

**MEMOIRS OF MARY:
A NOVEL. IN FIVE
VOLUMES. VOL. V**

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Memoirs of Mary: A Novel. In Five Volumes. Vol. V by Mrs. Gunning

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MRS. GUNNING

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M E M O I R S

OF

M A R Y,

A

N O V E L.

By Mrs. GUNNING.

By

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

V O L. V.

THIRD EDITION.

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MEMOIRS

M A R Y.

LETTER I.

Lady Auberry to Miss Montague.

May 1, 17—

SYMPATHY, my dearest, is the best friend of your old grand-mother; it spiritually unites me to thee, though our bodies are separated by an awful distance:—Did not my jewel experience the influence of this divine impulse, whilst Lady Jane was unfolding the wonderful mystery of our al-

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tered condition? Yes, surely you must have felt that my soul hovered near its treasure: with my mind's eye I saw thy every emotion, with my mind's ear I heard thy every complaint; thy soft white hands were ardently clasped together, but not in *self-commiseration*, not for our *common* calamity.—The smile that sits like a glory upon thy countenance, was it not overcast with sadness?—those dear eyes which have darted love beams on my heart since they first opened upon the light of heaven, were they not dimmed, suffused in tears? I can bear it all, you cry, but what will become of my poor grand-mamma? Was I not with thee? Surely I was with thee, Mary; even now my soul is talking to you.—Invention or imagination has nothing to do with the business.—My pen and ink seem almost unnecessary, so plainly does your image stand before me.

Lovely and beloved child, take comfort; let not ill founded fears for me eat out the heart of those pleasures which are still with-

in thy reach. Engaging, discreet, gentle, modest, and innocent—believe me, these are no small endowments; the female who possesses them, cannot be called portionless.

Let us say to our misfortunes, You are somewhat troublesome *now*, but we shall conquer you *hereafter*: this is giving them a handsome defiance, and treating with proper contempt the enemies who would crush us. The horrors of an evil-conscience belong to our plunderers; we who are plundered have no right to think ourselves unhappy;—in fact, the value of what we have lost is suppositious, what we retain is of real estimation.—These relations of yours are impoverished rather than enriched by their booty; for a little more dirt, a little more trash than belonged to them, they barter all that is their own, of conscience, honour, and humanity: we will pity them, my child, for the madness of their hasty purchase, and we will also pity the miserable

agents who have been made the instruments of their wicked devices.

They have robbed us of lands, of houses, of money—nothing;—they have left us peace, rectitude, harmony—every thing: it is only the stamp of magnificence that is taken from our coin of happiness; the bullion is still our own, and with less alloy perhaps than if it were of worldly currency.

Your grand-mother has a thousand blessings to balance against one disappointment.—It is no small figure in my sum of benefits, that at the age of fourscore I have none of those drawbacks to the rational enjoyments of life, which are common to *many*, and from which *few* are exempted. My intellects are preserved (God be praised!) to glorify the almighty giver and keeper of them. My other senses are not yet fallen into decay,—I am neither blind nor deaf,—I have the use of all my limbs,—I have no bodily ailments, I eat well, I sleep soundly, and what would a reasonable being desire more?

more?—Neither is it a little matter of triumph, when I proudly say to my heart, The *trials* of thy Mary have been *great*, but the *fortitude* of thy Mary is *greater*.

I have hitherto shut my eyes to possibilities, keeping them open to things only that were probable; amongst the former was the loss of your fortune, and nothing could be more apparently probable than the impossibility of its being taken from you.—I have been so totally governed by these erroneous suppositions, as to be wholly careless for the future; when I thought you rich, I should have been ashamed of economy, and held it a vice to spare from those who stood in need of my assistance, to increase your wealth. I now see my fault, but hardly know how to be sorry for it, because it is better in my opinion to be poor by accident, than guilty by design.

I shall set about rectifying my omission, it being now clearly my duty to save that portion of my jointure, which, before this event happened, I thought it my duty to

spend : these savings, together with the few valuables I can call my own, will be enough to satisfy the moderate wishes of my dearest, and to give her independence, though it cannot restore her to affluence.

Covetous souls ask for enough and a little more ; we will be satisfied with enough, view our prospects on all sides, compute our hopes, our fears, our difficulties and our successes, temporarily wait for the ripeness of things, and patiently attend for better fortune ; frivolous pleasures shall not come into our plan of happiness, but we will pursue after rational enjoyments, and hold on with constancy until we overtake them. Good night ! I am going to bed, and shall certainly dream of my dearest.

M. AUBERRY.

Another Word from the Editor.

Lady Jane Petworth's and Miss Montague's answer to the foregoing letters are omitted.—An amiable reader will draw them.