

My dearest Frank, I wish you Joy  
Of Mary's safety with a boy,  
Whose birth has given little pain,  
Compared with that of Mary Jane.—  
May he a growing Blessing prove,  
And well deserve his Parents Love!—  
Endow'd with Art's & Nature's Good,  
Thy name possessing with thy Blood;  
In him, in all his ways may we  
Another Francis William see!—  
Thy infant days may he inherit,  
Thy warmth, nay insolence of spirit;—  
We would not with one fault dispense  
To weaken the resemblance.  
May he revive thy Nursery sin,  
Peeping as daringly within,  
His curley Locks but just descried  
With, "Bet, my be not come to bide."—

Fearless of danger, braving pain,  
And threaten'd very oft in vain,  
Still may one Terror daunt his Soul,  
One needful engine of Controul  
Be found in this sublime array,  
A neighbouring Donkey's awful Bray!—  
So may his equal faults as Child,  
Produce Maturity as mild!  
His saucy words & fiery ways  
In early Childhood's pettish days,  
In Manhood shew his Father's mind  
Like him considerate & kind;  
All gentleness to those around,  
And eager only not to wound.

Then like his father, too he must,  
To his own former struggles just,  
Feels [*sic*] his Deserts with honest Glow,  
And all his Self-improvement know.—  
A native fault may thus give birth  
To the best blessing, conscious Worth.—

As for ourselves, we're very well;  
As unaffected prose will tell.—  
Cassandra's pen will give our state,  
The many comforts that await  
Our Chawton home, how much we find  
Already in it to our mind;  
And how convinced, that when complete,  
It will all other Houses beat,  
That ever have been made or mended,  
With rooms concise or rooms distended.  
You'll find us very snug next year;  
Perhaps with Charles & Fanny near,  
For now it often does delight us  
To fancy them just over-right us.—

J.A.—

Capt<sup>n</sup> Austen R.N  
26<sup>th</sup> July