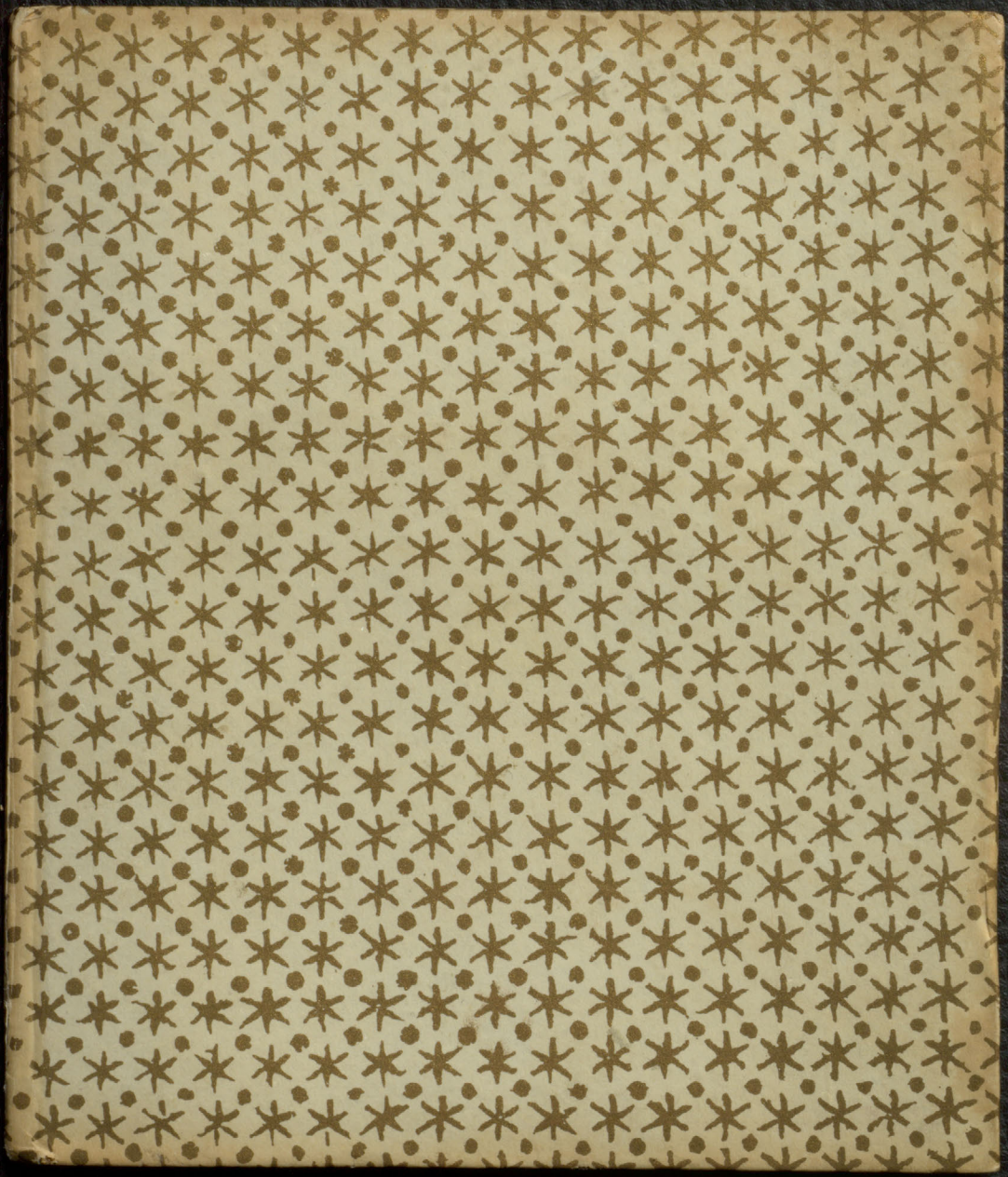

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A

With all good wishes
for
Christmas
and the New Year
1930-31

From Hugh with love.

66 Great Russell Street, W.C.1

These novels and plays have lain in manuscript for over a century in a collection of papers in the possession of the Burney family. Their thirteen-year-old authoress, Miss Sophia Elizabeth Burney, was a grand-daughter of Dr. Charles Burney, the father of Mme. d'Arblay.

It is to be hoped that the authoress of "Evelina" (to whom the volume was dedicated) enjoyed her niece's work, for the gusts of childish humour and the queer attempts at seriousness combine to make the style quite amusing and unexpected.

One character in these novels has our boundless sympathy. It is the kind bookseller who lends a quantity of books to a complete stranger. The stranger carries them away and leaves them in a ditch. Being afraid of meeting the bookseller he runs off and hides in a wood, but, it is satisfactory to note, he is eventually eaten by a shark. The books are still in that ditch, however.

# NOVELS, PLAYS AND POEMS

Written for the instruction
of people of all ages by

SOPHIA ELIZABETH BURNEY

Aged 13 years

1930

Fifty copies printed

Humbly dedicated without permission
to Mrs. d'Arblay.

Whoe'er you are that read this Book,
Do not fail in it to look:
Here you'll find some lessons wise
Which may be to you a prize.
Keep them ever in your head,
And don't forget them till your dead.

# THE HISTORY OF BLIND JACK

*A pathetic Tale*

THERE was once upon a time a Jack Ass who had two young ones, of whom I will give you a fair description. The first who was called great Jack was very handsome, only he had a blindness in one eye, which became him very well. The second, who was called little Jack by way of distinction, had not so stupid a look, and was if possible rather handsomer than his Brother, but they were both fine Beasts. One day the old Ass and her two young ones went to graze upon a Common hard by, where they found a Wolf. The old Ass and little Jack trotted home, but great Jack having but one eye did not percieve his danger till he was carried to the dwelling of the Wolf, where there was a young Wolf, who called him Monsieur Borgne, because of his eye. They made him go of all their errands which poor Monsieur Borgne not liking, bethought himself to run away, but this was prevented, for the two Wolves going out in search of prey, desired Jack to follow them; as they were strutting along they met a goat, who was upon the same errand as themselves. The old wicked Wolf caught him and flinging him upon our Hero's shoulders commanded him to carry her, while the two Masters walked on before in state.

Meanwhile the spiteful Goat poked one of his horns into honest Jacks eye (the only one he had poor lad) which made him throw Nanny off his back, who made her escape.

The two Wolves finding their companion useless, left him

to his blindness. When our Hero found himself bereft of his last eye, together with all his friends, he began to bewail his loss, which in fact was nothing, as he never had had a real friend in his life. As he stumbled along, he had the good luck to meet the same spiteful Goat that had blinded him. But he was no longer the same spiteful Goat, for having been home and told all that had happened to her Mother, the old Goat insisted upon her making our Jack some amends. Now as Nanny did not like to give Jack one of her own eyes, she did not know how to lesson the affront, but by conducting him to his home. She was afraid of going with him, for fear some of Jacks relations should revenge the loss of his eye, neither could she send him by himself, for our Hero was stone blind. She was obliged at last to go with him herself, for which Jack thanked her in the best terms.

When they arrived at the house, our Hero began to bray with joy, but he soon brayed with grief upon hearing that his Mother had died with grief at having lost so good, so blind, a Son! Little Jack had taken possession of the house, ever since the death of his Mother, and would not let great Jack come in, but hunted him away, because of his blindness, calling him Monsieur Aveugle, for he was no longer Monsieur Borgne. Our Hero then called at every house he came to, to ask if they would take him as a Servant, but he was refused by all because of his blindness. He was then tired of the World and heartily wished himself out of it.

His wish was for once in his life granted him, for he came to a pond, which he not seeing, fell in, which was a great comfort to him, as it ended his wretched life. This peice of

news soon spread all over the neighbourhood. Little Jack hearing of it, thought it was a story, and came to examine the pond; but seeing one of Jacks legs poking out, he was afraid the lie was true, and leaning over, and being off his balance, he fell in, and was drowned! So there was an end of three pretty Asses, only because one

happened to be Borgne!

# THE UNLAWFUL MARRIAGE

*A Tale*

THERE was once a poor man who had three children; their names were Harry, Benny, and Jenny, and as he could not afford to keep them at home, he sent them to school. The Governess was a very excellent old Woman, but mean and greedy. They had not been with her long before Harry by some misbehaviour displeased his worthy old Governess, who was enraged at the least thing. She immediately turned him out of doors, and the young man going towards the Sea side, saw a very little Boat at a distance, he waited till it came nearer, when it proved to be a very large ship. He immediatly embarked, where wishing him a good Voyage, we'll return to Jenny and Benny. As for Benny he set out after his Brother, but his foot slipping he died instantly. Jenny was now in despair, but the return of Harry soon put an end to her sorrow. Nay, their happiness was so great that they married the next day, but it being unlawful for Brother and Sister to marry, they were Gibbetted and stuck upon a Common, but I forgot to mention the good, old, worthy, respectable, but mean and greedy Governess, whom we left in a passion. Some of her best friends hearing that she had occasioned the death of her three pupils, informed against her. She was then put into prison, where she ended her days which were few. So there ends our happy tale.

# MURDER PREVENTED

*A Comedy*

In 1 Act and 2 Scenes

*Dramatis Personæ*

MEN

Mr. Fum, a Gentleman.
Old Bogo, another Gentleman.

WOMEN

Mrs. Fum, a Lady and Wife to Fum.
Mrs. Bogo, another Lady and Wife to Bogo.
A Servant.

ACT 1ST SCENE 1ST

*A Servant crosses the stage and exit.*

SCENE 2ND

*Enter Old Bogo*

Heighday who's been here?

SCENE 3RD

*Enter Mrs. Fum*

A fine morning, Sir. [*Exit Mrs. Fum.*

## Scene 4th

*Old Bogo and Mr. Fum*

*Fum.* Your Servant, Sir, how's your old Wife, Sir?
*Old B.* My old Wife, Sir? I challenge you to combat, Sir.
*Fum.* Done, Sir.

## Scene 5th

*Old Bogo, Mr. Fum, Mrs. Bogo*

*Old B.* (*aside to Fum*). I must give up the Battle I see, for here's my Wife. [*Bogo sneaks off.*

## Scene 6th

*Mrs. Bogo and Mr. Fum*

*Mrs. B.* I heard what you were saying, Mr. Fum, and I desire you will give the Battle up, for I never suffer my husband to be killed on my account.

*Fum.* I shall certainly give it up if you desire it, Ma'am. [*Exit Fum.*

## Scene 7th

*Mrs. Bogo, solus*

So—I have prevented murder.—
I think I deserve some reward. [*Exit Mrs. B.*

# MURDER COMMITTED

*A Tragedy*

In 2 Acts and 1 Scene

*Dramatis Personæ*

MEN

Mogul Middletail.
Governor Gemstack.
Captain Dousy.
A man or two.

WOMEN

Martha Middletail.
A maid or two.

ACT 1ST SCENE 1ST

*Enter Mogul Middletail and Martha Middletail*

*Mogul.* Well, daughter, how do you like Governor Gemstack?

*Mar.* Not at all Father.

*Mog.* I am surprized—I thought you loved him.

*Mar.* You mistake—he is my aversion.

*Mog.* Why so?

*Mar.* He is mean, but why do you ask?

*Mog.* I have my reasons. The young man came to me this morning and proposed a match, to which I consented, and we

fixed to morrow for the Wedding day, so prepare yourself for I wont have him dissappointed. [*Exit Mogul.*

### Scene 2nd

*Martha Middletail*

I am detirmined to disappoint him whatsoever may be the consequence, for my heart has long been given to the Charming Dousy. Here he comes.

### Scene 3rd

*Martha Middletail and Captain Dousy*

*Capt.* Your servant, Miss Middletail. I am afraid I disturb your meditations.

*Mar.* Not in the least. I pray you walk in, Sir.

*Capt.* If I thought I did I should immediatly annihilate myself.

*Mar.* Alas, Dear Dousy! My Father has given my hand to a man whom I abhor.

*Capt.* Oh! that I *could* annihilate myself!

*Mar.* Here is the Mogul—hide yourself.

[*Exit Capt. Dousy.*

### Scene 4th

*Mogul and Martha*

*Mog.* What spark was that, Miss Martha?

*Mar.* Only Captain Dousy.

*Mog.* Who is Capt. Dousy?

*Mar.* A fine young man of my acquaintance. Next to yourself he is my dearest friend.

*Mog.* Are you prepared to marry Governor Gemstack?

*Mar.* No, I am engaged to Capt. Dousy.

*Mog.* There then is your punishment ingrate—[*stabs her*]. So—I have Committed Murder! I think I deserved to be hanged. [*Exit Mogul.*

### Scene 5th

*Enter Governor Gemstack*

*Gov.* Who has killed my destined Bride? Darze her! She has killed herself to avoid being my Wife.

[*Draws the sword out of her and Exit.*

### Scene 6th

*Enter Captain Dousy*

She is dead! Gemstack has killed her. Wretched, miserable Dousy! [*Stabs himself.*

*Enter a Man or two and a Maid or two to take off the Bodies.*

The Curtain Drops.

# THE AVENTURES OF A BOY

A MERE Boy, not worth describing, on an occasion not worth mentioning, sallied forth in quest of adventures, scarce worth relating, and crossing a Sea which he found in his way, he percieved to his utter astonishment and dismay, that he was not unlike a drowned Rat. This misfortune deprived him of six of his senses, the remaining one he employed in discovering what Country he was in. It proved to be England. He therefore hastened to a booksellers which he percieved at a distance and borrowed Books enough to supply him with the English language, which he soon learnt. Thus accomplished, he went to return the Books which his friend the Bookseller had lent him; but in crossing a ditch which obstructed his way, his foot was on the point of slipping (in which case he would have died instantly) when a young Man approached the place where he was. Our Hero craved his assistance in the most awful terms. It was granted him, but not without hesitation; "Shall I (said the stranger to himself) endanger my own precious life for the less precious life of another? No——" he was going to add, when the awful voice of our Hero again craved his assistance. After some further hesitation (for he had an aversion to the job, he presented him with the end of his stick, by which means our Hero (I am happy to inform my readers) arrived on the other side in perfect health, and he had soon the satisfaction of returning the compliment, by helping his friend over the next ditch they came to. Under mutual obligations to each other their time passed agreably. They soon reached the Booksellers, when our Hero recollecting that he

had lost the Books which were lent him, in the ditch, he flew to hide himself in a Wood hard by, followed by his new acquaintance. Here they passed the night; the next morning, our Hero observed a sudden dulness spread over the visage of his companion. He enquired the cause with a benignant smile, and a slight inclination of the head. He was answered with a modest sigh and a graceful Bow, in the following affecting though concise terms.

"I have lost my Brother," our Hero answered with pathos. "I have likewise lost mine." They looked at each other again, and found they were the Brothers they had lost. Our Hero then enquired after his family, and was answered in the following precise terms.

"The morning after your departure, by order of my "Father, I hunted every corner of the County for you, but in vain. We had you cried about the streets, advertized in the "papers, and sent as many expresses as we could afford in "search of you, but they all returned as ignorant as they set "out. My Father again sent me in search of you, with orders "of the strictest nature to bring you back with me, or to re-"turn no more. I hope therefore you will make up your mind "to going home, as I have no means of living here." This speech rendered our Hero immoveable, and he prefered any thing to going home, where he expected a flogging..

His Brother percieving his reluctance to oblige him, said, "I have saved your life, you may now without impropriety save mine." While our Hero was meditating on his situation, his Brother recollected that he had a Wife, which he communicated to his Brother in the following precise terms.

"I forgot in my interesting Narrative to mention that dur-
"ing my search after you, I met with a young woman of the
"following description—pretty. We agreed to marry, which
"was soon accomplished, and we inhabited a hut not far from
"hence, and my Wife stole a dog, by way of an humble Com-
"panion." This description of his Brother's felicity raised great curiosity in the mind of our Hero to see all he boasted of, and they were preparing to go to the Hut, when the sound of distant Voices deterred them. When all was quiet the young Men walked fearfully along, till they reached the Hut. But the Boys were immoveable upon their entrance to find it empty. The aforementioned Wife and Dog were gone, together with all the goods. Our Hero now began to suspect that his Brothers domestic felicity, which he had so much envied him, was all a hum, till his Brother persuaded him that it must have been the voices they had heard who had stolen the goods. They then agreed to persue them the next day. The appointed time came, and after a little Breakfast and hesitation, they set out, but their fortitude immediatly forsook them upon hearing the voices again. They turned back, and spent the rest of the day in reproaching each other with Cowardice. The next morning they set out again fully resolved to be more Courageous, and whatever should happen not to turn back.

As they were trudging on, they were suddenly seized by the Men, to whom the Voices belonged, who proved to be Banditti. They put our Hero and his Brother into a couple of Sacks, and carried them to a Dark Dungeon, where they left them. Here they saw, or thought they saw innumerable Ghosts, and spent the Night in reproaching each other with

Cowardice. They had been here some days, when our Hero percieved a crack in the Wall, through which he thought he could make his escape, but he was too fat to get through. He therefore contrived to starve himself to a Skeleton, by which means he at length got through. His Brother being asleep at the time, he thought it would be a pity to wake him, as he could get off much quicker and quieter by himself. He therefore ascended a flight of steps (doubtless made on purpose for him) and traversing many narrow passages, he arrived at the Sea side; he swam across the Sea, when he found himself in the same situation he had been in at the beginning of his adventures, Viz. like a drowned rat. He had not walked far, when he met a young Woman, who every way answered the description he had heard of his Brothers Wife, for she was—pretty.

By this he judged her to be his Sister in law. He accosted her with enquiries concerning her name and health. Her answers proved that he had judged right, for she said that she was the Wife of a young man very like him, who had married her because she was pretty. That one day Banditti had come and seized her, a dog who was her humble companion, and all their goods, that after one nights confinement in a dungeon, she was released, and was now wandering about in search of her Husband. Our Hero then related to her all that had happened to him and his Brother, and greatly admired his own ingenuity in escaping, in which he expected the Lady to join him, but he was dissapointed, for she was very angry that he had left her Husband behind in the Dungeon. She then ordered him back again with a strict charge not to return without his Brother. He arrived on the other side of the

aforementioned Sea, not however without being bit by a shark who was passing by. He was preparing to return, when the frowns of the Wife who saw him from the other side deterred him. He therefore hastened towards the prison of his Brother, but when he arrived at the crack in the Wall he would have returned as his courage failed him, but a recollection of the frowns to which he would be exposed deterred him. Now we will leave him to enquire after his Brother, who was killed the next day by the Banditti.

To revenge the loss of our Hero, he being now at ease, let us renew our enquiries after his Wife, who continued waiting at the sea side for the two young men, but finding that they did not return, "I cannot live (cried she), I will therefore die; but I will die doing a generous action." So saying she gave herself to a Whale who doubtless made a good supper of her. She being now at ease, we will make some enquiries after our ingenious Hero, whom we left in a hobble, wanting to liberate a Man who was dead and fearing to incur the anger of a Woman who was dead likewise. At length finding his efforts to get his Brother fruitless, he conquered his fears of the Lady's frowns, and ventured back again, but in crossing the Sea, the afore-mentioned Shark did not let him off so easily as before, i.e. with only a slight bite; for catching hold of him by his hooked nose he soon dispatched him.

Our valiant Hero being now at ease in the Sharks stomach, we will leave him there to lament the death of these three Younkers, but particularly that of our admirable Hero, who distinguished himself on all occasions with an heroic Virtue Worthy the imitation of Our Worthy Readers.

# PENSYLVANIA
## THE ORPHAN OF THE HOVEL
### *A Novel*

CHAPTER I

In the most romantic part of the world lived Lord Prodgers, who married a daughter of Sir Stephen Stodgers. Her Ladyships health not being quite so good as she could wish, she departed this world, leaving behind her a fine offspring, who was called Pensylvania. Soon after her death, his Lordship, (finding himself deeply in debt) detirmined to take a trip to the Continent for a quiet life, and finding his daughter in his way in this expedition, he left her to the care of a Woman who inhabited a Hovel in the neighbourhood, and set off at night for privacys sake. Pensylvania hearing nothing of her Father for some years thought she had a right to the interesting appellation of Orphan, and called herself The Orphan of the Hovel. The fame of her beauty together with this interesting name, soon spread over the County, and the Hovel was crouded with admirers from each quarter of the Globe, among whom were a Negro Valet who styled himself an African Prince, and passed with our Heroine as such, till time developed his meanness. The Hovel being then too hot to hold them, he departed, leaving our Heroine in a rage. She was taken in by several others in the same way, but at length she found to her utter dismay, that among her admirers, there was not one Gentleman. All consisted of the aforementioned Valet, a foreign Beggar under the disguise of an Italian Count, and a Welch Jocky who bore the title of

Prince of Wales. From all these impostors, she had offers of marriage, which she was going to accept, when time (as I said before) developed their united meanness, and those who had been attracted to the Hovel by her smiles, were now driven from it by her frowns.

## CHAPTER II

When Pensylvania found herself destitute of admirers, she became pensive, and seating herself at the Hovel door, she shed a couple of tears to the memory of each, and sunk into a reverie; from which she was roused by the sudden appearance of a Gentleman, who casting a letter at her feet immediatly vanished. The letter proved to be from Sir Hugh Bentleg, and contained as follows.

To Miss Prodgers

Divine Miss,

Your pitiable case excites my utmost pity, and that pity has kindled into a passion for you, and that passion prompts me to write this letter, to beg, if your heart and hand are disengaged, that you will make me

The Happiest of Bentlegs.

To this well timed epistle, Pensylvania casting away her pensiveness, penned the following lines.

To Sir Hugh Bentleg

Benign Sir,

Your pity for me excites my utmost gratitude, and that

gratitude assures me, that the Orphan of the Hovel cannot too soon become

Lady Bentleg.

Our Heroine sent this note by her Nurse, who meeting a Gentleman coming out of Sir Hughs house, concluded it was him, and gave him the letter. But she was mistaken; for it was no other than one Count Codger, the Brother of a Lady to whom Sir Hugh was engaged to be married. The Count hastily tore it open and had no sooner read it than he discovered the Villainy of the faithless Sir Hugh. When the enraged Codger arrived at his own house, he began practising sparring, but finding himself both awkward and cowardly, he resolved to take some other method than Duelling, to revenge the affront to his Sister. And here leaving him to his meditations, we will return to the interesting Pensylvania, whom we left in hourly expectation of Sir Hugh. About an hour after she had sent her note, a carriage driving up to the door, she concluded he was come, but she was mistaken, for it was no other than Count Codger who had just decided in what way to revenge himself. He informed our Heroine that he was an express from Lord Prodgers, who was on the Continent, and who had promised him her hand, on condition that he brought her to see him before he died. He then gave her a forged letter from her Father, telling her of the journey she was to take, the Husband she was to have, and the relation she was to lose. They all affected her so much that she swooned. When she recovered, she found herself almost at her journeys end. She then was very glad she had swooned, as it made the journey

seem shorter to her, but after a little reflection she began to lament it, as it had prevented her thinking of the divine Sir Hugh, and sending him an excuse for never seeing him again. This dissappointment she doubted not would turn his brain. She therefore detirmined to send him a straight waiscoat immediatly on her arrival, as a token of her affectionate remembrance.

## CHAPTER III

In a few hours they arrived at a large house situated in an unknown Country. Count Codger handing Our Heroine into it, told her that she was much mistaken if she supposed that he knew anything of her Father, as he had brought her there for no other purpose, than to revenge himself on the worthless Bentleg, of whose treachery he informed her. Our Heroine when he ceased speaking, darted upon him one of those terrific frowns, with which she had frightened away all her former admirers. The Count somewhat alarmed, left the house.

Let us now enquire after our injured Hero, but let us not wound our readers feelings too deeply by describing his sensations when he heard that Pensylvania was not to be found. Suffice it to say that he wanted the straight waiscoat mentioned by our Heroine in the last chapter.

When his fury was in some degree abated, he called on his friend Count Codger, and hearing that he had left Town that morning he guessed all the rest, and immediatly set off for Codger Lodge. He arrived there in a few hours; and found the Count playing off a variety of tricks and antics to

keep up our Heroines spirits. Sir Hugh then challenged the Count, and they set off the next morning with swords and seconds. In the middle of the Battle Sir Hughs courage failing, he told the Count that having seen a young lady the day before whom he liked better than Miss Prodgers, he would give himself no more trouble about her.

Then taking an everlasting leave of the Count he departed. Count Codger then hastened home, and finding our Heroine in the dumps, he was obliged to have recouse to his antics, which always raised her spirits. He then told her of the shabby manner in which Sir Hugh had got off, which enraged her so much, that she agreed to marry the Count the next day, to revenge herself. When the time appointed came Pensylvania was no where to be found. The Count concluded that Sir Hugh must have run away with her in the night. He set off for London resolved to have another duel about her, and arrived just in time to say amen to the last prayer in the marriage ceremony, which had just been performed. His indignation now exceeded all bounds, and he was more in want of a straight waiscoat than ever Sir Hugh had been. He returned home determined to make our Heroine a Widow the first opportunity that offered.

## CHAPTER IV

MEANTIME Sir Hugh and Lady Bentleg set off for the Continent in search of Lord Prodgers. His Lordship was well pleased at the match, and the young Couple would have lived happy ever after but for a reflection which forever dwelt in the mind of Lady Bentleg and with which she often twited

Sir Hugh, which was, that she might have been a Countess, if it had not been for his impertinent interference. This was productive of so many quarrels, that they at last agreed to part. Count Codger hearing this, set off immediatly to secure her hand, and meeting Sir Hugh on the road, he insisted upon finishing the duel they had began some years ago. Sir Hughs courage failing he begged to be excused, but the Count having a mortal aversion to him gave him some mortal wounds, which answered his purpose of making our Heroine a Widow. Count Codger then flew to Pensylvania and told her that he had sent Sir Hugh upon a visit into the next world; and was come to claim *that* hand she had promised him five years ago. The Orphan of the Hovel, who had so long sighed for his Title, would now have rejected his offer, on account of his having killed the once divine Sir Hugh, but the ingenious Codger having given her a specimen of his famous antics, she found him irresistible, and promised to marry him the next day. But to this delay the Count would not agree, as he plainly percieved it was her intention to elope before the day; the Ceremony was therefore immediatly perform'd, and as the Count always left her in a straight waiscoat when he went out, she did not prove unfaithful to him, nor ever eloped afterwards.

ADDRESS TO THE READERS

Reader, the moral here is plainly seen.
He who would wish t'obtain his hearts fair Queen,
Must ne'er to trifling obstacles give way,
But like th'intrepid Codger night and day,
Toil without ceasing till he gains his prize
And when once his, watch her with all his eyes.

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