

Chapter 1 : Jane Austen's House of Friction » JASNA

Lovelace's Reveries: Letters from the Vilest of Men by Samuel Richardson, Alexandra Dallas Sharp starting at \$
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Without them, I would be doing something much less interesting though possibly more lucrative. Jones, formerly of the Department of English and Related Literature, University of York, long ago supervised my PhD thesis on Austen traces of which are still visible, palimpsest-like, beneath the surface of this book, and remains a model of engaged critical intelligence to which I can only aspire. At Trinity College Dublin my esteemed and truly amiable colleagues Aileen Douglas and Ian Campbell Ross were characteristically generous with advice, suggestions and encouragement. Their comments on the original manuscript invariably improved it. I hope he likes it. For a long and illuminating discussion about Jane Austen at, most appropriately, a home-counties wedding, my thanks to Diz Bernal and Cathy Bernal Lintott, both of the Jane Austen Society. I consider myself privileged in having taught so many extraordinarily fine students at Trinity College Dublin over the years. Some of them are mentioned above, but all of them have my thanks. The *Novels of Jane Austen*, ed. Chapman, 6 vols, 3rd edn London: Oxford University Press, What is there in her? What is it all about? His dreams are megalomaniacal and apocalyptic: The idea was to be utterly exhaustive, to examine the novels from every conceivable angle. Tellingly, this is demonstrated even in the relatively short timespan of six years between the setting of *Changing Places* in and its publication in , an historical gap which Lodge exploits to intelligent effect. On his transatlantic flight to the UK, Zapp finds himself seated next to a pregnant woman, who makes what will turn out for Zapp to be a disturbing prophecy: *An Academic Romance*, published in but mostly set in , Zapp has more than caught up, transforming himself " rather opportunistically, it is implied " into a prominent poststructuralist literary theorist along the lines of Roland Barthes, and by the final leg of the trilogy, *Nice Work* , he has to use the word advisedly mastered his subject completely: The names of prominent feminist theorists crackled between them like machine-gun fire: Thus it was that, from the early s, the dominant critical methodology for the study of Jane Austen was feminist, or more precisely feminist-historicist. Outside of this discourse it seemed that, with very few exceptions, there really was very little that could be said. *Women, Politics and the Novel* , both of which used identical critical methodologies " an attempt to situate Austen historically, most particularly within the post-revolutionary political debates of the s, and with especial reference to an economy of other contemporary texts, most notably though not exclusively other novels by women writers who were approximate contemporaries. Positioned somewhere between these two poles were a number of influential critical studies, by Margaret Kirkham, Alison G. Sulloway, Deborah Kaplan and others. Most academics within the humanities " and particularly here feminist critics " being of broadly liberal political sympathies consequently found themselves positioned somewhere between unsympathetic and implacably opposed to Margaret Thatcher or in my own case, personally affronted and morally outraged each and every day of 4 JANE AUSTEN that decade. Consequently, we would sooner have died than have our beloved Jane Austen associated with her! Like Austen herself, these feminist studies tended to stake their ideological claims by acts of indirectness and implication: And so it was, too, that the s witnessed yet another paradigm shift in versions of Austen. Feminist historicism had provided the most compelling interpretive methodology for reading Austen that we are likely to get, but its permutations were not infinite, after all, and there was always more that needed to be said. All of a sudden, in the s, then, Jane Austen seemed, if not up for grabs, then at least open for debate in a way that she had not been for at least a generation. What did it mean to write a novel? Whom were novels written about? The novel is the literary form par excellence of modernity. It is, as Mikhail Bakhtin suggested, the only major literary form not already fully theorised in classical antiquity. As it is possible the mere English reader may have a different idea of romance with the author of these little volumes, and may consequently expect a kind of entertainment not to be found, nor which was even intended, in the following pages, it may not be improper to premise a few words concerning this kind of writing, which I do not remember to have seen hitherto attempted in our language. To invent good stories, and to tell them well, are possibly very rare talents, and yet

I have observed few persons who have scrupled to aim at both; and if we examine the romances and novels with which the world abounds, I think we may fairly conclude, that most of the authors would not have attempted to shew their teeth if the expression may be allowed me in any other way of writing; nor could indeed have strung together a dozen sentences on any other subject whatever. Poetry indeed may perhaps be thought an exception; but then it demands numbers, or something like numbers; whereas to the composition of novels and romances, nothing is necessary but paper, pens, and ink, with the manual capacity of using them. This, I conceive, their productions shew to be the opinions of the authors themselves; and this must be the opinion of their readers, if indeed there be any such. Nevertheless, as Fielding implies here, albeit with some disdain, the novel, requiring no classical education, and in principle no education at all beyond the ability to read or to know someone who did, for they were often read aloud, was potentially the INTRODUCTION 7 greatest force for democracy in the history of letters for, as Fielding argues, even poetry presupposes some familiarity with metrics, which require some form of numeracy, which is one reason why it tended to be treated with hostility by a cultural-political establishment fearful of compromising its hegemonic power. This led to the numerous attacks on the novel on the grounds of culture, class or gender across the eighteenth century, where it was figured as a prime example of disreputable and possibly harmful popular culture. One of those pernicious incentives to vice that are a scandal to decency. A common pander, who confines his infamous occupation to the services of the stews, is less injurious to society than such prostituted miscreants as devote their time and attention to corrupt the imaginations of youth. The most ignominious punishment prescribed by our laws is infinitely too slight for offences of so heinous a nature. Yes, novels; “for I will not adopt that ungenerous and impolitic custom so common with novel writers, of degrading by their contemptuous censure the very performances, to the number of which they are themselves adding” joining with their greatest enemies in bestowing the harshest epithets on such works, and scarcely ever permitting them to be read by their own heroine, who, if she accidentally take up a novel, is sure to turn over its insipid pages with disgust. Let us not desert one another; we are an injured body. The history of eighteenth-century publishing legislation also effected a broadening of the reading public, though not necessarily in ways which cut across traditional class and economic boundaries. The Copyright Act of limited copyright to 21 years for books already in print and 14 years for new books with the possibility of an extension of a further 14 years. This act was contested under Common Law, primarily by the booksellers, who argued for a system of effective perpetual copyright, thus keeping book prices high. However, the injunction was overturned by the House of Lords in 1774, which led to the Act finally being properly enforced. This led to a publishing boom, with cheap reprint editions flooding the market, particularly outside London Dublin especially became the centre of a vigorous trade in reprint publication. The first circulating library was established in Bath in 1753, followed by one in London in 1754; by the 1760s, most major English market towns had a circulating library. However, it would be a mistake to think that of itself this proliferation of circulating libraries democratised reading across the class system, as the annual subscription rates for these libraries certainly put them beyond the reach of the poorer sections of society whose literary needs tended to be served by the extraordinarily flourishing chapbook market: Readers from trade or from the lesser professions, though they could find pleasure in the genteel books, would discover that the Minerva Press addressed them specifically and as a matter of policy. It is in the 1790s, in the wake of the phenomenal success of Walter Scott, who set out quite explicitly to masculinise what he clearly figured as the feminine gender of the novel, that the male writers definitively overtake their female counterparts, with men as against women. Musing on *Pride and Prejudice* in his journal of 14 March 1813, Scott wrote: What a pity such a gifted creature died so early! In his influential account of the Victorian literary marketplace, John Sutherland has stressed the importance of publishers in dictating, often at the level of plot and character who lives or who dies, for example *Anna Karenina*, the substance of the novels they published, so that frequently it behoves us to treat author and publisher alike as an amalgam of creative writer and cultural businessman working together to produce what we now think of as stable, canonical, authored major novels. Compared with the power of publishers and libraries, the power of individual authors “and thus, in extreme cases, the degree of control they could exercise over their own texts” could be negligible. While a number of high-profile novelists “such as Ann Radcliffe and, later, Walter Scott” could command high prices for

their work, this was rarely the case. What this also tells us is that the novel was a generic as opposed to an individualistic medium. Consequently, as Barbara Benedict notes, library catalogues often classed books together according to length – what was important was how long a given work would take you to read. In libraries and their catalogs, these novels become part of a public literary collection featuring tales of love in elite settings, a happy ending in the form of a marriage, and the fulfillment of readerly expectations. In her plots, characterization, organization, and narrative strategies of intertextuality, tonal fluidity, and self-consciousness, Austen underscores her obedience to them. It also encouraged Austen to arrange for her plots to move rapidly to a climax at the end of each volume while continuing to provide dramatic beauties for her readers to remember after they had returned the book. The story may be thought trifling by the readers of novels, who are insatiable after something new. But the excellent lesson which it holds up to view, and the useful moral which may be derived from the perusal, are such essential requisites, that the want of newness may in this instance be readily overlooked. Emma Woodhouse is one of nine titular Emmas to appear between and In titling these books, Austen employs terms that were highly familiar to her audience and would immediately signal the central plots of her novels: There are exceptions, but these tend to come from writers working within an explicit ideology of political radicalism – Mary Wollstonecraft, for example, works outside the confines of the marriage plot. We are made of differing Tempers, that our Defects may the better be mutually supplied: Ours wanteth your Gentleness to soften, and to entertain us. The first part of our Life is a good deal subjected to you in the Nursery, where you Reign without Competition, and by that means have the advantage of giving us the first Impressions. You have more strength in your Looks, than we have in our Laws, and more power by your Tears, than we have by our Arguments. This is also the real significance of the famous opening sentence of *Pride and Prejudice*: The fact that Mr Collins, sleazebag though he is, sees himself able to command such power in the marriage market is because he, with a war on, is a marketable commodity: The capitalist realpolitik of the marriage market, with its clear mercenary overtones in Austen, has certainly proven too much for some readers, perhaps particularly those with socialist political leanings. Auden famously wrote of Austen that: You could not shock her more than she shocks me; Beside her Joyce seems innocent as grass. She prided herself on having established half a dozen nieces most happily; that is to say, of having married them to men of fortunes far superior to their own. Mrs Stanhope lived at Bath, where she had opportunities of showing her niece [Belinda] off, as she thought, to advantage; but as her health began to decline, she could not go out with her as much as she wished. This is broadly the opinion of Elizabeth Bennet offered by Lady Catherine de Bourgh in *Pride and Prejudice*, and taken at face value this is understandable: Indeed, a cynical interpretation of the novel might plausibly suggest that it is precisely only after Elizabeth visits Pemberley, and sees for herself the truly magnificent wealth Darcy is able to command, that she discovers herself in love with him: Nor should this necessarily be construed as cynical after all: As the heirs to a novelistic culture, we do not very likely question the whole enterprise. We are more likely to feel that the success of repeated pressures to coax and nudge sexual desire into conformity with the norms of heterosexual monogamy affords a fine way of closing and provides a satisfactory goal for the text to achieve. Novels do not encourage us to doubt whether sexual desire already existed before the strategies were devised to domesticate it. I know of no major criticism of the novel which does not at some point capitulate to the idea that sexual desire exists in some form prior to its representation and remains there as something for us to recover or liberate. Rather, the novels interrogate and, within the strict parameters of publishing history described above, seek to deny or circumvent them, or, as Auden suggested, to expose their fundamental economic basis. They are, with the obviously significant exception of Anne Elliot, very young. Younger, in fact, than we might imagine. One step towards modernising Catherine or Marianne, then, might be to envisage them as, say 13–14 rather than 17, though it has to be said that every modern version of Austen, in cinema and television, does the precise opposite, making them older – often much older. Thus, in Robert Z. While some of these differences in age are quite startling, others represent only minor shifts; but nevertheless the adjustments are always upwards. The powerful ideological constraints of decorum and propriety also served to normalise and socialise what were fundamentally material, economic imperatives by inscribing them, in conduct books and domestic fiction, as moral or even ontological categories. This is of course most powerful

in the ideologies surrounding female chastity: Upon that, all the property in the world depends. Anthropologists tell us that the value attached to chastity is directly related to the degree of social hierarchy and the degree of property ownership. Pre-marital chastity is a bargaining-chip in the marriage game, to be set off against male property and status rights. Pre-marital female sexual repression is thus built in to the social system, since male and female are bargaining on the marriage market with different goods, the one social and economic, the other sexual.

Chapter 2 : The purse, and Albert Savarus.: a machine-readable transcription.

The long-awaited, eagerly anticipated, arguably over-hyped Lovelace's Reveries has arrived, and the question on the minds of kids, adults, fans, and skeptics alike is, "Is it worth the hype?" The answer, luckily, is simple: yep.

His pleas and arguments on their present situation, and on his darling and hitherto-baffled views. His whimsical contest with his conscience. His latest adieu to it. Her conversation great and noble. But will not determine any thing in his favour. It is however evident, he says, that she has still some tenderness for him. An affecting scene between them. Her ingenuousness and openness of heart. She resolves to go to church; but will not suffer him to accompany her thither. His whimsical debate with the God of Love, whom he introduced as pleading for the lady. Observations on female friendships. Comparison between Clarissa and Miss Howe. His plausible arguments to re-obtain her favour ineffectual. New arguments in favour of his wicked prospects. His notice that a license is actually obtained. His scheme for annual marriages. Who these pretended ladies are. They give themselves airs of quality. Humourously instructs them how to act up their assumed characters. Brief account of the horrid imposture. Steals his heart by revengeful recollections. Is ready to fall into fits. But all her distress, all her prayers, her innocence, her virtue, cannot save her from the most villanous outrage. Grieves for the lady. Is now convinced that there must be a world after this to do justice to injured merit. Beseeches him, if he be a man, and not a devil, to do all the poor justice now in his power. Does he not see that he has journeyed on to this stage, with one determined point in view from the first? She is at present stupified, he says. He owns that art has been used to her. Begins to feel remorse. Copies of ten of these rambling papers; and of a letter to him most affectingly incoherent. He attempts farther to extenuate his villany. The lady seems to be recovering. Is prevented by the odious Sinclair. He exults in the hope of looking her into confusion when he sees her. Is told by Dorcas that she is coming into the dining-room to find him out. Offers to make her amends by matrimony. She treats his offer with contempt. Afraid Belford plays him false. With all the women he had known till now, it was once subdued, and always subdued. She attempts to escape. His quick invention to pacify it. Out of conceit with himself and his contrivances. His presence necessary at M. Puts Dorcas upon ingratiating herself with her lady. She absolutely, from the most noble motives, rejects him. It costs, he says, more pain to be wicked than to be good. Extols her greatness of soul. Dorcas coming into favour with her. He is alarmed by another attempt of the lady to get off. She is in agonies at being prevented. He tried to intimidate her. Dorcas pleads for her. On the point of drawing his sword against himself. Reasons for his opinion. Opens his heart to Belford, as to his intentions by her. Mortified that she refuses his honest vows. Her violation but notional. Her triumph greater than her sufferings. He is a better man, he says, than most rakes; and why. A conversation between the vile Dorcas and her lady: The bonds of wickedness stronger than the ties of virtue. Observations on that subject. No concession in his favour. By his soul, he swears, this dear girl gives the lie to all their rakish maxims. He has laid all the sex under obligation to him; and why. The family desire his presence. He intercepts a severe letter from Miss Howe to her friend. She disclaims vengeance, and affectingly tells him all her future views. Denied, she once more attempts an escape. Prevented, and terrified with apprehensions of instant dishonour, she is obliged to make some concession. Made desperate, he seeks occasion to quarrel with her. She exerts a spirit which overawes him. He is ridiculed by the infamous copartnership. Calls to Belford to help a gay heart to a little of his dismal, on the expected death of Lord M. Hall, to engage him to go down the next morning. His farther schemes against the lady. What, he asks, is the injury which a church-rite will not at any time repair? Her glorious behaviour on the occasion. He execrates, detests, despises himself; and admires her more than ever. Obligated to set out early that morning for M. Lovelace to Clarissa, from M. Is now resolved on wedlock. Curses his plots and contrivances; which all end, he says, in one grand plot upon himself. Why he doubts it. Is in earnest to marry. After one more letter of entreaty to her, if she keep sullen silence, she must take the consequence. Not to be forbidden coming, he will take for leave to come. To the same, as Captain Tomlinson. Finds the house in an uproar; and the lady escaped. What he takes the sum of religion. Regrets his baseness to the lady. Inveighs against the women for their instigations. Will still marry her, if she can be found out. One misfortune seldom comes

alone; Lord M. He had bespoken mourning for him. Clarissa to Miss Howe. Lets her know whither to direct to her. But forgets, in her rambling, her private address.

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Monsieur, "You are certainly a great poet, and you are something more," an honest man. After showing such loyal frankness to a young girl who was stepping to the verge of an abyss, have you enough left to answer without hypocrisy or evasion the following question? Would you have written the letter I now hold in answer to mine, "would your ideas, your language have been the same," had some one whispered in your ear what may prove true, Mademoiselle O. Admit the supposition for a moment. Be with me what you are with yourself; fear nothing. I am wiser than my twenty years; nothing that is frank can hurt you in my mind. When I have read your confidence, if you deign to make it, you shall receive from me an answer to your first letter. Having admired your talent, often so sublime, permit me to do homage to your delicacy and your integrity, which force me to remain always, Your humble servant, O. When Ernest de La Briere had held this letter in his hands for some little time he went to walk along the boulevards, tossed in mind like a tiny vessel by a tempest when the wind is blowing from all points of the compass. Most young men, specially true Parisians, would have settled the matter in a single phrase, "The girl is a little hussy. Honor, Truth, and Justice, getting on their feet, cried out in their several ways energetically. You rail against the materialism of the century which hastens to join wealth to wealth, and never marries some fine young man with brains and no money to a rich girl. What an outcry you make about it; and yet here is a young woman who revolts against that very spirit of the age, and behold! Then he followed the quays, which led him to the Cour des Comptes, situated in that time close to the Saint-Chapelle. Instead of beginning on the accounts as he should have done, he remained at the mercy of his perplexities. The name is a feigned one to conceal your own. Do I owe the revelations which you solicit to a person who is untruthful about herself? Are you of an illustrious family? Undoubtedly ethics and morality cannot change; they are one: Just as the sun lights up a scene diversely and produces differences which we admire, so morality conforms social duty to rank, to position. The peccadillo of a soldier is a crime in a general, and vice-versa. Observances are not alike in all cases. They are not the same for the gleaner in the field, for the girl who sews at fifteen sous a day, for the daughter of a petty shopkeeper, for the young bourgeoisie, for the child of a rich merchant, for the heiress of a noble family, for a daughter of the house of Este. A king must not stoop to pick up a piece of gold, but a laborer ought to retrace his steps to find ten sous; though both are equally bound to obey the laws of economy. A daughter of Este, who is worth six millions, has the right to wear a broad-brimmed hat and plume, to flourish her whip, press the flanks of her barb, and ride like an amazon decked in gold lace, with a lackey behind her, into the presence of a poet and say: To what class do you belong? Answer sincerely, and I will answer the question you have put to me. As I have not the honor of knowing you personally, and yet am bound to you, in a measure, by the ties of poetic communion, I am unwilling to offer any commonplace compliments. Perhaps you have already won a malicious victory by thus embarrassing a maker of books. The young man was certainly not wanting in the sort of shrewdness which is permissible to a man of honor. By return courier he received an answer: My father is a count. The chief glory of our house was a cardinal, in the days when cardinals walked the earth by the side of kings. I am the last of our family, which ends in me; but I have the necessary quarterings to make my entry into any court or chapter-house in Europe. We are quite the equals of the Canalis. You will be so kind as to excuse me from sending you our arms. Endeavor to answer me as truthfully as I have now answered you. I await your response to know if I can then sign myself as I do now, Your servant, O. Happy in the thought that he was not Canalis, our young secretary engaged a place in the mail-coach for Havre, after writing a letter in which he announced that the promised answer would be sent a few days later," excusing the delay on the ground of the importance of the confession and the pressure of his duties at the ministry. He took care to get from the director-general of the post-office a note to the postmaster at Havre, requesting secrecy and attention to his wishes. Ernest was thus enabled to see Francoise Cochet when she came for the letters, and to follow her without exciting observation. Guided by her, he reached Ingouville and saw Modeste Mignon at the window

of the Chalet. Naturally he questioned the postmaster about the Vilquin family, and learned that it possessed an enormous fortune. Monsieur Vilquin had a son and two daughters, one of whom was married to Monsieur Althor, junior. Prudence kept La Briere from seeming anxious about the Vilquins; the postmaster was already looking at him slyly. They do talk of a marriage between the young duke and the remaining Mademoiselle Vilquin. Try, imprudent young ladies, to escape not only the eye of the police, but the incessant chatter which takes place in a country town about the veriest trifles,â€”how many dishes the prefect has at his dessert, how many slices of melon are left at the door of some small householder,â€”which strains its ear to catch the chink of the gold a thrifty man lays by, and spends its evenings in calculating the incomes of the village and the town and the department. Incapable of being duped! We can readily guess the struggle of feeling to which this honest young fellow fell a prey when we read the letter that he now indited, in which every stroke of the flail which scourged his conscience will be found to have left its trace. I have searched for the reason; here it is. We have within us an inborn feeling, inordinately developed by social life, which drives us to the pursuit and to the possession of happiness. Most men confound happiness with the means that lead to it; money in their eyes is the chief element of happiness. I should, therefore, have endeavored to win you, prompted by that social sentiment which has in all ages made wealth a religion. At least, I think I should. It is not to be expected of a man still young that he can have the wisdom to substitute sound sense for the pleasure of the senses; within sight of a prey the brutal instincts hidden in the heart of man drive him on. Instead of that lesson, I should have sent you compliments and flatteries. Should I have kept my own esteem in so doing? Mademoiselle, in such a case success brings absolution; but happiness? That is another thing. Should I have distrusted my wife had I won her in that way? Most assuredly I should. Your advance on me would sooner or later have come between us. Your husband, however grand your fancy may make him, would have ended by reproaching you for having abased him. You, yourself, might have come, sooner or later, to despise him. The strong man forgives, but the poet whines. Such, mademoiselle, is the answer which my honesty compels me to make to you. And now, listen to me. You have the triumph of forcing me to reflect deeply,â€”first on you, whom I do not sufficiently know; next, on myself, of whom I knew too little. You have had the power to stir up many of the evil thoughts which crouched in my heart, as in all hearts; but from them something good and generous has come forth, and I salute you with my most fervent benedictions, just as at sea we salute the lighthouse which shows the rocks on which we were about to perish. Here is my confession, for I would not lose your esteem nor my own for all the treasures of earth. I wished to know who you are. Though all is fair in war, I blushed at such spying and stopped short in my inquiries. You have roused my curiosity; forgive me for being somewhat of a woman; it is, I believe, the privilege of a poet. Now that I have laid bare my heart and allowed you to read it, you will believe in the sincerity of what I am about to add. Though the glimpse I had of you was all too rapid, it has sufficed to modify my opinion of your conduct. You are a poet and a poem, even more than you are a woman. Yes, there is in you something more precious than beauty; you are the beautiful Ideal of art, of fancy. The step you took, blamable as it would be in an ordinary young girl, allotted to an every-day destiny, has another aspect if endowed with the nature which I now attribute to you. Among the crowd of beings flung by fate into the social life of this planet to make up a generation there are exceptional souls. If your letter is the outcome of long poetic reveries on the fate which conventions bring to women, if, constrained by the impulse of a lofty and intelligent mind, you have wished to understand the life of a man to whom you attribute the gift of genius, to the end that you may create a friendship withdrawn from the ordinary relations of life, with a soul in communion with your own, disregarding thus the ordinary trammels of your sex,â€”then, assuredly, you are an exception. The law which rightly limits the actions of the crowd is too limited for you. But in that case, the remark in my first letter returns in greater force,â€”you have done too much or not enough. Accept once more my thanks for the service you have rendered me, that of compelling me to sound my heart. You have corrected in me the false idea, only too common in France, that marriage should be a means of fortune. While I struggled with my conscience a sacred voice spoke to me. I swore solemnly to make my fortune myself, and not be led by motives of cupidity in choosing the companion of my life. I have also reproached myself for the blamable curiosity you have excited in me. You have not six millions. There is no concealment possible in Havre for a young lady who possesses such a fortune; you would be discovered at once by the pack of hounds

of great families whom I see in Paris on the hunt after heiresses, and who have already sent one, the grand equerry, the young duke, among the Vilquins. Therefore, believe me, the sentiments I have now expressed are fixed in my mind as a rule of life, from which I have abstracted all influences of romance or of actual fact. Prove to me, therefore, that you have one of those souls which may be forgiven for its disobedience to the common law, by perceiving and comprehending the spirit of this letter as you did that of my first letter. If you are destined to a middle-class life, obey the iron law which holds society together. Lifted in mind above other women, I admire you; but if you seek to obey an impulse which you ought to repress, I pity you. The all-wise moral of that great domestic epic "Clarissa Harlowe" is that legitimate and honorable love led the poor victim to her ruin because it was conceived, developed, and pursued beyond the boundaries of family restraint. The family, however cruel and even foolish it may be, is in the right against the Lovelaces. The family is Society. Believe me, the glory of a young girl, of a woman, must always be that of repressing her most ardent impulses within the narrow sphere of conventions. If I had a daughter able to become a Madame de Stael I should wish her dead at fifteen. Can you imagine a daughter of yours flaunting on the stage of fame, exhibiting herself to win the plaudits of a crowd, and not suffer anguish at the thought?

Even more arresting than Austen's cool occupation of the casually malign libertine reveries of Edward Denham ("He felt that he was formed to be a dangerous man" "quite in the line of Lovelaces" []) is her narrator's swift retort to and magnificent interruption of these fantasies through the free indirect assertion of Clara's.

This web edition created and published by Global Grey Every uncurbed passion, every selfish pleasure, every licentious energy of humanity, and all its tyrannous weakness, go before the sordid mistress of our tearful valley, and, scythe in hand, these indefatigable labourers reap their eternal harvest. Her skull is adorned with lifeless tresses that are not her own. Spoliator of crowned heads, she is embellished with the plunder of queens, from the star-begemmed hair of Berenice to that-white, but not with age-which the executioner sheared from the brow of Marie Antoinette. Her livid and frozen body is clothed in faded garments and tattered winding-sheets. Her bony hands, covered with rings, hold diadems and chains, scepters and crossbones, jewels and ashes. When she goes by, doors open of themselves; she passes through walls; she penetrates to the cabinets of kings; she surprises the extortioners of the poor in their most secret orgies; she sits down at their board, pours out their wine, grins at their songs with her gumless teeth, takes the place of the lecherous courtesan hidden behind their curtains. She delights to hover about sleeping voluptuaries; she seeks their caresses, as if she hoped to grow warm in their embrace; but she freezes all those whom she touches and herself never kindles. At times, notwithstanding, one would think her seized with frenzy; she stalks slowly no longer; she runs; if her feet are too slow, she spurs a pale horse and charges all breathless through multitudes. Murder rides with her on a russet charger; shaking his mane of smoke, fire flies before her with wings of scarlet and black; famine and plague follow on diseased and emaciated steeds, gleaned the few sheaves which remain to complete her harvest. After this funereal procession come two little children, radiating with smiles and life, the intelligence and love of the coming century, the dual genius of a newborn humanity. The shadows of death fold up before them, as does night before the morning star; with nimble feet they skim the earth and sow with full hands the hope of another year. But death will come no more, impiteous and terrible, to mow like dry grass the ripe blades of the new age; it will give place to the angel of progress, who will gently liberate souls from mortal chains, so that they may ascend to God. When men know how to live they will die no longer; they will transform like the chrysalis, which becomes a splendid butterfly. The terrors of death are daughters of ignorance, and death herself is only hideous by reason of the rubbish which covers her, and the sombre hues with which her images are surrounded. Death, truly, is the birth-pang of life. There is a force in Nature which dieth not, and this force perpetually transforms beings to preserve them. It is the reason or word of Nature. In man also there is a force analogous to that of Nature, and it is the reason or word of man. The word of man is the expression of his will directed by reason, and it is omnipotent under this leading, for it is analogous to the word of God Himself. By the word of his reason man becomes conqueror of life, and can triumph over death. The entire life of man is either the parturition or miscarriage of his word. To withstand successfully the phantom of death, we must be identified with the realities of life. Does it signify to God if an abortion wither, seeing that life is eternal? Does it signify to Nature if unreason perish, since reason which never perishes still holds the keys of life? The just and terrible force which destroys abortions eternally was called by the Hebrews Samael; by other easterns, Satan; and by the Latins, Lucifer. The Lucifer of the Kabbalah is not an accursed and ruined angel; he is the angel who enlightens, who regenerates by fire; he is to the angels of peace what the comet is to the mild stars of the spring-time constellations. The fixed star is beautiful, radiant and calm; she drinks the celestial perfumes and gazes with love upon her sisters; clothed in her glittering robe, her forehead crowned with diamonds, she smiles as she chants her morning and evening canticle; she enjoys an eternal repose which nothing can disturb, and moves solemnly forward without departing from the rank assigned her among the sentinels of light. But the wandering comet, dishevelled and of sanguinary aspect, plunges hurriedly from the depths of heaven and flings herself athwart the peaceful spheres, like a chariot of war between the ranks of a procession of vestals; she dares to face the burning spears of the solar guardians, and, like a bereft spouse who seeks the husband of her dreams during widowed nights,

she penetrates even unto the inmost sanctuary of the god of day; again she escapes, exhaling the fires which consume her and trailing a long conflagration behind; the stars pale at her approach; constellate flocks, pasturing on flowers of light in the vast meadows of the sky, seem to flee before her terrible breath. The grand council of spheres assembles, and there is universal consternation; at length the loveliest of the fixed stars is commissioned to speak in the name of all the firmament and offer peace to the headlong vagabond. What evil have we wrought thee? And why, instead of wandering wildly, dost thou not fix thy place like us in the court of the sun? Why dost thou not chant with us the evening hymn, clothed like ourselves in a white garment, fastened at the breast with a diamond clasp? Why float thy tresses, adrip with fiery sweat, through the mists of the night? Ah, wouldst thou but take thy place among the daughters of heaven, how much more beautiful wouldst thou be! Thy face would burn no longer with the toil of thine incredible flights; thine eyes would be clear, thy smiling countenance white and red like that of thy happy sisters; all the stars would know thee, and, far from fearing thy flight, would rejoice at thine approach; for then thou wouldst be made one with us by the indestructible bonds of universal harmony, and thy peaceful existence would be one voice more in the canticle of infinite love. God hath appointed my path, even as thine, and if it appear to thee uncertain and vagrant, it is because thy beams cannot penetrate far enough to take in the circumference of the ellipse which has been allotted for my course. If I weary in my long travellings, if my beauty be less mild than thine own, and if my garments are not unspotted, yet am I a noble daughter of heaven, even as thou art. Leave me the secret of my terrible destiny, leave me the dread which surrounds me, curse me even if thou canst not comprehend; I shall none the less accomplish my work, and continue my career under the impulse of the breath of God! Happy are the stars which rest, which shine like youthful queens in the peaceful society of the universe! I am the proscribed, the eternal wanderer, who has infinity for domain. They accuse me of setting fire to the planets, the heat of which I renew; they accuse me of terrifying the stars which I enlighten; they chide me with breaking in upon universal harmony, because I do not revolve about their particular centres, though I join them one with another, directing my gaze towards the sole centre of all the suns. Be reassured, therefore, O beauteous fixed star! I shall not impoverish thy peaceful light; rather I shall expend in thy service my own life and heat. I shall disappear from heaven when I shall have consumed myself, and my doom will have been glorious enough! Know that various fires burn in the temple of God, and do all give Him glory: Let us each fulfil our destinies. Thus Satan appeared and disappeared in the allegorical narratives of the Bible. And the Lord said unto Satan: Truth is thought as it is in itself, and formulated thought is speech. When Eternal Thought desired a form, it said: The untreated light, which is the Divine Word, shines because it desires to be seen. Now, the Intelligence which God diffused by the breath of His mouth, like a star given off from the sun, took the form of a splendid angel, who was saluted by heaven under the name of Lucifer. Intelligence awakened, and comprehended its nature completely by the understanding of that utterance of the Divine Word: Thereupon God loosed from His bosom the shining cord which restrained the superb angel, and beholding him plunge through the night, which he furrowed with glory, He loved the offspring of His thought, and said with an ineffable smile: And suffering has been the condition imposed upon freedom of being by Him who alone cannot err, because He is infinite. For the essence of intelligence is judgement, and the essence of judgement is liberty. The eye does not really possess light except by the faculty of closing or opening. Were it forced to be always open, it would be the slave and victim of the light, and would cease to see in order to escape the torment. Thus, created Intelligence is not happy in affirming God, except by its liberty to deny Him. Now, the Intelligence which denies, invariably affirms something, since it is asserting its liberty. It is for this reason that blasphemy glorifies God and that hell was indispensable to the happiness of heaven. Were the light unrepelled by shadow, there would be no visible forms. If the first angels had not encountered the depths of darkness, the child-birth of God would have been incomplete, and there could have been no separation between the created and essential light. Never would Intelligence have known the goodness of God if it had never lost Him. When all was light, there was light nowhere; it filled the breast of God, who was labouring to bring it forth. And when He said: The negation of the angel who at birth refused slavery constituted the equilibrium of the world, and the motion of the spheres commenced. The infinite distances admired this love of liberty, which was vast enough to fill the void of eternal night and strong enough to bear the hatred of God.

But God could hate not the noblest of His children, and He proved him by His wrath only to confirm him in His power. So also the Word of God Himself, as if jealous of Lucifer, willed to come down from heaven and pass triumphantly through the shadows of hell. He willed to be proscribed and condemned; He premeditated that terrible hour when He should cry, in the throes of His agony: Possibly Lucifer, in his fall through night, carried with him a rain of suns and stars by the attraction of his glory. Possibly our sun is a demon among the stars, as Lucifer is a star among the angels. Doubtless it is for this reason that it lights so calmly the horrible anguish of humanity and the long agony of earth -because it is free in its solitude and possesses its light. Some, like the Ophites, adored the demon under the figure of a serpent; others, like the Cain-ites, justified the rebellion of the first angel and that of the first murderer. All those errors, all those shadows, all those monstrous idols of anarchy which India opposes in its symbols to the magical Trimurti, have found priests and worshippers in Christianity. Here is the common translation of the sacred text: Thus, the word employed by Moses, read kabalistically, gives the description and definition of that magical Universal Agent, represented in all theogonies by the serpent; to this Agent the Hebrews applied the name of OD when it manifested its active force, of Ob when it exhibited its passive force, and of AOUR when it revealed itself wholly in its equilibrated power, as producer of light in heaven and gold among metals. It is therefore that old serpent which encircles the world and places its devouring head beneath the foot of a Virgin, the type of initiation -that virgin who presents a little newborn child to the adoration of three Magi and receives from them, in exchange for this favour, gold, myrrh and frankincense. So does doctrine serve in all hieratic religions to veil the secret of natural forces which the initiate has at his disposal. Religious formulae are the summaries of those words full of mystery and power which make the gods descend from heaven and become subject to the will of men. Judea borrowed its secrets from Egypt; Greece sent her hierophants and later her theosophists to the school of the great prophets; the Rome of the Caesars, mined by the initiation of the catacombs, collapsed one day into the Church, and a symbolism was reconstructed with the remnants of all worships which had been absorbed by the queen of the world. According to the Gospel narrative, the inscription which set forth the spiritual royalty of Christ was written in Hebrew, in Greek and in Latin: Hellenism, in fact, that grand and beautiful religion of form, announced the coming of the Saviour no less than the prophets of Judaism. The fable of Psyche is an ultra-Christian abstraction, and the cultus of the Pantheons, by rehabilitating Socrates, prepared altars for that unity of God, of which Israel had been the mysterious preserver. But the synagogue denied its Messiah, and the Hebrew letters were effaced, at least for the blinded eyes of the Jews. The Roman persecutors dishonoured Hellenism, and it could not be restored by the false moderation of the philosopher Julian, surnamed *the Apostate*. The ignorance of the Middle Ages followed, opposing saints and virgins to gods, goddesses and nymphs; the deep sense of the Hellenic mysteries was less understood than ever; Greece herself did not only lose the traditions of her ancient cultus but separated from the Latin Church; and thus, for Latin eyes, the Greek letters were blotted out, as the Latin letters disappeared for Greek eyes. So the inscription on the Cross of the Saviour vanished entirely, and nothing except mysterious initials remained. But when science and philosophy, reconciled with faith, shall unite all the various symbols, then shall the magnificences of the antique worships be restored to the memory of men, proclaiming the progress of the human mind in the intuition of the light of God. But of all forms of progress the greatest will be that which, restoring the keys of Nature to the hands of science, shall enchain for ever the hideous spectre of Satan, and, explaining all abnormal phenomena, shall destroy the empire of superstition and imbecile credulity. To the accomplishment of this work we have consecrated our life, and do still devote it in the most toilsome and difficult researches. We would emancipate altars by overthrowing idols; we desire the man of intelligence to become once more the priest and king of Nature, and we would preserve by explanation all images of the universal sanctuary. The prophets spoke in parables and images, because abstract language was wanting to them, and because prophetic perception, being the sentiment of harmony or of universal analogies, translates naturally into images. Taken literally by the vulgar, these images become idols or impenetrable mysteries. The sum and succession of such images and mysteries constitute what is called symbolism. Symbolism comes therefore from God, though it may be formulated by men. Revelation has accompanied humanity in all ages, has been transfigured with human genius but has ever expressed the same truth.

Chapter 5 : nouvelles persaneries: mai

It is the fashion for Lovelaces to make such declarations, and with a coquettish little movement she puts back the drop curls, and raises her blue eyes to the sky from which they have stolen their hue.

The portier will go and fetch me one. Her countenance and her looks revealed a perfect modesty; her curiosity was rather absence of mind, and her eyes seemed to express that interest which women take, with such graceful impulsiveness, in all our misfortunes. When he had reassured them as to his state, they left, after examining him with a solicitude equally devoid of obtrusiveness and familiarity, without asking any indiscreet questions, or seeking to inspire him with a desire to become acquainted with them. Their actions were marked with an exquisite simplicity and good taste. Their manners, noble yet simple, produced first little effect on the painter; but afterward, when he was thinking over all the circumstances of this event, he was much struck by them. On arriving at the floor below that on which the atelier of the painter was situated, the old lady exclaimed softly, " Adelaide, you have left the door open. The celebrity he had acquired by his talents having rendered him one of the artists dearest to France, he was just getting beyond the reach of want, and enjoying, to use his own expression, his last privations. Instead of going to work in one of those ateliers situated near the barriers, whose moderate rent had formerly been in proportion to the modesty of his earnings, he had satisfied a wish of daily recurrence by saving himself a long walk and a loss of time become more precious than ever to him. Nobody in the world would have inspired more interest than Hippolyte Schinner, if he would have consented to make himself known; but he did not lightly disclose the secrets of his life. He was the idol of a poor mother, who had brought him up at the price of the hardest privations. Mademoiselle Schinner, the daughter of an Alsacian farmer, had never been married. Her tender heart had once been cruelly outraged by a rich man who did not pride himself on any great delicacy in his amours. The day on which this young girl, in all the splendor of her beauty and in all the pride of her life, underwent, at the expense of her heart and its fairest illusions, that disenchantment which comes upon us so slowly and yet so sharply for we try to postpone as long as possible our belief in evil, and it always seems to come too suddenly this day was a whole age of reflections, and it was also a day of religious ideas and of resignation. She refused the alms of the man who had deceived her, renounced the world, and made her fault her pride. She gave herself up entirely to maternal love, seeking in that, instead of the enjoyments of society to which she had hidden adieu, all her pleasures. She lived by her labor, accumulating a treasure in her son; and later on, one day, one hour repaid her for all the long and slow sacrifices of her poverty. At the last Exhibition, her son had received the cross of the Legion of Honor. The papers, unanimous in favor of an unknown talent, resounded still with sincere praises. The artists themselves recognized Schinner as a master, and the dealers covered his pictures with gold. Wishing to restore his mother to the enjoyments of which society had so long deprived her, he lived for her, hoping by dint of glory and fortune to see her, one day, happy, rich, esteemed, and surrounded by celebrated men. Thus, Schinner had chosen his friends from the most honorable and distinguished men. Particular in the choice of his acquaintance, he wished still further to elevate his position, which his talent had already raised so high. By forcing him to remain in solitude, the mother of great ideas, the hard work to which he had been devoted from his youth had allowed him to retain the simple faith which embellishes the first season of our life. His youthful mind was not unacquainted with any one of the thousand forms of chastity which misleads the young man a being apart, whose heart abounds in felicities, in poesies, in virgin desires, weak in the eyes of worn-out natures, but profound because they are simple. He was endowed with those soft and polished manners which become the mind so well, and seduce even those who cannot understand them. He was well made. His voice, which sprang from the heart, touched the noble sentiments of other hearts, and bore witness to a true modesty by a certain candor of accent. On looking at him, you felt yourself drawn toward him by one of those moral attractions which the savants, fortunately, cannot analyze; they would find in it some phenomenon of galvanism, or the action of some unknown fluid, and would regulate our sentiments by the proportions of oxygen and electricity. These details will perhaps enable people of a bold character, and men famed for their neckties, to understand why, during the absence of the portier, whom he had sent to the

bottom of the Rue de la Madeleine for a cab. Altogether they are very quiet tenants, like you, sir; and, besides, they are economical, and live on almost nothing. Directly a letter comes they pay for it. The landlord would not allow" The cab came up; Hippolyte heard no more, and returned home. His mother, to whom he related his adventure, re-dressed his Wound, and did not allow him to go to his atelier the next day. After a consultation, divers prescriptions were given, and Hippolyte remained three days in the house. During this seclusion, his unoccupied imagination reproduced in lively colors, and, as it were, in fragments, the details of the scene, which followed his fainting. The profile of the young girl stood out strongly on the background of his inner vision. And so, the first day he could resume work, he returned early to the atelier; but the visit he was incontestably entitled to pay his neighbors was the true cause of his haste. He had already forgotten his half-painted picture. Thus, some people will know why the painter slowly mounted the stairs of the fourth floor, and will be in the secret of the palpitations which rapidly succeeded each other in his heart, the moment he saw the brown door of the modest apartments inhabited by Mademoiselle Leseigneur. Even whilst at work, Hippolyte gave himself up very complacently to thoughts of love, and made a great deal of noise to compel the two ladies to think about him as he was thinking of them. No painter of manners has dared to initiate us, perhaps from modesty, into the really curious interiors of certain Parisian existences into the secrets of those dwellings from which issue such fresh and elegant toilets, such brilliant women, who, rich out of doors, betray on all sides at home the signs of an equivocal fortune. If the picture is here too candidly drawn, if you find it too much spun out, do not accuse the description which is, so to speak, incorporated with the story; for the aspect of the apartments inhabited by his two neighbors had a great deal of influence on the sentiments and hopes of Hippolyte Schinner. The house belonged to one of those landlords in whom there exists a profound horror of repairs and embellishments, one of those men who consider their position of a Parisian landlord as a trade. In the great chain of moral species, these people hold a middle place between the miser and the usurer. Optimists by calculation, they are all faithful to the statu quo of Austria. If you talk about moving a cupboard or a door, or opening the most necessary of ventilators, their eyes sparkle, their bile is stirred up, they rear like frightened horses. When the wind blows down some of their chimney-pots, they fall ill, and abstain from going to the Gymnase or the Porte St. Martin on account of repairs. Hippolyte, who, on account of certain embellishments to be made in his atelier, had had gratis a comic scene with the Sieur Molineux, was not astonished at the dark and greasy shades, the oily tints, the spots, and other disagreeable accessories which decorated the wooden fittings. Besides, these stigmas of poverty are not without poetry in the eyes of an artist. Mademoiselle Leseigneur came herself to open the door. On recognizing the young painter, she bowed to him; and at the same time, with Parisian dexterity and the presence of mind given by pride, she turned to close the door of a glazed partition, through which Hippolyte might have caught sight of some linen hanging on the ropes above the economical stove, an old folding-bed, the braise, the coals, the flat-irons, the filter, the crockery, and all the utensils peculiar to small establishments. Tolerably clean muslin curtains carefully concealed this capharnaum a word used to designate familiarly these species of laboratories badly lighted besides by a borrowed Kglit from a neighboring courtyard. With the rapid glance of an artist, Hippolyte perceived the destination, the furniture, the general effect, and the state of this first room cut in two. Prints, representing the battles of Alexander by Lebrun, but in worn-out gilt frames, symmetrically adorned the walls. In the middle of this room was a solid mahogany table, of old-fashioned shape, and worn at the edges. A small stove, whose upright, unbent pipe was scarcely perceptible, stood in front of the fireplace, which was turned into a cupboard. By an odd contrast, the chairs displayed some vestiges of past splendor; they were of carved mahogany, but the red morocco of the seat, the gilt nails, and gimp showed scars as numerous 5.

Chapter 6 : Modeste Mignon/Chapter VIII - Wikisource, the free online library

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Typeset in Bauer Bodoni and Waters Titling. The Doctrine of Transcendental Magic INTRODUCTION BEHIND the veil of all the hieratic and mystical allegories of ancient doctrines, behind the darkness and strange ordeals of all initiations, under the seal of all sacred writings, in the ruins of Nineveh or Thebes, on the crumbling stones of old temples and on the blackened visage of the Assyrian or Egyptian sphinx, in the monstrous or marvellous paintings which interpret to the faithful of India the inspired pages of the Vedas, in the cryptic emblems of our old books on alchemy, in the ceremonies practised at reception by all secret societies, there are found indications of a doctrine which is everywhere the same and everywhere carefully concealed. It reigned in Persia with the Magi, who perished in the end, as perish all masters of the world, because they abused their power; it endowed India with the most wonderful traditions and with an incredible wealth of poesy, grace and terror in its emblems; it civilized Greece to the music of the lyre of Orpheus; it concealed the principles of all sciences, all progress of the human mind, in the daring calculations of Pythagoras; fable abounded in its miracles, and history, attempting to estimate this unknown power, became confused with fable; it undermined or consolidated empires by its oracles, caused tyrants to tremble on their thrones and governed all minds, either by curiosity or by fear. For this science, said the crowd, there is nothing impossible, it commands the elements, knows the language of the stars and directs the planetary courses; when it speaks, the moon falls blood-red from heaven; the dead rise in their graves and mutter ominous words, as the night wind blows through their skulls. Mistress of love or of hate, occult science can dispense paradise or hell at its pleasure to human hearts; it disposes of all forms and confers beauty or ugliness; with the wand of Circe it changes men into brutes and animals alternately into men; it disposes even of life and death, can confer wealth on its adepts by the transmutation of metals and immortality by its quintessence or elixir, compounded of gold and light. Such was Magic from Zoroaster to Manes, from Orpheus to Apollonius of Tyana, when positive Christianity, victorious at length over the brilliant dreams and titanic aspirations of the Alexandrian school, dared to launch its anathemas publicly against this philosophy, and thus forced it to become more occult and mysterious than ever. Moreover, strange and alarming rumours began to circulate concerning initiates or adepts; they were surrounded every where by an ominous influence, and they destroyed or distracted those who allowed themselves to be beguiled by their honeyed eloquence or by the sorcery of their learning. The women whom they loved became Stryges and their children vanished at nocturnal meetings, while men whispered shudderingly and in secret of bloodstained orgies 1 2 The Doctrine of Transcendental Magic and abominable banquets. Bones had been found in the crypts of ancient temples, shrieks had been heard in the night, harvests withered and herds sickened when the magician passed by. Diseases which defied medical skill appeared at times in the world, and always, it was said, beneath the envenomed glance of the adepts. At length a universal cry of execration went up against Magic, the mere name became a crime and the common hatred was formulated in this sentence: It remained for the eighteenth century to deride both Christians and Magic, while infatuated with the disquisitions of Rousseau and the illusions of Cagliostro. Science, notwithstanding, is at the basis of Magic, as at the root of Christianity there is love, and in the Gospel symbols we find the Word Incarnate adored in His cradle by Three Magi, led thither by a star "the triad and the sign of the microcosm" and receiving their gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh, a second mysterious triplicity, under which emblem the highest secrets of the Kabbalah are allegorically contained. Christianity owes therefore no hatred to Magic, but human ignorance has ever stood in fear of the unknown. The science was driven into hiding to escape the impassioned assaults of blind desire: Then it was that the jargon of alchemy was created, an impenetrable illusion for the vulgar in their greed of gold, a living language only for the true disciple of Hermes. Among the sacred records of the Christians there are two texts which the infallible Church makes no claim to understand and has never attempted to expound: There is also another work, but, although it is popular in a sense and may be found everywhere, this is of all most occult and

unknown, because it is the key of the rest. It is in public evidence without being known to the public; no one suspects its existence and no one dreams of seeking it where it actually is. This book, which may be older than that of Enoch, actually has never been translated, but is still preserved unmutilated in primeval characters, on detached leaves, like the tablets of the ancients. The fact has eluded notice, though a distinguished scholar has revealed, not indeed its secret, but its antiquity and singular preservation. Another scholar, but of a mind more fantastic than judicious, passed years in the study of this masterpiece, and has merely suspected its plenary importance. It is, in truth, a monumental and extraordinary work, strong and simple as the architecture of the pyramids, and consequently enduring like those "a book which is the summary of all sciences, which can resolve all problems by its infinite combinations, which speaks by INTRODUCTION 3 evoking thought, is the inspirer and moderator of all possible conceptions, and the masterpiece perhaps of the human mind. It is to be counted unquestionably among the very great gifts bequeathed to us by antiquity; it is a universal key, the name of which has been explained and comprehended only by the learned William Postel; it is a unique test, whereof the initial characters alone plunged into ecstasy the devout spirit of Saint-Martin, and might have restored reason to the sublime and unfortunate Swedenborg. We shall recur to this book later on, for its mathematical and precise explanation will be the complement and crown of our conscientious undertaking. The original alliance between Christianity and the Science of the Magi, once demonstrated fully, will be a discovery of no second-rate importance, and we do not doubt that the serious study of Magic and the Kabbalah will lead earnest minds to a reconciliation of science and dogma, of reason and faith, heretofore regarded as impossible. We have said that the Church, whose special office is the custody of the Keys, does not pretend to possess those of the Apocalypse or of Ezekiel. In the opinion of Christians the scientific and magical Clavicles of Solomon are lost, which notwithstanding, it is certain that, in the domain of intelligence, ruled by the Word nothing that has been written can perish. Whatsoever men cease to understand exists for them no longer, at least in the order of the Word, and it passes then into the domain of enigma and mystery. Furthermore, the antipathy and even open war of the Official Church against all that belongs to the realm of Magic, which is a kind of personal and emancipated priesthood, is allied with necessary and even with inherent causes in the social and hierarchic constitution of Christian sacerdotalism. In the School of Alexandria, Magic and Christianity almost joined hands under the auspices of Ammonius Saccas and of Plato; the doctrine of Hermes is found almost in its entirety in the writings attributed to Dionysius the Areopagite; Synesius outlined the plan of a treatise on dreams, which was annotated subsequently by Cardan, and composed hymns that might have served for the liturgy of the Church of Swedenborg, could a church of the illuminated possess a liturgy. With this period of fiery abstractions and impassioned warfare of words there must be connected also the philosophic reign of Julian, called the Apostate because in his youth he made unwilling profession of Christianity. Everyone is aware that Julian had the misfortune to be a hero out of season of Plutarch, and that he was, if one may say so, the Don Quixote of roman Chivalry; but what most people do not know is that he was one of the illuminated and an initiate of the first order: Julian was not a pagan; he was a Gnostic allured by the allegories of Greek polytheism, who had the misfortune to find the name of Jesus Christ less sonorous than that of Orpheus. The Emperor paid in his person for the academical tastes of the philosopher and rhetorician, and after affording himself the spectacle and satisfaction of expiring like Epaminondas with the periods of Cato, he had in public opinion, by this time fully Christianized, but anathemas for his funeral oration and a scornful epithet for his ultimate memorial. Let us pass over the petty minds and small matters of the Bas-Empire, and proceed to the Middle Ages. Stay, take this book! Glance at the seventh page, then seat yourself on the mantle which I am spreading, and let each of us cover our eyes with one of its corners. Your head swims, does it not, and the earth seems to fly beneath your feet? Hold tightly, and do not look right or left. Stand up and open your eyes, but take care before all things to make no Christian sign and to pronounce no Christian words. We are in a landscape of Salvator Rosa, a troubled wilderness which seems resting after a storm. There is no moon in the sky, but you can distinguish little stars gleaming in the brushwood, and may hear about you the slow flight of great birds, which seem to whisper strange oracles as they pass. Let us approach silently that crossroad among the rocks. A harsh, funereal trumpet winds suddenly, and black torches flare up on every side. A tumultuous throng is surging round a vacant throne: Suddenly they cast themselves

on the ground. A goat-headed prince bounds forward among them; he ascends the throne, turns, and assuming a stooping posture, presents to the assembly a human face, which everyone comes forward to salute and to kiss, their black taper in their hands. With a hoarse laugh he recovers an upright position, and then distributes gold, secret instructions, occult medicines and poisons to his faithful bondsmen. Meanwhile, fires are lighted of fern and alder, piled up with human bones and the fat of executed criminals. Druidesses, crowned with wild parsley and vervain, immolate unbaptized children with golden knives and prepare horrible love-feasts. Tables are spread, masked men seat themselves by half-nude females, and a Bacchanalian orgy begins; there is nothing wanting but salt, the symbol of wisdom and immortality. Wine flows in streams, leaving stains like blood; obscene advances and abandoned caresses begin. A little while, and the whole assembly is beside itself with drink and wantonness, with crimes and singing. They rise, a disordered throng, and form infernal dances. Then come all legendary monsters, all phantoms of nightmare; enormous toads play inverted flutes and thump with paws on flanks; limping scarabaei mingle in the dance; crabs play the castanets; crocodiles beat time on their scales; elephants and mammoths appear habited like Cupids and foot it in the ring: Every yelling dancer drags away a dishevelled female. Lamps and candles formed of human fat go out smoking in the darkness. Cries are heard here and there, mingled with peals of laughter, blasphemies and rattlings in the throat. See, I have brought you home. It remains for you now to preserve your wits, to have a wholesome dread of the law, and to keep at a respectful distance from the Church and her faggots. Would you care, as a change, to behold something less fantastic, more real and also more truly terrible? You shall assist at the execution of Jacques de Molay and his accomplices or his brethren in martyrdom. Be not misled, however; confuse not the guilty and the innocent! Did the Templars really adore Baphomet? Did they offer a shameful salutation to the buttocks of the goat of Mendes? What was actually this secret and potent association which imperilled Church and State, and was thus destroyed unheard? Judge nothing lightly; they are guilty of a great crime; they have exposed to profane eyes the sanctuary of antique initiation. They have gathered again and have shared the fruits of the tree of knowledge, so that they might become masters of the world. The judgement pronounced against them is higher and far older than the tribunal of pope or king: What then is taking place in the world, and why do priests and potentates tremble? What secret power threatens tiaras and crowns? A few bedlamites are roaming from land to land, concealing, as they say, the Philosophical Stone under their ragged vesture. They can change earth into gold, and they are without food or lodging! Their brows are encircled by an aureole of glory and by a shadow of ignominy! One has discovered the universal science and goes vainly seeking death to escape the agonies of his triumph: Another heals imaginary diseases by fantastic remedies, belying beforehand that proverb which enforces the futility of a cautery on a wooden leg: Here is William Postel writing naively to the fathers of the Council of Trent, proclaiming that he has discovered the absolute doctrine, hidden from the foundation of the world, and is longing to share it with them. The Council heeds not the maniac, does not vouchsafe to condemn him, but proceeds to examine the grave questions of efficacious grace and sufficing grace. He whom we behold perishing poor and abandoned is Cornelius Agrippa, less of a magician than any, though the vulgar persist in regarding him as a more potent sorcerer than all because he was some- 6 The Doctrine of Transcendental Magic times a cynic and mystifier. What secret do these men bear with them to their tomb? Why are they wondered at without being understood? Why are they condemned unheard? Why are they initiates of those terrific secret sciences of which the Church and society are afraid? Why are they acquainted with things of which others know nothing? Why do they conceal what all men burn to know? Why are they invested with a dread and unknown power? These words will reveal all and give food for further thought! De omni re scribili et quibusdum aliis. But what, as a fact, was this Magic? What was the power of these men who were at once so proud and so persecuted? If they were really strong, why did they not overcome their enemies? But if they were impotent and foolish, why did people honour them by fearing them? Is there an occult knowledge which is in truth a power and works wonders comparable to the miracles of authorized religions? To these two palmary questions we make answer by an affirmation and a book. The book shall justify the affirmation, and the affirmation is this: There was and there still is a potent and real Magic; all that is said of it in legend is true after a certain manner, yet â€” contrary to the common course of popular exaggeration â€” it falls below the truth. There is indeed a formidable secret, the revelation of which

has once already transformed the world, as testified in Egyptian religious tradition, summarized symbolically by Moses at the beginning of Genesis. This secret constitutes the fatal Science of Good and Evil, and the consequence of its revelation is death.

Chapter 7 : Clarissa Harlow, by Samuel Richardson : Volume VI.

Modeste Mignon/Chapter VIII. letter is the outcome of long poetic reveries on the fate which right against the Lovelaces. The family is Society.

In place of the long preliminary chapter in the English edition, they have inserted a chapter from Mr. Introductory Remarks "Section I. Anselm - Abelard - St. Latimer, More, Roger Ascham Buchanan, Spenser, Raleigh, Ellyot Swift, Defoe - Pamphleteers: Swift, Arbuthnot - Periodical Miscellany: Hume, Robertson, Gibbon " Biographers: Poems founded on the Passions and Affections; 2. Poems of Sentiment and Reflection: Poems of Imagination and Fancy: Prose Writings " 1. Novels of High Life: Novels of Middle Life: Novels of Low Life: Bacon, Whately, Mill, Hamilton " Psychology: Locke, Reid, Hamilton - Metaphysics: Ruskin, Sir Joshua Reynolds Every one possessed of any education cannot fail to be acquainted with a certain number of English books, and to know of the existence of many more; and also must often hear the names of English men or women, dead or alive, spoken of as having become distinguished through writing books. It is said, that, on the average, not fewer than two thousand distinct works, upon every conceivable subject, are published in this country every year. When we have arrived at this conclusion, various questions at once suggest themselves; such as, What proportion of all the English books that have been written since the English race settled in this island have been preserved to our times? Are many of those that have survived worth preserving, or the contrary, and on what grounds? Were the old books written in the same sort of English that we now use? These and many similar questions will naturally occur; and it is in order to furnish something like satisfactory answers, that the present work has been prepared. But the former of these two senses is much the more common; and it is the one which will be adhered to throughout the present work. The English race first began to colonize this country about fourteen hundred years ago. Before that time, England was called Britain, and was inhabited by a people of Celtic origin, allied to the modern Welsh and, more remotely, to the Irish, known as Britons. The language spoken by the Britons was quite different from English; and therefore, whatever books may have been written in that language, either before or after the arrival of the English race, they do not concern us, who are only inquiring into the history of English literature. They came from Schleswig-Holstein, that border-land between -Denmark and Germany, which has been for centuries a bone of contention between the Dane and the German. But the language which they then spoke approached, on the whole, nearer to German than to Danish, though it exhibits points of resemblance to both. They were joined in their great colonizing enterprise by the Saxons, a people occupying both banks of the Elbe near its mouth, and by other German tribes. The language spoken by the Saxons seems to have agreed very closely with that spoken by the Angles, though it had probably fewer Danish peculiarities; and, in consequence of this close agreement, their common tongue has received the name of Anzjlo-Saxon. The Angles gave their name to the country, Angla or Engja-land, England. In the course of about two hundred years from the date A. It may now be asked, Was this language like the English that we speak now? Did they write any books in it? And have these books been preserved? These questions will be answered in the following section. The language which our Angle and Saxon forefathers spoke was very different from ours; and the difference consisted principally in this: Consequently, however well acquainted we may be with English, we shall be able to make nothing of an Anglo-Saxon book without special study: However, since what our forefathers thought and wrote can never be quite uninteresting to us, I shall give brief answers to the two other questions which I supposed to be asked, and also print, at the end of the section, a few lines from an Anglo-Saxon book, as a specimen of their language. During all that time they were Pagans, worshipping Thor, Woden, and other imaginary deities, who were the objects of belief among the northern nations. But, about the year after Christ, St. Augustine and other missionaries, who were sent from Rome by Pope Gregory the Great, commenced the conversion of the Anglo-Saxons to Christianity. At the same time that they taught them religion, these good men communicated to their -disciples many other good and useful things; in particular, they instructed them in the use of the Roman alphabet, and taught them to read Greek and Latin books. How important this was will clearly appear, when we consider that, at that time, no literature existed in any other

European language except these two. Of these books many have been preserved, and are now to be had in print. The great King Alfred is the author of many translations of Latin books, mostly histories, into Anglo-Saxon. The most interesting among these is his translation of "The Ecclesiastical History of the Venerable Bede," a work of the utmost value for the history of the AngloSaxon times. There is also a valuable book, called " The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle," which gives an account of most of the important events which happened in England, from the Christian era down to the year Of the poetry the greater portion is upon sacred subjects; but we have also a long and very curious poem called " Beowulf," in which are related the adventures and great-deeds of northern warriors in Denmark and the south of Sweden. The rhythm of all the Anglo-Saxon poetry depended on what is called alliteration; the lines, arranged in couplets, were short, each containing two accents; and the general rule was, that two accented syllables in the first line of each couplet, and one accented syllable in the second line, should all begin with the same letter; e. And;a Bryttas pa forleton Cent-lond, and mlid myclumn ege flugon to Lunden-byrig. At this time Hengest and 2Esc his son fought against the Britons at the place which is called Crayford, and there slew four thousand men. And then the Britons they forsook Kent-land, and with much dismay fled to London-town. The Normans, who formed the greater portion of his army, were originally, as the name itself implies, North-men, or inhabitants of the North of Europe Denmark, Norway, and Sweden , who had settled in France about the year During their sojourn in France, they had unlearned their own language, and had adopted that of their French neighbors. Thus it happened, that, for a long time after the Norman conquest, the king, nearly all his nobles and knights, and all the leading men among the clergy, spoke in French, and wrote either in French or in Latin, having no more knowledge of the tongue of the natives than was required to make their orders intelligible to the peasants who worked for them, and often not even so much as that. During the whole of this period, what literature there was was for the most part composed by the clergy; for very few of the laity could read and write. The clergy alone had leisure and opportunity for accumulating that acquaintance with the works of previous thinkers, and that knowledge of past transactions, without one or the other of which, nothing can be done in theology, philosophy, or history. The famous Abelard, a Frenchman, asserted the identity of faith and reason, a doctrine from which the inference is easy, that what is inconsistent with reason can be no part of the true faith. Bernard, who flourished in the first half of the twelfth century, eloquently combated this view. The scholastic philosophy founded by Peter Lombard, author of "The Book of Sentences," a work which appeared at Paris in , soon engrossed all the most powerful thinkers in Europe. It will not be expected, therefore, that, in a work of a purely elementary character, any detailed account of their writings can be given. In the department of science, a great light appeared in England in the thirteenth century. This was Roger Bacon, a friar in the Franciscan monastery at Oxford, who in his Opus Majus " Greater" or "Principal Work " , propounds most enlightened views upon the value of experiment as a means of arriving at physical truth. In truth, he was so far in advance of his age, that his scientific researches communicated no stimulus, and found no imitators. William of Malhnesbury, the first competent historian since the time of Bede, wrote a " History of the Kings of England," which comes down to the year Geoffrey of Monmouth, who lived about the same time, is the author of a well-known fabulous "History of the Britons," from which the romancewriters drew the materials for their poems about Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table. Among many other names, we shall only mention that of Matthew Paris, a monk of St. Albans, the author of a voluminous and valuable chronicle, coming down to the year Lay writers in this period confined themselves to poetry; not that they had the monopoly of that. Numbers of witty, satirical, and sometimes coarse poems, were written in Latin, by priests or monks. But our business is only with what was, written in the vernacular languages. Before the Normans came over to England, many poets had appeared in France; and a considerable taste for literature, especially for poetry, had sprung up in that country. In their new homes, the Normans did not lose this taste: Few laymen knew how to read in those times: Romances and versehistories were the chief productions of those ages. Romances were originally so called because they were written in the Romance tongue, that is, the dialect which the Roman occupation of Gaul France had caused to grow up out of the gradual corruption of the Latin language, and its adulteration with foreign words. Many of the tales with which story-books make us familiar in our childhood, as that of Guy of Warwick and the Dun Cow, or that of Roland and Oliver, or that of Bevis

of Hampton, were originally French romances, composed at the period I am speaking of: Of the verse-histories in English, the earliest known was written by a Worcestershire monk called Layamon: Another work of the same kind is the rhyming chronicle of Robert Manning, of which a specimen will be given presently. Besides these pieces, a few ballads and hymns have come down to us. In all these, and also in the verse-histories, except that of Layamon, many French words occur, - the inevitable consequence of the daily intercourse and close contact of two populations, one speaking French, the other English. In the next period, we shall see this process going on still more actively. Speaking of himself as an author, Layamon, who flourished in the reign of John, or about the year , thus writes: Uppen Sevarne; Merie ther him thohte; Faste bi Radistone: Ther heo bokes radde. It came into his mind, and in his thought, that he would of England the exact story tell; what the men were called, and whence they came, who first occupied the English land, after the flood that from God came, that quelled [killed] all here that it found quick [alive], except Noe and Seml, Japhet and Cam [Ham], and their four wives that were with them there. The following passage is from the opening of the second part of his chronicle, which was composed about the year Of thare dedes sall be mi sawe [story], In what tyme, and of what law, I sholl you tell, from gre to gre [degree, i. It consists of passages and narratives, taken from Scripture, and rudely versified, with accompanying commentaries. The date of its composition is supposed to be about The following passage may serve as a specimen: And patt peod was hoepene peod patt Crist gaff pa swille takenn; Forrpi patt He peggm wolde pa To rihhte lhefe wendenn. And son se pegg patt steorne leom -per sveghenn upp o liffte, preo kingess off patt illke land Full wel itt unnderrstodenn, And wisstenn witerrlig paerpuerrh patt swille new king was awwnedd, patt was sop Godd 1 and sop mann ec, An had off twinne kinde. Tle set a star up in tile sky Full broad, and bright, and fair, On the east side of this middle-earth, Even as the gospel declares, Among that people that knows insight Of many things through the stars, Among the Chaldcean people, That knows insight of stars. And that people was a heathen people, To which Christ gave then such a token, Because that He them would then To right belief turn. White, , vol.

Chapter 8 : German addresses are blocked - calendrierdelascience.com

Thus, the Lovelaces did not venture either to hire boats to go on the lake, or horses, or guides to explore the neighborhood. A poverty which imposed such privations excited the compassion of the Swiss, all the more that they lost an opportunity of profit.

It is a fragment that has sustained a long and busy afterlife of completions and continuations. Written probably to make money, at a time of multiple financial crises that threatened Jane Austen, her mother, and her sister with being turned out of the family home, *Sanditon* is the post-Waterloo novel that equivocates between the country house and mobile property. As for the fabled Austenean romance plot, *Sanditon* would seem to take the form of a courtship novel, but it also embodies, as D. Rather more proudly, Mr. Central among them is Diana Parker, the contra-suggestible invalid, whom we first meet crawling from bed to sofa, writing to say she is too ill to contemplate coming to *Sanditon*, before promptly coming to stay: Recent re-evaluations of the realist novel seek to expand the capacities of the genre—now and then. Where do we locate *Sanditon* in the house of fiction that is the European realist novel? The house of fiction has in short not one window, but a million—a number of possible windows not to be reckoned, rather; every one of which has been pierced, or is still pierceable, in its vast front, by the need of the individual vision and by the pressure of the individual will. These apertures, of dissimilar shape and size, hang so, all together, over the human scene that we might have expected of them a greater sameness of report than we find. They are but windows at the best, mere holes in a dead wall, disconnected, perched aloft; they are not hinged doors opening straight upon life. But they have this mark of their own that at each of them stands a figure with a pair of eyes, or at least with a field-glass, which forms, again and again, for observation, a unique instrument, insuring to the person making use of it an impression distinct from every other. He and his neighbours are watching the same show, but one seeing more where the other sees less, one seeing black where the other sees white, one seeing big where the other sees small, one seeing coarse where the other sees fine. And how it proliferates houses—so many houses of different kinds: This country-house novel is in search of a country house. But cool, droll, and deadpan, too. The still and the skeptical Charlotte Heywood mixes with the restless and the enthused the Parkers: Where—and how—does it go? But which particular freaks? These two paratextual gestures raise vital questions about what constitutes a finished work. *Sanditon* generates mystery through comedy in its arresting tonal equivocality: *Sanditon* is a kind of farce, a return to the farce of the youthful writings. *Sanditon* is a kind of farcical allegory of fiction. So, *Sanditon* returns to the juvenilia. But that is not all it does. Rather, it mixes the early with the mature style. This return to the juvenilia is also a return to a certain kind of self-reflexivity about fiction-making not usually associated with realist omniscience—a kind of muddying of that dignified transparency that is constitutive of the realist novel. *Sanditon* opens with the farce of the overturned carriage, and with it overturned conventions of realist novel-making, such as protagonicity: There the subject [protagonist] alone is ensconced. Each of the open spaces or interstices between the strands of a net or sieve. A network; a snare; an interlaced structure; intransitive, to be harmonious; transitive: The village contained little more than cottages, but the spirit of the day had been caught, as Mr. Parker but to the text itself. Of such Regency innovations that connected indoors and outdoors, the architectural historian Donald Pilcher notes: They had started by carrying the house into the landscape. And while *Northanger Abbey* reminds us that Indian muslin came to England through the entrepreneurial activities of the East India Company, *Sanditon* marks the influence of empire through the influx of rich West Indians. Rather, it has much in common with the proverbial transparency of omniscient narration and of free indirect style—each, like muslin, complex mediums of semi- and seeming transparency—all of which have their own particular forms of occlusion and indirection. It appears at a moment when the classic domestic realist novel had started evolving into the forms of modernism, and when the great innovators of domestic realism—James and Woolf—had positioned themselves in relation to and against Austen. The fence was a proper park paling in excellent condition; with clusters of fine elms, or rows of old thorns following its line almost every where. The figure of seeing indeed in spite of the mist can also be seen to figure the particularly mediated vision that is the free indirect style.

They were sitting so near each other and appeared so closely engaged in gentle conversation, that Charlotte instantly felt she had nothing to do but to step back again, and say not a word. Among other points of moralising reflection which the sight of this *tete a tete* produced, Charlotte could not but think of the extreme difficulty which secret lovers must have in finding a proper spot for their stolen interviews. They were really ill-used. Or is it that the narrator registers it as though she were Charlotte? The dash works as a meaningful form of observant silence—giving the pair, the *tetes*, their privacy, saying perhaps nothing to see here, with all the ambiguity that entails: Edward Denham does not have any kind of love in mind, only seduction: No mist or distance or opacity here to obstruct her clear vision. And it is a particularly baleful scene of seduction that Edward Denham fantasizes, financially costed and subject to prudential regulation, and with an eye to offshore imperial expansion: Not a grand sort of ruin that he fantasizes—this minor, prudent, proto-bourgeois libertine. Lord Osborne and Tom Musgrave are far more muted characters, less aspirational in their libertinage—and less exuberantly caricatured by their author than the likes of Edward Denham—but they are all accorded nevertheless a similar tendency to bathetic social violence. *Jane Austen Fiction Manuscripts*, Sanditon, b3: Far from being a fault of style, there is a calculated effort of revision toward the effect of blurriness, perspectivism, and impressionism. This revision further demonstrates that the effect is calculated. The narration lingers on sights and sounds—and on words, both written and spoken—as in the passage on the Miss Beauforts, which conflates the pleasure of the view with self-reflexive textual pleasures: The corner house of the Terrace was the one in which Miss Diana Parker had the pleasure of settling her new friends, and considering that it commanded in front the favourite lounge of all the visitors at Sanditon, and on one side, whatever might be going on at the hotel, there could not have been a more favourable spot for the seclusions of the Miss Beauforts. And accordingly, long before they had suited themselves with an instrument, or with drawing paper, they had, by the frequency of their appearance at the low windows upstairs, in order to close the blinds, or open the blinds, to arrange a flower pot on the balcony, or look at nothing through a telescope, attracted many an eye upwards, and made many a gazer gaze again. Again, we have a passage about privacy: A little novelty has a great effect in so small a place; the Miss Beauforts, who would have been nothing at Brighton, could not move here without notice;—and even Mr. Arthur Parker and Sanditon itself, as though the narrator-Austen-God is swiftly disavowing her own desire. So, the narration turns on the pleasures of the Miss Beauforts and of Sanditon that it had just a moment ago celebrated with its immersion in word play. It turns and equivocates, in its own compelling way. This is a moment where we read not only the narrator but the author too. For speculation is both imaginative and economic, as is the authorial labor of imagination-speculation in its capacity to generate income. It also traces lines of desire, in authorial and property speculation alike. In the case of authorial literary speculation, those lines of desire are traced in the words Austen wrote four days before she worked on the Sanditon manuscript for the very last time: This is another of those extraordinary turns that Sanditon marks thematically and ideologically: In a plot of farcical deferral, the country-house and prospect plot is seduced by and into speculation at every turn: Sanditon is a novel that, like its chief speculator, seems to be fuelled by the imaginative license provided by empty houses—wanting them empty in order to be filled. Parker jovially remarks to Charlotte at the Hotel. Sanditon offers an inspired if enigmatic anatomy of capitalist desire. Everybody in this novel is out of doors, on the move, and in the hunt for mobile property: Jane Austen was not an imaginary invalid, but, at this point in her life when she was writing Sanditon, she was also dying. What does it mean that Diana Parker shares fragments of epistolary correspondence with Jane Austen herself, who also limps from the Sofa, suffers from Bile, and wants to treat herself? The fiction here reconfigures the authorial life in a mode of farcical displacement, with rhetorical inflation around illness as a key mode of that displacement. Sanditon is the novel that in some ways seems closest to the author herself her life, her body, her social type, as it works the attenuation of the line between authorial life and fictional text that the manuscript form of the text seems to license. The existence of a manuscript, however, does not necessarily simplify the question of authorial intention but can work on the contrary to complicate it, by proliferating mystery, intrigue, and desire for the authorial intention that it defers revelation of. The Austen family found it hard to accommodate this strangely juvenile outpouring from their mature sister and aunt—an uncanny effusion from a familiar that, by returning to youthful excesses, rendered

the familiar sister and her work spookily unfamiliar. What would it have taken? We might respond to this question by framing another: For Diana Parker has already taken up an enduring place within and beyond this familial acquaintance and within her public: I also gratefully acknowledge Trinity College, Cambridge, for the Visiting Scholarship that supported research on this essay. A Digital Edition, edited by Kathryn Sutherland, available at <http://www.trinity.cam.ac.uk/~k.sutherland/>. I will therefore begin by distinguishing affect. Works Cited Armstrong, Nancy. *Memoir of Jane Austen*. Roland Barthes by Roland Barthes. Katherine Joslin and Daneen Wardrop. U of New Hampshire P, *The Art of the Novel: The Antinomies of Realism*. Real and Imagined Worlds. Jane Austen, or *The Secret of Style*. The Regency Style To Thomas Keymer and Jon Mee. *From Aeschylus to Bollywood*. *Ellipsis in English Literature*. We have over 5, members of all ages and from diverse walks of life.

Chapter 9 : A manual of English literature

Todas esas reveries cesaron al escuchar la terrible voz del cañón enemigo. que hab a condenado a Lupita. La juventud es siempre y en todas partes la luz y la alegr a de la vida. cu l m s. es motivo de placer y manantial de risas y chanzas.

Line 20, for Armenian, read American. Line 23, for 5thly, read 6thly. Line 3, for Innations, read Innovations. Line 6, for the, read that. Ditto, in the Note for Monterate, read Montacute. Line 7, for are, read were. Line 10, for Discord, read discordant. Last Line, after Hands, read and whilst. Line 6, of the Note, for more, read meer. The only true Foundation of Civil Government, according to Mr. Locke and his Disciples: IN order to shorten this Controversy as much as possible, and to strike every Thing out of it foreign to the Subject, I shall first shew wherein I agree with Mr. Locke and his Followers, and 2dly wherein I differ from them. First then I agree with him, and his Disciples, that there is a Sense, in which it may be said, that no Man is born the political Subject of another. Insants the Moment they are born, Edition: They are also entitled by the Law of Nature, as well as by human Laws, to the Protection and Guardianship of that State, within whose Jurisdiction they are born [nay, indeed they are entitled to Protection whilst in Embrio] though they neither did, nor could enter into any Contract with the State for that Purpose. Therefore in this Sense, they-are justly deemed the natural-born Subjects of such a Country. This is the Language of all Laws, and of every Government. But in a metaphysical Sense, a Man cannot be a Subject before he is a Moral Agent; for it is Moral Agency alone, which renders him amenable, or subject to any Law, or Government. However, as he is born with the Instincts and Dispositions of a social Creature, he necessarily becomes a Member of some Society or other, as soon as he has an Opportunity, by the very Impulse of his Nature, if there are any human Beings within his Reach to associate with. But whether this Association must always be formed by Means of an express mutual Compact, Engagement, and Stipulation, or whether it cannot be formed [I mean justly and rightly formed] any other Way, is the important Question now to be determined. Let the Mode of entering into this Society be what it may, whether by express Covenant, Edition: I very readily allow, that if these Trustees should so far forget the Nature of their Office, as to act directly contrary thereunto in the general Tenor of their Administration; and if neither humble Petition, nor decent Remonstrance can reclaim, and bring them to a Sense of their Duty; then Recourse must be had to the only Expedient still remaining, Force of Arms: All these Points being previously settled, there can be no Controversy between Mr. For I think we are all perfectly agreed, that neither Kings, nor Senators, neither Patrician-Republics, nor Plebeian-Republics, neither hereditary, nor elective Governors can, in the Words of the great Poet, Have any Right divine to govern wrong. And if Sovereigns have no Right to do wrong, the Subjects must certainly have a Right to prevent them from doing it. For it is clear, that in such a Case the People cannot offend against the righteous Laws of God, or the just Laws of Man, in defending their own Rights. It is therefore to be hoped for the Honour of human Nature, and the Good of Mankind, that some Governments or other, besides those of Edition: But let us now hear the Opinion of this great Man himself, and of the most eminent of his Followers, concerning the Origin, and only true Foundation, of Civil Government, according to their System. Locke, in his 2d. Treatise concerning Government, Chap. Men being, as hath been said, [in the former Chapters] all free, equal, and independent, no one can be put out of this Estate, and subjected to the political Power of another, without his own Consent: The only Way, whereby any one divests himself of his natural Liberty, and puts on the Bonds of Civil Society, is by agreeing with other Men to join and unite in a Community, for their comfortable, safe, and peaceable Living one among another, in a secure Enjoyment of their Properties, and a greater Security against any that are not of it. This any Number of Men may do, because it injures not the Freedom of the rest: When any Number of Men have so consented to make one Community, or Government, they are thereby presently incorporated, and made one Body politic, wherein the Majority have a Right to act. And thus, that which begins, and actually concludes any political Society, is nothing but the Consent of a Number of free Men, capable of a Majority to unite, and incorporate into such a Society. And this is that and that only, which did, or could give Beginning to any lawful Government in the World. For his Son, when a Man, being

altogether as free as the Father, any Act of the Father can no more give away the Liberty of the Son, than it can of any Body else. There is a common Distinction of an express, and a tacit Consent, which will concern our present Case. Nobody doubts, but an express Consent of any Man entering into any Society, makes him a perfect Member of that Society, a Subject of that Government. The Difficulty is, what ought to be looked upon as a tacit Consent, and how far it binds; i. And to this I say, that every Man, that hath any Possession or Enjoyment of any Part of the Dominions of any Government, doth thereby give his tacit Consent, and is as far forth obliged to Obedience to the Laws of that Government, during such Enjoyment, as any one under it, whether this his Possession be of Land to him, and his Heirs for ever; or a Lodging only for a Week, or whether it be barely travelling freely on the High Way: And it in Effect reaches as far as the very being of any one within the Territories of that Government. To understand this the better; Whosoever therefore from thenceforth by Inheritance, Purchase, Permission, or other-ways, enjoys any Part of the Land so annexed to, and under the Government of that Common-Wealth, must take it with the Condition it is under; that is, of submitting to the Government of the Common-Wealth, under whose Jurisdiction it is, as far forth as any Subject of it. But since the Government has a direct Jurisdiction only over the Land, and reaches the Possessor of it before he has actually incorporated himself in the Society only as he dwells upon, and enjoys that, the Obligation any one is under by Virtue of such Enjoyment, to submit to the Government, begins and ends with the Enjoyment: So that whenever the Owner, who has given nothing but such tacit Consent to the Government, will by Donation, Sale, or otherways quit the said Possession, he is at Liberty to go, and incorporate himself into any other Common-Wealth, or to agree with others, to begin a new one in vacuis locis, in any Part of the World they can find free, and unpossessed. Of the Ends of Political Society and Government. If Man in a State of Nature be so free, as hath been said: If he be absolute Lord of his own Person and Possessions, equal to the greatest, and subject to no Body, why will he part with his Freedom, why will he give up this Empire, and subject himself to the Dominion and Controul of any other Power? For all being Kings as much as he, every Man his equal, and the greater Part no strict Observers of Equity and Justice, the Enjoyment of the Property he has in this State is very unsase, very insecure. Thus Mankind, notwithstanding all the Privileges of the State of Nature, being but in an ill Condition, while they remain in it, are quickly driven into Society. Of the Extent of the Legislative Power. The supreme Power [the Legislature] cannot [lawfully, or rightly] take from any Man any Part of his Property without his own Consent. But still it must be with his own Consent, i. Since he is not the Person the Laws have appointed, and consequently not the Person the People have consented to. Dublin, printed , and dedicated to King William: And lately reprinted by Mr. Almon, with a long Preface, exciting the Irish to rebel, and promising sull Liberty, and Security to the Papists, if they will join in this good Work. If a Villain with a Pistol at my Breast, makes me convey my Estate to him, no one will say, that this gives him any Right. And yet just such a Title as this has an unjust Conqueror, who with a Sword at my Throat forces me into Submission; that is, forces me to part with my natural Estate and Birth-right, of being governed only by Laws, to which I give my Consent, and not by his Will, or the Will of any other. From what has been said, I presume it pretty clearly appears, that an unjust Conquest gives no Title at all; that a just Conquest gives Power only over the Lives, and Liberties of the actual Opposers; but not over their Posterity and Estates; and not at all over those that did not concur in the Opposition. I have no other Notion of Slavery; but being bound by a Law, to which I do not consent. If one Law may be imposed without Consent, any other Law whatever may be imposed on us without our Consent. And this as necessarily destroys our Property. I have no other Notion of Property, but a Power of disposing of my Goods as I please, and not as another shall command. Whatever another may rightly take from me, I have certainly no Property in. To tax me without Consent is little better, if at all, than down-right robbing me. London, printed for J. Of the first Principles of Government, and the different Kinds of Liberty. To begin with first Principles, we must for the Sake of gaining clear Ideas on the Subject, do what almost all political Writers have done before us, that is, We must suppose a Number of People existing, who experience the Inconvenience of living independent and unconnected: Who are exposed without Redress, to Insults and Wrongs of every Kind, and are too weak to procure to themselves many of the Advantages, which they are sensible might easily be compassed by united Strength. These People, if they would engage the Protection of

the whole Body, and join their Forces in Enterprizes and Edition: For without these Concessions, such an Alliance, attended with such Advantages, could not be formed. But were the Society numerous, their Habitations remote, and the Occasions on which the whole Body must interpose frequent, it would be absolutely impossible that all the Members of the State should assemble, or give their Attention to public Business. In this Case, though, with Rousseau, it being a giving up of their Liberty, there must be Deputies or Public Officers appointed to act in the Name of the whole Body: And in a State of very great Extent, where all the People could never be assembled, the whole Power of the Community must necessarily, and almost irreversibly, be lodged in the Hands of these Deputies. In Countries, where every Member of the Society enjoys an equal Power of arriving at the supreme Offices, and consequently of directing the Strength and the Sentiments of the whole Community, there is a State of the most perfect political Liberty. On the other Hand, in Countries where a Man is, by his Birth or Fortune, excluded from these Offices, or from a Power of voting for proper Persons to fill them; that Man, whatever be the Form of the Government, or whatever Civil Liberty, or Power over his own Actions he may have, has no Power over those of another; he has no Share in the Government, and therefore has no political Liberty at all. Nay his own Conduct, as far as the Society does intersere, is, in all Cases, directed by others. I answer, it is true; because all Governments whatever have been, in some Measure, compulsory, tyrannical, and oppressive in their Edition: But the Method I have described must be allowed to be the only equitable and fair Method of forming a Society. The Sum of what hath been advanced upon this Head, is a Maxim, than which nothing is more true, that every Government, in its original Principles, and antecedent to its present Form, is an equal Republic; and consequently, that every Man, when he comes to be sensible of his natural Rights, and to feel his own Importance, will consider himself as fully equal to any other Person whatever. The Consideration of Riches and Power, however acquired, must be entirely set aside, when we come to these first Principles. To whomsoever the Society delegates its Power, it is delegated to them for the more easy Management of public Affairs, and in order to make the more effectual Provision for the Happiness of the whole. Whosoever enjoys Property, or Riches in the State, enjoys them for the Good of the State, as well as for himself: And whenever those Powers, Riches, or Rights of any Kind are abused to the Injury of the whole, that awful and ultimate Tribunal, in which every Citizen hath an equal Voice, may demand the Resignation of them: And in Circumstances, where regular Commissions from this abused Public cannot be had. In such dismal and critical Circumstances, the stifled Voice of an oppressed Country is a loud Call upon every Man, possessed with a Spirit of Patriotism, to exert himself. And whenever that Voice shall be at Liberty, it will ratify and applaud the Action, which it could not formally authorise.

Preface to the Fifth Edition. Our Colonies in North-America appear to be now determined to risque, and suffer every Thing, under the Persuasion, that Great-Britain is attempting to rob them of that Liberty, to which every Member of Society, and all civil Communities, have a natural, and an unalienable Right. Of the Nature of Liberty in general. In order to obtain a more distinct and accurate View of the Nature of Liberty as such, it will be useful to consider it under the four following general Divisions. Consequently if every distinct, or possible Application of it is to be considered as the Exertion of a distinct Species of Liberty, we may be said to have Sorts without Number. And he also observes, that there is one general Idea that runs through them all, the Idea of Self-Direction, or Self-Government. Nor do I think that a preciser Idea than this of Liberty, and Slavery, can be given. Of Civil Liberty, and the Principles of Government. In every free State every Man is his own Legislator. When a State becomes so numerous, or when the different Parts of it are removed to such Distances from one another, as to render this impracticable, a Diminution of Liberty necessarily arises.