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In a Manner Truly Heroick

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 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 . . . *that* of itself ought to have been a sufficient reason in the eyes of Janetta for rejecting him.

LOVE AND FREINDSHIP, 1790



[Cassandra's] father was of noble birth, being the near relation of the Duchess of ——'s Butler.

THE BEAUTIFULL CASSANDRA, ?1789



[Chapter 4] She then proceeded to a Pastry-cook's, where she devoured six ices, refused to pay for them, knocked down the pastry cook and walked away . . .

THE BEAUTIFULL CASSANDRA, ?1789

The Wicked Wit of Jane Austen

[Chapter 6] Being returned to the same spot of the same street she had set out from, the coachman demanded his pay . . .

THE BEAUTIFULL CASSANDRA, ?1789



[Chapter 7] She searched her pockets over again and again; but every search was unsuccessful. No money could she find. The man grew peremptory. She placed her bonnet on his head and ran away.

THE BEAUTIFULL CASSANDRA, ?1789



Gently brawling down the turnpike road,
Sweetly noisy falls the Silent Stream.
‘ODE TO PITY’, 1787/90



But lovely as I was, the graces of my person were the least of my perfections. Of every accomplishment accustomed to my sex, I was mistress.
LOVE AND FREINDSHIP, 1790

In a Manner Truly Heroick

In Lady Williams every virtue met. She was a widow with a handsome jointure and the remains of a very handsome face. Though benevolent and candid, she was generous and sincere; though pious and good, she was religious and amiable, and though elegant and agreeable, she was polished and entertaining.

JACK AND ALICE, 1787/90



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.

LOVE AND FREINDSHIP, 1790

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 . . .

LOVE AND FREINDSHIP, 1790