

**CORRESPONDENCE
BETWEEN A
MOTHER AND HER
DAUGHTER AT SCHOOL**

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Correspondence between a Mother and Her Daughter at School by Mrs. Taylor (Ann Martin)
& Jane Taylor

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MRS. TAYLOR (ANN MARTIN) & JANE TAYLOR

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W. H. W. A. R. L. L. L.

C. Beach, sculp.

CORRESPONDENCE.

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CORRESPONDENCE

BETWEEN

A MOTHER

AND

HER DAUGHTER AT SCHOOL.

By Mrs. TAYLOR,

AUTHOR OF 'MATERNAL SOLICITUDE,' &c.

AND

JANE TAYLOR,

AUTHOR OF 'DISPLAY,' &c.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

FOR the purpose of conveying instruction to young people at School, the method of letters from a Mother was adopted, as the most natural and convenient, and as the most likely to engage the attention of those for whose use the volume is designed.

It is hoped, the letters of *Laura* will not be considered as intruders in these pages. While they were intended to render the work somewhat more amusing to the young reader, it will be seen that it was not with a view to her amusement *only* that they were written.

That the best interests of their young friends—to whom the volume is affectionately dedicated—may be promoted by its perusal, is the sincere wish of the

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

CORRESPONDENCE,

&c.

LETTER I.

MY DEAR, DEAR MOTHER,

DURING the greatest part of my journey yesterday, I employed myself in planning a long letter, which I fully intended to write to you as soon as I arrived. It was chiefly about the pain I felt at parting with you; and although I feel it as much, almost, to day as I did yesterday, yet I think you will be better pleased to hear something of my new situation, and how I like Mrs. W.

I shall never forget what I felt, as we drove out of town yesterday morning: however, I

determined to keep it all to myself, and thought I had quite dried up my tears; but just as we turned off the common on to the London road, I happened, unfortunately, to look at the mile-stone, where, you remember, our learned overseers inform us that, "Here *end* the parish of St. Gregory." So beginning to laugh (as I intended at least) at our Suffolk grammar, it turned into a fit of crying, or something between laughing and crying, I scarcely know which. After that, the country was very flat and dull for many miles, and at last I began to grow stupid and sleepy. But I cannot stay now to tell you more about the journey, especially as nothing particular happened all the rest of the way.

We did not arrive here till eight o'clock in the evening, when, after driving quite through a long dullish-looking street, we stopped at Mrs. W.'s gate. It is a red-brick house, the last in the village, and stands in a garden, a little way back from the road, with an immense row of tall poplars before it, looking like so many sentinels.

I cannot tell you what I felt, as I walked up the gravel walk to the hall door, where Mrs. W. herself stood to receive me. She