

WINTER WEATHER - E.Sutherland

I admired your resolution very much, sir...in venturing out in such weather, for of course you saw there would be snow very soon. Everybody must have seen the snow coming on. I admired your spirit. (Emma).

John Knightley goes on to speak of the ground being covered with snow, and of its still snowing fast, with a strong drifting wind, and of the possibility of one carriage blown over in the bleak part of the common field... But nowhere in the novels is anyone more than slightly discommoded by the weather.

Here on the West Coast it is seldom that bad weather keeps us away from a chosen destination. But in Jane Austen's time "Canada" was the East, and road conditions and bad weather had to be taken into account for travellers.

Travellers in the period constantly commented in letters and diaries of the state of the roads, both in England and in Canada. Robert Watson complains to his sister in The Watsons: *Your road through the village is infamous, Eliz.;...worse than ever it was. By Heaven! I would endite it if I lived near you. Who is Surveyor now?*

Canadian roads were worse. In "Canada's 'Unmade' Roads" in The Beaver, February 1993, Dave McIntosh quotes from early travellers' accounts, where the waggon wheels sank deep into the mud, or drivers and passengers had to get out and make a "corduroy" road, with brush and logs laid across the trail for the carts to pass over, jarring and shaking.

As it was in England, road-making was the responsibility of the adjacent property owners, with an appointed "Surveyor" in charge. McIntosh writes: "Statute labour for road-making dates in Canada from 1793. At that time property owners had to devote up to 12 days a year maintaining the road in front of their homes, especially by marking it in winter. Statute labour (the corvée, in New France) lasted nearly 150 years...A manuscript in the National Archives reads...'Each man was required to work 6 entire days; the times for meals and travelling to and from the place of Statute Labour was not computed, but every person was to work his full time, but not to exceed 12 hours in any one day, and not a minute allowed but the actual time he was working. A clause in the act forbids the improper practice of placing ropes across the roads during the performance of Statute Labour, and illegally stopping travellers to obtain Rum from them and must on no account whatever be permitted'."

A much-hated toll road was opened in Lower Canada in 1805, but by 1815 the colonial government began to set aside funds for road-building. There were early laws against drunk driving, and "furious" driving or speeding. Sleights, waggons, buggies and carts were easily tipped over even by good and sober drivers. Sleigh bells were required in winter storms to warn other drivers. Rail fences beside the road were often torn down to provide repairs for the "corduroy" roads.



Travelling was easier in the winter when rivers and lakes froze and made smoother routes than the muddy rutted roads. In the snow, "the worst roads are converted into the best for the transport of heavy goods, with great ease to the cattle, while the lighter carriages spin along with a rapidity perfectly unattainable at other times."

These winter river roads were so popular that many tavern keepers moved their businesses to temporary shelters on the ice. Sometimes a too-greedy tavern owner would remain too long after the thaw came, and floods would sweep all - people, temporary structures, and wares - to destruction.

In 1805, a visitor wrote: "Travelling here is so habitual, that a farmer and his wife think it nothing extraordinary to make an excursion of six or seven hundred miles in winter to see their friends; neither does such a trip incur much expense; for they usually carry with them, in their sleigh, provisions for their journey, as well as grain for the horses".

Another visitor, Dr. Philpot, describes the early days, and the building of the corduroy roads: *Large quantities of brush and underwood are cut and flung down upon the swampy ground. Upon the top of this are placed, side by side, trunks of trees about 14 or so feet in length, and nearly of a size as possible. Over these again earth and sods are thrown and left to be compacted by the waggons and teams... I shall not forget, in a hurry, my first experience of a journey over one of these timber pontoons. I hung on with my hands to the wooden seat of our waggon, my feet played vigorously like castanets the "devil's tattoo" upon the floor of the springless conveyance, whilst my teeth rattled one against another like dice in a box; my hat was soon shaken off, and my body jarred and strained in every joint and ligament... My driver kept conversing with me all the time quite unconcernedly.*

After travelling in the Niagara district about this time, William Dalton wrote: *Even when trees, blown down by the wind or by the ravages of time, lay across our road, we went directly over them. Marvellous shocks did we often receive when going over these, or over the stumps of others which had been carelessly felled. We were often obliged to stop to mend our vehicle, which was frequently disjointed by the roughness of this road. And it was worth enduring all the shocks to see these horses step over trees nearly breast-high without any hesitation or even making a plunge or false step.*

Whenever you suffer inclement weather, may there be a Mr. Knightley present, to answer for there not being the smallest difficulty in...getting home...a very few flakes were falling at present, but the clouds were parting, and there was every appearance of its being soon over.

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SEQUEL TO A SEQUEL

Emma Tennant has done it again. In the November Newsletter, Murray Wanamaker had very little good to say about her last year's novel, Pemberley. Now she has continued the story of Elizabeth and Darcy in An Unequal Marriage, and it sounds much worse. In a review [TLS 2 Dec. 1994] David Nokes writes of "Victorian melodrama" and "formula fiction".

According to Nokes, Tennant writes in a "rambling, cliché-ridden style" with "long meandering" sentences. "Irony, the distinctive hallmark of Austen's narrative technique, is all but absent from a freewheeling fiction which veers erratically from private fantasy to public farce".

The Darcys here have a son Edward who has "absconded from Eton, gambled away half of Breconshire in a drunken binge and taken up with a Soho whore"; Elizabeth is in a "perpetual state of terror from the sadistic machinations of her tyrannical husband"; Mrs. Bennet -- but why go on?

With so many good books to read, why waste time or money on trash?

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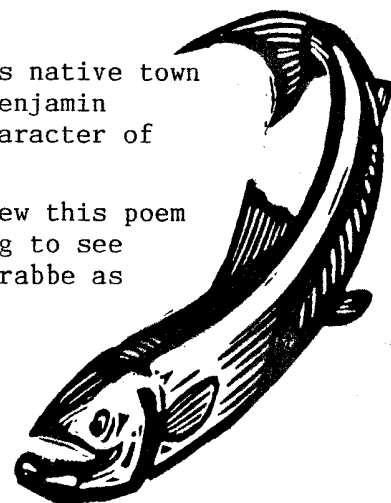
"PETER GRIMES" - by Crabbe and by Britten.

When horror breaks one heart, all hearts are broken.

George Crabbe wrote a poem, "The Borough" in 1810, about his native town and the people in it, including a fisherman named Peter Grimes. Benjamin Britten read the poem, and decided to expand and dramatize the character of Peter Grimes.

Crabbe was one of Jane Austen's favourite poets, and she knew this poem well. She makes several joking references in letters about hoping to see Crabbe in London, and commends a new acquaintance: "She admires Crabbe as she ought."

Crabbe's Peter Grimes is a "savage master" who "grinn'd in horrid glee" at having "a feeling creature subject to his power", and who "with a cruel hand, And knotted rope, enforced the rude command". When the young apprentice boys die, one after another, we have no doubt of his guilt. Called to account, Peter showed no signs of guilt or emotion: he "kept his brazen features all unmoved".



The Peter Grimes in Britten's opera is suspicious, bad-tempered and violent. He works his young apprentices hard and treats them badly, but he is not the sadist of the poem. He craves money so that he can have a home and the woman he loves, and he drives himself harder than he works the boys. We don't condone Grimes' actions, but we sympathize with his struggles and feel the frustrations behind his rages.

The villagers, in both poem and opera, pity the boys but do nothing to help them until it is too late, and then are quick to condemn the man. Britten's Peter is too inarticulate to make a good defence.

Britten plays up the spite, malice and narrow-mindedness of the villagers - they almost seem to exult in the thought of "Grimes at his exercise", beating the young boys. Crabbe's poem ends with Peter going mad in his loneliness, with wild dreams of his old father and the two dead boys, condemning him for his cruelty and tormenting him with horrible visions. He is finally brought back to the parish to die, and at last has the compassion of his fellow villagers - "His crimes they could not from their memories blot; But they were grieved, and trembled at his lot".

Britten's Grimes has a more dramatic end: raging and raving, and too proud to accept pity or compromise, he is helped into his boat and told - by one thought of as his only friend - to go out to sea and sink his boat! In a scene of bustle and almost of revelry, the villagers learn of the sinking boat, and callously go about their business, leaving only the woman Grimes loved to mourn him.

The opera music is full of the crash and roar of the sea, and the shrieks of rage and defiance. The poem is more low-key. Here Grimes doesn't listen to the sea, he watches it - "entangled weeds that slowly float, As the tide rolls by"; "the dark warm flood ran silently and slow"; "all...oppress'd the soul with misery, grief, and fear". This presentation of flat despair and crushed hopelessness would have been more to Jane Austen's taste, but the other version makes a splendid opera.

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Thank you to Barbara Peacock (our member who moved to Comox a few years ago) for the copy of a section of The Oxford Book of Humorous Prose by Frank Muir (1990). The extracts are of references to Jane Austen and her novels. This copy is now in our Library, for other members to enjoy.

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THE SIN OF CONCEPTION? GOOD HEAVENS!! - Dianne Kerr.

On Page 96 of Irene Collins' Jane Austen and the Clergy, she states: "...the mother was 'churched'...giving thanks to God for the baby's safe deliverance...but believed to absolve the woman from the sin of conception." Irene, you must have drifted off during a catechism class or two.

Sin of conception? Not possible! The Catholic Church urges conception to excess. The more of conception there is, the more of US there is; and the more there is of US, the more that proves that WE are in the right. YOU are in the wrong. The proof that YOU are in the wrong is the fact that there is more of US.

This may seem like proving your Argument by Circular Reasoning, which will not win you high marks in your Logic Class; but it is a tenet of the FAITH. Because history has a rather disconcerting habit of proving that strength in numbers is frequently a winning strategy, that settles it...it must be the TRUTH, right?

That is precisely why the Church is opposed to abortion or contraception - contra-ception nips conception (of US) in the butt, so to speak.

However, all babies are born with the stain of Original Sin on their souls. It is not only inescapable, but it is genetically inherited, and it descends from BOTH parents. (Mendel didn't come up with that idea out of the blue). It is deemed to be present from the instant of conception. That is why new-borns who look as if they won't make it, are baptized at the birthing-table - the unbaptized have this Mortal Sin on the soul, and so they can never go to Heaven - God won't accommodate anybody with a Mortal Sin. (Mortal, from the root 'mort', meaning death, meaning in this case, dead to the opportunity of being forever with God unless you get rid of it).

That is also why the Virgin Mary had to have an Immaculate Conception. If she had conceived with one of her own ova and one of Joseph's sperm, God - in the person of Jesus Christ - would have had a Mortal Sin on his soul for nine months, a thing which God, by definition, can't have. (All this philosophy, by the way, has been for centuries common to both the High Church of England Anglicanism and Roman Catholicism; Henry VIII never changed Company Policy - he merely fired the Board of Directors). Jesus of course didn't have to receive the Sacrament of Baptism - he was just rôle-modelling for the rest of us, when he waded into the River Jordan.

So the mother is "churched" to cleanse her from having carried around Original Sin for nine months. Mind you, the mother is not to blame for this. Theoretically, she should have had at least a 25% chance of not picking up the Original Sin gene, because Eve didn't get that gene. Eve is sinless. Traditionally, this is "The Sin of Adam". Eve doesn't get to share the credit, but she does get to share the nuclear fall-out.

Since it is an axiom of the Faith that "one rotten apple spoils the barrel", we know that the mother is full of spoilage, on account of having consorted with a bad companion for so long. We know that the Devil, with all his works and pomps, will not have failed to leave some of his stuff with her. So the mother stands clearly convicted on two major counts: 1. Harboring a known criminal, and 2. Availing herself of ill-gotten goods.



Certainly a clear case for exorcism by "churching". But not for the "sin of conception" - conception is in fact the mother's contribution to The Faith! So, Irene, it wouldn't be FAIR for us to term conception even a Venial Sin!

"Good night, Irene! Good night, Irene! I'll see you in my dreams". *

[* Anyone under the age of 60 will not get this. It is nonsense name fun similar to the observation that Catherine Morland's father was "...a clergyman and a very respectable man, though his name was Richard".]

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PRINT ROOMS

"Grangerizing" [Newsletter No. 44, November 1993] was a common practice in the late 18th and early 19th centuries for embellishing books of travels, biographies, histories, etc. by pasting in illustrations in appropriate places.

At the same period on a larger scale, print rooms were a feature in many English country houses. Gentlemen on their European Grand Tours brought home prints and engravings of the scenes or antiquities they had visited. A small room was devoted to their display. The walls were glazed in an antique finish, and the prints in elaborate paper frames were pasted on the walls, enhanced by cut-out bows, swags, rosettes and ribbons, all of which could be purchased in sheets for this specific purpose from London printers.

Each print room was unique, original and personal, although in some cases professional decorating help was called in to create the desired effect. A few print rooms still survive in English country houses, and old newspaper advertisements can be found in which a decorator offers to create a print room or to supervise the hanging of the collector's own prints.

Today, printed teatowels, brightly coloured posters, or holiday snapshot albums take the place of these interesting and unique rooms.

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CDs WILL REPLACE BOOKS.

This shocking headline appeared in the Vancouver Sun a few weeks ago - but we can all relax: it's not as bad as it sounds.

What it means is that a deal has been finalized in which the main library building at Robson and Burrard has been sold to a company which will be retailing records, cassettes and CDs - Virgin Records. The company will be renovating when the library moves to its exciting new building, and expect to open for business in 1996.

We can be assured - books will always be with us.

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Not all the splendour I see daily passing before my eyes, has in the least impaired my relish for a book, a domestic fireside, and the society of two or three selected friends - John Aikin (1792)

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FILM CRITICS WANTED

Are you looking for ideas for a possible movie evening? If so, go see "The Madness of King George" - and write up your comments for the next Newsletter.

"King George", of course, is George III, the king on the throne in Jane Austen's lifetime, the king infamous for "losing the American colonies", and for going mad, raging, babbling and talking to trees.



It is now known that the king was suffering from an illness called Porphyria, which caused him unbearable pain (with no anesthetics) and mental disorientation. This is the way the king is portrayed in the film, the role played by Nigel Hawthorne, who says, "As a man, I think he was just very blunt, rather rude and probably quite emotional, but also very much a family man".

A recent review of the film in The Vancouver Sun by Peter Birnie says the director "worked hard to capture the flavour of Georgian England at the end of the 18th century". Its relevance to today can be seen in the rivalry between monarch and heir - notorious in all the Hanoverian kings - and the predicament of a Prince of Wales with no "job", just waiting in the wings.

The reviewer is casual, flippant and rather superficial, and becomes serious only at the end, when he writes: "Performances carry a theatricality without betraying staginess, plenty of location footage and rich period music are used to glorious effect, and lighting and costumes capture an era when human peacocks strutted by candlelight".

This was Jane Austen's England, and the movie should be well worth seeing, if only for the scenery and the settings in great houses and palaces. If you go, please write and let us know about it.

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LONGBOURNE REVISITED - P&P ON FILM AGAIN.

Pride and Prejudice is paying for a new roof, but the blue petunias in the flower border had to be dug out, and furniture, radiators and a serving hatch were removed. The site of all this disruption is Luckington Court, in Wiltshire, where the BBC has been filming an adaptation of P&P in six parts for screening later this year. The elderly owner, Angela Horn, has accepted the bustle and confusion, and even learned to enjoy the companionship of the film-crew for almost two months. "Filming takes over your life and if you agree to do it you have to honour your side of the bargain...They really are awfully nice. They have become like family."

British country estates have become increasingly popular locations for movie and television filming. There is a computerized data-base system to help producers find the exact house they are looking for, or agencies such as Lavish Locations will conduct the search. Often more than one estate is used, to provide a composite house to fit the drama: P&P was partially filmed at Lyme Park in Cheshire and Sudbury Hall in Derbyshire, for some of the scenes.

Almost fifty full-length films were produced in Britain last year, making good use of the attractive countryside, and a great variety of country houses of all historic periods, and incidentally bringing over £360 million into the British economy. It works out well for everybody - the film companies don't have to build awkward, pretentious sets; the stars feel inspired by working in authentic surroundings; and we'll know, when we finally (I hope not too long from now) see P&P again, that this could have been the Bennet's actual house, as Jane Austen envisioned it.

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DOORS - Kathleen Glancy.

Someone raised the question of Edmund Bertram's exact sequence of movement in terminating his final interview with Mary Crawford.

I can say with certainty that no house Mary was likely to be a guest in would have had a room opening directly into the street. Actually it can't have gone quite as smoothly as Edmund tells it.

On quitting the room he would be in an entrance hall but, having left Mary without ceremony, on his own there. Normally when his call was over she would summon a servant to show him out. He must then either have opened the front door himself - no easy task, as he wouldn't be accustomed to doing such a thing normally and the locks on doors weren't always made the same way - or summoned a servant himself. And there wouldn't be a bell to do that in the hall. He'd have to either tug on the wire of the doorbell, if it was visible, or shout down the back stairs. How embarrassing!



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MEA CULPA - Eileen Sutherland

Obviously I need to do more careful proof-reading - sharp-eyed members have been pointing out typos and more flagrant errors in recent Newsletters:

Kathleen Glancy: There is an astonishing suggestion in No.43 that it was Mr. Darcy who took Miss Bates and Jane Fairfax to the ball at the Crown. We know him to be a kind and generous person, but this is really an extraordinary exertion of benevolence on his part. Surely he didn't come all the way from Derbyshire to do this kindness - perhaps he was in London. And then to let Mr. Knightley (most uncharacteristically) accept the credit for it, and quietly efface himself...how sweet. However did he get to know the Bates family anyway?

Dianne Kerr: Everyone knows that Jane Austen was a quiet retired lady who lived such an unobservant life in Hampshire that she never even noticed the politics and the wars going on around her. Certainly that was an unquestioned axiom of "our faith" from 1817 until about 1987.

From September 1939 until May 1945 the world was at War. The Mediterranean Sea was a hot-spot during almost the whole of that time. There were battleships and submarines and supply convoys; there were bombers and fighter planes and escort planes; there were bombs and machine guns and rifles and bayonets and snipers and anti-aircraft guns.

Those of you who received the first-run copy of our latest Newsletter (#48), will not have failed to notice that one of our favourite writers, a quiet retired lady living in Vancouver, President emerita of JASNA, recounted for us with sparkling wit and trenchant comment her own extraordinary journey around the Mediterranean, never observing anything more ominous than "...jets of flame bursting from...crevices of the rock", (a naturally-occurring phenomenon at Olympos), in July of NINETEEN FORTY-FOUR!

Keiko Parker: On page 5 of Newsletter #48, there is an illustration of "Mrs. Bennet and her two youngest girls. Illustration to Pride and Prejudice by Hugh Thompson for the George Allen edition of 1894". I hope I was not the one to supply that illustration, with Hugh Thomson given that quite unnecessary extra "p". No, Keiko, I missed that error all by myself - E.S.

Wrong names, wrong dates, wrong spellings - I'll try to do better in the future.

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FIRST USAGE TO JANE AUSTEN - OED.

Our former Member-in-Mexico, Fred Braches, (now leading a peripatetic life all over North America), sent in a clipping from The News, the English language newspaper of Mexico City, Nov. 20, 1993, with the query of the origin of the expression Shut up - "to insult people who talk out of turn". The Editor's answer:

You may be surprised to learn that 19th century author Jane Austen is the first person known to have used "shut up" in the sense "to stop or cause to stop talking". Austen, generally regarded as the first great woman novelist and one of the greatest writers in English literature, set her works in the genteel upper middle-class world of the English countryside, centering them on dramas of love, marriage and the social interactions of everyday life.

The earliest known use of "shut up" occurs in Austen's 1814 novel Mansfield Park: "...had [Mrs. Rushworth] been less obstinate, or of less weight with her son, who was always guided by the last speaker, by the person who could get hold of and shut him up, the case would still have been hopeless..." As usual, we can assume that the phrase was in spoken use for some time before it first appeared in writing.

This use of "shut up" developed as a figurative extension of the literal meaning "to confine by enclosure", as in "shut the money up in a safe" or "he was shut up in prison".

While Austen's example shows the phrase used transitively (that is, with a direct object), it also has been used intransitively (as in "The expression on her face made him shut up at once" at least since 1840. When it is used as an imperative, as in "Sit down and shut up", it is usually considered insulting, or at least brusque.

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SENSE AND SENSIBILITY IN VERSE

This is the tale of Marianne
Who fell in love with one young man,
So handsome, witty, warm and strong,
She thought that he could do no wrong.
Thus, when he went away and wed
An heiress who was rich, instead,
It ruined all her dreams romantic,
And drove the poor girl nearly frantic.
She carried on, and would not smile
Upon a colonel, who the while
Had loved her with strong affection.
What this girl wanted was Perfection,
But he spoke no impassion'd verse,
He seemed so old -- and what was worse--
He wore a flannel waistcoat.

Her sister who had much more sense,
Although her feelings were intense
When she felt left upon the shelf,
Had kept them strictly to herself.
Meanwhile she cared for Marianne,
And in due course the girl began
To see the imbecility
Of over-sensibility.
Her sister, too got back her man,
And much rejoiced when Marianne
Began to look upon the colonel
With feelings more than just fraternal,
For she had known, right from the start,
That there can beat a constant heart
Beneath a flannel waistcoat.

- Southwest Newsletter (quoted from "How to Become Ridiculously Well-Read in One Evening", E.O.Parrott, ed.)

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TRANSLATION PRIZE

Translation is a special kind of writing where not only complete mastery of the two languages is required, but also fluency and readability in the finished work. The Times Literary Supplement [28 Oct.1994] announced that JASNA Vancouver member Leila Vennewitz was on the short list this year for the annual Schlegel-Tieck Prize for translation from German authors, with her translation of a work by Hermann Hesse.

Congratulation, Leila.

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NEW MEMBERS

Welcome to new members who have joined in recent months:

Heather Artis
Pamela Hardisty
Patricia McIntosh

Bernett Cody
Susan Jury
Marah Zola

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DECEMBER MEETING

Vivianne McClelland and Murray Wanamaker discussed how Jane Austen and her works have been used by other authors, and tantalized us by reading excerpts which were just long enough to whet our appetites for more. Pamela Lively's According to Mark, a number of mystery writers, Elizabeth Goudge's Escape for Jane, and Kipling's The Janeites, were some of the samples we enjoyed.

Here is a bit more from one of the books Murray described:

Emma Redux

How it all really came about, as seen through the blinking eyes of Miss Bates:

'My dear Mrs. Cole, how very kind—yes, quite well, I thank you—do pray take a seat. We have such news! Have you heard—No? Well, I think it is all a secret, so perhaps I should not say but no one had any idea except Jane and Mr. Churchill of course, and all the time we thought he was only calling about my mother's spectacles. Dear Jane is much better already—we are so thankful. Do oblige us by taking some refreshment—one of Mr. Knightley's baked apples—some cake? Miss Woodhouse called yesterday and was so good as to taste a small slice and pronounce it delicious—such kindness. She is now out with Jane—she takes the news extremely well, considering—no sign of disappointment—Box Hill, yes, delightful—but I am afraid my silly chatter sometimes—however, Mr. Churchill did seem so very attentive—but then we are all so fond of the excellent Miss Woodhouse—but to think all this time—one can hardly credit—it was poor Mrs. Churchill dying, you know, that let it all out. We have surprises indeed in Highbury, do we not, Mrs. Cole? First, Mr. Elton suddenly brings back a bride—charming—but some thought he showed a marked preference for Miss Smith, some thought for another—I never notice such things—and now on top of Jane being engaged to Mr. Churchill we hear Miss Smith is to marry the good Mr. Martin of Abbey Mill Farm—oh, must you be going? So sorry you will not take a baked apple, one of Mr. Knightley's—he will be marrying next, I should not be surprised—so much talk of marrying going on—and there's our dear Miss Woodhouse—what could be more suitable?' _Joyce Johnson. (from *How to Become Ridiculously Well-Read in One Evening*, compiled and edited by E.O. Parrott).

WHAT HAPPENS TO OLD "PERSUASIONS"?

We received a sad notice from the Vancouver Public Library that because of cutbacks to the budget, they have had to cancel their standing order for Persuasions.

I have been taking an extra copy down to the Literature Department each year. If any other members find that they do not want to keep their Persuasions after they have read it, it would be a good idea to remember your local library and pass the copy on to them. I know they would welcome any extras.

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NELSON AND NAPOLEON - MEMORABILIA IN THE NEWS

Jane Austen's brother Frank regretted all the rest of his life that he had missed the Battle of Trafalgar. Captain of the Canopus in 1805, Frank Austen was ordered to Gibraltar for supplies, and when his ship rejoined the fleet, the historic battle was over.

One of the officers at the famous naval engagement was Admiral Lord Northesk, third in command at the time. During the rest of his life he amassed an impressive collection of Trafalgar memorabilia - a lock of Nelson's hair, a presentation sword, medals, paintings and documents. Among the papers in Nelson's handwriting was the plan of battle with diagrams indicating the ship formation, with which Nelson proposed to divide the combined French and Spanish fleets and attack each half before they could regroup.

Called "the most important collection of papers relating to Nelson which will ever appear for sale", the collection was auctioned in December in England.



ADMIRAL NELSON:

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Closer to home, an important collection relating to Napoleon was reported stolen from a West Vancouver home in November. This included similar artifacts - medals, swords, Napoleon's telescope, letters and orders, and a rare death-mask of the Emperor. Almost all the articles were recovered in the next couple of weeks. The collection is to be sent to Europe for sale by auction there.



To end on a lighter note: according to a newspaper article, "West Vancouver police are on the lookout for a teddy-bear dressed like Napoleon. The bear could be armed - a rare 1810 flintlock rifle is also still missing."

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A BATH AT BATH - "Spa bathing will return to Bath next year following restoration of the Cross, Beau Street and Old Royal Baths. The last will offer bathing in authentic Georgian style, with heated spa water piped in." Country Life, March 17, 1994

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The FEATURES section of the Guardian Weekly of 27 February 1994 has an article about an Australian clinical psychologist with a "cult following". The writer states: "Her appeal rests on a combination of clarity of vision, sanity, compassion, a deep-seated rationalism and an eye, like Jane Austen's, for social satire". (Thanks to D.Kerr for spotting this).

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.