

they found dead  
distant from his head.

, we do hear,  
which was so dear.  
across the water,  
and the dreadful slaughter.

the Indians coming,  
ve herself by running;  
petticoats stopped her,  
ures had not caught her,  
ked<sup>3</sup> her on the head,  
the ground for dead.  
Allen, Oh, lack-a-day!  
carried to Canada.

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MARY ALCOCK  
1742–1798

riter," wrote Mary Alcock's niece, Joanna Hughes. Published volume of her works, titled *Poetical Works*. "resorted to her pen it was either to amuse a leisure or for the more sublime purpose of pouring out her to God." Nevertheless, reticent though she may have vigorous verse polemics in which she engaged with es of her era. In particular, as one recent commen- most interesting poems "satirize reform efforts in *the Flying Mortal*, for instance—a seven-page work- hlet in 1784—bore an "Advertisement" chastising VS OF THEIR KING OR COUNTRY," implicitly comparing d order of society with "AERIAL BEINGS" who try to "Instructions, Supposed to be Written in Paris. for e frankly rebukes revolutionary movements by sat- size and keep what'er I can."

amptonshire family, Alcock was the granddaughter n classical scholar and master of Trinity College. d Cumberland, was a playwright who numbered es as David Garrick, Joshua Reynolds, and Oliver to have been active in the literary world; besides s listed as a contributor to poetry sessions in Bath. married to John Alcock, archdeacon of Raphoe. Her s milder than some of her more politically charged t it does adopt a conservative stance while ridiculing women writers and readers in this period.

A Receipt<sup>1</sup> for Writing a Novel

Would you a fav'rite novel make,  
Try hard your reader's heart to break,  
For who is pleas'd, if not tormented?  
(Novels for that were first invented).  
5 'Gainst nature, reason, sense, combine  
To carry on your bold design,  
And those ingredients I shall mention,  
Compounded with your own invention,<sup>2</sup> }  
I'm sure will answer my intention.  
10 Of love take first a due proportion—  
It serves to keep the heart in motion:  
Of jealousy a powerful zest,<sup>3</sup>  
Of all tormenting passions best;  
Of horror mix a copious share,  
15 And duels you must never spare;  
Hysteric fits at least a score,  
Or, if you find occasion, more;  
But fainting fits you need not measure,  
The fair ones have them at their pleasure;  
20 Of sighs and groans take no account,  
But throw them in to vast amount;  
A frantic fever you may add,  
Most authors make their lovers mad;  
Rack well your hero's nerves and heart,  
25 And let your heroine take her part;  
Her fine blue eyes were made to weep,  
Nor should she ever taste of sleep;  
Ply her with terrors day or night,  
And keep her always in a fright,  
30 But in a carriage when you get her,  
Be sure you fairly overset her;<sup>4</sup> }  
If she will break her bones—why let her:  
Again, if e'er she walks abroad,  
Of course you bring some wicked lord,  
35 Who with three ruffians snaps<sup>5</sup> his prey,  
And to a castle speeds away;  
There, close confin'd in haunted tower,  
You leave your captive in his power,  
Till dead with horror and dismay,  
40 She scales the walls and flies away.

Now you contrive the lovers meeting,  
To set your reader's heart abeating,  
But ere they've had a moment's leisure,  
Be sure to interrupt their pleasure;  
45 Provide yourself with fresh alarms

<sup>1</sup> Receipt: receipt.  
<sup>2</sup> Compound of subject. "Compounded": combined.  
<sup>3</sup> Zest: something that imparts a relish or piquant

flavor.  
4. I.e., turn her upside down.  
5. Snatches.

To tear 'em from each other's arms;  
 No matter by what fate they're parted,  
 So that you keep them broken-hearted.

A cruel father some prepare  
 50 To drag her by her flaxen hair;  
 Some raise a storm, and some a ghost,  
 Take either, which may please you most.  
 But this you must with care observe,  
 That when you've wound up every nerve  
 55 With expectation, hope and fear,  
 Hero and heroine must disappear.  
 Some fill one book, some two without 'em,  
 And ne'er concern their heads about 'em,  
 This greatly rests the writer's brain,  
 60 For any story, that gives pain,  
 You now throw in—no matter what,  
 However foreign to the plot,  
 So it but serves to swell the book,  
 You foist it in with desperate hook—  
 65 A masquerade, a murder'd peer,  
 His throat just cut from ear to ear—  
 A rake turn'd hermit—a fond maid  
 Run mad, by some false loon<sup>6</sup> betray'd—  
 These stores supply the female pen,  
 70 Which writes them o'er and o'er again,  
 And readers likewise may be found  
 To circulate them round and round.

Now at your fable's close devise  
 Some grand event to give surprize—  
 75 Suppose your hero knows no mother—  
 Suppose he proves the heroine's brother—  
 This at one stroke dissolves each tie,  
 Far as from east to west they fly:  
 At length when every woe's expended,  
 80 And your last volume's nearly ended,  
 Clear the mistake, and introduce  
 Some tatt'ling nurse to cut the noose,  
 The spell is broke—again they meet  
 Expiring at each other's feet;  
 85 Their friends lie breathless on the floor—  
 You drop your pen; you can no more—  
 And ere your reader can recover,  
 They're married—and your history's over.

1795

6. Rogue; lout. "Fond": foolish.

## ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD 1743–1825

An indefatigable and phenomenally productive essayist, Anna Letitia Aiken was brought up in a family of Dissent who encouraged her to read; write; and learn French, from her clergyman husband, Rochemont Barbauld, whom she met at her school in Suffolk while publishing poems, essays, and sermons in collaboration with her brother John. After the death of her father, her literary activity quickened: her works include "Epistle to William Wilberforce," (1791), "Eighteen Hundred and Eleven," (1811), and political essays on England's declaration of war against the French, *Sins of the Nation*, (1793). At the same time, she published *Novels* (1794) and *William Collins* (1797), as well as *Novels*, a fifty-volume edition of *The British Novelists* (1811), a collection of prose and poetry intended for young women. In 1808, Barbauld's husband became insane and she, deeply grieved, she valiantly continued her literary work, and continued to run a girls' school because, as her sardonic replies, she thought women should be "good wives or than bluestockings. Yet she herself belonged to a circle of such notable intellectuals as the playwright Joanna Baillie, and the essayist Hannah More.

### The Rights of Women

Yes, injured Woman! rise, assert thy  
 Woman! too long degraded, scorned  
 O born to rule in partial Law's despite  
 Resume thy native empire<sup>2</sup> o'er the land

5 Go forth arrayed in panoply divine,  
 That angel pureness which admits no  
 Go, bid proud Man his boasted rule  
 And kiss the golden sceptre of thy reign

10 Go, gird thyself with grace, collect thy  
 Of bright artillery glancing from afar  
 Soft melting tones thy thundering cannon  
 Blushes and tears thy magazine of war

Thy rights are empire; urge no mean  
 Felt, not defined, and if debated, lost  
 15 Like sacred mysteries, which withheld  
 Shunning discussion, are revered the more

1. In defiance of unfair law.

2. Innate rule.