

chose the epigraph just after Wordsworth had completed his celebrated Preface, and the argument here is that the former was a sort of distillation of the latter, seized on as pregnant with theoretical resonances. The very variety of meanings it enshrined made it in another sense too a particularly apt introduction to a collection of poems which have been variously understood as concerned with a pluralist, or dialogic, creed.

David Chandler

Kyoto University

#### NOTES

<sup>1</sup> W. Hale White, *A Description of the Wordsworth & Coleridge Manuscripts in the Possession of Mr T. Norton Longman* (London: Longmans, 1897) 13.

<sup>2</sup> Thomas Hutchinson (ed.), *Lyrical Ballads* (London: Duckworth, 1898) lix.

<sup>3</sup> J. W. Binns, "The Title-Page Epigraph of the *Lyrical Ballads*, 1800," *The Library* 6th series 2 (1980): 222-24.

<sup>4</sup> Among the supporters of the Mackintosh reading are J. Shawcross (ed.), *Biographia Literaria*, 2 vols. (Oxford: Clarendon P, 1907) 1:229; Kathleen Coburn (ed.), *The Notebooks of Samuel Taylor Coleridge 1804-1808* (London: Routledge, 1962) note to entry 2468 (no pagination); Mary Moorman, *William Wordsworth: A Biography; The Early Years: 1770-1803* (Oxford: Clarendon P, 1957) 501. Among those who express caution, or even doubt, are George Sampson (ed.), *Lyrical Ballads* (London: Methuen, 1903) 357; Derek Roper (ed.), *Lyrical Ballads* (London: Collins, 1968) 270; James Butler and Karen Green (eds.), *Lyrical Ballads, and Other Poems, 1797-1800* (Ithaca: Cornell UP, 1992) 377.

<sup>5</sup> Michael Mason (ed.), *Lyrical Ballads* (London: Longman, 1992) 95.

<sup>6</sup> Coleridge, *Notebooks* entry 2468.

<sup>7</sup> Samuel Taylor Coleridge, *Collected Letters of Samuel Taylor Coleridge*, ed. E. L. Griggs, 6 vols (Oxford: Clarendon P, 1956-71) 2:771.

<sup>8</sup> Samuel Taylor Coleridge, *Biographia Literaria*, ed. James Engell and W. Jackson Bate, 2 vols (Princeton: Princeton UP) 1:91-92.

<sup>9</sup> David Chandler, "Coleridge: An early claim that the 'law of association' came from Aristotle," *Notes and Queries* 239 (1994): 338-39.

<sup>10</sup> Coleridge, *Letters* 2:567, 569, 588.

<sup>11</sup> Coleridge, *Letters* 2:737.

<sup>12</sup> Letter to Robert Southey, 18 October 1799, in J. W. Robberds, *Memoir of the Life and Writings of the Late William Taylor of Norwich*, 2 vols (London: John Murray, 1843) 1:298.

<sup>13</sup> Sampson 357.

<sup>14</sup> Roper 270.

<sup>15</sup> William Hazlitt, *The Complete Works of William Hazlitt*, ed. P. P. Howe, 21 vols (London: Dent, 1930-4) 12:294, 17:214, 20:131, 445.

<sup>16</sup> H. W. Garrod, *Wordsworth: Lectures and Essays*, 2nd ed. (Oxford: Clarendon P, 1927) 152.

<sup>17</sup> *The Works of John Dryden*, ed. Edward Niles Hooker, H. T. Swedenberg, et al. 20 vols (Berkeley: U of California P, 1956-89) 20:76-77.

<sup>18</sup> *London Chronicle*, July 9-12, 1787.

<sup>19</sup> Laurence Eusden, *Three Poems* (London, 1727) 12.

<sup>20</sup> Laurence Eusden, *A Poem Humbly Inscribed to His Royal Highness Prince Frederic* (London, 1729) 7.

<sup>21</sup> William Thompson, *Poems on Several Occasions* (Oxford, 1757) 123.

<sup>22</sup> Coleridge, *Letters* 1:289.

<sup>23</sup> Mason 58-59; William Wordsworth, *The Prose Works of William Wordsworth*, ed. W. J. B. Owen and Jane Worthington Smyser, 3 vols (Oxford: Clarendon P, 1974) 1:122.

<sup>24</sup> John Towill Rutt, *Life and Correspondence of Joseph Priestley*, 2 vols (London: R. Hunter, 1831-2) 1:70.

<sup>25</sup> Coleridge, *Letters* 1:195.

<sup>26</sup> Nathaniel Lardner, *A Letter Writ in the Year 1730. Concerning the Question, Whether the Logos supplied the Place of a human Soul in the Person of Jesus Christ* (London, 1759) 43.

<sup>27</sup> Wordsworth, *Prose Works* 1:124.

<sup>28</sup> Wordsworth, *Prose Works* 1:130.

<sup>29</sup> Wordsworth, *Prose Works* 1:134.

<sup>30</sup> Hazlitt 12:292-93.

<sup>31</sup> Lardner 52-53.

<sup>32</sup> Geoffrey H. Hartman, *Wordsworth's Poetry 1787-1814* (New Haven: Yale UP, 1964) 74.

<sup>33</sup> William Wordsworth, *The Letters of William and Dorothy Wordsworth: The Early Years 1787-1805*, ed. Ernest de Selincourt. 2nd ed. rev. Chester L. Shaver (Oxford: Clarendon P, 1967) 293.

#### JANE AUSTEN'S NOCTURNAL AND ANNE FINCH

Perhaps no passage in the novels is more complexly allusive than the scene from *Mansfield Park* that shows a rapt Fanny Price window-gazing on a starlit summer's night. One pointer to its literary constellation is Edmund's insistence that a "taste for nature" is acquired, and that his cousin has been "taught to feel."<sup>1</sup> Another, narrowing the field, is Fanny's singling out of poetry as the art that can best describe what is evoked by "the scene without," a transformed landscape "where all that was solemn and soothing, and lovely, appeared in the brilliancy of an unclouded night, and the contrast of the deep shade of the woods." Quite as conventional as the setting are Fanny's words which

conjure up — without seeming too derivative, for she is said to speak her feelings — a particular kind of nocturnal verse.

In praise of night, and raised on antithesis, this kind belongs essentially to the eighteenth century and to what might be called the fair-weather school of night poetry. Work of this type was still current in the Romantic period and a late example was known to Jane Austen — James Beattie's "The Hermit" from which she quotes a line in a letter written shortly after finishing *Mansfield Park*.<sup>2</sup> Beattie's monody opens with the equation of peace, percipience and approaching darkness so characteristic of the kind before pitching into the turf of that rival genre, the graveyard poem. Familiar to Austen also, from her knowledge of *Clarissa* and *Elegant Extracts*, would have been Eliza Carter's prototypical "Night Piece" and "Ode to Wisdom," both of which develop round a clear-cut opposition between night and day, darkness bringing "mental Sight" and a quiet elation, while light issues in disorder, deceit, and "lawless passions."<sup>3</sup> The same see-saw tactics are at work in another poem from *Elegant Extracts*, "The Contemplatist: a Night Piece," where John Cunningham plays off the sacred against the profane by contrasting starlight with will-o'-the-wisp.<sup>4</sup>

Though Fanny Price is conversant with Cowper<sup>5</sup> and perhaps also with the Lake poets (for she prizes a transparency of "a moonlit lake in Cumberland," p.137), her rapturous words at the window feed on the conventions of this earlier eighteenth-century verse which have a clear relevance to her situation *vis à vis* Mary Crawford. Her speech opens with a series of emphatic "Here's . . ." that only read stiffly (as some critics have complained) when quoted in isolation —

"Here's harmony!" said she, "Here's repose! Here's what may leave all painting and all music behind, and what poetry only can attempt to describe. Here's what may tranquillize every care, and lift the heart to rapture!"

In context the "Here's" hark back antiphonally to a repeated "There goes . . ." from Edmund who has been extolling the charms of Mary Crawford as she walks off to begin the glee — or rather *trips* off with a "light and graceful tread" (p. 101). An echo from "L'Allegro" (a poem cited in *Emma*) —

Come and trip it as you go  
On the light fantastic toe<sup>6</sup> —

is all the more audible for following on Fanny's remarks about the chapel at Sotherton, where, with expectations attuned to "Il Penseroso" as well as to Scott's "Lay," she is disappointed to find "nothing melancholy" (p. 76).<sup>7</sup> The contrarities of night and day, so integral to the eighteenth-century genre, are caught up in Jane Austen's scene with the politics of a triangular sexual conflict.

Fanny's praise of the night provides the climax to a chapter-long quarrel on the choice of profession, sparked by Mary's scoffing at the clergy, that lays out the rival claims of the active and contemplative life. Lines of argument are so clearly drawn that Edmund, flanked by his two admirers, seems at first to figure — almost in morality-play fashion — as the subject of a temptation scene. Before the chapter is over, however, allegory gives way to the doubleness of irony, with the result that Fanny's starlit presence at the window is exposed to a more worldly source of light. Even in the course of her speech an unexpected perspective opens up when she catches herself thinking "on such a night as this, I feel as if there could be neither wickedness nor sorrow in the world." Such an admission of delusion runs clean contrary to the usual identification of night with truth, and seems to have only one precedent in the genre. It corresponds, in sense, to the line (46) that ushers in the final two couplets of Anne Finch's "A Nocturnal Reverie," a work of great intricacy and power that stands at the threshold of the fair-weather school:

When a sedate Content the Spirit feels,  
And no fierce Light disturbs, whilst it reveals;  
But silent Musings urge the Mind to seek  
Something, too high for Syllables to speak;  
Till the free Soul to a compos'dness charm'd,  
Finding the Elements of Rage disarm'd,  
O'er all below a solemn Quiet grown,  
Joys in th' inferior World and thinks it like her Own:      line 46  
In such a Night let Me abroad remain,  
Till Morning breaks, and All's confus'd again.  
Our Cares, our Toils, our Clamours are renew'd,  
Or Pleasures, seldom reach'd, again pursu'd.<sup>8</sup>

Where Eliza Carter pits the insights of darkness against “day’s illusive scenes,” Fanny follows Anne Finch in noticing that night can also practice deceit — by serving as an anodyne. Shielded from the fierce light that disturbs while it reveals, the “inferior World” can be mistaken for the higher realm into which the enraptured subject unwittingly transforms it. This striking parallel is incorporated by Jane Austen into a progression that is probably closer in structure to the reflective close of the *Reverie* than to any other passage of night poetry. Soothed by the tranquillity of what she sees (compare the poem’s “sedate content”) Fanny intuits an order that lies beyond the expressive limits of painting or of music, and even of poetry (compare the line, “Something too high for Syllables to speak”). And once reminded of the wickedness that lies masked by beauty, Fanny returns to the everyday world (which would be a better place “if people were more carried out of themselves”), without going back in any way on what she has felt.

A further pointer to the presence of the poem is Fanny’s adoption of the phrase “on such a night” (*in* was no longer idiomatic).<sup>9</sup> Anne Finch repeats “In such a night” three times to redirect the subordinate clauses of one long sentence that is resolved syntactically only when she opts for night and solitude (line 47), before squaring up, in the last three lines, to the confusions of day. Her sense of the phrase provides a pointed contrast to the famous refrain round which Lorenzo and Jessica improvise their elopement scene in *The Merchant of Venice*. Where Shakespeare seizes on “In such a night” to frame a skittishly presented series of erotic trysts made by legendary lovers, Fanny’s use of it, like Finch’s, is solemn and renunciatory. Jane Austen, however, working experimentally within the modes of comedy (and no doubt with an appreciation of the original context of Shakespeare’s “such a night”),<sup>10</sup> develops her own night-piece by bringing the passional into conflict with the sublime.

No sooner has Fanny lauded the power of nature to carry people out of themselves, than her interest in the stars begins to appear inseparable from her delight in Edmund’s company:

“You taught me to think and feel on the subject, cousin.”  
 “I had a very apt scholar. There’s Arcturus looking very bright.”  
 “Yes, and the bear. I wish I could see Cassiopeia.”

“We must go out on the lawn for that. Should you be afraid?”  
 “Not in the least. It is a great while since we have had any star-gazing.”  
 (p. 102)

While the heavenly bodies listed here are replete with poetic association and sustain the focus on night, they also serve as stalking-horses in a lover’s ploy. A hint of personal reference seems to be implied by their names. Arcturus, Greek for *guardian*, mirrors the tutorly Edmund (even if his “very apt scholar” seems happier in the role of that “very bright” star). Fanny’s choice, on the other hand, of two northerly constellations that never set because they are so close to the pole is true to her championship of constancy (witness her later musings on the evergreen), and in line with the idiom of the night-piece. The Bear viewed from a “high lonely tow’r” in “Il Penseroso” is made the emblem of a life devoted to study, and in lines from an “Ode to Night” that Blake may have remembered, a poet in Dodsley (a copy of which Austen once owned) pictures the “endless” vigil of the Sage:

Or rapt in musings deep, his soul  
 Mounts active to the starry pole.<sup>11</sup>

But Cassiopeia is put to other uses. Being visible at Mansfield Park only from the garden lawn, as Fanny at her window well knows, the hidden constellation provides just the pretext for drawing Edmund out of the gravitational field of Mary Crawford and her admiring throng. Though placed in “Il Penseroso” among Melancholy’s train (ll. 19-21), Cassiopeia is remembered there for seeing off rival beauties. Fanny while taking the part of a contemplative, is more deeply involved in the strategies of courtship than she appears to know.

The idea of going outdoors — which Edmund tantalizingly keeps open (“We will stay till this is finished”) — gains luster for the reader from an earlier passage that gives a vivid glimpse of night-flushed exhilaration:

Between ten and eleven, Edmund and Julia walked into the drawing room, fresh with the evening air, glowing and cheerful, the very reverse of what they found in the three ladies sitting there . . . (p. 64)

Thinking later of the excitement brought by spring with its “beginnings and progress of vegetation” Fanny notes in herself an “animation of both body and mind” (p. 393), and a similar distinction between body and mind seems to hover over this refreshingly physical account of night:

For a few minutes, the brother and sister were too eager in their praise of the night and their remarks on the stars, to think beyond themselves; but when the first pause came, Edmund, looking round, said, “But where is Fanny?” (p. 64)

Only once the exuberance has died down is there any confirmation of Fanny’s hope that “people [are] carried more out of themselves by contemplating such a scene” (p. 102). Nevertheless the two faculties seem to be as much conjoined as in Coleridge’s *Dejection Ode*, for to judge from Fanny’s experience at the window the sky cannot be relied on in itself to supply a sufficient source of power. At the chapter’s end, when Edmund is mortifyingly drawn away by Mary Crawford to join the glee, Fanny’s boast of an all-absorbing rapture is punctured by a feeling of incompleteness. Left alone, and unobserved at the cold window, she sighs.

Shakespeare’s Lorenzo imagines that Troilus, “in such a night as this . . . sighed his soul towards the Grecian tents.”<sup>12</sup> In her poem, “A Sigh,” a playful lyric written in quatrains, Anne Finch speaks of the “Safest messenger of passion, / Stealing through a crowd of spies.”<sup>13</sup> Jane Austen combines perspectives that Augustan poetry tended to keep apart, but if she can be said to “place” the eighteenth-century night-piece by restoring a greater amplitude to it, the author of “A Nocturnal Reverie” seems to be present in *Mansfield Park* in other guises also. The green image that Fanny forms of her place of adoption while at Portsmouth — all “liberty, freshness, fragrance, and verdure” (p. 393), and the joy she finds in travelling back through its grounds are in close keeping with “Upon Ardelia’s Return Home,” and other poems that Anne Finch wrote, after marriage, in praise of the park at Eastwell.<sup>14</sup> Like Fanny, she hymns the liberating effects on her imagination of lawns and groves, but dwells also on the sensuous thrill of cantering over “fragrant turf.”<sup>15</sup> And in “Life’s Progress” she allegorizes the disappointments of worldly expect-

tation in a way that may well have left its mark on the landscape that Austen devised for the unhappy afternoon walk at Sotherton, an excursion that telescopes future storylines. Just before coming to the spiked gate that bars the way to a distant knoll, Henry Crawford introduces a “figurative” reading of the view when he remarks to Maria Bertram —

“Your prospects, however, are too fair to justify want of spirits. You have a very smiling scene before you.” (89)

Anne Finch opens her poem by sketching an initial vista of sunny promise —

How smiling the World’s Prospect lies,  
How tempting to go through!

but the view soon gives way to the “gently rising hill of time,” its taxing slope made treacherous by “Thorns, which former Days had sown.”<sup>16</sup> Reminiscent of the unworldly Fanny, on the other hand, are Finch’s praises of the quiet, retired life (rather on the austere side of the Horatian norm), and her ideal of a husband who as an intellectual mate and fellow-devotee of retreat, guarantees independence:

Give me there (since Heaven has shown  
It was not Good to be alone)  
A Partner suited to my Mind,  
Solitary, pleas’d and kind;  
Who, partially, may something see  
Prefer’d to all the World in me;  
Slighting, by my humble Side,  
Fame and Splendour, Wealth and Pride.<sup>17</sup>

The “tyrant man” of the *Nocturnal* may not be gender-specific but for Anne Finch, as for many other women writers of the eighteenth century, the reflective poem seems to have served as a mental parole from the “unequal fetters” of conventional relations.<sup>18</sup> Jane Austen’s night-scene gives a vivid idea of a partnership that allows for an individual reclusiveness that marriage to the Crawfords would make unthinkable for either Edmund or Fanny. Many readers have warmed to Tony Tanner’s idea that

Fanny is intended to have something “of the artist about her,”<sup>19</sup> and a number of intriguing parallels have recently been drawn between Frances Burney and Austen’s reticent heroine.<sup>20</sup> In her poetry, Anne Finch insistently brackets clear-sightedness with a bystander’s role (the outcome for her, in part, of Jacobite loyalties),<sup>21</sup> and it seems possible that she too contributed to the conception of Fanny.

The point might not be worth pursuing were the external evidence for Austen’s knowledge of the poet less convincing, or some aspects of her biography less strikingly apropos. In profile the early lives of poet and of heroine provide a remarkable match. Like Fanny, Finch at the age of ten was adopted by the family of an uncle on her mother’s side, and sent to live on an estate in Northamptonshire, the county of Mansfield Park. There she grew up and received — despite some sibling rivalry — an education that was unusually good for its time.<sup>22</sup>

With the scenes of Finch’s later life in Kent Jane Austen was well acquainted. The Finches and Finch-Hattons who crop up frequently in her letters were collateral descendants of the Countess’s husband, and still occupied Eastwell where the poet lived for the best part of thirty years, and was buried. Close by was Godmersham, the windfall-inheritance of Edward Austen, where Jane spent much time and where Anne Finch had resided long enough to write *Aristomenes*.<sup>23</sup> Visits between the two houses seem to have been regular but in the period that *Mansfield Park* took shape, a special link was formed by a teenage love-affair between Jane Austen’s favorite niece, Fanny Knight, and George Finch-Hatton.<sup>24</sup> Fanny, in her own blend of the sidereal and erotic, chose to refer to George as “Jupiter,” or “the Planet,” and to encode his presence with the adjectives “bright” and “brilliant,” until lectured by Aunt Cassandra “on *Astronomy*.”<sup>25</sup> Recorded in one of Fanny’s earlier pocket-books is a night-piece titled “A Summer’s Evening” that she wrote at the age of thirteen soon after a correspondence with Aunt Jane had begun. The poem relies on well-worn imagery of the eighteenth-century genre and ends quite conventionally:

The Glow worms glitt’ring on the green  
Increases’d the beauty of the scene,

With stars the heavens were spangled o’er  
A distant fall was heard to roar.

In contemplating such a scene  
The mind was tranquil and serene  
All eyes and hearts to heaven were rais’d  
And all joined in their maker’s praise.<sup>26</sup>

All the same, one detail is specific enough to spring into relief and it suggests the influence of Anne Finch. In the course of her four verses, Fanny Knight conveys the steady advance of darkness (glow-worms often came in handy here), but — in tandem with this advance — a growing sensitivity to sound, and the idea is carried through programmatically. The first verse opens, “When all was hushed, & all was still,” the second, “No sound was heard”; with the starlight, however: “A distant fall was heard to roar.” The altering relation between the senses is a major and uniquely explicit theme in the opening, descriptive part of Finch’s *Nocturnal*, and though most readers remember the audibly munching horse (borrowed repeatedly by Wordsworth)<sup>27</sup> the poem’s first example of acoustic zoom is the line, “And falling waters we distinctly hear.” It looks as though Fanny, after being taken through the *Reverie* at a tender age, had lived out the poem — even tested it — against the sort of landscape in which it was written. Jane Austen herself could hardly have stayed so often and long at Godmersham, or become so familiar with the Finches of her day without picking up the trail of a sister writer, born like herself in Hampshire, whose reputation as a distinguished poet extended to her own circle.<sup>28</sup> She might well have found the *Miscellany Poems* (1713) at Godmersham (the library there was a large one),<sup>29</sup> or earlier perhaps, since family connections with the Weald go back a long way, at Steventon.<sup>30</sup> Some of Anne Finch’s manuscript volumes, or copies made from them, might still have been housed at one of the poet’s old haunts in Kent.

On the whole Jane Austen seems to have been left with a poor impression of the Eastwell of her day. The house had undergone grandiose improvements from an architect whose work receives a bad press in *Sense and Sensibility*.<sup>31</sup> And though she was quick to defend the Anne Finch of her generation (who gave music lessons),<sup>32</sup> the family tend to get short shrift from her

also.<sup>33</sup> To George Finch-Hatton she assigned a lesser magnitude than did her niece, writing of him eight months before *Mansfield Park* appeared: "I set him down as sensible rather than Brilliant. — There is nobody Brilliant nowadays."<sup>34</sup>

If the tone is light-hearted here, there seems to be more than a touch of astringency in her disappointment with Lady Elizabeth Finch-Hatton and her daughter who visited some weeks later: "Yes, they called, — but I do not think I can say anything more about them. They came & they sat & they went."<sup>35</sup> Park Honan attributes this response to a perception of cultural decline,<sup>36</sup> pointing out that Lady Elizabeth's father was the second Earl of Mansfield, successor to the venerable emancipist judge after whom Jane Austen almost certainly named her novel. If *Mansfield Park* was intended to reflect the decadence of the landed gentry, as has often been held, the story of a young girl adopted into a new home where she could consciously select the best of a tradition and fashion for herself an identity commensurate with her gifts might well have seemed an ideal corrective.

But there is a further angle to the circumstance of Fanny's adoption that aligns the novel with the work of Anne Finch in another way. At Mansfield Park, Sir Thomas Bertram accords a lesser rank to his niece than to his daughters as a matter of policy, and to this decision there can be traced a distinct reticence in Fanny that makes for low self-esteem and a mood of melancholy (p. 8). Austen uses this facet of her heroine to reflect a number of the novel's collateral concerns, ranging from slavery to the constitutive power of gender and class. Injury to the self is a theme of comparable resource to Finch who, in "The Petition for an Absolute Retreat," graphically portrays herself in earlier life as a torn-down vine:

Unsupported on the Ground,  
Careless all the Branches spread,  
Subject to each haughty Tread,  
Bearing neither Leaves nor Fruit,  
Living only in the Root.<sup>37</sup>

Though in this case the "storm of fate" responsible for her decline is identified as the Hanoverian succession, elsewhere her

feelings of deep despondency are linked to social bigotry, particularly to scorn of "a woman that attempts the pen."<sup>38</sup> Finch was one of the first poets to write in the first person about the debilitating effects of inner prostration, but her confessional tones are invariably colored by spirited self-assertion. While in the late "Ardelia to Melancholy," the darkest of her lyrics, she looks back and finds an image for her life-long fight in a fortress under siege, her great Pindaric ode, "The Spleen," stages the contest dramatically ("I feel thy Force while I against thee Rail"), sheer exuberance of wit proclaiming a temporary triumph. Even the trampled-upon vine of "The Petition" regains its full vigor in a celebration that embraces both the poet's marriage and the healing powers of Eastwell.

Though Fanny Price is repeatedly shown to be a prey to depression she differs from Marianne Dashwood (the only other heroine to whom Austen systematically attributes melancholy) in being determined to wrestle with her condition. The narrator tracks the source of this resilience to the quiet of the cold East room where Fanny attempts touchingly to still her "agitated, doubting spirit" by seeing whether "by giving air to her geraniums she might inhale a breeze of mental strength herself" (p. 137). Against melancholy even the most melancholy activity is an antidote, she learns (p. 404). What makes Finch's Nocturnal an appropriate substrate for her poetically-inspired speech at the window is the impulse she shares with Ardelia to struggle and prevail. It is this urge that prompts her, like the poet, to turn away at last from night's carefree solace and confront the confusion of day.

Peter Knox-Shaw

University of Cape Town

#### NOTES

<sup>1</sup> *Mansfield Park*, I, xi. See World's Classics, introd. Marilyn Butler, ed. James Kinsley and John Lucas (Oxford: Oxford UP, 1991) 102. Further references are to this edition and will be given in the article itself, except for those to this particular page.

<sup>2</sup> To Cassandra, September 23, 1813, in *Jane Austen's Letters*, ed. Deirdre Le Faye (Oxford: Oxford UP, 1995) 226. James Beattie, "The Hermit" in *A Collection of Poems on Religious and Moral Subjects* (New York, 1797) 101-02.

<sup>3</sup> Elizabeth Carter, "Ode to Wisdom," see *Clarissa* (Oxford: Oxford UP, 1930) II, 54; "A Night Piece," *Elegant Extracts* (London, 1796) 69, particularly II. 1-