

JANE AUSTEN SOCIETY OF NORTH AMERICA

Vancouver Region

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Prince of Pleasure. The Prince of Wales and the Making of the Regency: Saul David.

“The Regency in its widest sense (1800-1830) is remembered today as a devil-may care period of low morals and high fashion. It was also, thanks to his patronage, a time of great cultural fertility. Probably no monarch in British history has had a more positive influence on so many areas of culture: fine art, sculpture, architecture, literature, music and even science.

Much has already been written about the Prince Regent - this book looks at him from a different angle than most - his ‘civilisation’.

Literature, as Byron discovered in 1812, was another of the Regent’s passions. Next to Walter Scott, his favourite novelist was probably Jane Austen, who was given a guided tour of Carlton House in November, 1815, by the Royal Librarian, James Stanier Clarke. Having told her that the Regent read all her books, and kept copies in all of his houses, Clarke hinted that the dedication of any future book to his royal master would be favourably received. Though Austen had little respect for the Regent and had even gone to far as to express hatred for him in his treatment of his wife, she had little option but to comply. When *Emma* was first published in 1816, it was ‘most respectfully dedicated’ to the Prince Regent ‘by His Royal Highness’s dutiful and obedient humble servant, the Author’....



The Regent, who was apparently delighted with the ‘handsome’ copy of *Emma* sent by Austen’s publishers, remained an enthusiastic promoter of literature for the rest of his life. In 1823, by then King George IV, he donated his father’s magnificent book collection of more than 65,000 volumes to the British Museum Library (66 years after his great-grandfather, George II, had given it to the Royal Library of the Kings of England). Three years later, he provided the fledgling Royal Society of Literature with a Charter of Incorporation and an annual subscription of 1,100 guineas; this was discontinued when his lowbrow brother, the Duke of Clarence succeeded him as King William IV in 1830. (p.366-6)...

And so we return to the popular image of George IV as ‘Prinny’, the overweight, overdressed and oversexed buffoon waiting for his periodically deranged father to be declared unfit to rule. There is of course much truth in this caricature - yet it fails to acknowledge either his personal qualities or his lasting achievements. He was, after all, a man capable of impressing the poet Lord Byron - formerly so critical - with his ‘abilities and accomplishments’, not to mention his ‘manners’ which were ‘certainly superior to those of any living gentleman’.

He was also a member of the triumvirate of Allied monarchs (albeit in his acting capacity) who did so much to bring about the fall of Napoleon - his determination to continue the war when he became Regent in 1811 being a major factor in his decision not to replace Perceval’s Tory government with his ‘friends’ the Whigs (who were less committed to fighting).

But it is for his contribution to 'civilisation' that George IV deserves the most credit. A highly intelligent, well-read man, a lover of music and art, he spent an inordinate amount of time and money on cultural pursuits. Regency architecture, the purchase of the Elgin Marbles, the founding of the Royal Society of Literature, the donation of George III's magnificent collection of books to the British Library, the restoration of the Royal Collection of pictures and the inauguration of the National Portrait Gallery: all were – directly or indirectly – due to him. He also sponsored individual artists, scientists and musicians, was a patron of the Royal Academy and a President of the Royal Institution. Surely no member of the Royal family – other than Prince Albert (Queen Victoria's Husband) – has ever come close to matching these cultural achievements. (p.429)

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Books and Bindings.

In the May Newsletter, we were mulling over what Jane Austen meant in one of her letters (1798), saying, 'The books from Winton are all unpacked and put away'. Who, or what, or where was 'Winton'?

Since then we have found out a lot. Keiko Parker was the first to respond, writing: "The name 'Winton', I think, is the abbreviation for the name 'Winchester'. The Austens had many books, as we know, and when they wanted them rebound, it is very likely that they would send them out to the big city nearby, which in their case was Winchester, 14 miles from Steventon."

Then Adele Shaak reported her findings:

"(1) There was a bookbinder named Samuel Winton working in Exmouth, who died in 1823. Why on earth the Austens would get books bound in Exmouth beats me; it's pretty much at the end of the road (on the coast, southeast of Exeter).

(2) There are two place names for 'Winton' in England today – one is up north by Manchester, and the other is part of Bournemouth (not really a town there until the mid-1800s).

(3) There are medieval references to the archbishopric of Winchester as 'Wintonia', 'Wintoniensis' and 'Winton'. The Winton Domesday, for example, is a survey of Winchester in the 1100s. I cannot find any references to Winchester being called 'Winton' in any post-medieval period. Of the three possibilities, Winton as another form of Winchester is the most likely in the circumstances."

Then Adele added: "If the English can still abbreviate 'Oxfordshire' as 'Oxon', despite having changed the name from 'Oxenfordshire' ages ago, there's no reason why people in the know shouldn't have called Winchester 'Winton' in the late 18th century."

I had previously looked up the Chapman edition of *Jane Austen's Letters* in the "Place Names Index": nothing for 'Winton'. But now I went back and looked up Winchester, and found "Winchester (Winton), Hants".

So now we know the answer. Thanks to all who helped out with the puzzle. E.S.

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Book Collecting

Richard Heber (1773-1833). His collection of books in England at his death amounted to 146,827 volumes. This did not include masses of pamphlets, and books kept in various parts of the Continent.

"No gentleman can be without three copies of a book", was his saying, "one for show, one for use, and one for borrowers."

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Of Anguish and Serenity
Some French Literary Contemporaries of Jane Austen - René Goldman.

Jane Austen died in 1817, in the same year as her French contemporary Madame de Staël, who was only nine years her senior. In the same year in Concord, Massachusetts, the great libertarian Henry David Thoreau was born. Little as this may appear in her novels, the French Revolution and the Napoleonic Wars did cast a long shadow over Jane Austen's life: the Comte de Feuillide, husband of Eliza, her "outlandish cousin", as Deirdre LeFaye calls her, was guillotined, and her brothers Francis and Charles fought in the wars at sea. We can safely surmise that Jane's views of the French revolution were akin to those of Carlyle and Burke, who did not regard that event, which shook Europe to its foundations, as the difficult gestation of better times to come, but as a whirlpool of insensate barbarism, out of which new oppressors, of the stamp of Madame Defarge in Dicken's *Tale of Two Cities*, are born. The exhilarating year 1789, which proclaimed the advent of a bright new age of liberty and universal brotherhood, was before long succeeded by the Terror under tyrant Robespierre, who by means of a bloodbath endeavoured to remake the French into virtuous citizens of the "one and indivisible republic" of "freedom, equality, brotherhood." As Robespierre's acolyte, the totalitarian puritan Saint-Just put it: "You have to punish not only the traitors, but also the indifferent." (Shades of Lenin's "Who is not with us is against us." !)

One of the last victims of the Terror was André Chénier, a young poet of immense promise. Born in Constantinople, where his father was consul-general of France, Chénier became secretary of his country's embassy in London in 1787. A liberal monarchist with a passion for justice, he enthusiastically supported the "Universal Declaration of the Rights of Man and of the Citizen" at the onset of the revolution, but then his abhorrence of violence led him to defend King Louis XVI, a stand which brought him martyrdom.

In the last poems, which he wrote in a prison cell awaiting death, he gave heart-rending expression to his yearning to live. One of his cell-mates destined for the same fate was a young woman to whom he dedicated the following verses (excerpts):

"Of life's beautiful journey I am still so far from the end!
 I leave: of the elms that line the road
 I have scarce passed the first few,
 At the banquet of life barely begun
 For not more than an instant did my lips press
 The cup still full in my hand.

I have barely reached spring, I so want to see the harvest,
 And like the sun, from season until season,
 I want to consummate the year.
 Glistening on my stem, the pride of a garden,
 I have seen only the light of dawn,
 I want to consummate the day.

O death! Wait, wait, away with you!
 Go comfort hearts that shame and fear
 And grim despair devour;
 Leave me to the green arbors,
 The kisses of love, the concerts of the muses.
 I do not want to die yet . . .



Chateaubriand



Madame de Staël

Moments before his execution Chénier wrote the following poem (excerpt):

Like a last day of sunshine, like a last breath of wind
 Enlivens the end of a beautiful day,
 At the foot of the scaffold I still strum my lyre.
 Soon perhaps my turn will come;
 Perhaps even before the hour in sixty steps completes a circle
 And on the shining enamel hammers its vigilant foot,
 The sleep of the grave shall seal my eyelids . . .

André Chénier was guillotined on July 26, 1794. He was 32 years old. Had fate been kind, he would have been spared; a mere two days later Robespierre was overthrown and in his turn dispatched to the scaffold. The Age of Terror ended, but turbulence persisted until Napoleon's iron will channelled the energies of the nation into waging aggressive warfare against the whole of Europe in the name of freedom.

The ascent of romanticism over classicism is evident in the novels of the already mentioned contemporary of Jane Austen: Madame de Stael, née Germaine Necker (1766-1817). She was the daughter of the Swiss Protestant financier Jacques Necker, who served King Louis XVI with the same thankless and futile devotion as Colbert had served Louis XIV. Necker's admonishments about the dismal state of the finances of the realm and endeavours to reform the government of France, brought his dismissal, recall, and dismissal again. Germaine's mother hosted in her brilliant Parisian salon the great luminaries of the Age of the Enlightenment, notable Voltaire and Rousseau. Germaine was wed to the Swedish ambassador, the Baron de Stael-Holstein, but there was little love in their marriage. Germaine lived away from the baron and she had many affairs. Her cosmopolitan personality and extensive travels around Europe stand in contrast to Jane Austen and her confined world. Mme. De Stael sojourned in England in 1792-3 as a refugee from the Terror. Interestingly enough for "Janeites", she resided much of that time at Juniper Hill, near Box Hill, the scene of Emma's spoiled picnic. There she became friends with Fanny Burney.

Mme. De Stael was more of a publicist than a novelist: she authored treatises on the French Revolution, on Germany, on literature, etc. But perhaps her greatest title to fame are her elegant letters, in which she commented on political and social issues, and involved herself in the affairs of Europe. Her voluminous correspondence with leading intellectual and political figures bears comparison with the legacy of that other great woman author of letters as a form of literature (truly "belles lettres"): Madame de Sévigné, who lived a century before her. When in Paris, she continued the tradition of her mother's salon, but criticism of Napoleon caused her to be exiled from the capital by the irate emperor.

A frequent guest of her salon was Benjamin Constant (1767-1830), like her, a Swiss by birth, a free-wheeling spirit, and a novelist and publicist. They seemed to have been destined for each other and for a time were lovers. Constant studied at Oxford and Edinburgh and authored treatises on politics and literature. Influenced by Rousseau, he viewed all religions as variant forms of expression of a spiritual need felt by all men.

Benjamin Constant's novel *Adolphe*, noted not only for the poetic quality of the author's style, but also for his psychological penetration of the phenomenon of passion, enjoyed vast popularity. The novel is about the amorous adventures of a young aristocrat, who flirts and willy-nilly falls in love with Eleanor, a woman ten years older. Eleanor resists Adolphe's advances but in the end is conquered by his passion and leaves her protector and lover for him.. Adolphe is then seized with fright and yields to the entreaties of his father that he break up his affair with Eleanor. The poor woman who cannot cease loving Adolphe, becomes ill and dies.

Another one-time habitué of Mme. de Stael's salon was the Viscount Francois-René de Chateaubriand (1768-1848), likewise a novelist and publicist. In 1791 he left France for the United States and Canada and returned two years later, only to flee and join the camp of the royalist émigrés in England, after father, two sisters, and other relatives were guillotined. Chateaubriand lived in England until 1800, and praised her liberties and her government as one based on "reverence for the law".

Characterized by some as the greatest French writer of his generation and the father of French romanticism, Chateaubriand authored two novels linked by a common narrative and inspired by Rousseau's idealization of the "noble savage" uncorrupted by civilization: *Atala* and *René* (clearly the author himself). The stories are of wandering on the shores of the Mississippi, of desperate love and Christian martyrdom. These two novels were incorporated in Chateaubriand's magnum opus, *The Genius of Christianity*, published after Napoleon rehabilitated the Christian religion, which had been ridiculed to the point of parody by Robespierre's establishment of the "Cult of Reason". Napoleon welcomed Chateaubriand into his diplomatic service and sent him on a mission to the Orient, on which he reported in his *Itinéraire de Paris à Jerusalem*. After Waterloo, Chateaubriand served the restored Bourbon monarchy and spent years writing his voluminous autobiography, *Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe*. (*Memoirs From Beyond the Grave*)

Chateaubriand was regarded as the greatest writer of his time not merely on account of his voluminous literary legacy, but more importantly perhaps, because of the sumptuous beauty and eloquence of his style. One would, for instance, be hard put to find a more wonderful and awesome description of the Niagara Falls. Yet, some critics challenge the truthfulness of his travel accounts of America and Palestine. In 1964 Henri Guillemin, a particularly uncharitable modern critic, characterized Chateaubriand's account of his journeys as follows: "A festival of lies, these wonderful 'Memoirs From Beyond the Grave', with their trains of fables".

(Selections from the breakout session René gave at the Conference.)

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Austen Prank.

"It is a truth universally acknowledged, that a single man in possession of a good fortune must be in want of a wife."

Do you recognize this quotation? What novel did it come from? Who was the author?

The *Vancouver Sun* in mid-July had a story about a cheeky publishing prank: "David Lassman, head of the Jane Austen Festival in Bath, sent manuscripts to 18 editors seeking a publishing contract, using only slightly disguised versions of chapters from the iconic novelist's most famous works, *Northanger Abbey*, *Persuasion*, and *Pride and Prejudice*. All he got back was a series of rejection slips.

Only one publisher spotted the fakes, which included perhaps the most famous line in all English literature, the opening sentence of her 1813 work *Pride and Prejudice*.

Only Alex Bowler of Jonathan Cape, wrote back: "Thanks for sending us the first two chapters of *First Impressions*; my first impressions on reading these were one of disbelief and mild annoyance, along, of course, with a moment's laughter. I suggest you reach for your copy of *Pride and Prejudice*, which I'd guess lives in close proximity to your typewriter . . ."

I wonder how many others, engaged in the study of English literature, would **not** recognize that "most famous line."

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In Memoriam - Leila Vennewitz - 1912 - 2007

Even as we were reaching the peak of our preparation for our big show, the AGM, an old member (in both senses of the word, 'long-standing' and 'aged') of the Vancouver Region quietly passed away. She never attended our monthly meetings because of her age and ill health, but it was my unique privilege to have met this lady in person.

At the request of the editor of *JASNA NEWS*, I visited her one wintry day in 2005 at her West End home. I have reported on that interview extensively in the Spring 2005 issue of *JASNA NEWS*, and so I won't repeat myself.

Born in Hampshire, England, Leila became a noted translator of German literature into English, and was very careful and precise in her use of the English language. Maybe this explains her love of Jane Austen. In spite of her never coming to our meetings, she was "engaged" in her relationship to JASNA and the Vancouver Region. When I was serving as Regional Coordinator, I had an occasion to ask all members to express their opinions on a certain topic: Leila was the first one to respond to my call.

Whenever she found something amusing or shocking in print, she would write to Eileen Sutherland and me. The last of such correspondence came early this year. And then I received the news from her lawyer that she had passed away on August 8th. I shall miss her. - Keiko Parker.

Fur Trading and Fashion

Fur trading in Canada in the 18th century created and was abetted by the fad of the style of gentlemen's hats in the period.

"A complex creation constructed of felted fur, the 'beaver' hat made a fashion statement in the cities of Europe for more than two hundred years. This seemingly insatiable demand for hats built dozens of ships, hundreds of forts, and thousands of canoes. It spanned an ocean and opened a continent, created exports for Canada and business for Europe, and welded Indian, French and Scot into a single massive enterprise called the North West Company. It also came within a whisker of wiping out Canada's national symbol altogether."

"On the Road with David Thompson" – Joyce and Peter McCart. (2000).

Trivia: David Thompson's third child, born in Canada, was named "Emma".

“**Becoming Jane**” - Special showing of this recent film in July, 2007.

Report by Jean Oriente:

After a carefully scrutinized search for electronic copying devices at the door, and a generous serving of coffee and muffins in the lobby, Leonard Shien welcomed an almost full house to the premier showing of *Becoming Jane* at the Ridge Theatre on Sunday morning, July 29, 2007 at 10:00 a.m.

In the lush Merchant Ivory tradition, the film is a visual treasure. The cast is solid. The story line will entertain a large audience and it will disappoint another audience. The Jane character is presented as Elizabeth Bennet, others and plot points represent characters and situations from the novels and other film adaptations as well. Much of the dialogue is lifted with very little adaptation from the novels. The film is not a biography, but rather a work of fiction with Jane Austen as the principal character. The film was well received although several viewers complained about the poor sound quality.

Mary Atkins and Phyllis Ferguson led the discussion after the film. They took many questions and responded with interesting commentary and information. Keiko Parker and Pam Ottridge were available with AGM information.”



With Special Guest Speakers
PHYLLIS BOTTOMER
 Regional Coordinator of the Jane Austen Society of North America (JASNA)
 and **MARY ATKINS**
 Committee member for the upcoming North American conference of
 JASNA being held in Vancouver in October 2007.

THE RIDGE Sunday, July 29, 10 am
 3131 Arbutus Street (at 16th Ave.)
 604-738-6311
 TICKETS \$12
 EPIC THEATRE AND CREAM CREAM THEATRE
 THE VANCOUVER SUN
 SUNDAY THEATRE

Here is another, anonymous comment:

“Frankly, I did not much like it. I think because I expected it to be a biography and it was not that, it was a story using very loose details of Jane’s life. For instance, I resented the fact that the film showed Tom Lefroy introducing Jane to *Tom Jones* when we all know that Jane had read that years earlier. Anyone who could write *Lady Susan* at the age of 16 did not need to read *Tom Jones* at 21. Of course, I liked it visually and tried to relax my zealous demand for accuracy.”

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Sprack.

In *A Goodly Heritage*, (p.66), George Tucker, describing the different members of Jane Austen’s family, says of her mother: “Mrs. Austen herself attributes her cleverness to ‘my own Sprack wit’, a brisk Old English country phrase denoting a lively perception of the characters and foibles of others. She was not exaggerating when she claimed to possess it.”

OED : Sprack: Chiefly dialectic, of obscure origin, current mainly in the West Midlands and Southwestern counties. Brisk, active, alert, smart, in good health and spirits. First usage in print in 1747. 1785: Sarah Fielding - *Ophelia*. 1817 - Lady Granville, Letters: “She gives life to society and everything is more sprack.” The last reference is 1880 - the word perhaps was dying out.

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[On being asked if novelists found plot-making their hardest task] “All ladies find it so except Miss Austen.”
Charlotte Mary Yonge: Christabel Coleridge (1903)

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BOOKS, BOOKS, BOOKS.

Mary Atkins passed along this notice about books, from *Newsweek*, May 28, 2007:

A Life in Books: Alexander McCall Smith.

What do Botswana and Scotland have in common? The good fortune to be the settings for the novels of Alexander McCall Smith, who conjures his two homelands with immense charm and warmth. What books does he get cosy with?

My Five Most Important Books

- “Collected Shorter Poems” by W.H. Auden. A humane voice in a troubled world.
- “Pride and Prejudice” by Jane Austen. Austen’s ability to make small things into big things is unequalled.
- “The Book of Common Prayer”. The English language finds no more beautiful expression than in this great work of spirituality, inexplicably abandoned by the Anglican tradition.
- “Poems” by Robert Burns. Scotland’s greatest poet still speaks to us, and to the world, with generosity and humour.
- “Anna Karenina” by Leo Tolstoy. Poor Anna.

A classic that, on rereading, disappointed: Alan Paton’s “Cry, The Beloved Country.” Still a great book, but it has not aged well.

A Certified Important Book that you haven’t read: “A Brief History of Time,” by Stephen Hawking. I tried, I really tried.

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Jill Sims - new address.

Our Vancouver Island member, Jill Sims, has moved into another room at her Vancouver Island “care home”. Her new address is: #304, Lakeside Gardens, 4088 Wellesley Avenue, Nanaimo, B.C. V9T 6M2. Her phone number is 250-760-2850, and she said she would be pleased to have a talk with any members. She also would like to see anyone who is in or near Nanaimo, and who could drop in for a little visit. Jill has to use a “walker” so her actions are limited, but she still sounds bright and cheerful. Keep in touch with her if you can.

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“Although no one really knows what the novel of manners is, it is universally acknowledged that its chief practitioner is Jane Austen. She would have liked the irony, that she was writing something for which there is no precise definition. Perhaps she would have accepted Trilling’s notion that the novel of manners takes society as its ‘field of research’ and the development of individual character as its object.”

Reading and Writing Women’s Lives. B.K.Bowers & B.Brothers, eds. (1990) p.35.

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Holiday Notes - Eileen Sutherland.

August 24, 2007. After a couple of days of feverish planning and packing, we sat down at last on the Zoom flight to Manchester/Glasgow, and thankfully rested, looking out in the late afternoon sunshine to revel in the magnificent views of Vancouver, from water to mountains.

The flight started well: in the pocket in front of my seat was the in-flight magazine, *Fly-Zoom.com*, with an interesting article on Bath: "Bath Time and the Water's Hot", by Pam Hobbs, with beautiful illustrations of the Roman Baths, historic Bath Abbey, the rooftop pool, and a view of the Pump Room at lunchtime. The last picture was of three attractive young women in Regency gowns, holding sun-shades. It was unfortunate that the caption under this picture said: "Jane Austin Festival in September - Photo: Jane Austin Centre."

That lapse apart, it was an interesting article, sure to attract visitors to the historic city, describing a walk to the "Theatre Royal, one of the oldest theatres in England and still going strong; one-of-a-kind fashion emporiums and restaurants," and "into an area believed to have been inhabited ten thousand years ago; to the 'futuristic' Thermae Bath Spa, a fantasy of glass, stone and light on three sides, with its buff stone entrance fitting comfortably into the historic setting."

"Bath is England's only city to be classified as a World Historic Site, and visible remains of its Roman period are among the country's most evocative. There is also the opulence of the 18th and 19th centuries, reflected now in vast and elegant buildings from an era that attracted Europe's rich and royals to the city. . . . From the time of the Romans, the prospect of soaking in England's only thermal springs was Bath's biggest draw. . . .

Bath's heyday was in the 18th c., which was a time of dandies all gussied up in powdered wigs and satin suits, and ladies in sequined gowns.

Richard (Beau) Nash, called 'the King of Bath', was master of ceremonies for over fifty years. Through his efforts the waters were popularized to the extent that everyone who was anyone gathered in the Pump Room beside the Roman Baths for a daily dose of the water, sipped to orchestral accompaniment.

Four prominent Bath citizens were largely responsible for the magnificent city Bath is today. Nash set the cultural scene, postmaster Ralph Allen bought nearby quarries and introduced their buff-coloured stone for building purposes. Father and son architects, both named John Wood, created dramatic architecture in grand crescents and circles, parades and terraces unrivalled in Britain today. . . .

The 18th-19th centuries saw great activity in Bath. The Royal Mineral Hospital welcomed patients on the basis of need, not ability to pay. In 1771, opulent new Assembly Rooms were built for gaming, dancing, teas and concerts. In 1781, Horatio Nelson wrote to a friend, 'I am now upon the mending hand. I am physicked three times a day, drink the waters and bathe every other night. My health, thank God, is very near perfectly restored.' Jane Austen was probably the city's best known resident of that prosperous era. She lived here for five years from 1801, and used it largely as the setting for two of her novels, *Northanger Abbey* and *Persuasion*."

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"In 1816, the Scottish scientist, Sir David Brewster, whose special interest was in optics, invented a Kaleidoscope. He took out a patent, and the first examples were launched on the market in 1817. An incredible 200,000 were sold on the streets of London and Paris, during the first three months."

The Immortal Dinner, Penelope Hughes-Hallett."

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If Winter comes, can Ice-skating be far behind?

In the 14th century, wooden skates faced with iron were introduced, and as the skate evolved, the popularity of skating grew. Royalty was early attracted to skating, starting with the Vikings. King Harold of Saxony in 1035 boasted of his skill on ice. Czar Alexander II, Marie Antoinette, Empress Eugenie, Queen Victoria and Prince Albert all enjoyed a turn on the ice, and a series of "great frosts" in 19th c. Europe offered more than average opportunities.

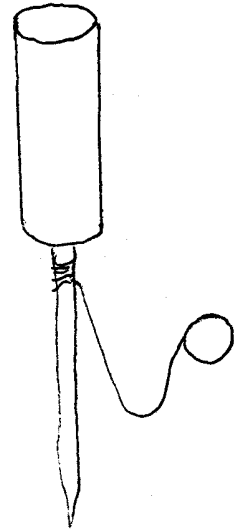
The lure of skating could very well have changed history, for Napoleon very nearly lost his life gliding across a frozen moat while attending Ecole Militaire. He broke through the ice and narrowly escaped drowning.
(From: *North Shore News*, January 11, 1984.)

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Bilboquet - The game called "Cup-and-ball".

Name from the French, of unknown origin. Corrupted forms: bilboketch, bilbocatch, bilboacatch, bilverketch, biblercatch, etc. It refers either to the plaything itself, or the game played with it, which consists in catching the ball either in the cup or on the spike end of the stick. A typical example of popular etymology is afforded by the corruption of *quet* (bat), to ketch or catch, so as to associate it with the action of the game; in Bilboacatch, we have the more deliberate perversion of pseudo-scholarship. OED.

In 1808, Jane Austen wrote to her sister Cassandra from the house in Castle Square, where their two nephews (Edward's sons) were staying for a few days after the death of their mother. "We do not want amusement: bilbocatch, at which George is indefatigable, spillikins, paper ships, riddles, conundrums, and cards . . ."



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Samuel Johnson in Praise of Tea.

Johnson (Jane Austen's favourite writer) described himself "a hardened and shameless tea drinker who for many years diluted his meals only with the infusion of this fascinating plant; whose kettle has scarcely time to cool; who with tea amuses the evening, with tea solaces the midnight, and with tea welcomes the morning."

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