

CHARLOTTE SMITH - E.Sutherland

"You have read Mrs. Smith's Novels, I suppose?"... "Oh! Yes...I am quite delighted with them."

Jane Austen knew Charlotte Smith's novels well: in her early story Catharine or The Bower, the heroine's friend calls them, "the sweetest things in the world" and "Emmeline is so much better than any of the others". Northanger Abbey pokes fun at novel heroines, especially Emmeline, who "made herself mistress without any instruction" of all female accomplishments, learned to play the harp by being in the room where her friend was receiving instruction, and spoke and wrote French "like an educated native" after a three-month visit. Poor Catherine Morland, on the other hand, "never could learn or understand anything before she was taught", had piano lessons for a year "and could not bear it", and was taught French by her mother but "her proficiency...was not remarkable". Mrs. Smith's novels were very popular, however, and enabled her to support herself and her family from her earnings.



CHARLOTTE SMITH
Crayon drawing by Romney, 1793

Charlotte Smith was born in Sussex in 1749, the eldest daughter of a country gentleman. Her education was seriously attended to, but consisted only of feminine accomplishments, drawing, music and dancing. In later life, she always regretted the lack of serious reading and the study of modern languages. But she did much reading on her own, to fill in the gaps in her knowledge.

At age fifteen her happy childhood came to a sudden end when she was married to Benjamin Smith, the son of a wealthy East India merchant. It was a thoroughly uncongenial match - her husband had no taste for literature or the arts and no business sense: he kept an establishment larger than he could afford, engaged in wild and fruitless agricultural schemes, and was constantly in debt. When the wealthy father died, his will proved to be so badly drawn up that years of litigation were necessary before any benefits were received.

Besides money worries, Charlotte Smith was plagued with ill-health, the death of several of her eight children, and finally the imprisonment for debt of her husband. Charlotte went to gaol with him, and by unstinting efforts writing and publishing her poetry, and her good business sense, finally discharged all his debts.

Charlotte's poetry was an instant success, and the profits enabled her to keep the family financially stable. She also published translations from French works, but did not enjoy this. Deciding there was no future in her unhappy marriage, she took the children and left her husband, suffering public censure, but her friends agreed with her decision.

Stimulated by the need for money, Charlotte Smith decided to try to write a novel, and Emmeline, or The Orphan of the Castle, 1788, was an immediate and sensational success, establishing her reputation as a writer, and gaining her valuable friends. Sir Walter Scott called it "a tale of love and passion, happily conceived, and told in a most interesting manner...a happy mixture of humour and bitter satire, mingled with pathos."

A friend of the Austen family, Sir Egerton Brydges, also gave the novel great praise, speaking of its "energy of language", "accuracy and lively delineation of character", and "exquisite scenery of a picturesque and rich, yet most unaffected imagination". After this success, other works followed rapidly.

In the summer of 1792, Mrs. Smith visited her friend Mr. Hayley at his estate at Eartham, near Chichester. Other guests were William Cowper (Jane Austen's favourite poet) and the painter George Romney. Cowper wrote: "My friend's house is brimful. Mrs. Charlotte Smith is here, an amiable, agreeable woman, interesting both by her manners and her misfortunes". It was a working holiday: Cowper was translating Milton, Romney drew crayon sketches of both Cowper and Mrs. Smith, and she was writing The Old Manor House (published in 1792). Each evening she read to the others what she had written in the morning, and Cowper commented, "None writes more rapidly or more correctly - twenty pages in a morning, which I have often read and heard read at night, and found not a word to alter."

Charlotte Smith had come to meet Cowper, and although The Old Manor House was written rapidly, perhaps because of his influence the first volume is superior to the rest of her writing. Critics often censured her carelessness, but usually she had a publisher demanding her manuscript, and a pressing need for money. The second edition of each novel was usually well revised, when she had time to go over her work.

An interesting example of her hasty composition occurs in The Old Manor House: the hero has gone to America, and Mrs. Smith describes the climate and scenery on the banks of the St. Lawrence River, with Spring arriving in early April, the snow gone at once, and the "extensive savannah" covered with a luxuriant verdure of "swamp plants", ever-green oaks, tulip trees, magnolias, and other lush exotic growth. She seems to have used a guidebook to the Carolinas, Georgia and Florida, which had been published about that time.

In spite of failing health, crippling rheumatic disease and sorrows at the deaths of her children, Mrs. Smith wrote almost a novel a year for the next ten years. In all, including her poetry, novels and nature tales for young people, she published almost 50 volumes. She moved several times in search of a more healthful climate, trying Brighton, Tunbridge Wells and Bath in turn. Finally, near Farnham, she died in 1806.

Charlotte Smith used many incidents and characters from her personal experience in her novels. Mrs. Stafford in Emmeline is herself, and she was condemned for describing her as: "To a very superior understanding, Mrs. Stafford added the advantages of a polished education", or "The charms of her conversation, the purity of her heart and the softness of her temper, made her altogether a character which could not be known without being beloved". Her husband was the basis for Mr. Stafford, and it was considered neither kind nor proper to expose him: "one of those unfortunate characters who having neither perseverance and regularity to fit them for business, or taste and genius for more refined pursuits, seek, in every casual occurrence or childish amusement, relief against the tedium of life". Her realistic picture of the inhumanity of debtors' prisons contrasted with the romantic or symbolic treatment of contemporary writers. In her works she included themes of French politics and the emigré problem, the inequities of English law, and the corruption of electioneering - a far cry from the usual Gothic romance, and good reason for her popularity.

Other characters in Emmeline are deftly described: Lord Montreville "had basked perpetually in the sunshine of prosperity; and his feelings, not naturally very acute, were blunted by having never suffered in his own person any uneasiness which might have taught him sensibility for that of others". Lady Montreville was a woman "whose pride was, if possible, more than adequate to her high blood, and whose passions were as strong as her reason was feeble". The son, Mr. Delamere, the would-be lover of Emmeline, "was generous, candid and humane; and possessed of many other good qualities, but the defects of his education had obscured them". Sir Richard Crofts "had less understanding than cunning; less honesty than industry; and tho' he knew how to talk warmly and plausibly of honour, justice, and integrity, he was generally contented only to talk of them, seldom so imprudent as to practice them when he could get place or profit by their sacrifice".

An interesting phrase describes "Miss Galton, who being neither young, handsome, or rich, had been left to go out alone".

Emmeline, an orphan of obscure birth, has been brought up almost alone in an old castle, but her deprivations don't prevent her becoming a "heroine" for Jane Austen to parody in Northanger Abbey. "Sensible of the defects of her education, she applied incessantly to her books...She knew nothing of the science of music; but her voice was soft and sweet, and her ear exquisite." Delamere falls passionately in love at first sight of Emmeline, and is enraged at her refusal of his advances: "He stamped about the room, dashed his head against the wainscot" and "his eyes flashing fire and his hands clenched, he stormed round the room". Later, "he exerted all the eloquence which love rather than reason lent him. But Emmeline combated his arguments with those of rectitude and honour".

Emmeline's story follows the course of many other romances of the time - with would-be seducers, abductions, flights and nick-of-time shelter with friends. Half way through the story, the true hero makes his appearance, Captain Godolphin, the younger brother of an unfortunate "fallen woman", Lady Adeline, whom Emmeline has befriended. Here again, Mrs. Smith proves her independence of mind - the Lady Adeline suffers harrowing suspense and grief, and nearly dies in childbirth, but she recovers and at the end is allowed to marry her long-lost lover, the father of her child.

The story carries on, chapter after chapter, into Ireland, to the Isle of Wight, across the Channel to France, to the Mediterranean, to Switzerland, and back to England again, heroine, lovers and villains in train. While one suitor is too vain to believe in her refusals, another alternately rages and threatens to kill his rivals, and the third nobly keeps his love to himself, believing Emmeline loves another. In the meantime, Emmeline, over and over again, sinks to the ground "more dead than alive", or "pale and almost lifeless", but in the "agitation of her spirits", remains true to her high moral principles.

At last the heroine finds the chest full of papers which include the marriage documents of her parents, and prove her the rightful heiress of the estate her uncle has possessed. A duel precipitates the crisis of the plot, but threads of the story are rapidly gathered together and all the misunderstandings of the suitors, wicked machinations of the villains, and dreaded fears of the heroines are resolved in perfect happiness.

And Charlotte Smith's readers, too, would sigh in perfect happiness.

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The Right Reverend William Collins, MA, 99th Bishop of Southwark

The Right Reverend William Collins, Bishop of Southwark until his retirement in 1859, died last Tuesday. His death occurred at his estate at Longbourn, to which he was so deeply attached and to which he had added so greatly since it reverted to him from the Bennet family.

He was for 20 years vicar of Hunsford in Kent and there earned golden opinions for his devotion as a parish priest, particularly from his patron, the Right Honourable Lady Catherine de Bourgh, the widow of Sir Lewis de Bourgh of Rosings Park. Happily, Sir Lewis' nephew was a member of the Whig administration of 1832 and, the diocese of Southwark falling vacant in that year, Mr. Collins' unremitting pastoral work - he wrote many of his own sermons - received its deserved reward in preferment.

As a Bishop he proved an outstanding success, addressing himself largely to the necessities for richer vestments and to the importance of active church support for oppressed members of the landowning classes. He spoke often and at length in the House of Lords, attacking - in his own words - "the pride and prejudice of new-fangled economical and political opinions". Lord Melbourne himself once observed to him: "It is indeed extraordinary that you Lords Bishop know as much of politics as of theology", and Bishop Collins generously allowed this to be a truth universally acknowledged.

He met the misfortunes of his private life with a deep Christian fortitude, and indeed talked of them openly and often. As a young man he was cruelly rejected by a cousin, Miss Elizabeth Bennet: although the man she preferred, a Mr. Darcy, later found himself heir to a viscountcy, the Bishop was wont to say - with no trace of bitterness - "But she is wed only to a Lord Temporal when she might have had a Lord Spiritual". Later he was espoused to Charlotte, daughter of Sir William Lucas of Meryton. That marriage appeared made in Heaven, but soon after the birth of his first child - named William for his father and grandfather - Charlotte Collins was persuaded into a disgraceful attachment by the perpetual curate of Hunsford (such was the vicar's devotion to his duties that the curate had ample leisure for such wickedness) and she, abandoning her child, fled with her lover to Brussels. Officers returning from that city in the following year, after the Battle of Waterloo, told Mr. Collins, to his extreme distress, that the guilty couple were actually happy there, and prosperously engaged in the teaching of English.

Bishop Collins never married again. His son, the heir to Longbourn, early joined a book publishing company established by a connection in Glasgow when he was a child. It is believed that his firm may have a substantial future in the world of publishing: this was a source of enduring comfort to his kind and worthy father, now gone to meet his merited heavenly deserts.

From: 'NOTHING SO BECAME THEM' - Some Improved Obituaries
(London: Buchan and Enwright, 1986)

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REVIEW: by Kathleen Glancy.

And why, asks the reader, is this obscure and out-of-print humorous work being reviewed by the sparkingly witty (and so unaffectedly modest, too) Miss Glancy in this publication? Why has she not sought out some Gilbert and Sullivan (Koko, Lord High Executioner of Titipu chops off his first and only head, namely his own) or Dickens (Oliver Brownlow, né Twist, and Wackford Squeers both have entries) newsletters? Reader, I wanted you to know that if by any remote chance you ever see this book it contains the obituary of the Right Reverend William Collins, MA, 99th Bishop of Southwark.

A rather surprising obituary, too. Not the bishopric - Lady Catherine's influence, through a nephew of the late Sir Lewis who was in politics, fixed that. No doubt "Mr. Collins' unremitting pastoral work - he wrote many of his own sermons" helped. Not the fact that he became a crusader for "church support for oppressed members of the landowning classes". That's no surprise at all. Not even the fact that his only son and namesake is said to have gone into publishing, and in Glasgow of all places. The authors are having a little fun at the expense of the famous publisher William Collins & Co., which did indeed originate in Glasgow.

What does surprise me is a claim that Charlotte Collins abandoned husband and child to run off with the perpetual curate of Hunsford to Brussels, where they subsisted by teaching English. I can't see the pragmatic and stoic Charlotte abandoning her establishment and her reputation (her child, if he resembled his father, might be less of a deterrent) for any curate who ever lived.

"Bishop Collins never married again". Oh, tsk. This is supposed to be an obituary in The Times, which august newspaper would never admit of the possibility that he could marry again while Charlotte lived, and there is no suggestion that she is dead in the piece. The Church of England did not approve of divorce. It would not marry even the innocent party in a divorce to another partner. A bishop who had the misfortune to have an adulterous wife could only divorce her and remarry at the cost of his career - he'd have to leave off being a minister, much less continue as a bishop.

Mr. Collins "earlier disappointment" in love gets a mention too - he is said to have discussed "the misfortunes of his private life...openly and often". That rings true. As we all know, he was "cruelly rejected by a cousin, Miss Elizabeth Bennet", but we will all be pretty astonished to find that the man she chose to marry "later found himself heir to a Viscountcy". At least, I was. We have after all the word of Lady Catherine de Bourgh (surely, on any matter relating to rank and consequence, as infallible as Mr. Collins believed her to be on all matters) that Darcy's family though ancient and honourable was untitled. Had there been a viscountcy lurking anywhere in there, be it even a third or fourth cousin, Lady Catherine would have known and would have cited it as further evidence of the social gulf between her nephew and Elizabeth Bennet. Further, it is plain from the general ambience of Pemberley that it is the principal family seat, and its owner the senior (in the sense of most important, not oldest) member of the family.

Of course, there is one fascinating possibility. While English law requires that titles (excepting only the Monarchy) descend by male primogeniture, and they imposed that law on Welsh and Irish titles, Scots law is different and, naturally, better. Many Scottish titles may descend to, or through, women if the male line fails. Now if Darcy had a Scottish grandmother (and why not? She and her family, who could have been non-Jacobites - there were plenty of clans who didn't care for the Stuarts, some even fought for the Hanoverians - might have decided to sit out the '45 [Ed.note: the uprising in 1745 against the English] in England. They went to Derbyshire so they would not get too homesick - the county is called "little Scotland" because of a similarity of scenery - little knowing the rebel army would get that far too. Alarmed by reports that the Highlanders were coming they sought refuge in the nearest large defensible mansion, which happened to be Pemberley, and Bingo!), if this grandmother was the only daughter of a Viscount and had only one brother, and her brother had only one child, a son, and he had only one child, also a son, and the last of the line unexpectedly broke his neck out climbing mountains before he had time to have a son, then the title could indeed descend to the progeny of the last Viscount's great-aunt. Even to English progeny.

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SPRING MEETING

No blood was actually spilled at the meeting on March 21st, but it was a near thing. Who would have believed that a sedate discussion of Jane Austen and her "dear Dr. Johnson" would rouse such controversial viewpoints, determined opposition and passionate feelings? And in language at times that, while not so elegant as JA's customary phrases, was certainly as pithy and precise as Dr. Johnson's usual caustic remarks.

Viviane McClelland and Margaret Howell presented "My Dear Doctor Johnson" in the same format as "William Cowper: Jane Austen's Favourite Poet" with which they entertained us last year: biographical details mingled with quotations from Johnson's works and recent criticism, with a splendid balance of information and humour. Readings from JA's works - the Juvenilia, the major novels, and the Letters - and the Memoir of her nephew, showed her familiarity with and appreciation of Johnson.

Ending on a light note, Margaret Howell cited a series of mystery stories by Lilian de la Torre, in which Dr. Johnson solves mysteries around London by means of his superlative deductive powers. The unanimous opinion of the thirty members present was to ask for a sequel, as soon as Viviane and Margaret were willing to do it.

As a contrast to the sunshine and flowers outside, the first readings on the theme of "Spring" were extracts from letters of Parson Woodforde (1782), William Cowper (1792) and JA herself (1814), describing March snowstorms. A brief discussion on the difficulties of young women in that period of getting out in bad weather included quotations from the novels about Elizabeth Bennet's muddy petticoat, Catherine Morland's walks postponed by rain, and Frank Churchill knowing "a puddle of water when he sees it".

Other readings were from Shakespeare, Chaucer, Cowper, Horace, and a letter from JA of 1817, her last Spring. It was perhaps the excerpt from the Journal of Dorothy Wordsworth in 1802, describing the sight of daffodils along the lake edge, and her brother William's poem To Daffodils, that led to the controversy that followed: were women completely cowed by a dominating patriarchal society, or could they do what they wanted if they wanted it enough? It all ended amicably, however, and a simple but tasty lunch brought the meeting to an end.

We were delighted to welcome special guests, Elizabeth and Beric Graham-Smith from Ottawa, and enjoyed their company. Elizabeth showed pictures of the musical entertainment she produced at the Ottawa Conference last October.

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FIFTH ANNUAL JANE AUSTEN DAY

What do Elizabeth and Jane Bennet have in common with Samantha and Serena of the TV series Bewitched? Dr. Herbert Rosengarten of UBC showed us that they are part of the long tradition in literature of pairing good and bad qualities, bringing out the best or worst in each character and accenting it. This is why Elizabeth needs a sister like Jane. The latter is reserved and contemplative, thinks the best of all people, and never makes snap judgements. Elizabeth is by no means a "bad" chaacter, but she does have flaws. Her pride gets in the way of her good judgement, she is easily offended, and her witty insights are often wrong. But Elizabeth is the heroine, perhaps because of her flaws. She represents the questioning, critical part of human nature. She is not a woman of the 18th century, but looks towards our own times. She learns to control her excesses and take charge of her own life on her terms.

This insightful talk by Dr. Rosengarten was the beginning of a successful day for the Vancouver group. We had fifty in attendance, with more than a dozen "new faces", and judging from the favourable comments, many of these will become regular members.

The second session was given by the knowledgeable and popular Ivan Sayers, with slides and authentic examples of costume of Jane Austen's period: the French gowns with loose flowing back panels, the robes à l'Anglaise, the simpler and less ostentatious muslin gowns of the early 19th century, and the fichus, bonnets and hair styles that accompanied them. Ivan is always a "drawing card" whenever he appears, and this presentation was no exception.

Pre-lunch glasses of wine sipped in the sunshine in the garden gave members and newcomers a chance to socialize and discuss the programme. After a catered lunch of Caesar salad, chicken in patty shells and Nanaimo bars and fruit, the afternoon sessions kept up the high standard of the morning.

Dr. Ron Hatch of UBC spoke of the different ways to enjoy Jane Austen - the easy return to a leisured and elegant past, with TV-spectacular aspects of poke bonnets, delicate gowns and luxurious ballrooms; or the "Janeite" attitude of Kipling's story, with a sense of belonging to an elite group of worshippers. The attitude which Dr. Hatch concentrated on was that of reading and enjoying the novels because Jane Austen asks us to do something, to make an effort to understand, to see things from her point of view. He discussed the moments in each novel when there seems to be a sense of disjunction, followed by the insight of a recognition, which the language of the novel opens up for us. The novels read like closed texts, comic, with a sense that all will come right at the end. But we realize that this is not a unified, harmonic world. We read the text as the characters read the world, and we and they find surprising moments of disjunction where we sense the need to make a leap of adjustment, to a new sort of inner life.

The day came to an end with Joan Austen-Leigh's Our Own Particular Jane, read by Vivienne Brosnan, Margaret Howell, Donna Prince and Murray Wanamaker. It is always a treat to have good material read with vivacity and feeling, and this proved an excellent finale for an enjoyable and interesting day.

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SUMMER WHITES

The June, 1991, issue of Victoria magazine emphasizes white: white wicker furniture, white house trims, white linen dresses, white weddings... On the front cover is a familiar quotation from Mansfield Park:

"A woman can never be too fine while she is all in white."

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BRITISH TASTE

Should a cup have one handle, two handles, or none at all? Judging from an exhibit at Harbour Centre in April, the eighteenth century could not make up its mind. Displayed were a "coffee cup" with one handle (shaped like a "mug" today), a "tea bowl" and saucer with no handles, and a "chocolate cup" with two handles and a deep saucer.

British Taste in the Time of George Vancouver (which, of course, was also the time of Jane Austen), was a small but interesting exhibit set up in conjunction with the Captain Vancouver 200th Anniversary celebrations. The display included glassware: twisted stem glasses, wine and ale glasses, and one - the largest - called a "rummer", (not necessarily just for rum).

Silver tea and coffee services, a salver, ladle, sugar sifter and other items were the work of various London silversmiths of the late 18th century.

The porcelain showed two fashionable trends of the period: decoration of exotic birds, reflecting the interest in world-wide exploration of the 18th century, and the Imari pattern with its distinctly Oriental motifs. Intriguing pieces were displayed - a sweetmeat dish, posset pots, a "sparrow-beaked" jug, tea caddies and - emphasizing the contrast of elegance and earthiness prevalent in Georgian life - a delicate, graceful, individual-sized spittoon.

Along with this tableware were half a dozen contemporary portraits by Morland, Gainsborough, and other less well known artists. One to catch the attention of a Jane Austen devotee was "The Convalescent", attributed to John Downman (1750-1824), painted about 1790. A young lady is half reclining on a sofa, propped by cushions. She is wearing a ruffled cap tied with a bow under her chin and a lacy wrap. She looks wan and fragile, but almost smiling apparently quite contented with her situation: seated beside her is a handsome young man, leaning forward talking animatedly, to keep up her spirits.

It is a perfect illustration of Jane Bennet, recovering from her cold, at Bingley's home at Netherfield.

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THE DANGERS OF MISOGYNY

Shannon Rupp, in the course of the discussion at the March meeting, pointed out the significance of the fact that the word "misogyny" - a general hatred of women - has no counterpart for women hating men.

Murray Wanamaker took up the challenge:

"The parallel term for misogyny (misogynist) is misandry (misandrist), which is listed in the Oxford English Dictionary, Webster's Third, Random House, Random House Webster's College Dictionary, etc. The antonym for misogyny is philogyny. Note other terms from Greek relating to men and women, e.g. misogamy. (philo, loving; miso, hate; gyne, female; andro, male).

Although not the usual meanings, it would seem that the term misandrist could be applied to a man who hates other men; misogynist to a woman who hates other women. (Compare the more general term misanthrope)."

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COME UPON THE TOWN - Kathleen Glancy

To be sure, it would have been more for the advantage of conversation, had Miss Lydia Bennett come upon the town...

In one edition of Pride and Prejudice which I have seen, a footnote is appended to this phrase explaining that this means Lydia would have become indigent and had to apply for parish relief. To paraphrase Reginald Buntholme, what a very singularly pure young footnote writer that footnote writer must be. That is not what I have always considered it meant, and I'd bet most of you are of my opinion.

If we suppose that Darcy had failed to trace her, however, and that Wickham had abandoned her as inevitably he would have but for Darcy's intervention, what would Lydia have done? In my view, she would not have opted for the workhouse or the World's Oldest Profession. No, she would have sauntered round to Gracechurch Street and told her aunt and uncle she was ready to go home now. She would have been, to judge from her behaviour on returning home after her marriage, sublimely unconscious of there being any reason why she should not resume her life where she had left off on her elopement.

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NEW MEMBERS

We are pleased to welcome members who have joined the Vancouver group in recent months:

Jeanette Cox, Coquitlam, Helena Lyman, White Rock, Kit Pearson, Vancouver, Jaqueline Ritter, Clearbrook, Jean Scott, Vancouver, Annabel Smith, Vancouver.

Incidentally, JASNA Canada has a new member in Yellowknife, Cathy Jewison - our first member in the Northwest Territories.

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BOOK FRIENDS

The charm of friends of pen-and-ink is their unchangeableness. We go to them when we want them. We know where to seek them; we know what to expect from them. They are never preoccupied; they are always 'at home'; they never turn their backs nor walk away as people do in real life; nor let their houses and leave the neighbourhood, and disappear for weeks together; they are never taken up with strange people, nor suddenly absorbed into some more genteel society, or by some nearer fancy. Even the most volatile among them is to be counted upon. We may have neglected them, and yet when we meet again there are the familiar old friends, and we seem to find our own old selves again in their company... It is something to have such old friends who are so young. An Emma, blooming without a wrinkle or a grey hair, after twenty years' acquaintance; and Elizabeth Bennet sprightly and charming ever...

Book of Sibyls: Anne Thackeray Ritchie (1883)

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JASNA DUES FOR 1992

JASNA's membership year begins on December 16th. If you have not renewed your membership since December - the year number is on the address label - you are now in arrears, and will not receive any further information or publications from the parent organization.

Pamela Delville-Pratt, 820 Stewart Ave., Coquitlam, B.C. V3K 2N4, is the membership secretary for Canada. Annual dues are \$15.00. There are no local dues - members pay at each meeting - but members must belong to JASNA.

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LIMERICK CONTEST

Irene Howard has contributed a limerick:

I'd rather be reading Jane Austen,
For Shakespeare is far too exhaustin',
And Chaucer's a chore
And the Bible's a bore.
But Emma's a book I get lost in.

Does this rouse your competitive spirit? We are going to have a Limerick Contest. Entries will be read out at a Fall meeting, with a prize for the winner. You may enter with as many samples as you like. The best will be printed in subsequent Newsletters. Get out your pencils and produce some "lively effusions of wit and humour" to educate, entertain and amuse the members.

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NEXT MEETING

If anyone wants to plan and arrange a summer meeting in June/July/August, please get in touch with Eileen Sutherland, 988-0479.

otherwise:

Meeting: September 19, 1992
St. Philip's Fireside Room
10:30 a.m.
Pot-luck lunch: finger food only.

Mark your calendars now, and make your plans; but a notice will be sent out.

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This Newsletter, the publication of the Vancouver Region of the Jane Austen Society Of North America, comes out four times a year: February, May, August and November. All submissions on the subject of Jane Austen, her life, her works and her times, are welcome. Mail to the Editor: Eileen Sutherland, 4169 Lions Avenue, North Vancouver, B.C. V7R 3S2. Price to non-members: \$4.00 per year.