

EFFUSIONS WITTY AND ROMANTIC: TEENAGE WRITINGS OF JANE AUSTEN AND ANNA MARIA PORTER

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STUDIES of juvenilia, such as they have been, have tended to proceed vertically—that is, the early work is examined in relation to the “mature” work of the same author. But when I founded the Juvenilia Press, back in 1994, I realized that youthful writings, if they are to be defined in some way as a genre of their own, need to be studied horizontally too—that is, in relation *to each other*. And when I retired as General Editor, and the distinguished Brontë scholar Christine Alexander took over the Press, we sought to extend the comparative work by co-editing a collection for Cambridge University Press that we called *The Child Writer from Austen to Woolf* (2005). This was part of the work of discovering what these young authors share, and what general characteristics belong to this little-studied body of writings. In her review of the collection in the *TLS*, Dinah Birch recognized that the book’s “larger intention is nothing less than the definition of a new genre within the literary academy” (3). This work has been enlarged in recent years by Laurie Langbauer’s ground-breaking study of on childhood writings,¹ and the *Journal of Juvenilia Studies* bravely carries it on. My present purpose, then, is to examine in some detail the early writings of two near contemporaries, Jane Austen and Anna Maria Porter, in relation to each other—not to establish “influence,” but to explore the often-contrasting paths that each was choosing.

In a fascinating paper, “Sisters (and Brothers) in the Arts: Austens, Porters, Founders and Beyond,”² Devoney Looser has explored the possible connections between Cassandra and Jane Austen and the Porter sisters Jane and Anna Maria. The Porters came to know and admire Austen’s works, especially *Emma*. In a letter of 1820, as Looser records, Maria wrote to her sister after a dinner party, “I longed for

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Miss Austin's [*sic*] now buried pen (alas that it is) to have immortalised the whole company!" (Jane Porter Papers).

I consider it unlikely, though, that the young Jane Austen and Maria Porter knew each other's early work. Austen's was not published until the twentieth century; and though Porter achieved publication of the first volume of *Artless Tales* by subscription, no member of the Austen family appears in the subscription list. Austen herself did subscribe to Frances Burney's *Camilla* in 1796 (it must have been a great extravagance for her); but Burney was a favourite author, and one she was willing to make sacrifices to read.³ Though there are fascinating parallels in their lives, my present business is with Austen's and Porter's youthful texts.

These two girl authors were roughly the same age. Both were born in December, Jane Austen three years earlier than Maria Porter: so that their ages in any given year are younger than the year would suggest. Austen's life (1775–1817) is well known. Porter's (1778–1832)⁴ involved more travel, more and earlier publication, fuller connections with the literary world.

Both were what we would now call middle-class: Austen's father was a clergyman in Hampshire, Porter's an army surgeon, who died when she was still an infant. Both young authors came from large families, predominantly of boys; each had a beloved elder sister with shared interests: Cassandra Austen (1773–1845) collaborated with Jane as the illustrator of the parodic *History of England*, written at fifteen; Maria's sister Jane Porter (1775–1850) was a prolific author, and indeed became better known than her younger sister, publishing historical novels such as *Thaddeus of Warsaw* (1803) and *The Scottish Chiefs* (1810). Both families were short of cash. Austen's father supplemented the income from his living by farming and by taking in boys as students who studied with him alongside his sons; and Porter's mother, when she was widowed, had to fend for her family of five by her own exertions, and she moved often (the Porters had strong and lasting connections in Durham). For the better education of her three boys and two girls, she moved from Maria's birthplace Salisbury, to Edinburgh, where they came to know young Walter Scott ("Anna Maria Porter"). Both families were literarily inclined.

Whereas Jane Austen's early writings remained unpublished in her lifetime, and *Sense and Sensibility*, her first published novel, did not emerge until 1811, Maria Porter managed to burst into print with the first volume of *Artless Tales* in 1793, when she was only fourteen, and swung into a second in 1795 and 1796; and her first novel, *Walsh Colville*, followed in 1797, while she was still a teenager. Later came more historical romances, including *The Lake of Killarney* (1804), which Austen mentioned in her letters.

Perhaps a defining difference in the two young authors' publishing productivity (and such claims must be speculative) arose from the fact that Maria Porter's widowed mother, with five children to support, had to exert herself, and probably her children too, in the business of making a living. The first volume of *Artless Tales* was published by subscription; and one can imagine that the children and all their contacts would

have been involved in assembling the 466 subscribers—including many who subscribed for more volumes than one.⁵ No doubt fourteen-year-old Maria Porter would have been proud to contribute to the family income by her literary efforts.

To turn from matters biographical to the texts of these two young authors: children who write are by definition children who *read*. And because of their (so far) brief life experience, their reading looms larger for them than it does for most adult writers, and becomes their best extension of experience. Young Austen and Porter were both avid readers: from their early writings we can gather considerable information about their reading. Austen’s “Love and Freindship,” for instance, “a novel in a series of letters,” bounces off Eliza Nugent Bromley’s *Laura and Augustus* of 1774, which is also subtitled “in a series of letters,”⁶ and also off Bromley’s next novel, *Sir Charles Bentinck*.⁷ Parody of fashionable fiction of the day continued to be prominent in her juvenilia. In her second series of *Artless Tales* (1795–96), Porter outlines the reading habits of her different heroines. The eponymous Elinor of the first tale, for instance, reads widely: “the best classical authors of her own country, France and Italy, she read in their own languages, but the Grecian and the Roman, she only perused by translations” (*AT* II 5). Porter is specific, that is, about her heroine’s achievement of the highest standard of expectation set for the fully accomplished young woman. Another of her heroines is seen reading Milton’s “*Il Penseroso*”; and, with this in mind, it is interesting to know that she and her sister were respectively known as “*L’Allegro*” and “*Il Penseroso*.”⁸

Another characteristic that Austen and Porter share with many other young writers who have preserved their early works is a certain professional ambition. They delight in books and their format, and they show an awakened consciousness of their medium. Austen collected her early writings in those three famous manuscript books, and called them *Volume the First*, ... *Second*, and ... *Third*, as though they amounted to the standard three-decker novel. In her comic formal dedications, she conspicuously observed the conventions of publication, even while sending them up. I like to believe that the original works—“*Frederic and Elfrida*,” “*Edgar and Emma*,” “*Jack and Alice*,” and the rest—were themselves little books, perhaps like the Brontës’ tiny booklets, which she gave away to the dedicatee. (None has survived, so we have no physical evidence for this wishful thinking; but in calling the versions in the three volumes of early writings “fair copies,” we already postulate some earlier version.) In her dedication to “*Catharine, or The Bower*” she playfully claims that the previous works dedicated to her sister, ““*The beautifull Cassandra*’ and ‘*The History of England*’ ... have obtained a place in every library in the Kingdom, and run through threescore editions” (*Minor Works* 192).

Young Maria Porter even got real about publication. At the tender age of fourteen she already managed actually to publish her first series of *Artless Tales*. This is unusual: most juvenilia have to wait at least until their author’s maturity, or even death, before publication, as in the cases of Jane Austen and Charlotte Brontë. And this volume of *Artless Tales* is very rare—even standard depositories like the British

Library and the Bodleian don't have copies. Our Juvenilia Press edition is the first time it has been reprinted. No doubt the young author had help from her family; but between them they managed to assemble that substantial subscription list; and Porter got to write a *real* dedicatory epistle to the actual Earl of Bristol—in which she begs for his “liberality and benevolence” in perusing the work of “a very young Authoress” (ATI, 2).

Another characteristic of girls' early writing—and this one Jane Austen does *not* share—is a preference for romance, glamour, magic, perfectly beautiful heroines and perfectly dastardly villains. The “write what you know” principle doesn't appeal, and, if they practise it at all, it is thrust upon them. Young Louisa May Alcott loved lurid adventure and melodrama, but was constrained to write *Little Women*, straight from her own experience, before she achieved success. Charlotte Brontë revelled in the torrid clime of Africa, where her Glasstown and Angria are located, before she turned to chronicling the inner life of a teacher and governess in England like herself. And fourteen-year-old Porter, in her first tale of “Sir Alfred,” pulls out all the romantic stops. It is set in Jerusalem during the Crusades. Her hero is a knight who jousts with the villain for the hand of his beloved. A heavenly messenger, the sylph Celestial, sends him on a quest to liberate a couple who have fallen into the hands of Lurina in the Castle of Delight. And there are shades of Spenserian allegory as he too is tested for resistance to this eighteenth-century version of the Bower of Bliss. The writing too is luscious and highly literary. For instance:

At the upper end of the saloon was a canopy of carved silver, in which was set close every precious stone that drinks the blaze; the crimson ruby, the varying diamond, the purple amethyst were strown beside the azure sapphire, the golden topaz, and emerald vivid verd.... Underneath it was a throne of the rainbow opal, and on it sat a female with every soft and winning beauty in her aspect. The brilliant dye of the carnation, its luxuriant white and red, mingled on her face ... (ATI 19)

Well, you get the picture ... This highly decorative and literary tale is hardly “artless.” The subsequent tales similarly present romantic and heroic extremes, including hereditary rivalries, clan warfare, warriors and witches and wizards.

Of the two familiar traditions of narrative, romance and the realistic novel, the child writer is often steered from the former to the latter, and goes through a trajectory of graduating from fantasy to realism. In Porter's first series of *Artless Tales*, we see the devoted commitment to romance.

Young Austen, however, was an exception to this rule. She made it her business, from very early on, to scorn high romance. From the outset the novel of sensibility—one form that romance took in the late eighteenth century—was the butt of her satire. When in “Love and Freindship” the heroine Laura claims to have “a Sensibility too

tremblingly alive to every affliction” (*MW* 78), we know that this is a joke. Like Porter with her high-flown description of Lurina’s bejewelled Bower, Austen too can string precious stones together:

“Diamonds such as never were seen, [Pearls as large as those of the Princess Badroulbador in the 4th volume of the Arabian Nights and Rubies, Emeralds, Topazes, Sapphires, Amethysts, Turkeystones, Agate, Beads, Bangles & Garnets] and Pearls, Rubies, Emeralds and Beads out of number...” (“The Three Sisters,” *MW* 65)

But in this case, instead of being decorative prose from the narrator, the list of jewels is part of an outrageous set of desiderata that Mary Stanhope expects her fiancé to provide at their marriage. The part in square brackets was deleted. Austen realized it was over the top, even in a satirical speech about a greedy bride in search of a hugely expensive trousseau.

While other young writers, such as George Eliot and Daisy Ashford, piously imitate their chosen models, Austen outrageously parodies them. Clearly this has much to do with her own native mindset and sense of humour. But I also attribute it partly to her living in a houseful of her father’s boy pupils, and among her brothers—who were often the dedicatees of her early works. Irreverence, overstatement, and violence are expected of boys, almost required.

I cannot resist a modern example: Little Calvin, of the *Calvin and Hobbes* comic strip, tells his father what sort of fairy tale he would like to hear. “I’d like to see the three bears eat the three little pigs, and then the bears join up with the big bad wolf and eat Goldilocks and Little Red Riding Hood.” “What about Hansel and Gretel?” his father asks mildly. “The witch eats them, and then the wolf eats the witch,” responds Calvin promptly (*Waterston* 80). Calvin may be only a character in a comic strip, but I could back him up with the writings of real boys. Philip Larkin’s *Phippy’s Schooldays*, a take-off of *Tom Brown’s Schooldays*, is a rampaging chronicle of beatings and bashings, and guffaws at the pains of the luckless hero. “His howls are drowned in a chorus of lusty hurrahs as the crew hurl him into the shallow mud and water which boards ‘Thy glassy wave’ of the Thames, immortalized by Gray” (5). Boys are apt to require toughness from their sisters too. Little Daisy Ashford, nine-year-old author of the famous *The Young Visitors*, actually gave up writing when she found that her older half-brothers roared with laughter at her tender love scenes.⁹

Jane Austen’s juvenilia are filled with Calvin-like violence and rowdy irreverence. Characters get “carried home, dead drunk” (*MW* 14), caught in man-traps, murdered, and hanged (22)—and all that happens in “Jack and Alice” alone! In her own mode Austen is as extreme as Porter. Though she doesn’t deal in magic and the supernatural, credibility, to put it mildly, is not a major concern. Everything is over the top. Sir William Mountague falls madly in love with no less than seven different young ladies in the course of a few weeks (*MW* 40–42); Mary Stanhope, in gabbling

her demands for her trousseau, which include servants and horses and coaches, has to stop for want of breath to go on (*MW* 65). Lord St. Clair of “Love & Freindship” discovers *four* long-lost grandchildren in as many minutes. The writing is extreme even if it is not romantic. And like other young writers Austen learns to tone down the excesses, exchange slapstick for satire, satire for irony, and wild improbable action for the disciplined probability and strict limitation to the familiar for which the six novels made her famous.

Neither young writer is remarkable for the prized virginal innocence on sexual matters. (A correspondent of the *Saturday Review* refused to believe that *The Young Visitors* could have been written by a nine-year-old, on the grounds that children “rarely ... afford us any opportunity for the laugh in which mankind forfeited the happy simplicity of Eden.”¹⁰) Austen’s Laura of “Love and Freindship” cheerfully begins her narrative for her friend’s daughter Marianne, “My Mother was the natural Daughter of a Scotch peer by an Italian opera-girl” (*MW* 77)—and later we meet that Scotch peer, Lord St. Clair, and learn the opera girl’s name: another “Lurina”! (*MW* 91).

In contrast with Austen’s breezy recognition of extramarital liaisons, Porter lingers over female seduction and male virtue. In “The Noble Courtezan” she shows Olivia’s seductive practices on the virtuous Raphael d’Urbino: she feigns a swoon, and falls “half lifeless, into his arms.”

“What can I do?” cried he in alarm. ... She raised her eyes in tender languishment to his, then closed them again, and dropped her snowy head upon his neck. What a trial for *d’Urbino!* ... In sinking into his arms, her handkerchief fell aside, and discovered a breast, whiter than the bosom of Venus. (*ATI* 43)

Presently she exclaims, “I will consent to be yours by the laws of love alone.” And the virtuous Raphael is suitably shocked. Neither young Austen nor young Porter, that is, recognized any rule about steering clear of sexual matters.

Both Austen and Porter are already fledged writers in their delight in language and its powers. Austen eschews the elaborate description that Porter rejoices in; but she too is already stretching her wings in her juvenilia, and developing her powers. One sees her evolving artistry best in her dialogue, and especially in her control of register.

Here the stunningly handsome Charles Adams of “Jack and Alice” responds to Mr. Johnson’s invitation to marry his daughter Alice:

“I look upon myself to be Sir a perfect Beauty—where would you see a finer figure or a more charming face My temper is even, my virtues innumerable my self unparalleled. Since such Sir is my character, what do you mean by wishing me to marry your Daughter?”

Let me give you a short sketch of yourself & of her. I look upon you Sir to be a very good sort of Man in the main; a drunken old Dog to be sure, but that's nothing to me. Your Daughter sir, is neither sufficiently beautifull, sufficiently amiable, sufficiently witty, nor sufficiently rich for me—. I expect nothing more in my wife than my wife will find in me—Perfection.” (*MW* 25–26).

Charles Adams uses the fine flow of rhetoric, with its parallel structures and flurry of abstract nouns, for his own perfections. When he turns to the notable *imperfections* of Mr. and Miss Johnson, the register drops with a thunk to the demotic and colloquial: “a drunken old Dog to be sure.”

Fourteen-year-old Porter is not capable of this range. More congenial to her pen is the high-flown rhetoric of romance: “By yon orient globe of heaven,” cries Inchkeith in “The Cottage in the Glen,” “I swear that I adore you; that thou are dearer to me than wealth, or power, or even my life” (*AT* I 88). She writes the kind of dialogue that Austen parodies. Of such rhetoric her down-to-earth parent asks his son, “Where Edward in the name of wonder did you pick up this unmeaning Gibberish? You have been studying Novels I suspect” (*MW* 81).

Young Austen, sceptical and ironic, is heading towards the Novel; Porter lingers largely with Romance. And though modern taste mainly approves Austen's choice, Porter's commitment to romance has its own charm and courage. Her heroines are no mere shrinking violets. They choose forbidden lovers, rescue them, sometimes don armour and fight for them.

Two years after the first series of *Artless Tales*, Porter published a second series with the same title.¹¹ And this time she added a subtitle, *Romantic Effusions of the Heart*. The emphasis has shifted away from the adventure, magic, and far-away-and-long-ago settings of the first series to the intricacies of love and desire in the courtship situation. Geographical settings in the first series were mediaeval Jerusalem, Renaissance Italy, France, and the Scottish Highlands before Culloden. Settings in the second are confined to England, with only brief excursions to the Isle of Wight, Paris, and Spain. And the time is close to the present. We haven't yet got down to those three or four families in a country village that Austen chose to specialize in; but we have moved in that direction.

The love stories are genuinely complex, with a concentration on the courtship process, the fit of personality, the comparative rank and status and financial situation of the principals, and issues of filial disobedience—aspects also familiar in Austen's novels. Some incidents are worthy of Hardy. The scene where some urban dandies go slumming in the country, and one joins a rustic dance and is taken with the beauty of a rural partner (*AT* II 88 ff.) could have been snatched by Hardy for the beginning of *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*.

Porter's dialogue gathers more range and humour as her events come closer to home. Here the hero's frivolous companions, who have considerable influence over

him, congratulate him on taking the country girl as his mistress and bringing her to town:

“*We* were fools enough to think, *you* were fool enough to marry her, and shut yourself up in the country; turn domestic and renounce the *bon-ton*. Oh, dam me, what a sight it would have been; *George Cecil* turned farmer: In a flaped [*sic*] hat, mended breeches, white waistcoat, worsted stockings, thick shoes; drinking ale, eating mutton O! curse me, what a picture!” (*AT* II 122-3)

One can relish the specificity of this parody of love in a cottage, and still register the painful irony that the hero has indeed married the woman that his friends take for his mistress.

The sacred subject of love is not always treated with bated breath. The narrator is capable of some Rosalind-like high spirits. Of George Cecil we hear,

His company was agreeable although he was a lover; for he was not one of those youths, who bind their brows with willow; wear a rueful face, and a dejected heart, as if love were made up of tears and woe.— No, the presence of *Arethusa* lighted him up to greater animation; he was then the soul of festivity, and courtesy. (*AT* II 101)

And when we read of “that mind, which is ‘tremblingly alive’ to every animated sentiment,” it is refreshing to find that “tremblingly alive” comes in quotation marks. Shades of “Love and Freindship,” and its mockery of outworn formulas.

As Porter’s dialogue gathers range and pace, her humour increases. The comedy, as often in the eighteenth-century novel, is typically attached to the servant. When the heroine *Arethusa* decides to follow her exiled husband to France, Lucy squeaks, “Lord have mercy! not among the French, and the *Gullotines*, I hope”—a contemporary reference apt enough in 1796 (*AT* II 144). *Arethusa* decides they will go dressed as men, and Lucy throws herself into the business enthusiastically, and keeps going to the tailor’s to change her outfit:

At length she fixed on a spotted coat, a worked waistcoat, and a pair of tight pantaloons—giving this reason for wearing the latter,— “I was always allowed to have a genteel leg, and I don’t want to hide it now, I assure you.” (*AT* II 146)

If Porter was in the process of adapting her romances towards familiar landscapes, contemporary events, and the inner life, with an admixture of wit and humour, Austen was adapting too. *Catharine, or the Bower* reads more like her novels than her juvenilia. Kitty’s scatty friend Camilla looks back to the absurdities of Alice Johnson and the

juvenilia. “I wish there were no such things as teeth in the world,” says Camilla in sympathy, when Kitty has toothache. “They are nothing but plagues to one, and I dare say that People might easily invent something to eat with instead of them” (*MW* 209). But Kitty herself looks forward to Catherine Morland and the other self-aware heroines of the novels.

Both young authors turn their attention to the intricacies of courtship. Both present explorations of the awakening of sexuality. And, interestingly, both focus on a trope of some secret space where the young heroine discovers her desire. In *Catharine* Kitty is “firmly persuaded that her Bower alone could restore her to herself” (*MW* 193). Jeffrey Herrle notes that in the course of the narrative the Bower “becomes a sexualized place, where girlhood and womanhood converge” (ix). It is there that she has her disturbing encounter with the vivacious Edward Stanley, who kisses her hand “passionately,” and leaves her in a flutter (*MW* 231).

In the second series of *Artless Tales* there are cognate spaces, where each heroine has her awakening. Elinor resorts to “a clump of holly, that formed with their rough branches a rude sort of grove” (14); here she warbles a song of her own composition in which she wishes that her Richard would “seek this rustic grove, / And sooth me” (15). Miranda haunts “The antique remains of a ruined *Abbey* ... where from the twilight, until the moon silvered the heavens” (58) she wanders with a devoted male friend; and it is here that she discovers that she loves him. The third heroine, Arethusa, wanders in “a deep dell, down which the river rushed from the wood. In this dell, stood the ruin of an antique church” (94). She is briefly scared, but soon rescued by the man she now knows she loves.

Such secret and sexualized spaces were characteristic of the Gothic novel too: Catherine Morland is much excited at the notion of visiting an Abbey. But it is curious to find such a recurring trope in two girl authors who are in many ways so different. We find it too in Hodgson Burnett’s *The Secret Garden*, and in the nunnery deep in the forest in Brontë’s *Shirley*—not to mention in many a pornographic novel where the whole landscape can become sexualized.

For the girl writer the shared trope seems to mark a certain stage in creative as in sexual development: to turn to inner experience and the self, rather than derived literary romances and parodies of them. Girls as young as nine-year-old Daisy Ashford delight in writing love stories, as in spying on lovers and reading about them. Adolescent Jane Austen and Anna Maria Porter are perhaps reaching towards some contiguous stage of comprehension and creative endeavour, discovering new resources in themselves for experience and human understanding.

Maria Porter may have been “L’Allegro” in relation to her sister Jane Porter’s “Il Penseroso”; but as child writer she would surely cede the “L’Allegro” title to the light fantastic Jane Austen. Nevertheless, contrasts though they are, we see them converging.

Austen’s father labelled her juvenilia “Effusions of Fancy by a very young Lady.” “Effusion” is not necessarily a pejorative term. Porter’s subtitle for her second series

of *Artless Tales* was “*Romantic Effusions of the Heart*.” And the defining “Fancy” for the one and Romance for the other are appropriate enough. One may consider an “effusion” to be either a generous outpouring on the one hand, or an embarrassing gushing forth on the other; and the same might be said of juvenilia. Me, I consider juvenilia to be the generous outpouring. Jane Austen, too, takes delight in fictional outpouring, as in her famous defence of the novel in Chapter Five of *Northanger Abbey*: “It is only Cecilia, or Camilla, or Belinda; in short, only some work in which the liveliest effusions of wit and humour are conveyed to the world in the best chosen language.” For Jane Austen the *liveliest* effusions are not “romantic” ones, but rather those “of wit and humour.”

NOTES

- ¹ See, especially, Langbauer’s *The Juvenile Tradition: Young Writers and Prolepsis, 1750–1835* (Oxford UP, 2016).
- ² This paper was a plenary address at the 2021 Annual General Meeting of the Jane Austen Society of North America in Chicago in October of 2021, and will be published in the Jane Austen journal, *Persuasions*, vol. 43. It is part of Looser’s forthcoming biography, *Sister Novelists: The Trailblazing Porter Sisters, Who Paved the Way for Austen and the Brontës* (2022). I am grateful to the editor of *Persuasions*, Susan Allen Ford, for permission to quote from the typescript.
- ³ See “Miss J. Austen, Steventon,” in the subscription list in the first volume of Frances Burney, *Camilla, or a Picture of Youth*, vol. 1 (London: T. Payne, T. Cadell and W. Davies, 1796; 5 vols.), p. iv.
- ⁴ Anna Maria Porter’s birth date, recorded in both the *Orlando Project* and the Juvenilia Press edition of *Artless Tales* as 1780, has been revised in *The Oxford Dictionary of National Biography*, on new evidence, to 1778.
- ⁵ See Lesley Peterson, “The Subscription List for *Artless Tales*,” in *ATI*, p.123.
- ⁶ See my article, “From *Laura and Augustus* to *Love and Freindship*.”
- ⁷ See Lesley Peterson, “Young Jane Austen and the Circulation-Library Novel,” *Journal of Juvenilia Studies*, vol. 3, no.2, September 2021, pp. 94–125.
- ⁸ See S. C. Hall, *Retrospect*, p. 287. Quoted in *ATI*, p. 18n72.
- ⁹ See Daisy Ashford’s “Preface” to *Daisy Ashford: Her Book* (Chatto and Windus, 1920).
- ¹⁰ Letter of 16 August 1919, p. 150. See Mather xi.
- ¹¹ The edition of the second series of *Artless Tales* that I have examined is dated 1796, and the author says in her Preface that she has “but just completed my sixteenth year” [n.p.]. But we also have a reference of 1795 for this same set of tales, so it seems it achieved a swift reprinting.

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