

*Love and freindship*

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

“Deceived in Freindship and  
Betrayed in Love”

## Transcriber's

### Note:

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

## *Letter the First form Isabel to Laura*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Laura.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Edward (replied she) you are surely too different in your own prise. 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’m not without apprehensions of

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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