



The Jane Austen Society of North America

VANCOUVER REGION

NEWSLETTER NO. 52

NOVEMBER 1995

IN PURSUIT OF PATRONAGE - E.Sutherland.

Patron - One who countenances, supports, or protects. Commonly a wretch who supports with insolence, and is paid with flattery. Samuel Johnson.

Patronage was an accepted part of artistic life in the 18th century. To be free to pursue one's artistic endeavours - writing, painting, music - one needed financial security, either a salaried position which took up little time or effort, or a pension to provide support for one's self and family.

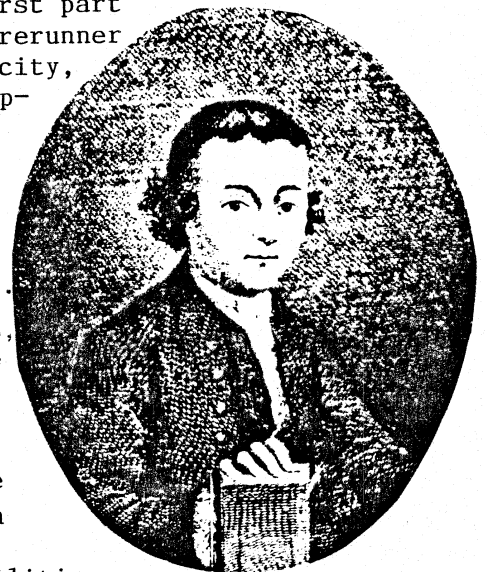
A good account of this search for "preferment" is found in the Journal of James Beattie, a Scottish poet and philosopher, who travelled to London in 1773 to seek financial independence. He wrote daily items for an *aide-memoire* of his meetings there.

By hard work and scholarships, Beattie had received a good university education and escaped his impoverished farm background. After a series of teaching posts, he had been appointed Professor of Moral Philosophy at Aberdeen University, where he remained for the rest of his life. He was a good teacher, played several musical instruments, wrote and published poetry, and was a popular member of society in Aberdeen.

Beattie was well-known in Scotland as a poet and writer of moral essays. In the early 1770s, his fame became widespread with the publication of An Essay on the Nature and Immutability of Truth in Opposition to Sophistry and Scepticism. Written explicitly for the common reader, Beattie's Essay on Truth was well-argued and clearly and simply written. David Hume had called into question the evidence - other than sense perception - for the existence of the self, and consequently of the existence of God. Beattie's work attempted to counter this universal scepticism, and was read as a message of hope and support for the existing order and the established faith. It was an instant and surprising success (going into four editions in two years), both in Scotland and in London, where it was praised by high church dignitaries, literary personages, and even the King himself.

Beattie's next success was the publication of the first part of his long poem The Minstrel, in which he appears as a forerunner of Romanticism. Tender and melancholy, with moving simplicity, its theme was, like Wordsworth's later Prelude, the development of a poet's mind by contemplation, solitude, and the influence of Nature. To readers before the time of Keats, Wordsworth and Shelley, it came as a revelation and received ecstatic praise. Wordsworth, Scott, Burns and Tennyson all read and admired The Minstrel, and even made use of its phrases, themes and feelings in their own works.

With his university salary, the fees of his students, and the income from his poetry and prose writings, Beattie was financially comfortable, but he had no certainty of continuing so in the future. He came of a poor family, had a widowed mother to support, a young son, and a wife with an inherited nervous disorder: a few years later, she had to be maintained in a separate establishment. His own health was never very good, but the prescribed remedy of "travel and change" was expensive. He doubted his own abilities,



and his subsequent career of "unfulfilled promise and pathetic premature decline" (as a biographer put it) showed the clarity of his self-knowledge. He determined to leave no avenue unexplored in an attempt to gain financial support while his renown and popularity were high.

In early May, 1773, Beattie travelled to London to make personal applications and appeals. He took with him manuscripts of another poem, The Hermit, and the second part of The Minstrel; they were received as enthusiastically as his earlier works.

Letter 84 Jane Austen quotes Beattie's The Hermit in a letter to Cassandra in 1813: "'Tis Night & the Landscape is lovely no more..." which suggests a thorough familiarity with the poem, and in a letter to her little niece Caroline, Jane Austen mentions her playing "The Hermit" on the pianoforte. Chapman suggests this may refer to "Giordani's very popular setting of Beattie's poem".

Beattie was soon caught up in the social life of London. His diary records his impressions of his visits: "Conversation of a serious turn, respecting the evidence of Christianity"; "The company sate till very late. Much discourse on painting and poetry, and other entertaining subjects"; "A great deal of musick and chearful conversation"; or "Much agreeable discourse about Homer and Virgil", etc.

Without a coach of his own, Beattie was dependent on others to take him places, and he found his friends very generous in this regard: "Sir Joshua [Reynolds] brought us home in his Coach, and was exceedingly kind"; "Mrs. Pringle...brought us home in her coach; & the night being fine, made an excursion in it as far as Westminster Bridge"; "Tuesday morning last Mr. Vezey called for us, sate half an hour, and gave me his coach to carry me to Mrs. Montagu's, as it then rained very hard."

He made visits to prominent London figures: "Then sate an hour with Dr. S. Johnson who gave me a most cordial reception, desiring me to visit him every day, and stay wt. him all day long". Others who made him welcome included the actor David Garrick, the prominent and popular surgeon Dr. Hunter, and Edmund Burke.

In the midst of all this conviviality, however, Beattie never lost sight of the real pupose of his trip to London. His campaign began most auspiciously the very day after his arrival. With a letter of introduction, he called on Lord Dartmouth, Secretary of State for the Colonies: "He told me of the King's goodwill towards me, and that Lord North [First Lord of the Treasury, at this time] was my friend. He said he would mention my affairs to Lord North, and that perhaps an opportunity might offer of letting the King know I was in town - and promised as soon as possible to let me know the result". Other influential friends suggested ways of recommending himself to Members of Parliament, and of the Opposition, to bankers and to prominent churchmen.

There were days of discouragement: "Had an hour's conversation with Lord Mansfield before dinner. He received me very politely and kindly, wishes that something may be done for me, and thinks I have a right to expect it: but I could not infer from any thing he said, that he meant to exert himself much in procuring it."

Mrs. Montagu, the famous Bluestocking and society hostess, ranged the bishops on Beattie's side: she took him to see the Archbishop of York, who sent a message that "he wishes the King would be pleased to appoint me a temporary pension of £200 a year to continue till some office of equal value can be got for me"; the Bishop of Bristol "promises to speak to all the Bishops in my favour...and recommend me as a person deserving well of the publick and willing to enter the church, etc." Beattie received, of course, conflicting advice about whether he should enter the Church. Most agreed he should not apply at the same time to the King for a pension and to the Bishops for church preferment.

At last Beattie was told that the King desired to see him, and Lord Dartmouth arranged to take him to the Levee the following Friday. Beattie had prepared his court finery: "Called on Mr. Gray, who recommended to me a Wigmaker and a Taylor; the former

of whom I desired to make me a Bagwig against Thursday next, and the latter to make me a suit of pale blue clothes in the present court-fashion. Mr. Gray lent me buckles, a stock, stockings, and some other little matters for my appearance at the Levee on Friday; and is also to lend me a sword".

Beattie's health was never very good, and as the day of presentation grew closer, his symptoms of illness, no doubt stress-related but no less real for that, increased. "This evening my stomach felt as if it was oppressed wt. something indigested"; the next day, "all this morning I was exceedingly tormented wt. pains in the bowels, which made me feverish and weak"; then, "This day...I kept pretty much within doors. Headach in the evening wt. feverishness". On the day of the Levee, "Had a bad night. Feverish wt. broken sleep and headach...continued hot and feverish wt. headach thro-out the day".

Lord Dartmouth was late getting Beattie to the Levee, and they missed seeing the King. Beattie's health, in spite of the disappointment, immediately improved. He wrote letters and then went to the theatre. "Took a sudorifick draught at going to bed, but did not sweat any; however I slept well".

Finally, at another Levee a few weeks later, Beattie was introduced to the King. "I was presented to His Majesty, and had the honour of kissing his hand. The King spoke to me four or five minutes, wt. a degree of polite and chearful affability, which I have seldom or never met with from any person of any rank, at the first interview...The Levee was exceedingly crowded; which made it the more surprising that the King should honour me wt. so long a conference."

For almost a month nothing further happened. "No news about my affairs; at which I am very vexed, and begin to be a little alarmed." As usual, his health deteriorated, and he suffered again from "a colick and gripes", "violent pain and fever" and "broken sleep." The remedies prescribed by his "surgeon" were various: "camomile tea and peppermint water", "a draught of Rhubarb, pepper-mint water, nutmeg, etc." "some lenitive Electuary & powders (made of Rhubarb & Columbar-root)", "Manna [a laxative medicine made from the bark of the Manna Ash] & Salts", and "half a pound of the best Jesuit bark" [sometimes called Peruvian bark, made from the bark of a species of Cinchona, and used to reduce fever].

But the only remedy which really helped came at the end of August: official word from the Secretary to the Treasury: "Lord North has directed me to acquaint you that the King has been pleased to consent to a pension of Two hundred pounds a year being paid you". Beattie was invited to a private audience with the King and Queen at Kew, which lasted for over an hour, both of them questioning him about himself, his works, his opinions, and of the universities and clergy in Scotland. Afterwards he was told that "it was a most uncommon thing for a private man and a commoner to be honoured with so long an audience."

Beattie records his relief: "I have every reason to be satisfied; this appointment being equal to all my wishes, and far superior to both my hopes and my deservings." He returned to Scotland, content but exhausted.

These few months of the diary of a now obscure and forgotten Scottish writer give us a vivid picture of London in 1773, the hectic but stimulating social and literary activities, and the "politics" involved in attaining a well-deserved reward for "service to the publick".

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*Home as he hied, the evening scene enjoyed:
For now no cloud obscures the starry void;
The yellow moonlight sleeps on all the hills;
Nor is the mind with startling sounds annoyed,
A soothing murmur the lone region fills,
Of groves, and dying gales, and melancholy rills.*

p 44

THE NEW "JANE AUSTEN'S LETTERS"

In the Southern California Southwest Newsletter, Lucy Magruder reviews the latest edition of Jane Austen's Letters, edited by Deirdre LeFaye. Here is an excerpt:

"The New Edition has finally become available late this spring. Even if you own a Chapman or other edition, you will want this edition also.

"LeFaye is an indefatigable scholar of Jane Austen's life and times. She has reviewed and revised all transliterations of the letters and annotations where the manuscript copies were available. She has been able to date some previously undated letters. The New Edition preserves Austen's letters as close to the originals as possible by keeping the ampersands, abbreviations, dashes, capitalization, superscript, and punctuation, and noting page division, crossing or writing between the lines and upside down.

But, there is significant new material in this edition which makes the volume a must for any Austen reference shelf. LeFaye has put together a Biographical Index of 106 pages about the people mentioned in the letters and a Topographical Index about the places. Each listing is a thorough description explaining Austen's allusions. No more searching through biographies for the clues to make sense of the letters. These Indexes alone are worth the purchase price of \$49.95 from Oxford University Press, or your favorite book-seller. We waited a long time for the New Edition. It was well worth the wait to have the thorough, careful, and complete edition Deirdre LeFaye has given us."

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Be ignorance thy choice, where knowledge leads to woe. p47

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CORRECTION

In the excerpt on "Passion" from Henry James's George Sand, contributed by Esther Birney for the August Newsletter, the last few lines should have read:

Miss Austen and Sir Walter Scott, Dickens and Thackeray, Hawthorne and George Eliot have all represented young people in love with each other; but no one of them has...described anything that can be called a passion - put it into motion before us and shown us its various paces. To say this is to say at the same time that these writers have spared us much that we consider disagreeable, and that George Sand has not spared us...

* * * * *

Then dropt into the grave, unpitied and unknown. p7

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MORAL TOUGHNESS

Jill Sims contributed this quotation, from an article in The Spectator, July 1, 1995, written by Alan Judd. The new Heywood Hill Literary Prize (\$10,000) is awarded for "a lifetime's contribution to the enjoyment of books". The first-ever winner was Patrick O'Brian, who is in his 80s now and has written and published novels for decades.

"These novels are neither Forester nor Marryat, though O'Brian pays the respect due to both. There is adventure and there are battles. The historical furniture and vernacular you can trust absolutely because O'Brian is so steeped in his period, but there is also something of his heroine, Jane Austen. He writes with her irony, humour and moral toughness, almost as she might have written of the adventures of her naval brothers."

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The raven croaks forlorn on naked spray. p17

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LIBRARY NOTICES - Dianne Kerr

Horrors! Sacrilege! Profuse apologies to Joan Austen-Leigh. Some of you will have taken a revised Library List whereon Mrs. Goddard, Mistress of a School, is attributed: Austen, Jane (Hurley, Joan Mason). Gremlins in the machine. No! Imbecile operator of machine. No! That last is a Violation of the Charter of Rights -- 'tending to promote hatred of the mentally handicapped'. Let's make that 'computer challenged' operator.

Joan, you'll all be happy to hear, is presently working on a sequel to Mrs. Goddard, tentatively titled Later Days at Highbury.

Some of you have asked me to point out Kathleen Glancy. For the benefit of all I'm happy to oblige. Pointing east. About 8500 miles. Writer Kathleen Glancy lives in Edinburgh. And it is certainly a feather in our cap that she chooses to publish in our Newsletter. Twice recently she has commented upon articles which I wrote, and, in doing so, explained much more concisely and accurately what I meant to say, than I did in the first place; for this I am most appreciative.

In future I will not be lugging our entire Library to each meeting; I will bring all tapes, all catalogues and some few books. A complete (and corrected) Library List of all we possess will be available upon request. You are then either to phone me -- 731-2301 -- any day of the week between 4:30 p.m. and 5:30 p.m., or to tell me at a meeting which item(s) you would like to borrow, and suitable arrangements will be made.

NEW: Fergus, Jan: Jane Austen, A Literary Life. Donated by Jean Brown. This is one in a series of "Literary Lives", edited by Richard Dutton. I have not yet read it, but it looks wonderful.

Southam, Brian: "The Silence of the Bertrams. Slavery and the Chronology of Mansfield Park". This is an extract from the TLS of Feb.17, 1995. Southam is a publisher and the Chairman of the Jane Austen Society. Excellent reading. Southam has done extensive research (including the date of publication of MP, Fanny's being in possession of Crabbe's Tales, and the historical folly of that time) to pinpoint the exact time and nature of the "strange business" in America which necessitates Sir Thomas' trip.

Belated thanks to Barbara Peacock of Comox for sending us an extract from The Oxford Book of Humorous Prose by Frank Muir (1990). This is delicious reading; Muir's comments are brief; his quotations from Austen extensive.

* *

One of the professional Readers at Crane Memorial Library recently told me that when she was interviewed for the job she was asked: "What is your personal favourite for reading aloud?" She replied: "Jane Austen, because reading Jane Austen is like a symphony!"

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*And if for me no treasure be amassed,
And if no future age shall hear my name,
I lurk the more secure from fortune's blast,
And with more leisure feed this pious flame,
Whose rapture far transcends the fairest hopes of fame.*

* * * * *

NEW MYSTERY SERIES

Something to look forward to - perhaps! - is a forthcoming series of mystery stories: Jane and the Unpleasantness at Scargrave Manor, due out next spring, Jane and the Man of the Cloth, and Jane and the Curse of Brahma. Set in 1802 Georgian England, the stories are presented as recently-discovered journals of Jane Austen's detective adventures. They are being written by ex-CIA intelligence analyst and author using the pen-name of Stephanie Barron, and are said to be "in Austen's voice and literary style".

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THE REAL JANE



There are only four depictions of Jane Austen known from her time (the back-view doesn't count): the silhouette bust attributed to "Mrs. Collins", a full-length picture of a young girl about 13, owned by Henry Rice, a descendant of Edward Knight, the rather stern-faced sketch by Cassandra, owned by the National Portrait Gallery, and a painting that was first shown to the public last year, a full-length figure elegantly dressed, wearing a fashionable hat with towering plumes, in watercolours by James Stanier Clarke, whose interesting correspondence with Jane Austen appears in the Letters, and who arranged for the dedication of Emma to the Prince Regent. The controversy about the authenticity of each of these goes on apace.



["Some of us may prefer to find Jane Austen's true authentic likeness in the delicious ironies of her prose". David Nokes.]

Now another controversy has arisen over a portrait - this one of the young Queen Elizabeth I. The provenance is said to be "Jane Austen, Chawton House". Nobody, however, either at "Jane Austen's House" in Chawton (where she lived her last few years, and now a museum and gift shop) or at the "Great House" which was Edward Knight's residence in Chawton, recalls knowing of such a painting being there.



Jane Austen made her ardent support of Mary, Queen of Scots, plain, and described Elizabeth (in the History of England) as "wicked" and committing "extensive mischief" with the encouragement of her "vile and abandoned" ministers. It is hardly likely that Jane Austen would have owned a picture of Elizabeth, and in any case, she could not have afforded it. The dealer, however, is prepared to go to court to prove that she owned the painting, or at least had a "close relationship" with it.

[Thanks to Pamela Walker for an interesting batch of clippings on these and other subjects]

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*And sees on high, amidst th' encircling groves,
From cliff to cliff the foaming torrents shine:
While waters, woods, and winds, in concert join,
And Echo swells the chorus to the skies.*

* * * * *

OTHER REGIONAL NEWSLETTERS

Our library has issues of Newsletters from other JASNA regions. Please feel free to look at these, borrow them for a month, and enjoy them. Many of the other regions have meetings and features - a "Show and Tell" table, for example - which we may want to use, and often contain items of interest or news from newspapers which we usually do not see, and which their members have sent in to the editors. They may inspire you to read your papers and magazines carefully and send in excerpts, or suggestions for future meetings and speakers for Vancouver. Ask our librarian Dianne Kerr for these copies.

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TAPED BOOKS

Audio tapes of books are a real boon for those who are not in a position to be able to read: the blind, the ill, those busy with their hands or on a long drive. But these tapes have definite drawbacks.

Mary Anderson sent an article by David Sexton (Guardian, June '95) in which he points out some of the limitations.

"Listening to a tape is evidently not equivalent to reading a good book 'properly'. Most of the Penguin Classics, for example, are ludicrously truncated. Whatever the length of the original text, it's squeezed into just a couple of tapes. Procrustes only trimmed his victims at either end: these butchers cut away within chapters, within paragraphs, within sentences. The result is not abbreviation but travesty. The full Cover to Cover version of Wuthering Heights...takes 14 hours 15 minutes. The Penguin...lasts just three hours. It's Bronte Lite...

"Yet even full-length audiobooks also destroy one of the great powers of literature. When you read, in silence, you can achieve a mysterious form of communion with the writer. You can hear his voice, the voice of the absent and the dead, speaking not just to you but through you. It is then both your own voice and that of another. The writer has inhabited you.

"Reading, Proust insists, is a miracle of communication in the midst of solitude. No such inward communion is required or possible when a book is being performed on tape. The writer is given the voice of the actor, quite simply.... The casting for most audiobooks is done on the fatuous principle that, even for third-person narratives, the most appropriate voice is that of the celebrity who can best be supposed to resemble one of the characters... But the voice which tells the story does not belong to any one sex, or one age, one accent or tone. How could it be, speaking as it does, knowing what it knows? To realise it thus is to reduce it: there is no room left for the reader's own imaginative apprehension...

"As with poor performances of Shakespeare, with good writing something of the work's power may come through the faultiest transmission. Just don't think that if you have heard a book on tape, you have read it. You haven't. You've had it, or some of it, read to you. There's a difference. Do you hear what I'm saying?"

Mary Anderson agrees with almost all Sexton says, but at the same time she gets many hours of pleasure listening to her tapes. It may be second best, but it is still a delightful entertainment.

* * * * *

*The cottage curs at early pilgrim bark;
Crowned with her pail the tripping milkmaid sings;
The Whistling ploughman stalks afield; and, hark!
Down the rough slope the ponderous waggon rings. p23*

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NEWSLETTER EXCHANGE

An exchange of Newsletters has been set up between Vancouver and the Puget Sound area of Washington, our near neighbours. The group there meets six times a year at locations in and around Seattle, and the summaries in the latest newsletter make their meetings sound lively, varied and interesting. The Regional Co-Ordinator, Kimberly Brangwin, sent us this invitation: "We would enjoy guests at any of our gatherings. We are reasonably informal and last-minute arrivals would be just fine." I gave them a similar invitation, and hope that a group may exchange visits some time.

[Note their clever logo, above]

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REGIONAL CORRESPONDENCE

The Wisconsin Wire (Summer 1995) printed this about JA's language:

From Bulletin Board, St. Paul Pioneer Press:

This column is an interactive look at what people do with the English language - contributors write in and the columnist sometimes comes back with a cute reply, as in this one, which should tickle Janeites:

"The verbing of Great Britain: From the Trivia Queen of St. Paul --

"I'm in a wicked snit, because I just found proof, in black and white, that Jane Austen used 'image' as a verb. She wrote a poem, apparently about one of her nieces, and one of the verses begins: 'Oh how can I her person try to image and portray...?'

"You can imagine how devastated I am by this -- since, as far as I'm concerned, Jane Austen is as good as a writer can get.

"I'm just terribly unhappy about this, and I'm going to have to go see if I can dig some worms out of the frozen ground and eat them.

"Bulletin Board Replies: That's why they call it poetic license. Come on back inside."

*

Your Vancouver Newsletter Editor replied to the Wisconsin Wire:

Jane Austen needs no apology in the sense of "poetic license": "image" has been used as a verb for several hundred years. The Oxford English Dictionary definition (among others) is:

"To represent or set forth in speech or writing; to describe (esp. vividly or graphically)."

One of the examples of usage given is very similar to Jane Austen's:

"Who can describe her charms, who can image her beauty" (Wm Taylor, Monthly Review, 1796.)

Other notable writers in prose and poetry who used the verb in the same way were Dryden, Shelley, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, et al.

The writer need not despair - Jane Austen has always been and still is "as good as a writer can get."

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*...merry swains, who quaff the nut-brown ale,
And sing enamoured of the nut-brown maid. p25*

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STUDY-HOLIDAYS IN ENGLAND IN 1996.

The Study Academy at the university in Canterbury, Kent, has sent in their brochures detailing the courses offered for 1996. Dates range from the end of June to the end of August, and locations vary - Canterbury, Stirling, Exeter, Durham, Oxford, Reading, Cork, and many others.

Some of the courses which may be of special interest to our members are:

- Jane Austen: Novels and Places
- "The Genius of the Place"
- Seashores of Kent
- Jane Austen's World
- The Rise of the Devon Seaside Resorts
- Exploring the Gardens of Kent....

For a brochure and details of the study-holidays, please contact Eileen Sutherland.

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TWENTY GOOD REASONS WHY BOOKS MAKE THE BEST PRESENTS - Anon.

1. Books don't have to be assembled before being given.
2. Books don't need batteries.
3. Books never come in the wrong colour or size.
4. Books don't need to be serviced by a dealer.
5. Books don't need spare parts.
6. Books are easier to gift wrap than footballs.
7. Books don't bite, scratch, or kick.
8. Books don't need watering or fertilizing.
9. Books don't go out of style.
10. Books don't irritate your allergies.
11. Books look good with any decor.
12. Books don't bark or need to be walked in the middle of the night.
13. Books don't get aphids or draw ants.
14. Books don't shrink, stretch, or fade.
15. Books don't need extension cords.
16. Books won't scratch the coffee table.
17. Books don't get stale before they arrive.
18. Books never need ironing.
19. Books don't have zippers that break.
20. When you are finished with a book, it's not empty.

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*For virtue is the child of liberty,
And happiness of virtue; nor can they
Be free to keep the path, who are not free to stray. p 47*

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THANKS FOR THE CLIPPINGS

With all the increased interest in JA's novels these days - TV shows, movies, cartoons, etc. - there has also been a spate of articles in the press. Our special thanks to Jean Brown, Darlene Foster, Pamela Walker, Jean Scott, Betty Stephen, Joan Austen-Leigh, Caroline Warner, Mary Anderson, Anne Magusin, *et al.*, who phoned about events, and sent clippings from magazines and newspapers. The articles are comic or tragic, depending on your point of view - "Please send Jane Austen over for a book-signing tour", asked a TV magnate - but always interesting.

We have copies of these clippings in our library - see Dianne Kerr. Please feel free to borrow and read them at your leisure.

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CHRISTMAS INVITATION, DECEMBER 17, 1799.

[Letter of Charles Lamb to Robert Lloyd]

Thy presents will be most acceptable, whenever they come, both for thy sake, and for the liquor, which is a beverage I most admire -. Wine makes me hot, and brandy makes me drunk, but porter warms without intoxication; and elevates, yet not too much above the point of tranquillity, - But I hope Robert will come himself, before the tap is out. - He may be assured, that his good honest company is the most valuable present, after all, he can make us. - These cold nights crave something, beside Porter; - good English mirth & heart's ease. - Rob. must contrive to pass some of his Christmas with us, or at least drink in the century with a welcome. -...

Bread and cheese and a hearty sympathy may prove no bad supplement to Robert's good old English beverage... Farewell dearest Rob - C.L.

* * * * *

*Letter from Lamb
to Robert Lloyd (ed) 1975*


ON GUARD

Defenders at Quebec City repulsed a pre-dawn attack by a force of nearly 1,000 American revolutionaries led by generals Richard Montgomery and Benedict Arnold, 220 years ago, on December 31, 1775. The assault was launched at 2 a.m. but the British sentries were alert and the invading forces were met with heavy gunfire. When daylight came, the Americans were exposed and were finally driven off. Jane Austen was 15 days old.

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*What cannot Art and Industry perform,
When Science plans the progress of their toil.* p57

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Where many a rosebud rears its blushing head. p38

All quotations from The Minstrel: James Beattie (1771, 1774).

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.