

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

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Memoirs of Mary: A Novel, in Five Volumes, Vol. I by Mrs. Gunning

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**MRS. GUNNING**

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M E M O I R S

O F

M A R Y,

A

N O V E L.

By *Mrs.* G U N N I N G,

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IN FIVE VOLUMES.

V O L. I.

THIRD EDITION.

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MEMOIRS

OF

M A R Y.

LETTER I.

*Countess Dowager Auberry, to the Duchess of  
Cleveland.*

*Riversdale, Jan. 2, 17—.*

MADAM,

**I**N obedience to your Grace's commands,  
Miss Montague leaves my retirement on  
Tuesday the 9th, to attend you at Rich-  
mond. My carriage and servants will  
conduct her to you; and, I hope, in safety.  
I have not the honour of being per-

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sonally known to your Grace, nor have I any right to complain of the separation to which necessity obliges me to submit; yet I must lament, that the sun, which has so long illumined my descent into the vale of years, should set to me, and shine only in the hemisphere of fashion;—but the Duke says it must be so; and your Grace thinks it high time, Mary being now eighteen, that she should become acquainted with the world. It was not a very good world when I lived in it, but that was twenty years ago, and perhaps it is now better. It was the will of my dear child's deceased parents, that this their sweet and only blossom should open in the shade of retirement. The charge of fostering the tender plant devolved on me; how I have acquitted myself, her future conduct must evince; the legacy bequeathed to me is no longer binding; I could almost wish I had never known the riches entrusted to my care; when I lose sight of them, I shall be poor indeed.

And

And must I lose thee, Mary!—Forgive, Madam, a very old woman, who, nearly in her second infancy, feels, with all the weakness incident to childhood, how severe it is to relinquish a darling plaything, in the possession of which is comprised all her earthly felicity;—but my Lord Duke and yourself are appointed, by the same authority under which I had my early claim, the guardians of her riper years, if you should condescend to accept the trust; you have accepted it—you even demand to be put in possession of my treasure; and I have nothing to add, but that

I have the honour to be

Your Grace's

Very obedient servant,

M. AUBERRY.



## LETTER II.

*The Same, to Lady Jane Petworth.*

*Riversdale, Jan. 2, 17—.*

I know nothing of the Duchefs of Cleveland!—And is it to a woman, of whom I know nothing, that I am condemned to give up a treasure, on which my soul hangs with a degree of dotage which nothing could excuse, at my time of life, but its own intrinsic value? That Mary, that dear son and still dearer daughter's orphan—that Mary is at last to be torn from me, and by authority I have no right to resist.

Cruel Montague! ah, you were proud, you were ambitious or unfeeling, when you thought my protection not sufficient in the noon, as well as in the morning of her days. What will the world do for her that I cannot do? Will your friends, the Duke and Duchefs of Cleveland, love her as I love her?

her? Mistaken man!—thou hadst enough of the world, yet it is plain its follies and its vices had made no impression on thy callous mind, or thou wouldst not have robbed me of thy Mary—at a time too when I know not how to exist without her. And for whom am I stripped of all my comforts? For strangers, aliens to her blood, who, if they do not despise and ill-treat the dear child, will certainly never love her as I do.

Good God! why should this Duchess want to tear her from my arms? Has she too, no feeling for a poor feeble creature, verging on four-score, that she and the Duke should both insist on having her sent to them before my eyes are closed? They say it is friendship for her father: it is inhuman to me, and nothing that is inhuman can be friendly.

My remonstrances and intreaties have all, all been fruitless; and to-morrow se'nnight——My eyes, I think, are dim; I have had a nervous complaint in

them for the last six days; I must lay down my pen.

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*Continuation.*

My dear Lady Jane, the favour I have to ask from your pity, as well as the friendship which subsisted between us before I secluded myself from that society, which was divested of all its charms, by a stroke of fate, never to be recollected without horror, is, that you will be at Richmond on the 9th of this month to receive my Mary.

I shall tell her how tenderly our hearts have been linked in the bands of friendship; and as you hold her in your arms, press her to your heart, and bestow on her the fond caresses, which I know you will not be able to restrain, when my beloved lifts up her tearful but fascinating eyes to the friend of her parent, then it is she