to their

Country and their sex as to allow and assist their Queen in confining

for the space of nineteen years, a WOMAN who if the claims of

Relationship and Merit were of no avail, yet as a Queen and as one who

condescended to place confidence in her, had every reason to expect

assistance and protection; and at length in allowing Elizabeth to bring

this amiable Woman to an untimely, unmerited, and scandalous Death. Can

any one if he reflects but for a moment on this blot, this everlasting

blot upon their understanding and their Character, allow any praise to

Lord Burleigh or Sir Francis Walsingham? Oh! what must this bewitching

Princess whose only freind was then the Duke of Norfolk, and whose

only ones now Mr Whitaker, Mrs Lefroy, Mrs Knight and myself, who was

abandoned by her son, confined by her Cousin, abused, reproached and

vilified by all, what must not her most noble mind have suffered when

informed that Elizabeth had given orders for her Death! Yet she bore

it with a most unshaken fortitude, firm in her mind; constant in her

Religion; and prepared herself to meet the cruel fate to which she

was doomed, with a magnanimity that would alone proceed from conscious

Innocence. And yet could you Reader have beleived it possible that

some hardened and zealous Protestants have even abused her for that

steadfastness in the Catholic Religion which reflected on her so

much credit? But this is a striking proof of THEIR narrow souls and

prejudiced Judgements who accuse her. She was executed in the Great Hall

at Fortheringay Castle (sacred Place!) on Wednesday the 8th of February

1586--to the everlasting Reproach of Elizabeth, her Ministers, and of

England in general. It may not be unnecessary before I entirely conclude

my account of this ill-fated Queen, to observe that she had been accused

of several crimes during the time of her reigning in Scotland, of which

I now most seriously do assure my Reader that she was entirely innocent;

having never been guilty of anything more than Imprudencies into which

she was betrayed by the openness of her Heart, her Youth, and her

Education. Having I trust by this assurance entirely done away every

Suspicion and every doubt which might have arisen in the Reader's mind,

from what other Historians have written of her, I shall proceed to

mention the remaining Events that marked Elizabeth's reign. It was about

this time that Sir Francis Drake the first English Navigator who sailed

round the World, lived, to be the ornament of his Country and his

profession. Yet great as he was, and justly celebrated as a sailor,

I cannot help foreseeing that he will be equalled in this or the next

Century by one who tho' now but young, already promises to answer all

the ardent and sanguine expectations of his Relations and Freinds,

amongst whom I may class the amiable Lady to whom this work is

dedicated, and my no less amiable self.

Though of a different profession, and shining in a different sphere of

Life, yet equally conspicuous in the Character of an Earl, as Drake was

in that of a Sailor, was Robert Devereux Lord Essex. This unfortunate

young Man was not unlike in character to that equally unfortunate

one FREDERIC DELAMERE. The simile may be carried still farther, and

Elizabeth the torment of Essex may be compared to the Emmeline of

Delamere. It would be endless to recount the misfortunes of this noble

and gallant Earl. It is sufficient to say that he was beheaded on the

25th of Feb, after having been Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, after having

clapped his hand on his sword, and after performing many other services

to his Country. Elizabeth did not long survive his loss, and died so

miserable that were it not an injury to the memory of Mary I should pity

her.

JAMES the 1st

Though this King had some faults, among which and as the most principal,

was his allowing his Mother's death, yet considered on the whole I

cannot help liking him. He married Anne of Denmark, and had several

Children; fortunately for him his eldest son Prince Henry died before

his father or he might have experienced the evils which befell his

unfortunate Brother.

As I am myself partial to the roman catholic religion, it is with

infinite regret that I am obliged to blame the Behaviour of any Member

of it: yet Truth being I think very excusable in an Historian, I am

necessitated to say that in this reign the roman Catholics of England

did not behave like Gentlemen to the protestants. Their Behaviour

indeed to the Royal Family and both Houses of Parliament might justly

be considered by them as very uncivil, and even Sir Henry Percy tho'

certainly the best bred man of the party, had none of that general

politeness which is so universally pleasing, as his attentions were

entirely confined to Lord Mounteagle.

Sir Walter Raleigh flourished in this and the preceeding reign, and is

by many people held in great veneration and respect--But as he was an

enemy of the noble Essex, I have nothing to say in praise of him, and

must refer all those who may wish to be acquainted with the particulars

of his life, to Mr Sheridan's play of the Critic, where they will

find many interesting anecdotes as well of him as of his friend Sir

Christopher Hatton.--His Majesty was of that amiable disposition which

inclines to Freindship, and in such points was possessed of a keener

penetration in discovering Merit than many other people. I once heard an

excellent Sharade on a Carpet, of which the subject I am now on reminds

me, and as I think it may afford my Readers some amusement to FIND IT

OUT, I shall here take the liberty of presenting it to them.

SHARADE My first is what my second was to King James the 1st, and you

tread on my whole.

The principal favourites of his Majesty were Car, who was afterwards

created Earl of Somerset and whose name perhaps may have some share

in the above mentioned Sharade, and George Villiers afterwards Duke of

Buckingham. On his Majesty's death he was succeeded by his son Charles.

CHARLES the 1st

This amiable Monarch seems born to have suffered misfortunes equal to

those of his lovely Grandmother; misfortunes which he could not deserve

since he was her descendant. Never certainly were there before so many

detestable Characters at one time in England as in this Period of its

History; never were amiable men so scarce. The number of them throughout

the whole Kingdom amounting only to FIVE, besides the inhabitants

of Oxford who were always loyal to their King and faithful to his

interests. The names of this noble five who never forgot the duty of

the subject, or swerved from their attachment to his Majesty, were as

follows--The King himself, ever stedfast in his own support--Archbishop

Laud, Earl of Strafford, Viscount Faulkland and Duke of Ormond, who were

scarcely less strenuous or zealous in the cause. While the VILLIANS

of the time would make too long a list to be written or read; I shall

therefore content myself with mentioning the leaders of the Gang.

Cromwell, Fairfax, Hampden, and Pym may be considered as the original

Causers of all the disturbances, Distresses, and Civil Wars in which

England for many years was embroiled. In this reign as well as in that

of Elizabeth, I am obliged in spite of my attachment to the Scotch,

to consider them as equally guilty with the generality of the English,

since they dared to think differently from their Sovereign, to forget

the Adoration which as STUARTS it was their Duty to pay them, to rebel

against, dethrone and imprison the unfortunate Mary; to oppose, to

deceive, and to sell the no less unfortunate Charles. The Events of this

Monarch's reign are too numerous for my pen, and indeed the recital

of any Events (except what I make myself) is uninteresting to me; my

principal reason for undertaking the History of England being to Prove

the innocence of the Queen of Scotland, which I flatter myself with

having effectually done, and to abuse Elizabeth, tho' I am rather

fearful of having fallen short in the latter part of my scheme.--As

therefore it is not my intention to give any particular account of the

distresses into which this King was involved through the misconduct and

Cruelty of his Parliament, I shall satisfy myself with vindicating him

from the Reproach of Arbitrary and tyrannical Government with which he

has often been charged. This, I feel, is not difficult to be done, for

with one argument I am certain of satisfying every sensible and well

disposed person whose opinions have been properly guided by a good

Education--and this Argument is that he was a STUART.

Finis Saturday Nov: 26th 1791.

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A COLLECTION OF LETTERS

To Miss COOPER

COUSIN Conscious of the Charming Character which in every Country, and

every Clime in Christendom is Cried, Concerning you, with Caution and

Care I Commend to your Charitable Criticism this Clever Collection

of Curious Comments, which have been Carefully Culled, Collected and

Classed by your Comical Cousin

The Author.

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A COLLECTION OF LETTERS

LETTER the FIRST From a MOTHER to her FREIND.

My Children begin now to claim all my attention in different Manner from

that in which they have been used to receive it, as they are now arrived

at that age when it is necessary for them in some measure to become

conversant with the World, My Augusta is 17 and her sister scarcely a

twelvemonth younger. I flatter myself that their education has been such

as will not disgrace their appearance in the World, and that THEY will

not disgrace their Education I have every reason to beleive. Indeed they

are sweet Girls--. Sensible yet unaffected--Accomplished yet Easy--.

Lively yet Gentle--. As their progress in every thing they have learnt

has been always the same, I am willing to forget the difference of age,

and to introduce them together into Public. This very Evening is fixed

on as their first ENTREE into Life, as we are to drink tea with Mrs Cope

and her Daughter. I am glad that we are to meet no one, for my Girls

sake, as it would be awkward for them to enter too wide a Circle on the

very first day. But we shall proceed by degrees.--Tomorrow Mr Stanly's

family will drink tea with us, and perhaps the Miss Phillips's will meet

them. On Tuesday we shall pay Morning Visits--On Wednesday we are to

dine at Westbrook. On Thursday we have Company at home. On Friday we

are to be at a Private Concert at Sir John Wynna's--and on Saturday

we expect Miss Dawson to call in the Morning--which will complete my

Daughters Introduction into Life. How they will bear so much dissipation

I cannot imagine; of their spirits I have no fear, I only dread their

health.

This mighty affair is now happily over, and my Girls are OUT. As the

moment approached for our departure, you can have no idea how the sweet

Creatures trembled with fear and expectation. Before the Carriage drove

to the door, I called them into my dressing-room, and as soon as they

were seated thus addressed them. "My dear Girls the moment is now

arrived when I am to reap the rewards of all my Anxieties and Labours

towards you during your Education. You are this Evening to enter a World

in which you will meet with many wonderfull Things; Yet let me warn

you against suffering yourselves to be meanly swayed by the Follies and

Vices of others, for beleive me my beloved Children that if you do--I

shall be very sorry for it." They both assured me that they would ever

remember my advice with Gratitude, and follow it with attention; That

they were prepared to find a World full of things to amaze and to shock

them: but that they trusted their behaviour would never give me reason

to repent the Watchful Care with which I had presided over their infancy

and formed their Minds--" "With such expectations and such intentions

(cried I) I can have nothing to fear from you--and can chearfully

conduct you to Mrs Cope's without a fear of your being seduced by her

Example, or contaminated by her Follies. Come, then my Children (added

I) the Carriage is driving to the door, and I will not a moment delay

the happiness you are so impatient to enjoy." When we arrived at

Warleigh, poor Augusta could scarcely breathe, while Margaret was all

Life and Rapture. "The long-expected Moment is now arrived (said she)

and we shall soon be in the World."--In a few Moments we were in Mrs

Cope's parlour, where with her daughter she sate ready to receive us.

I observed with delight the impression my Children made on them--. They

were indeed two sweet, elegant-looking Girls, and tho' somewhat abashed

from the peculiarity of their situation, yet there was an ease in their

Manners and address which could not fail of pleasing--. Imagine my

dear Madam how delighted I must have been in beholding as I did, how

attentively they observed every object they saw, how disgusted with some

Things, how enchanted with others, how astonished at all! On the whole

however they returned in raptures with the World, its Inhabitants, and

Manners. Yrs Ever--A. F.

LETTER the SECOND From a YOUNG LADY crossed in Love to her freind

Why should this last disappointment hang so heavily on my spirits? Why

should I feel it more, why should it wound me deeper than those I

have experienced before? Can it be that I have a greater affection for

Willoughby than I had for his amiable predecessors? Or is it that our

feelings become more acute from being often wounded? I must suppose my

dear Belle that this is the Case, since I am not conscious of being more

sincerely attached to Willoughby than I was to Neville, Fitzowen, or

either of the Crawfords, for all of whom I once felt the most lasting

affection that ever warmed a Woman's heart. Tell me then dear Belle why

I still sigh when I think of the faithless Edward, or why I weep when I

behold his Bride, for too surely this is the case--. My Freinds are all

alarmed for me; They fear my declining health; they lament my want

of spirits; they dread the effects of both. In hopes of releiving my

melancholy, by directing my thoughts to other objects, they have invited

several of their freinds to spend the Christmas with us. Lady Bridget

Darkwood and her sister-in-law, Miss Jane are expected on Friday; and

Colonel Seaton's family will be with us next week. This is all most

kindly meant by my Uncle and Cousins; but what can the presence of a

dozen indefferent people do to me, but weary and distress me--. I will

not finish my Letter till some of our Visitors are arrived.

Friday Evening Lady Bridget came this morning, and with her, her sweet

sister Miss Jane--. Although I have been acquainted with this charming

Woman above fifteen Years, yet I never before observed how lovely she

is. She is now about 35, and in spite of sickness, sorrow and Time is

more blooming than I ever saw a Girl of 17. I was delighted with her,

the moment she entered the house, and she appeared equally pleased with

me, attaching herself to me during the remainder of the day. There is

something so sweet, so mild in her Countenance, that she seems more than

Mortal. Her Conversation is as bewitching as her appearance; I could not

help telling her how much she engaged my admiration--. "Oh! Miss Jane

(said I)--and stopped from an inability at the moment of expressing

myself as I could wish--Oh! Miss Jane--(I repeated)--I could not think

of words to suit my feelings--She seemed waiting for my speech--. I

was confused--distressed--my thoughts were bewildered--and I could only

add--"How do you do?" She saw and felt for my Embarrassment and with

admirable presence of mind releived me from it by saying--"My dear

Sophia be not uneasy at having exposed yourself--I will turn the

Conversation without appearing to notice it. "Oh! how I loved her for

her kindness!" Do you ride as much as you used to do?" said she--. "I

am advised to ride by my Physician. We have delightful Rides round us,

I have a Charming horse, am uncommonly fond of the Amusement, replied

I quite recovered from my Confusion, and in short I ride a great deal."

"You are in the right my Love," said she. Then repeating the following

line which was an extempore and equally adapted to recommend both Riding

and Candour--

"Ride where you may, Be Candid where you can," she added," I rode once,

but it is many years ago--She spoke this in so low and tremulous a

Voice, that I was silent--. Struck with her Manner of speaking I could

make no reply. "I have not ridden, continued she fixing her Eyes on my

face, since I was married." I was never so surprised--"Married, Ma'am!"

I repeated. "You may well wear that look of astonishment, said she,

since what I have said must appear improbable to you--Yet nothing is

more true than that I once was married."

"Then why are you called Miss Jane?"

"I married, my Sophia without the consent or knowledge of my father the

late Admiral Annesley. It was therefore necessary to keep the secret

from him and from every one, till some fortunate opportunity might offer

of revealing it--. Such an opportunity alas! was but too soon given in

the death of my dear Capt. Dashwood--Pardon these tears, continued Miss

Jane wiping her Eyes, I owe them to my Husband's memory. He fell my

Sophia, while fighting for his Country in America after a most happy

Union of seven years--. My Children, two sweet Boys and a Girl, who

had constantly resided with my Father and me, passing with him and with

every one as the Children of a Brother (tho' I had ever been an only

Child) had as yet been the comforts of my Life. But no sooner had

I lossed my Henry, than these sweet Creatures fell sick and died--.

Conceive dear Sophia what my feelings must have been when as an Aunt I

attended my Children to their early Grave--. My Father did not survive

them many weeks--He died, poor Good old man, happily ignorant to his

last hour of my Marriage.'

"But did not you own it, and assume his name at your husband's death?"

"No; I could not bring myself to do it; more especially when in my

Children I lost all inducement for doing it. Lady Bridget, and yourself

are the only persons who are in the knowledge of my having ever been

either Wife or Mother. As I could not Prevail on myself to take the

name of Dashwood (a name which after my Henry's death I could never hear

without emotion) and as I was conscious of having no right to that of

Annesley, I dropt all thoughts of either, and have made it a point of

bearing only my Christian one since my Father's death." She paused--"Oh!

my dear Miss Jane (said I) how infinitely am I obliged to you for so

entertaining a story! You cannot think how it has diverted me! But have

you quite done?"

"I have only to add my dear Sophia, that my Henry's elder Brother dieing

about the same time, Lady Bridget became a Widow like myself, and as we

had always loved each other in idea from the high Character in which we

had ever been spoken of, though we had never met, we determined to live

together. We wrote to one another on the same subject by the same post,

so exactly did our feeling and our actions coincide! We both eagerly

embraced the proposals we gave and received of becoming one family, and

have from that time lived together in the greatest affection."

"And is this all? said I, I hope you have not done."

"Indeed I have; and did you ever hear a story more pathetic?"

"I never did--and it is for that reason it pleases me so much, for when

one is unhappy nothing is so delightful to one's sensations as to hear

of equal misery."

"Ah! but my Sophia why are YOU unhappy?"

"Have you not heard Madam of Willoughby's Marriage?"

"But my love why lament HIS perfidy, when you bore so well that of many

young Men before?"

"Ah! Madam, I was used to it then, but when Willoughby broke his

Engagements I had not been dissapointed for half a year."

"Poor Girl!" said Miss Jane.

LETTER the THIRD From a YOUNG LADY in distressed Circumstances to her

freind

A few days ago I was at a private Ball given by Mr Ashburnham. As my

Mother never goes out she entrusted me to the care of Lady Greville who

did me the honour of calling for me in her way and of allowing me to sit

forwards, which is a favour about which I am very indifferent especially

as I know it is considered as confering a great obligation on me "So

Miss Maria (said her Ladyship as she saw me advancing to the door of the

Carriage) you seem very smart to night--MY poor Girls will appear quite

to disadvantage by YOU--I only hope your Mother may not have distressed

herself to set YOU off. Have you got a new Gown on?"

"Yes Ma'am." replied I with as much indifference as I could assume.

"Aye, and a fine one too I think--(feeling it, as by her permission I

seated myself by her) I dare say it is all very smart--But I must

own, for you know I always speak my mind, that I think it was quite a

needless piece of expence--Why could not you have worn your old striped

one? It is not my way to find fault with People because they are poor,

for I always think that they are more to be despised and pitied than

blamed for it, especially if they cannot help it, but at the same time I

must say that in my opinion your old striped Gown would have been quite

fine enough for its Wearer--for to tell you the truth (I always speak my

mind) I am very much afraid that one half of the people in the room will

not know whether you have a Gown on or not--But I suppose you intend to

make your fortune to night--. Well, the sooner the better; and I wish

you success."

"Indeed Ma'am I have no such intention--"

"Who ever heard a young Lady own that she was a Fortune-hunter?" Miss

Greville laughed but I am sure Ellen felt for me.

"Was your Mother gone to bed before you left her?" said her Ladyship.

"Dear Ma'am, said Ellen it is but nine o'clock."

"True Ellen, but Candles cost money, and Mrs Williams is too wise to be

extravagant."

"She was just sitting down to supper Ma'am."

"And what had she got for supper?" "I did not observe." "Bread and

Cheese I suppose." "I should never wish for a better supper." said

Ellen. "You have never any reason replied her Mother, as a better is

always provided for you." Miss Greville laughed excessively, as she

constantly does at her Mother's wit.

Such is the humiliating Situation in which I am forced to appear while

riding in her Ladyship's Coach--I dare not be impertinent, as my Mother

is always admonishing me to be humble and patient if I wish to make my

way in the world. She insists on my accepting every invitation of Lady

Greville, or you may be certain that I would never enter either her

House, or her Coach with the disagreable certainty I always have of

being abused for my Poverty while I am in them.--When we arrived at

Ashburnham, it was nearly ten o'clock, which was an hour and a half

later than we were desired to be there; but Lady Greville is too

fashionable (or fancies herself to be so) to be punctual. The Dancing

however was not begun as they waited for Miss Greville. I had not been

long in the room before I was engaged to dance by Mr Bernard, but just

as we were going to stand up, he recollected that his Servant had got

his white Gloves, and immediately ran out to fetch them. In the mean

time the Dancing began and Lady Greville in passing to another room went

exactly before me--She saw me and instantly stopping, said to me though

there were several people close to us,

"Hey day, Miss Maria! What cannot you get a partner? Poor Young Lady!

I am afraid your new Gown was put on for nothing. But do not despair;

perhaps you may get a hop before the Evening is over." So saying, she

passed on without hearing my repeated assurance of being engaged, and

leaving me very much provoked at being so exposed before every one--Mr

Bernard however soon returned and by coming to me the moment he entered

the room, and leading me to the Dancers my Character I hope was cleared

from the imputation Lady Greville had thrown on it, in the eyes of all

the old Ladies who had heard her speech. I soon forgot all my vexations

in the pleasure of dancing and of having the most agreable partner in

the room. As he is moreover heir to a very large Estate I could see that

Lady Greville did not look very well pleased when she found who had been

his Choice--She was determined to mortify me, and accordingly when we

were sitting down between the dances, she came to me with more than her

usual insulting importance attended by Miss Mason and said loud enough

to be heard by half the people in the room, "Pray Miss Maria in what

way of business was your Grandfather? for Miss Mason and I cannot agree

whether he was a Grocer or a Bookbinder." I saw that she wanted to

mortify me, and was resolved if I possibly could to Prevent her seeing

that her scheme succeeded. "Neither Madam; he was a Wine Merchant."

"Aye, I knew he was in some such low way--He broke did not he?" "I

beleive not Ma'am." "Did not he abscond?" "I never heard that he did."

"At least he died insolvent?" "I was never told so before." "Why, was

not your FATHER as poor as a Rat" "I fancy not." "Was not he in the

Kings Bench once?" "I never saw him there." She gave me SUCH a look, and

turned away in a great passion; while I was half delighted with myself

for my impertinence, and half afraid of being thought too saucy. As Lady

Greville was extremely angry with me, she took no further notice of

me all the Evening, and indeed had I been in favour I should have been

equally neglected, as she was got into a Party of great folks and she

never speaks to me when she can to anyone else. Miss Greville was with

her Mother's party at supper, but Ellen preferred staying with the

Bernards and me. We had a very pleasant Dance and as Lady G--slept all

the way home, I had a very comfortable ride.

The next day while we were at dinner Lady Greville's Coach stopped at

the door, for that is the time of day she generally contrives it should.

She sent in a message by the servant to say that "she should not get out

but that Miss Maria must come to the Coach-door, as she wanted to speak

to her, and that she must make haste and come immediately--" "What an

impertinent Message Mama!" said I--"Go Maria--" replied she--Accordingly

I went and was obliged to stand there at her Ladyships pleasure though

the Wind was extremely high and very cold.

"Why I think Miss Maria you are not quite so smart as you were last

night--But I did not come to examine your dress, but to tell you that

you may dine with us the day after tomorrow--Not tomorrow, remember, do

not come tomorrow, for we expect Lord and Lady Clermont and Sir Thomas

Stanley's family--There will be no occasion for your being very fine

for I shant send the Carriage--If it rains you may take an umbrella--"

I could hardly help laughing at hearing her give me leave to keep myself

dry--"And pray remember to be in time, for I shant wait--I hate my

Victuals over-done--But you need not come before the time--How does

your Mother do? She is at dinner is not she?" "Yes Ma'am we were in the

middle of dinner when your Ladyship came." "I am afraid you find it very

cold Maria." said Ellen. "Yes, it is an horrible East wind--said her

Mother--I assure you I can hardly bear the window down--But you are used

to be blown about by the wind Miss Maria and that is what has made your

Complexion so rudely and coarse. You young Ladies who cannot often ride

in a Carriage never mind what weather you trudge in, or how the wind

shews your legs. I would not have my Girls stand out of doors as you do

in such a day as this. But some sort of people have no feelings either

of cold or Delicacy--Well, remember that we shall expect you on Thursday

at 5 o'clock--You must tell your Maid to come for you at night--There

will be no Moon--and you will have an horrid walk home--My compts to

Your Mother--I am afraid your dinner will be cold--Drive on--" And away

she went, leaving me in a great passion with her as she always does.

Maria Williams.

LETTER the FOURTH From a YOUNG LADY rather impertinent to her freind

We dined yesterday with Mr Evelyn where we were introduced to a very

agreable looking Girl his Cousin. I was extremely pleased with her

appearance, for added to the charms of an engaging face, her manner and

voice had something peculiarly interesting in them. So much so, that

they inspired me with a great curiosity to know the history of her Life,

who were her Parents, where she came from, and what had befallen her,

for it was then only known that she was a relation of Mr Evelyn, and

that her name was Grenville. In the evening a favourable opportunity

offered to me of attempting at least to know what I wished to know, for

every one played at Cards but Mrs Evelyn, My Mother, Dr Drayton, Miss

Grenville and myself, and as the two former were engaged in a whispering

Conversation, and the Doctor fell asleep, we were of necessity obliged

to entertain each other. This was what I wished and being determined not

to remain in ignorance for want of asking, I began the Conversation in

the following Manner.

"Have you been long in Essex Ma'am?"

"I arrived on Tuesday."

"You came from Derbyshire?"

"No, Ma'am! appearing surprised at my question, from Suffolk." You will

think this a good dash of mine my dear Mary, but you know that I am not

wanting for Impudence when I have any end in veiw. "Are you pleased with

the Country Miss Grenville? Do you find it equal to the one you have

left?"

"Much superior Ma'am in point of Beauty." She sighed. I longed to know

for why.

"But the face of any Country however beautiful said I, can be but a poor

consolation for the loss of one's dearest Freinds." She shook her

head, as if she felt the truth of what I said. My Curiosity was so much

raised, that I was resolved at any rate to satisfy it.

"You regret having left Suffolk then Miss Grenville?" "Indeed I do."

"You were born there I suppose?" "Yes Ma'am I was and passed many happy

years there--"

"That is a great comfort--said I--I hope Ma'am that you never spent any

unhappy one's there."

"Perfect Felicity is not the property of Mortals, and no one has a right

to expect uninterrupted Happiness.--Some Misfortunes I have certainly

met with."

"WHAT Misfortunes dear Ma'am? replied I, burning with impatience to know

every thing. "NONE Ma'am I hope that have been the effect of any wilfull

fault in me." "I dare say not Ma'am, and have no doubt but that any

sufferings you may have experienced could arise only from the cruelties

of Relations or the Errors of Freinds." She sighed--"You seem unhappy

my dear Miss Grenville--Is it in my power to soften your Misfortunes?"

"YOUR power Ma'am replied she extremely surprised; it is in NO ONES

power to make me happy." She pronounced these words in so mournfull and

solemn an accent, that for some time I had not courage to reply. I

was actually silenced. I recovered myself however in a few moments and

looking at her with all the affection I could, "My dear Miss Grenville

said I, you appear extremely young--and may probably stand in need of

some one's advice whose regard for you, joined to superior Age, perhaps

superior Judgement might authorise her to give it. I am that person, and

I now challenge you to accept the offer I make you of my Confidence and

Freindship, in return to which I shall only ask for yours--"

"You are extremely obliging Ma'am--said she--and I am highly flattered

by your attention to me--But I am in no difficulty, no doubt, no

uncertainty of situation in which any advice can be wanted. Whenever I

am however continued she brightening into a complaisant smile, I shall

know where to apply."

I bowed, but felt a good deal mortified by such a repulse; still however

I had not given up my point. I found that by the appearance of sentiment

and Freindship nothing was to be gained and determined therefore to

renew my attacks by Questions and suppositions. "Do you intend staying

long in this part of England Miss Grenville?"

"Yes Ma'am, some time I beleive."

"But how will Mr and Mrs Grenville bear your absence?"

"They are neither of them alive Ma'am." This was an answer I did not

expect--I was quite silenced, and never felt so awkward in my Life---.

LETTER the FIFTH From a YOUNG LADY very much in love to her Freind

My Uncle gets more stingy, my Aunt more particular, and I more in love

every day. What shall we all be at this rate by the end of the year! I

had this morning the happiness of receiving the following Letter from my

dear Musgrove.

Sackville St: Janry 7th It is a month to day since I first beheld my

lovely Henrietta, and the sacred anniversary must and shall be kept in

a manner becoming the day--by writing to her. Never shall I forget the

moment when her Beauties first broke on my sight--No time as you well

know can erase it from my Memory. It was at Lady Scudamores. Happy Lady

Scudamore to live within a mile of the divine Henrietta! When the lovely

Creature first entered the room, oh! what were my sensations? The sight

of you was like the sight ofa wonderful fine Thing. I started--I gazed

at her with admiration--She appeared every moment more Charming, and the

unfortunate Musgrove became a captive to your Charms before I had time

to look about me. Yes Madam, I had the happiness of adoring you, an

happiness for which I cannot be too grateful. "What said he to himself

is Musgrove allowed to die for Henrietta? Enviable Mortal! and may he

pine for her who is the object of universal admiration, who is adored

by a Colonel, and toasted by a Baronet! Adorable Henrietta how beautiful

you are! I declare you are quite divine! You are more than Mortal.

You are an Angel. You are Venus herself. In short Madam you are the

prettiest Girl I ever saw in my Life--and her Beauty is encreased in her

Musgroves Eyes, by permitting him to love her and allowing me to hope.

And ah! Angelic Miss Henrietta Heaven is my witness how ardently I do

hope for the death of your villanous Uncle and his abandoned Wife, since

my fair one will not consent to be mine till their decease has placed

her in affluence above what my fortune can procure--. Though it is an

improvable Estate--. Cruel Henrietta to persist in such a resolution! I

am at Present with my sister where I mean to continue till my own house

which tho' an excellent one is at Present somewhat out of repair, is

ready to receive me. Amiable princess of my Heart farewell--Of that

Heart which trembles while it signs itself Your most ardent Admirer and

devoted humble servt. T. Musgrove.

There is a pattern for a Love-letter Matilda! Did you ever read such

a master-piece of Writing? Such sense, such sentiment, such purity of

Thought, such flow of Language and such unfeigned Love in one sheet?

No, never I can answer for it, since a Musgrove is not to be met with

by every Girl. Oh! how I long to be with him! I intend to send him the

following in answer to his Letter tomorrow.

My dearest Musgrove--. Words cannot express how happy your Letter made

me; I thought I should have cried for joy, for I love you better than

any body in the World. I think you the most amiable, and the handsomest

Man in England, and so to be sure you are. I never read so sweet a

Letter in my Life. Do write me another just like it, and tell me you are

in love with me in every other line. I quite die to see you. How shall

we manage to see one another? for we are so much in love that we cannot

live asunder. Oh! my dear Musgrove you cannot think how impatiently I

wait for the death of my Uncle and Aunt--If they will not Die soon, I

beleive I shall run mad, for I get more in love with you every day of my

Life.

How happy your Sister is to enjoy the pleasure of your Company in her

house, and how happy every body in London must be because you are there.

I hope you will be so kind as to write to me again soon, for I never

read such sweet Letters as yours. I am my dearest Musgrove most truly

and faithfully yours for ever and ever Henrietta Halton.

I hope he will like my answer; it is as good a one as I can write

though nothing to his; Indeed I had always heard what a dab he was at

a Love-letter. I saw him you know for the first time at Lady

Scudamores--And when I saw her Ladyship afterwards she asked me how I

liked her Cousin Musgrove?

"Why upon my word said I, I think he is a very handsome young Man."

"I am glad you think so replied she, for he is distractedly in love with

you."

"Law! Lady Scudamore said I, how can you talk so ridiculously?"

"Nay, t'is very true answered she, I assure you, for he was in love with

you from the first moment he beheld you."

"I wish it may be true said I, for that is the only kind of love I

would give a farthing for--There is some sense in being in love at first

sight."

"Well, I give you Joy of your conquest, replied Lady Scudamore, and

I beleive it to have been a very complete one; I am sure it is not a

contemptible one, for my Cousin is a charming young fellow, has seen a

great deal of the World, and writes the best Love-letters I ever read."

This made me very happy, and I was excessively pleased with my conquest.

However, I thought it was proper to give myself a few Airs--so I said to

her--

"This is all very pretty Lady Scudamore, but you know that we young

Ladies who are Heiresses must not throw ourselves away upon Men who have

no fortune at all."

"My dear Miss Halton said she, I am as much convinced of that as you can

be, and I do assure you that I should be the last person to encourage

your marrying anyone who had not some pretensions to expect a fortune

with you. Mr Musgrove is so far from being poor that he has an estate of

several hundreds an year which is capable of great Improvement, and an

excellent House, though at Present it is not quite in repair."

"If that is the case replied I, I have nothing more to say against

him, and if as you say he is an informed young Man and can write a

good Love-letter, I am sure I have no reason to find fault with him

for admiring me, tho' perhaps I may not marry him for all that Lady

Scudamore."

"You are certainly under no obligation to marry him answered her

Ladyship, except that which love himself will dictate to you, for if I

am not greatly mistaken you are at this very moment unknown to yourself,

cherishing a most tender affection for him."

"Law, Lady Scudamore replied I blushing how can you think of such a

thing?"

"Because every look, every word betrays it, answered she; Come my dear

Henrietta, consider me as a freind, and be sincere with me--Do not you

prefer Mr Musgrove to any man of your acquaintance?"

"Pray do not ask me such questions Lady Scudamore, said I turning away

my head, for it is not fit for me to answer them."

"Nay my Love replied she, now you confirm my suspicions. But why

Henrietta should you be ashamed to own a well-placed Love, or why refuse

to confide in me?"

"I am not ashamed to own it; said I taking Courage. I do not refuse to

confide in you or blush to say that I do love your cousin Mr Musgrove,

that I am sincerely attached to him, for it is no disgrace to love a

handsome Man. If he were plain indeed I might have had reason to be

ashamed of a passion which must have been mean since the object would

have been unworthy. But with such a figure and face, and such beautiful

hair as your Cousin has, why should I blush to own that such superior

merit has made an impression on me."

"My sweet Girl (said Lady Scudamore embracing me with great affection)

what a delicate way of thinking you have in these matters, and what a

quick discernment for one of your years! Oh! how I honour you for such

Noble Sentiments!"

"Do you Ma'am said I; You are vastly obliging. But pray Lady Scudamore

did your Cousin himself tell you of his affection for me I shall like

him the better if he did, for what is a Lover without a Confidante?"

"Oh! my Love replied she, you were born for each other. Every word

you say more deeply convinces me that your Minds are actuated by the

invisible power of simpathy, for your opinions and sentiments so exactly

coincide. Nay, the colour of your Hair is not very different. Yes my

dear Girl, the poor despairing Musgrove did reveal to me the story of

his Love--. Nor was I surprised at it--I know not how it was, but I had

a kind of presentiment that he would be in love with you."

"Well, but how did he break it to you?"

"It was not till after supper. We were sitting round the fire

together talking on indifferent subjects, though to say the truth the

Conversation was cheifly on my side for he was thoughtful and silent,

when on a sudden he interrupted me in the midst of something I was

saying, by exclaiming in a most Theatrical tone--

Yes I'm in love I feel it now And Henrietta Halton has undone me

"Oh! What a sweet way replied I, of declaring his Passion! To make such

a couple of charming lines about me! What a pity it is that they are not

in rhime!"

"I am very glad you like it answered she; To be sure there was a great

deal of Taste in it. And are you in love with her, Cousin? said I. I am

very sorry for it, for unexceptionable as you are in every respect, with

a pretty Estate capable of Great improvements, and an excellent House

tho' somewhat out of repair, yet who can hope to aspire with success

to the adorable Henrietta who has had an offer from a Colonel and

been toasted by a Baronet"--"THAT I have--" cried I. Lady Scudamore

continued. "Ah dear Cousin replied he, I am so well convinced of the

little Chance I can have of winning her who is adored by thousands, that

I need no assurances of yours to make me more thoroughly so. Yet surely

neither you or the fair Henrietta herself will deny me the exquisite

Gratification of dieing for her, of falling a victim to her Charms. And

when I am dead"--continued her--

"Oh Lady Scudamore, said I wiping my eyes, that such a sweet Creature

should talk of dieing!"

"It is an affecting Circumstance indeed, replied Lady Scudamore." "When

I am dead said he, let me be carried and lain at her feet, and perhaps

she may not disdain to drop a pitying tear on my poor remains."

"Dear Lady Scudamore interrupted I, say no more on this affecting

subject. I cannot bear it."

"Oh! how I admire the sweet sensibility of your Soul, and as I would not

for Worlds wound it too deeply, I will be silent."

"Pray go on." said I. She did so.

"And then added he, Ah! Cousin imagine what my transports will be when

I feel the dear precious drops trickle on my face! Who would not die

to haste such extacy! And when I am interred, may the divine Henrietta

bless some happier Youth with her affection, May he be as tenderly

attached to her as the hapless Musgrove and while HE crumbles to dust,

May they live an example of Felicity in the Conjugal state!"

Did you ever hear any thing so pathetic? What a charming wish, to be

lain at my feet when he was dead! Oh! what an exalted mind he must have

to be capable of such a wish! Lady Scudamore went on.

"Ah! my dear Cousin replied I to him, such noble behaviour as this, must

melt the heart of any woman however obdurate it may naturally be;

and could the divine Henrietta but hear your generous wishes for her

happiness, all gentle as is her mind, I have not a doubt but that she

would pity your affection and endeavour to return it." "Oh! Cousin

answered he, do not endeavour to raise my hopes by such flattering

assurances. No, I cannot hope to please this angel of a Woman, and the

only thing which remains for me to do, is to die." "True Love is ever

desponding replied I, but I my dear Tom will give you even greater

hopes of conquering this fair one's heart, than I have yet given you, by

assuring you that I watched her with the strictest attention during the

whole day, and could plainly discover that she cherishes in her bosom

though unknown to herself, a most tender affection for you."

"Dear Lady Scudamore cried I, This is more than I ever knew!"

"Did not I say that it was unknown to yourself? I did not, continued

I to him, encourage you by saying this at first, that surprise might

render the pleasure still Greater." "No Cousin replied he in a languid

voice, nothing will convince me that I can have touched the heart of

Henrietta Halton, and if you are deceived yourself, do not attempt

deceiving me." "In short my Love it was the work of some hours for me to

Persuade the poor despairing Youth that you had really a preference for

him; but when at last he could no longer deny the force of my arguments,

or discredit what I told him, his transports, his Raptures, his Extacies

are beyond my power to describe."

"Oh! the dear Creature, cried I, how passionately he loves me! But dear

Lady Scudamore did you tell him that I was totally dependant on my Uncle

and Aunt?"

"Yes, I told him every thing."

"And what did he say."

"He exclaimed with virulence against Uncles and Aunts; Accused the laws

of England for allowing them to Possess their Estates when wanted by

their Nephews or Neices, and wished HE were in the House of Commons,

that he might reform the Legislature, and rectify all its abuses."

"Oh! the sweet Man! What a spirit he has!" said I.

"He could not flatter himself he added, that the adorable Henrietta

would condescend for his sake to resign those Luxuries and that splendor

to which she had been used, and accept only in exchange the Comforts

and Elegancies which his limited Income could afford her, even supposing

that his house were in Readiness to receive her. I told him that it

could not be expected that she would; it would be doing her an injustice

to suppose her capable of giving up the power she now possesses and so

nobly uses of doing such extensive Good to the poorer part of her fellow

Creatures, merely for the gratification of you and herself."

"To be sure said I, I AM very Charitable every now and then. And what

did Mr Musgrove say to this?"

"He replied that he was under a melancholy necessity of owning the truth

of what I said, and that therefore if he should be the happy Creature

destined to be the Husband of the Beautiful Henrietta he must bring

himself to wait, however impatiently, for the fortunate day, when she

might be freed from the power of worthless Relations and able to bestow

herself on him."

What a noble Creature he is! Oh! Matilda what a fortunate one I am, who

am to be his Wife! My Aunt is calling me to come and make the pies, so

adeiu my dear freind, and beleive me yours etc--H. Halton.

Finis.

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SCRAPS

To Miss FANNY CATHERINE AUSTEN

MY Dear Neice As I am prevented by the great distance between Rowling

and Steventon from superintending your Education myself, the care of

which will probably on that account devolve on your Father and Mother,

I think it is my particular Duty to Prevent your feeling as much as

possible the want of my personal instructions, by addressing to you on

paper my Opinions and Admonitions on the conduct of Young Women, which

you will find expressed in the following pages.--I am my dear Neice Your

affectionate Aunt The Author.

THE FEMALE PHILOSOPHER

A LETTER

My Dear Louisa Your friend Mr Millar called upon us yesterday in his way

to Bath, whither he is going for his health; two of his daughters were

with him, but the eldest and the three Boys are with their Mother in

Sussex. Though you have often told me that Miss Millar was remarkably

handsome, you never mentioned anything of her Sisters' beauty; yet they

are certainly extremely pretty. I'll give you their description.--Julia

is eighteen; with a countenance in which Modesty, Sense and Dignity are

happily blended, she has a form which at once presents you with Grace,

Elegance and Symmetry. Charlotte who is just sixteen is shorter than her

Sister, and though her figure cannot boast the easy dignity of

Julia's, yet it has a pleasing plumpness which is in a different way as

estimable. She is fair and her face is expressive sometimes of softness

the most bewitching, and at others of Vivacity the most striking.

She appears to have infinite Wit and a good humour unalterable; her

conversation during the half hour they set with us, was replete with

humourous sallies, Bonmots and repartees; while the sensible, the

amiable Julia uttered sentiments of Morality worthy of a heart like her

own. Mr Millar appeared to answer the character I had always received

of him. My Father met him with that look of Love, that social Shake, and

cordial kiss which marked his gladness at beholding an old and valued

freind from whom thro' various circumstances he had been separated

nearly twenty years. Mr Millar observed (and very justly too) that

many events had befallen each during that interval of time, which gave

occasion to the lovely Julia for making most sensible reflections on the

many changes in their situation which so long a period had occasioned,

on the advantages of some, and the disadvantages of others. From

this subject she made a short digression to the instability of human

pleasures and the uncertainty of their duration, which led her to

observe that all earthly Joys must be imperfect. She was proceeding to

illustrate this doctrine by examples from the Lives of great Men when

the Carriage came to the Door and the amiable Moralist with her Father

and Sister was obliged to depart; but not without a promise of spending

five or six months with us on their return. We of course mentioned you,

and I assure you that ample Justice was done to your Merits by all.

"Louisa Clarke (said I) is in general a very pleasant Girl, yet

sometimes her good humour is clouded by Peevishness, Envy and Spite. She

neither wants Understanding or is without some pretensions to Beauty,

but these are so very trifling, that the value she sets on her personal

charms, and the adoration she expects them to be offered are at once a

striking example of her vanity, her pride, and her folly." So said I,

and to my opinion everyone added weight by the concurrence of their own.

Your affectionate Arabella Smythe.

THE FIRST ACT OF A COMEDY

CHARACTERS Popgun Maria Charles Pistolletta Postilion Hostess Chorus of

ploughboys Cook and and

Strephon Chloe

SCENE--AN INN

ENTER Hostess, Charles, Maria, and Cook.

Hostess to Maria) If the gentry in the Lion should want beds, shew them

number 9.

Maria) Yes Mistress.--EXIT Maria

Hostess to Cook) If their Honours in the Moon ask for the bill of fare,

give it them.

Cook) I wull, I wull. EXIT Cook.

Hostess to Charles) If their Ladyships in the Sun ring their

Bell--answerit.

Charles) Yes Madam. EXEUNT Severally.

SCENE CHANGES TO THE MOON, and discovers Popgun and Pistoletta.

Pistoletta) Pray papa how far is it to London?

Popgun) My Girl, my Darling, my favourite of all my Children, who art

the picture of thy poor Mother who died two months ago, with whom I am

going to Town to marry to Strephon, and to whom I mean to bequeath my

whole Estate, it wants seven Miles.

SCENE CHANGES TO THE SUN--

ENTER Chloe and a chorus of ploughboys.

Chloe) Where am I? At Hounslow.--Where go I? To London--. What to do? To

be married--. Unto whom? Unto Strephon. Who is he? A Youth. Then I will

sing a song.

SONG I go to Town And when I come down, I shall be married to Streephon \*

[\*Note the two e's] And that to me will be fun.

Chorus) Be fun, be fun, be fun, And that to me will be fun.

ENTER Cook--Cook) Here is the bill of fare.

Chloe reads) 2 Ducks, a leg of beef, a stinking partridge, and a

tart.--I will have the leg of beef and the partridge. EXIT Cook. And now

I will sing another song.

SONG--I am going to have my dinner, After which I shan't be thinner, I

wish I had here Strephon For he would carve the partridge if it should

be a tough one.

Chorus) Tough one, tough one, tough one For he would carve the partridge

if it Should be a tough one. EXIT Chloe and Chorus.--

SCENE CHANGES TO THE INSIDE OF THE LION.

Enter Strephon and Postilion. Streph:) You drove me from Staines to this

place, from whence I mean to go to Town to marry Chloe. How much is your

due?

Post:) Eighteen pence. Streph:) Alas, my freind, I have but a bad guinea

with which I mean to support myself in Town. But I will pawn to you an

undirected Letter that I received from Chloe.

Post:) Sir, I accept your offer.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A LETTER from a YOUNG LADY, whose feelings being too strong for

her Judgement led her into the commission of Errors which her Heart

disapproved.

Many have been the cares and vicissitudes of my past life, my beloved

Ellinor, and the only consolation I feel for their bitterness is that on

a close examination of my conduct, I am convinced that I have strictly

deserved them. I murdered my father at a very early period of my Life, I

have since murdered my Mother, and I am now going to murder my Sister. I

have changed my religion so often that at present I have not an idea of

any left. I have been a perjured witness in every public tryal for these

last twelve years; and I have forged my own Will. In short there is

scarcely a crime that I have not committed--But I am now going to

reform. Colonel Martin of the Horse guards has paid his Addresses to me,

and we are to be married in a few days. As there is something singular

in our Courtship, I will give you an account of it. Colonel Martin is

the second son of the late Sir John Martin who died immensely rich, but

bequeathing only one hundred thousand pound apeice to his three younger

Children, left the bulk of his fortune, about eight Million to the

present Sir Thomas. Upon his small pittance the Colonel lived tolerably

contented for nearly four months when he took it into his head to

determine on getting the whole of his eldest Brother's Estate. A new

will was forged and the Colonel produced it in Court--but nobody would

swear to it's being the right will except himself, and he had sworn so

much that Nobody beleived him. At that moment I happened to be passing

by the door of the Court, and was beckoned in by the Judge who told the

Colonel that I was a Lady ready to witness anything for the cause of

Justice, and advised him to apply to me. In short the Affair was soon

adjusted. The Colonel and I swore to its' being the right will, and Sir

Thomas has been obliged to resign all his illgotten wealth. The Colonel

in gratitude waited on me the next day with an offer of his hand--. I am

now going to murder my Sister. Yours Ever, Anna Parker.

A TOUR THROUGH WALES--in a LETTER from a YOUNG LADY--

My Dear Clara I have been so long on the ramble that I have not till now

had it in my power to thank you for your Letter--. We left our dear home

on last Monday month; and proceeded on our tour through Wales, which is

a principality contiguous to England and gives the title to the Prince

of Wales. We travelled on horseback by preference. My Mother rode upon

our little poney and Fanny and I walked by her side or rather ran, for

my Mother is so fond of riding fast that she galloped all the way. You

may be sure that we were in a fine perspiration when we came to our

place of resting. Fanny has taken a great many Drawings of the Country,

which are very beautiful, tho' perhaps not such exact resemblances

as might be wished, from their being taken as she ran along. It would

astonish you to see all the Shoes we wore out in our Tour. We determined

to take a good Stock with us and therefore each took a pair of our own

besides those we set off in. However we were obliged to have them both

capped and heelpeiced at Carmarthen, and at last when they were quite

gone, Mama was so kind as to lend us a pair of blue Sattin Slippers, of

which we each took one and hopped home from Hereford delightfully---I am

your ever affectionate Elizabeth Johnson.

A TALE.

A Gentleman whose family name I shall conceal, bought a small Cottage in

Pembrokeshire about two years ago. This daring Action was suggested to

him by his elder Brother who promised to furnish two rooms and a Closet

for him, provided he would take a small house near the borders of an

extensive Forest, and about three Miles from the Sea. Wilhelminus gladly

accepted the offer and continued for some time searching after such a

retreat when he was one morning agreably releived from his suspence by

reading this advertisement in a Newspaper.

TO BE LETT A Neat Cottage on the borders of an extensive forest and

about three Miles from the Sea. It is ready furnished except two rooms

and a Closet.

The delighted Wilhelminus posted away immediately to his brother, and

shewed him the advertisement. Robertus congratulated him and sent him

in his Carriage to take possession of the Cottage. After travelling for

three days and six nights without stopping, they arrived at the Forest

and following a track which led by it's side down a steep Hill over

which ten Rivulets meandered, they reached the Cottage in half an hour.

Wilhelminus alighted, and after knocking for some time without receiving

any answer or hearing any one stir within, he opened the door which

was fastened only by a wooden latch and entered a small room, which he

immediately perceived to be one of the two that were unfurnished--From

thence he proceeded into a Closet equally bare. A pair of stairs that

went out of it led him into a room above, no less destitute, and these

apartments he found composed the whole of the House. He was by no means

displeased with this discovery, as he had the comfort of reflecting that

he should not be obliged to lay out anything on furniture himself--. He

returned immediately to his Brother, who took him the next day to every

Shop in Town, and bought what ever was requisite to furnish the two

rooms and the Closet, In a few days everything was completed, and

Wilhelminus returned to take possession of his Cottage. Robertus

accompanied him, with his Lady the amiable Cecilia and her two lovely

Sisters Arabella and Marina to whom Wilhelminus was tenderly attached,

and a large number of Attendants.--An ordinary Genius might probably

have been embarrassed, in endeavouring to accomodate so large a party,

but Wilhelminus with admirable presence of mind gave orders for the

immediate erection of two noble Tents in an open spot in the Forest

adjoining to the house. Their Construction was both simple and

elegant--A couple of old blankets, each supported by four sticks, gave

a striking proof of that taste for architecture and that happy ease in

overcoming difficulties which were some of Wilhelminus's most striking

Virtues.