

Love and Friendship

and

Other Writings

Jane Austen



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Jane Austen (1775–1817)



Revd George Austen,
Jane's father



Revd James Austen,
Jane's brother



Comtesse Eliza de Feuillide,
Jane's cousin



Revd Henry Austen,
Jane's brother

Love and Friendship

and

Other Writings

To Madame La Comtesse de Feuillide,
this novel is inscribed by her obliged humble servant,
the author*

LETTER THE FIRST
From Isabel to Laura

How often, in answer to my repeated entreaties that you would give my daughter a regular detail of the misfortunes and adventures of your life, have you said: “No, my friend, never will I comply with your request till I may be no longer in danger of again experiencing such dreadful ones.”

Surely that time is now at hand. You are this day fifty-five. If a woman may ever be said to be in safety from the determined perseverance of disagreeable lovers and the cruel persecution of obstinate fathers, surely it must be at such a time of life.

Isabel

LETTER THE SECOND
Laura to Isabel

Although 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 THE THIRD
Laura to Marianne

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

My father was a native of Ireland and an inhabitant of Wales; my mother was the natural daughter of a Scotch peer by an Italian opera

girl – I was born in Spain, and received my education at a convent in France.

When I had reached my eighteenth year I was recalled by my parents to my maternal roof in Wales. Our mansion was situated in one of the most romantic parts of the Vale of Usk. Though 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 wonderful for my age, and I had shortly surpassed my masters.

In my mind, every virtue that could adorn it was centred; it was the rendezvous of every good quality and of every noble sentiment.

A sensibility too tremblingly alive to every affliction of my friends, my acquaintance, and particularly to every affliction of my own, was my fault, if a fault it could be called. Alas! how altered now! Though indeed my own misfortunes do not make less impression on me than they ever did, yet now I never feel for those of another. My accomplishments too begin to fade – I can neither sing so well or dance so gracefully as I once did – and I have entirely forgotten the Minuet Dela Cour...*

Adieu,

Laura

LETTER THE FOURTH

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 circumstance, she had retired into Wales on economical motives. There it was our friendship first commenced... Isabel was then one and twenty... Though 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 two 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 a humble cottage in the Vale of Usk.”

Ah! little did I then think I was ordained so soon to quit that humble cottage for the deceitful pleasures of the world.

Adieu,
 Laura

LETTER THE FIFTH
Laura to Marianne

One evening in December as my father, my mother and myself were arranged in social converse round our fireside, we were of a sudden greatly astonished by hearing a violent knocking on the outward door of our rustic cottage.

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 – though that someone *does* rap at the door, I am partly convinced.”

Here, a second 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 lost their way, were very cold, and begged leave to warm themselves by our fire.

“Won’t you admit them?” said my father.

“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 beautiful 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...

Adieu,

Laura

LETTER THE SIXTH

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 friends 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 aunt’s.

“After having wandered some time on the banks of the Usk 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 through the solemn gloom that surrounded me a distant light, which as I approached it, I discovered to be the cheerful blaze of your fire. Impelled by the combination of misfortunes under which I laboured, namely fear, cold and hunger, I hesitated not to ask admittance which, at length, I have gained. And now, my adorable Laura,” continued he, taking my hand, “when may I hope to receive that reward of all the painful sufferings I have undergone during the course of my attachment to you, to which I have ever aspired. Oh! when will you reward me with yourself?”

“This instant, dear and amiable Edward,” replied I. We were immediately united by my father who, though he had never taken orders, had been bred to the church.

Adieu,
Laura

LETTER THE SEVENTH
Laura to Marianne

We remained but a few days after our marriage in the Vale of Usk... 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 agreeable 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 disagreeable coldness and forbidding reserve in her reception of me which was equally distressing and unexpected: none of that interesting sensibility or amiable sympathy in her manners and address to me when we first met which should have distinguished our introduction to each other... Her language was neither warm, nor affectionate, her expressions of regard were neither animated nor cordial; her arms were not opened to receive me to her heart, though my own were extended to press her to mine.

A short conversation between Augusta and her brother, which I accidentally overheard, increased my dislike of her and convinced me that her heart was no more formed of the soft ties of love than for the endearing intercourse of friendship.

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

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

“Edward,” replied she, you are surely too 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 apprehension 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 ushered into the room at the door of which I had been listening. On hearing her announced by the name of Lady Dorothea, I instantly quitted my post and followed her into the parlour, for I well remembered that she was the lady proposed as a wife for my Edward by the cruel and unrelenting baronet.

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

I soon perceived that though lovely and elegant in her person, and though 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 stayed 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.

Adieu,
Laura

LETTER THE EIGHTH

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 in his undaunted bravery, led me from the parlour to his father’s carriage which yet remained at the door, and in which we were instantly conveyed from the pursuit of Sir Edward.

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

At M*** we arrived in a few hours, and on sending in our names were immediately admitted to Sophia, the wife of Edward’s friend. After having been deprived during the course of three weeks of a real friend (for such I term your mother), imagine my transports at beholding one most truly worthy of the name. Sophia was rather above the middle size; most elegantly formed. A soft languor spread over her lovely features, but increased their beauty... It was the characteristic of her mind... She was all sensibility and feeling. We flew into each other’s arms, and after having exchanged vows of mutual friendship for the rest of our lives, instantly unfolded to each other the most inward secrets of our hearts... We were interrupted in the delightful employment by the entrance of Augustus, Edward’s friend, who was just returned from a solitary ramble.

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

“My life! My soul!” exclaimed the former.

“My adorable angel!” replied the 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.

Adieu,

Laura

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 your charming society, I cannot determine to snatch you from that of such dear and deserving friends – when your visit to them is terminated, I trust you will return to the arms of your

Philippa

We returned a suitable answer to this affectionate note, and after thanking her for her kind invitation, assured her that we would certainly avail ourselves of it whenever we might have no other place to go to. Though certainly nothing could, to any reasonable being, have appeared more satisfactory than so grateful 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 relieve her own solitude, married a young and illiterate fortune-hunter. This imprudent step (though 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 fearful 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 friendship and in vows of unalterable love, in which we were secure from being interrupted by intruding and disagreeable visitors as Augustus and Sophia had, on their first entrance in the neighbourhood, taken due care to inform the surrounding families that, as their happiness centred wholly in themselves, they wished for no other society.

But alas! 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 mercenary parents, who had vainly endeavoured with obstinate perseverance to force them into a marriage with those whom they had ever abhorred; but with a heroic fortitude 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 further trial of their noble independence, however, they never were exposed.

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

By our arrival their expenses were considerably increased, though their means for supplying them were then nearly exhausted. But they – exalted creatures! – scorned to reflect a moment on their pecuniary distresses, and would have blushed at the idea of paying their debts... Alas! What was their reward for such disinterested behaviour! The beautiful Augustus was arrested and we were all undone. Such perfidious treachery in the merciless perpetrators of the deed will shock your gentle nature, dearest Marianne, as much as it then affected the delicate sensibility of Edward, Sophia, your Laura, and of Augustus himself. To complete such unparalleled barbarity, we were informed that an execution in the house would shortly take place. Ah what could we do but what we did! We sighed and fainted on the sofa.

Adieu,
Laura

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 friend to lament over his misfortunes. We promised that we would, and he set forwards on his journey to town. During his absence we faithfully complied with his desire, and after the most mature deliberation, at length agreed that the best thing we could do was to leave the house, of which we every moment expected the officers of justice to take possession.

We waited therefore with the greatest impatience for the return of Edward in order to 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 up 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 Holborn 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 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 Usk. To account for this seeming forgetfulness 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 lawful inheritress of their house and fortune. But alas! the house had never been their own, and their fortune had only been an annuity on their own lives... Such is the depravity of the world! To your mother I should have returned with pleasure, should have been happy to have introduced to her my charming Sophia, and should, with cheerfulness, have passed the remainder of my life in their dear society in the Vale of Usk, had not one obstacle to the execution of so agreeable a scheme intervened: which was the marriage and removal of your mother to a distant part of Ireland.

Adieu,
 Laura

LETTER THE ELEVENTH
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 our carriage for that purpose when our attention was attracted by the

entrance of a coroneted coach and four 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 second 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 shown to, I threw myself on my knees before him and besought him to acknowledge me as his grandchild. He started, and having attentively examined my features, raised me from the ground and, throwing his grandfatherly 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 granddaughter 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 he caught the eye of the venerable peer than he exclaimed with every mark of astonishment: "Another granddaughter! Yes, yes, I see you are the daughter of my Laurina's eldest girl; your resemblance to the beautiful 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 beautiful young man appeared. On perceiving him Lord St Clair started, and retreating back a few paces, with uplifted hands, said, "Another grandchild! What an unexpected happiness is this! To discover in the space of three minutes as many of my descendants! This I am certain is Philander, the son of my Laurina's third girl, the amiable Bertha; there wants now but the presence of Gustavus to complete the union of my Laurina's grandchildren."

"And here he is," said a graceful youth, who that instant entered the room. "Here is the Gustavus you desire to see. I am the son of Agatha, your Laurina's fourth 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 grandchildren in the house?"

“None, my Lord.”

“Then I will provide for you all without further delay – here are four banknotes of fifty pounds each – take them and remember I have done the duty of a grandfather...”

He instantly left the room and immediately afterwards the house.

Adieu,

Laura

LETTER THE TWELFTH

Laura in continuation

You may imagine how greatly we were surprised by the sudden departure of Lord St Clair... “Ignoble grandsire!” exclaimed Sophia; “Unworthy grandfather!” said I, and instantly fainted in each other’s arms. How long we remained in this situation I know not, but when we recovered we found ourselves alone, without either Gustavus, Philander, or the banknotes.

As we were deploring our unhappy fate, the door of the apartment opened and “Macdonald” was announced. He was Sophia’s cousin. The haste with which he came to our relief so soon after the receipt of our note spoke so greatly in his favour that I hesitated not to pronounce him, at first sight, a tender and sympathetic friend. Alas! he little deserved the name – for though he told us that he was much concerned at our misfortunes, yet by his own account it appeared that the perusal of them had neither 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 friend he should be happy to see me there also. To Macdonald Hall, therefore, we went, and were received with great kindness by Janetta, the daughter of Macdonald, and the mistress of the mansion. Janetta was then only fifteen; naturally well disposed, endowed with a susceptible heart, and a sympathetic disposition, she might, had these amiable qualities been properly encouraged, have 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 in his power to prevent it increasing in

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 agreeable; 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 Werther*,* and that his hair bore not the least resemblance to auburn, we were certain that Janetia 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 Janetia for rejecting him.

These considerations we were determined to represent to her in proper light, and doubted not of meeting with the desired success from one naturally so well disposed; whose errors in the affair had only arisen from a want of proper confidence in her own opinion, and a suitable contempt of her father's. We found her, indeed, all that our warmest wishes could have hoped for; we had no difficulty to convince her that it was impossible she could love Graham, or that it was her duty to disobey her father; the only thing at which she rather seemed to hesitate was our assertion that she must be attached to some other person. For some time she persevered in declaring that she knew no other young man for whom she had the smallest affection; but upon explaining the impossibility of such a thing she said that she believed she *did like* Captain M'Kenrie better than anyone 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 Janetia.

"That he certainly adores you," replied Sophia, "there can be no doubt... The attachment must be reciprocal... Did he never gaze on you with admiration – tenderly press your hand – drop an involuntary tear – and leave the room abruptly?"