

This email came from a reader:

I just finished and enjoyed *Cut From The Same Cloth*. I remembered that Aunt Honore appeared in other books I had read. I have a question about this one though.

I kept expecting that Elizabeth's father and older brother would have been heard from before the end of the book. Do you plan to leave them hanging out there somewhere and never heard from again? Are you saving them for other books? ...What about her poor mother and I think she even mentions other siblings? Do they have an estate that Robert should be at home managing?

Sincerely
Beverly Abney

I'm glad Beverly wrote. I decided it would be fun to post an epilogue for anyone who wanted to know...

What happened to:

Robert and Miss Susannah Dunworthy:

Robert took a great risk marrying the beautiful, but spoiled, Miss Dunworthy. It might have turned out badly. Indeed, Devious Miss Dunworthy wanted a title and went after it with scarcely disguised cunning and artifice. It is interesting to note that she stopped lipping the day after wedding Robert. We can only speculate, but I like to think Robert made love to her in such a way that she no longer viewed herself a coddled young girl, but rather as an adored woman.

Robert took his bride home to his country manor and set to work repairing his father's dilapidated estates, putting Miss Dunworthy's generous dowry to good use. Happily, Robert's mother and younger sisters adored his vivacious wife. They enjoyed her company and soon became fast friends. Susannah took the younger girls under her wing and eagerly planned for the day when they would be old enough for coming-out parties in London.

Susannah's parents visited with regularity, basking in their connection with aristocracy. They soon became fixtures at the estate, residing there most of the year. The walls of this once bleak and forlorn house now echoed with conversation, laughter and music, and it became a bastion of social activity in the neighborhood. Later that year, Susannah discovered she was with child.

To Robert's great relief, his mother found less and less need to dose herself with patent medicines. Her glazed dilated pupils were replaced with a hesitant courage as she enjoyed the warmth of her new daughter-in-law and the excitement of anticipating her first grandchild.

Shortly after these glad tidings, a bundle of letters arrived, letters from America...

Elizabeth's father and her older brother

At the end of CUT FROM THE SAME CLOTH, these facts are known:

- Robert and Elizabeth's father sailed for America to salvage some of his investments.
- No one heard from him for more than two years.
- The twin's older brother set out in search of him.
- All seemed lost when no one heard from either of them.

Elizabeth's father was a stern man, but not so callous that he wouldn't send word of safe passage to his

wife. He would have written if he could. Sadly, he fell ill with cholera during the voyage across the Atlantic. Port authorities were not as stringent as they became a few years later when cholera epidemics broke out in all the port cities along the Hudson. His ship was allowed to dock and Lord Hampton stumbled ashore, extremely ill.

Making his way to an inn, he offered to pay heavily if anyone would be so kind as to care for him. Few things at that time in our history carried more dread than the fear of “fever.” No reputable inn would allow him in. At last, he found a room in a ramshackle public house.

Little was done to nurse him through his illness. Two days later, the hapless nobleman died. Authorities found his body lying in a filthy cot in airless attic room. The innkeeper had relieved him of his purse and possessions. Fortunately, the innkeeper’s wife yielded to a twinge of remorse. She made note of his Lordship’s title and eventually sent an anonymous letter to the English Government. Many, many, months later, the brief, poorly written note explaining the circumstances of his death and his place of burial found its way to his estate, and into Robert’s hands.

Their **older brother, Everett**, fared much better than did their father. He traveled all the way to America without mishap, and discovered his father had indeed disembarked and signed in at the port. After learning this, but finding no further information as to his whereabouts, he assumed his father had continued on to Ohio in search of the trading companies in which he had invested. Everett traveled west and fell in love with the wild countryside, savoring every moment of his journey. So much so, that he could not bear the thought of returning to England.

He found his father enterprises floundering and on the brink of closure, but under Everett’s enthusiastic leadership they thrived. All this, he put in weekly letters to his mother and family.

These jubilant missives traveled by coach and boat upstream, and after several months made the New York Harbor where they moldered for half a year awaiting passage to Britain. Ships to Britain were scarce at the time. Although the war of 1812 had ended, the embargo was newly lifted, and privateers from both countries made the seas a perilous place. At long last, the mailbag containing his letters was tossed aboard a merchant vessel headed for Portsmouth. From there they traveled by mail coach across England to his estate.

Robert and Izzie were delighted to learn their brother was still alive.

Izzie, Valen and Lord Ransley:

Izzie and Valen married and lived most the year at Ransley Keep, tending to Valen’s father and his beloved lands. Lord Ransley outlived his physician’s expectations and, to his delight, became a grandfather. Valen presented him with a healthy and precocious grandson. Eighteen months later, Elizabeth found herself, once again, in an *interesting* condition, to which **Aunt Honore** remarked disgustedly, “Have you no self-control, Valen.”

Flexing his jaw, reflecting on the fact that he had not strangled his aunt on any number of tempting occasions, which certainly attested to admirable self-restraint, he formulated a proper set-down.

However, Izzie rushed to answer for him. “I daresay, Valen has a great deal of self-control, which makes the experience all the more pleasant. I’m sure you understand my meaning, Lady Alameda. Why would I deny myself such--”

“Stop!” Lady Alameda held up her hand. “Good heavens. Have a care for my delicate ears.”

Delicate ears, indeed. Izzie and Valen glanced at one another and erupted in gales of laughter.

Lord Ransley’s lungs continued to plague him, but he insisted on spending time with his grandchildren. On a particularly warm summer afternoon, he strolled across the lawns holding the hand of the future Lord Ransley, who insisted on stopping to inspect every fuzzy caterpillar and ladybug along the way. Short of breath, Lord Ransley sat down on a garden bench to rest. His grandson chased after a butterfly, twirling and running with all the grace of a newborn colt. Lord Ransley leaned back, smiling, content in the simple joy of the moment, and closed his eyes for the very last time.