JANE AUSTEN

PERSUASION

An Annotated Edition

EDITED BY

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Frontispiece: *Lyme Regis, Dorsetshire: A Squall,*
by J. M.W. Turner, circa 1812. In *Persuasion,* Anne Elliot
and her party stay at Lyme Regis in November 1814,
only a few years after Turner visited the area and
painted this highly evocative picture of its
color, light, and atmosphere.

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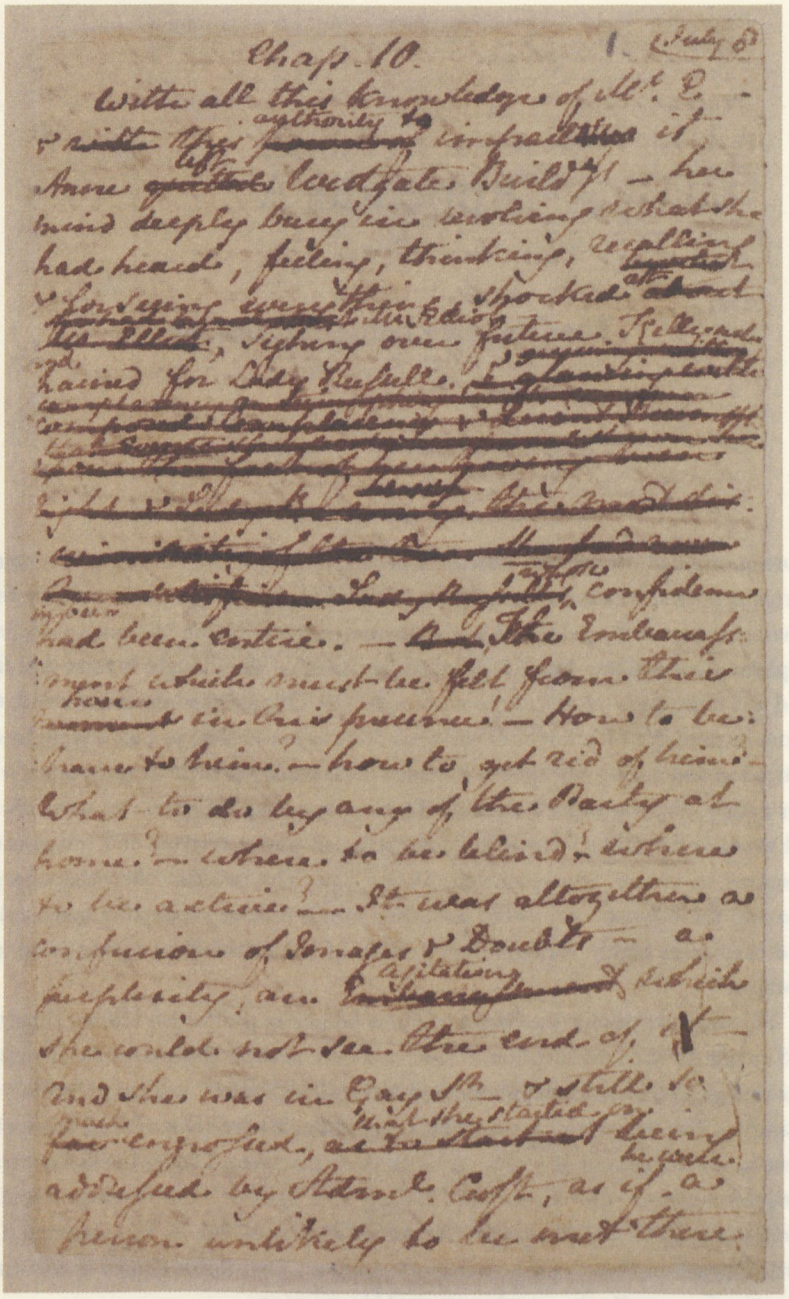
Appendix A

The Original Ending of *Persuasion*

Austen originally concluded *Persuasion* in July 1816 with the following two manuscript chapters, which she cancelled and replaced three weeks later with the final three chapters of the published novel. Austen's original ending "did not satisfy her," explained her nephew James Edward Austen-Leigh. "She thought it tame and flat, and was desirous of producing something better. This weighed upon her mind, the more so probably on account of the weak state of her health; so that one night she retired to rest in very low spirits. But such depression was little in accordance with her nature, and was soon shaken off. The next morning she awoke to more cheerful views and brighter inspirations: the sense of power revived; and imagination resumed its course" (Austen-Leigh, *Memoir,* 125). The two cancelled chapters are the only section from any of her published novels to have survived in manuscript, and they offer highly illuminating evidence of her methods of composition and revision.

The manuscript of these chapters is now housed in the British Library (Egerton MS. 3038). In the transcription, I have retained Austen's abbreviations, as well as her various irregularities in punctuation and spelling ("releif" instead of "relief," for example). The manuscript is sometimes very difficult to read because of words that Austen has crossed out or written over. In these instances, I have checked my transcription against—and on occasion revised it in light of—the readings found in three key sources: *The Manuscript Chapters of "Persuasion,"* ed. R. W. Chapman (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1926); Arthur M. Axelrad, *Jane Austen Caught in the Act of Greatness* (n.p.: 1st Books, 2003), 5–131; and Harris, 36–62.



First manuscript page of the two cancelled chapters of *Persuasion*. As the many excisions and alterations in the manuscript make plain, Austen worked hard to produce the precision and vitality of her prose.

JULY 8
CHAP. 10.

With all this knowledge of M^r^. E— & this authority to impart it, Anne left Westgate Build^gs^—her mind deeply busy in revolving what she had heard, feeling, thinking, recalling & forseeing every thing, shocked at M^r^. Elliot—sighing over future Kellynch, and pained for Lady Russell, whose confidence in him had been entire.—The Embarrassment which must be felt from this hour in his presence!—How to behave to him?—how to get rid of him?—What to do by any of the Party at home?—where to be blind?—where to be active?—It was altogether a confusion of Images & Doubts—a perplexity, an agitation, which she could not see the end of—and she was in Gay S^t^—& still so much engrossed, that she started on being addressed by Adm^l^. Croft, as if he were a person unlikely to be met there. It was within a few steps of his own door.—"You are going to call upon my wife, said he, she will be very glad to see you."—Anne denied it. "No—she really had not time, she was in her way home"—but while she spoke, the Adm^l^. had stepped back & knocked at the door, calling out, "Yes, yes, do go in; she is all alone—go in & rest yourself."—Anne felt so little disposed at this time to be in company of any sort, that it vexed her to be thus constrained—but she was obliged to stop. "Since you are so very kind, said she, I will just ask M^rs^. Croft how she does, but I really cannot stay 5 minutes.—You are sure she is quite alone." The possibility of Capt. W. had occurred—and most fearfully anxious was she to be assured—either that he was within or that he was not;—*which,* might have been a question.—"Oh! yes, quite alone—Nobody but her Mantuamaker^l^ with her, & they have been shut up together this half hour, so it must be over soon."—"Her Mantuamaker!—then I am sure my calling now, w^d^. be most inconvenient.—Indeed you must allow me to leave my Card & be so good as to explain it afterwards to M^rs^. C." "No, no, not at all, not at all. She will be very happy to see you. Mind—I will not swear that she has not something particular to say to you—but *that* will all come out in the right place. I give no hints.—Why, Miss Elliot, we begin to hear strange things of you—(smiling in her face)—But you have not much the look of it—as Grave as a little Judge."[2]—Anne blushed.—"Aye, aye, that will do. Now, it is right. I *thought* we were not mistaken." She was left to guess at the direction of his Suspicions;—the first wild idea had been of some disclosure from his B^r^ in law—but she was ashamed the next moment—& felt how far more probable that he should be meaning M^r^. E.—The door was opened—& the Man evidently beginning to *deny* his Mistress, when the sight of his Master stopped him. The Adm^l^. enjoyed the joke exceedingly. Anne thought his triumph over Stephen rather too long. At last however, he was able to invite her upstairs, & stepping before her said—"I will just go up with you myself & shew you in—. I cannot stay, because I must go to the P. office, but if you will only sit down for 5 minutes I am sure Sophy will come—and you will find nobody to disturb you—there is nobody but Frederick here—" opening the door as he spoke.—Such a person to be passed over as a No-

body to *her!*—After being allowed to feel quite secure—indifferent—at her ease, to have it burst on her that she was to be the next moment in the same room with him!—No time for recollection!—for planning behaviour, or regulating manners!—There was time only to turn pale, before she had passed through the door, & met the astonished eyes of Capt. W—— who was sitting by the fire pretending to read & prepared for no greater surprise than the Admiral's hasty return.—Equally unexpected was the meeting, on each side. There was nothing to be done however, but to stifle feelings & be quietly polite;—and the Admiral was too much on the alert, to leave any troublesome pause.—He repeated again what he had said before about his wife & everybody insisted on Anne's sitting down & being perfectly comfortable, was sorry he must leave her himself, but was sure M^rs^. Croft w^d^. be down very soon, & w^d^. go upstairs & give her notice directly.—Anne *was* sitting down, but now she arose again—to entreat him not to interrupt M^rs^. C– & re-urge the wish of going away & calling another time.—But the Adm^l^. would not hear of it;—and if she did not return to the charge with unconquerable Perseverance, or did not with a more passive Determination walk quietly out of the room—(as certainly she might have done) may she not be pardoned?—If she *had* no horror of a few minutes Tète a Tète with Capt. W——, may she not be pardoned for not wishing to give him the idea that she had?—She reseated herself, & The Adm^l^. took leave;—but on reaching the door, said, "Frederick, a word with *you,* if you please". Capt. W—— went to him; and instantly, before they were well out of the room, the Adm^l^. continued, "As I am going to leave you together, it is but fair I should give you something to talk of—& so, if you please—". Here the door was very firmly closed; she could guess by which of the two; and she lost entirely what immediately followed; but it was impossible for her not to distinguish parts of the rest, for the Adm^l^. on the strength of the Door's being shut was speaking without any management of voice, tho' she c^d^. hear his companion trying to check him.—She could not doubt their being speaking of her. She heard her own name & *Kellynch* repeatedly—she was very much distressed.—She knew not what to do, or what to expect—and among other agonies felt the possibility of Capt. W——'s not returning into the room at all, which after *her* consenting to stay would have been—too bad for Language.—They seemed to be talking of the Adm^ls^. Lease of Kellynch. She heard him say something of "the Lease being signed or not signed"—*that* was not likely to be a very agitating subject—but then followed "I hate to be at an uncertainty—I must know at once—Sophy thinks the same"—Then, in a lower tone, Capt. W—— seemed remonstrating—wanting to be excused—wanting to put something off. "Phoo, Phoo—answered the Admiral now is the Time. If *you* will not speak, I will stop & speak myself."—"Very well Sir, very well Sir," followed with some impatience, from his companion, opening the door as he spoke.—"You will then—you promise you will?" replied the Admiral, in all the power of his natural voice, unbroken even by one thin door.—"Yes—Sir—Yes." And the Adm^l^. was hastily left, the door was closed, and the moment arrived in which Anne was

alone with Capt. W—. She could not attempt to see how he looked; but he walked immediately to a window, as if irresolute & embarrassed;—and for about the space of 5 seconds, she repented what she had done—censured it as unwise, blushed over it as indelicate.—She longed to be able to speak of the weather or the Concert—but could only compass the releif of taking a Newspaper in her hand.—The distressing pause was soon over however; he turned round in half a minute, & coming towards the Table where she sat, said, in a voice of effort & constraint—"You must have heard too much already Madam, to be in any doubt of my having promised Adm[l]. Croft to speak to you on some particular subject—& this conviction determines me to do it—however repugnant to my—to all my sense of propriety, to be taking so great a liberty.—You will acquit *me* of Impertinence I trust, by considering me as speaking only for another, & speaking by Necessity;—and the Adm[l]. is a Man who can never be thought Impertinent by one who knows him as you do—. His Intentions are always the Kindest & the Best;—and you will perceive that he is actuated by none other, in the application which I am now with—with very peculiar feelings—obliged to make."—He stopped—but merely to recover breath;—not seeming to expect any answer.—Anne listened, as if her Life depended on the issue of his Speech.—He proceeded, with a forced alacrity.—"The Adm[l]., Madam, was this morning confidently informed that you were—upon my word I am quite at a loss, ashamed—(breathing & speaking quick)—the awkwardness of *giving* Information of this sort to one of the Parties—You can be at no loss to understand me—It was very confidently said that M[r]. Elliot—that everything was settled in the family for an Union between M[r]. Elliot—& yourself. It was added that you were to live at Kellynch—that Kellynch was to be given up. This, the Admiral knew could not be correct—But it occurred to him that it might be the *wish* of the Parties. And my commission from him Madam, is to say, that if the Family-wish is such, his Lease of Kellynch shall be cancel'd, & he & my sister will provide themselves with another home, without imagining themselves to be doing anything which under similar circumstances w[d]. not be done for *them*.—This is all Madam.—A very few words in reply from you will be sufficient.—That *I* should be the person commissioned on this subject is extraordinary!—and beleive me Madam, it is no less painful.—A very few words however will put an end to the awkwardness & distress we may *both* be feeling." Anne spoke a word or two, but they were un-intelligible—And before she could command herself, he added—"If you only tell me that the Adm[l]. *may* address a Line to Sir Walter, it will be enough.—Pronounce only the words, *he may*.—I shall immediately follow him with your message.—" This was spoken, as with a fortitude which seemed to meet the message.—"No Sir—said Anne—. There is no message.—You are misin—the Adm[l]. is misinformed.—I do justice to the kindness of his Intentions, but he is quite mistaken. There is no Truth in any such report."—He was a moment silent.—She turned her eyes towards him for the first time since his reentering the room. His colour was varying—& he was looking at her with all the

Power & Keenness, which she beleived no other eyes than his possessed.—"*No* Truth in any such report!—he repeated.—No Truth in any *part* of it?—" "None."—He had been standing by a chair—enjoying the releif of leaning on it—or of playing with it;—he now sat down—drew it a little nearer to her—& looked, with an expression which had something more than penetration in it, something softer.—Her Countenance did not discourage.—It was a silent, but a very powerful Dialogue;—on his side, Supplication, on her's acceptance.—Still, a little nearer—and a hand taken and pressed—and "Anne, my own dear Anne!"—bursting forth in the fullness of exquisite feeling—and all Suspense & Indecision were over—. They were re-united. They were restored to all that had been lost. They were carried back to the past, with only an increase of attachment & confidence, & only such a flutter of present Delight as made them little fit for the interruption of M^rs. Croft, when she joined them not long afterwards.—*She* probably, in the observations of the next ten minutes, saw something to suspect—& tho' it was hardly possible for a woman of her description to wish the Mantuamaker had imprisoned her longer, she might be very likely wishing for some excuse to run about the house, some storm to break the windows above, or a summons to the Admiral's Shoemaker below.—Fortune favoured them all however in another way—in a gentle, steady rain—just happily set in as the Admiral returned & Anne rose to go.—She was earnestly invited to stay dinner;—a note was dispatched to Camden Place—and she staid;—staid till 10 at night. And during that time, the Husband & wife, either by the wife's contrivance, or by simply going on in their usual way, were frequently out of the room together—gone up stairs to hear a noise, or down stairs to settle their accounts, or upon the Landing place to trim the Lamp.—And these precious moments were turned to so good an account that all the most anxious feelings of the past were gone through.—Before they parted at night, Anne had the felicity of being assured in the first place that—(so far from being altered for the worse!)—she had *gained* inexpressibly in personal Loveliness; & that as to Character—her's was now fixed on his Mind as Perfection itself—maintaining the just Medium of Fortitude & Gentleness;—that he had never ceased to love & prefer her, though it had been only at Uppercross that he had learn't to do her Justice—& only at Lyme that he had begun to understand his own sensations;—that at Lyme he had received Lessons of more than one kind;—the passing admiration of M^r. Elliot had at least *roused* him, and the scenes on the Cobb & at Capt. Harville's had fixed her superiority. In his preceeding *attempts* to attach himself to Louisa Musgrove, (the attempts of Anger & Pique)—he protested that he had continually felt the impossibility of really caring for Louisa, though till *that day,* till the leisure for reflection which followed it, he had not understood the perfect excellence of the Mind, with which Louisa's could so ill bear a comparison, or the perfect, the unrivalled hold it possessed over his own.—There he had learnt to distinguish between the steadiness of Principle & the Obstinacy of Self-will, between the Darings of Heedlessness, & the Resolution of a collected Mind—there he had

seen everything to exalt in his estimation the Woman he had lost, & there begun to deplore the pride, the folly, the madness of resentment which had kept him from trying to regain her, when thrown in his way. From that period to the present had his penance been the most severe.—He had no sooner been free from the horror & remorse attending the first few days of Louisa's accident, no sooner begun to feel himself alive again, than he had begun to feel himself though alive, not at liberty.—He found that he was considered by his friend Harville, as an engaged Man. The Harvilles entertained not a doubt of a mutual attachment between him & Louisa—and though this, to *a degree,* was contradicted instantly—it yet made him feel that perhaps by *her* family, by everybody, by *herself* even, the same idea might be held—and that he was not *free* in honour—though, if such were to be the conclusion, too free alas! in Heart.—He had never thought justly on this subject before—he had not sufficiently considered that his excessive Intimacy at Uppercross must have it's danger of ill consequence in many ways, and that while trying whether he c^{d}. attach himself to either of the Girls, he might be exciting unpleasant reports, if not, raising unrequited regard!—He found, too late, that he had entangled himself—and that precisely as he became thoroughly satisfied of his not *caring* for Louisa at all, he must regard himself as bound to her, if her feelings for him, were what the Harvilles supposed.—It determined him to leave Lyme—& await her perfect recovery elsewhere. He would gladly weaken, by any *fair* means, whatever sentiments or speculations concerning him might exist; and he went therefore into Shropshire, meaning after a while, to return to the Crofts at Kellynch, & act as he found requisite.—He had remained in Shropshire, lamenting the Blindness of his own Pride, & the Blunders of his own Calculations, till at once released from Louisa by the astonishing felicity of her engagement with Benwicke. Bath, Bath—had instantly followed, in *Thought;* & not long after, in *fact.* To Bath, to arrive with Hope, to be torn by Jealousy at the first sight of M^{r}. E——, to experience all the changes of each at the Concert, to be miserable by this morning's circumstantial report, to be now, more happy than Language could express, or any heart but his own be capable of.

He was very eager & very delightful in the description of what he had felt at the Concert.—The Even^{g}. seemed to have been made up of exquisite moments;—the moment of her stepping forward in the Octagon Room to speak to him—the moment of M^{r}. E's appearing & tearing her away, & one or two subsequent moments, marked by returning hope, or increasing Despondence, were all dwelt on with energy. "To see you, cried he, in the midst of those who could not be *my* well-wishers, to see your Cousin close by you—conversing & smiling—& feel all the horrible Eligibilities & Proprieties of the Match!—to consider it as the certain wish of every being who could hope to influence you—even, if your own feelings were reluctant, or indifferent—to consider what powerful supports would be his!—Was not it enough to make the fool of me, which my behaviour expressed?—How could I look on without agony?—Was not the very sight of the *Friend* who sat behind you?—was not the

recollection of what *had* been—the knowledge of her Influence—the indelible, immoveable Impression of what *Persuasion* had *once* done, was not it all against me?"—"You should have distinguished—replied Anne—You should not have suspected me *now;*—The case so different, & my age so different!—If I *was* wrong, in yeilding to Persuasion once, remember that it was to Persuasion exerted on the side of Safety, not of Risk. When I yeilded, I thought it was to *Duty.*—But no *Duty* could be called in aid here.—In marrying a Man indifferent to me, all Risk would have been incurred, & all Duty violated."—"Perhaps I ought to have reasoned thus, he replied, but I could not.—I could not derive benefit from the later knowledge of your Character which I had acquired, I could not bring it into play, it was overwhelmed, buried, lost in those earlier feelings, which I had been smarting under Year after Year.—I could think of you only as one who *had* yeilded, who *had* given me up, who *had* been influenced by any one rather than by *me*—I saw you with the very Person who had guided you in that year of Misery—I had no reason to think her of less authority now;—The force of Habit was to be added."—"I should have thought, said Anne, that my Manner to yourself, might have spared you much, or all of this.—" "No—No—Your manner might be only the ease, which your engagement to another Man would give.—I left you with this beleif.—And yet—I was determined to see you again.—My spirits rallied with the morning, & I felt that I had still a motive for remaining here.—The Admiral's news indeed, was a revulsion. Since that moment, I have been decided what to do—and had it been confirmed, This would have been my *last day* in Bath."

There was time for all this to pass,—with such Interruptions only as enhanced the charm of the communication—and Bath c^{d}. scarcely contain any other two Beings at once so rationally & so rapturously happy as during that even^{g}. occupied the Sopha of M^{rs}. Croft's Drawing room in Gay S^{t}.

Capt. W.—had taken care to meet the Adm^{l}.—as he returned into the house, to satisfy him as to M^{r}. E—& Kellynch;—and the delicacy of the Admiral's good nature kept him from saying another word on the subject to Anne.—He was quite concerned lest he might have been giving her pain by touching a tender part. Who could say?—She might be liking her Cousin, better than he liked her.—And indeed, upon recollection, if they had been to marry at all why should they have waited so long?—

When the Even^{g}. closed it is probable that the Adm^{l} received some new Ideas from his wife;—whose particularly friendly manner in parting with her, gave Anne the gratifying persuasion of her seeing & approving.

It had been such a day to Anne!—the hours which had passed since her leaving Camden Place, had done so much!—She was almost bewildered, almost too happy in looking back.—It was necessary to sit up half the Night & lie awake the remainder to comprehend with composure her present state, & pay for the overplus of Bliss, by Headake & Fatigue.—

CHAPTER II.

Who can be in doubt of what followed?—When any two Young People take it into their heads to marry, they are pretty sure by perseverance to carry their point—be they ever so poor, or ever so imprudent, or ever so little likely to be necessary to each other's ultimate comfort. This may be bad Morality to conclude with, but I beleive it to be Truth—and if such parties succeed, how should a Capt W– & an Anne E—, with the advantage of maturity of Mind, consciousness of Right, & one Independant Fortune between them, fail of bearing down every opposition? They might in fact, have born down a great deal more than they met with, for there was little to distress them beyond the want of Graciousness & Warmth. Sir W. made no objection, & Elizth did nothing worse than look cold & unconcerned.—Capt. W—with £25,000—& as high in his Profession as Merit & Activity c^{d} place him, was no longer nobody. He was now esteemed quite worthy to address the Daughter of a foolish spend thrift Baronet, who had not had Principle or sense enough to maintain himself in the Situation in which Providence had placed him, & who c^{d}. give his Daughter but a small part of the Share of ten Thousand pounds which must be her's hereafter.—Sir Walter indeed tho' he had no affection for his Daughter & no vanity flattered to make him really happy on the occasion, was very far from thinking it a bad match for her.—On the contrary when he saw more of Capt. W.—& eyed him well, he was very much struck by his personal claims & felt that *his* superiority of appearance might be not unfairly balanced against *her* superiority of Rank;—and all this, together with his well-sounding name, enabled Sir W. at last to prepare his pen with a very good grace for the insertion of the Marriage in the volume of Honour.—The only person among them whose opposition of feelings c^{d}. excite any serious anxiety, was Lady Russel.—Anne knew that Lady R—must be suffering some pain in understanding & relinquishing M^{r}. E—& be making some struggles to become truly acquainted with & do justice to Capt W.—This however, was what Lady R—had now to do. She must learn to feel that she had been mistaken with regard to both—that she had been unfairly influenced by appearances in each—that, because Capt. W.'s manners had not suited her own ideas, she had been too quick in suspecting them to indicate a Character of dangerous Impetuosity, & that because M^{r}. Elliot's manners had precisely pleased her in their propriety & correctness, their general politeness & suavity, she had been too quick in receiving them as the certain result of the most correct opinions & well regulated Mind.—There was nothing less for Lady R. to do than to admit that she had been pretty completely wrong, & to take up a new set of opinions & hopes.—There *is* a quickness of perception in some, a nicety in the discernment of character—a natural Penetration in short, which no Experience in others can equal—and Lady R. had been less gifted in this part of Understanding than her Young friend;—but she was a very good Woman; & if her sec-

ond object was to be sensible & well-judging, her first was to see Anne happy. She loved Anne better than she loved her own abilities—and when the awkwardness of the Beginning was over, found little hardship in attaching herself as a Mother to the Man who was securing the happiness of her Child. Of all the family, Mary was probably the one most immediately gratified by the circumstance.—It was creditable to have a Sister married, and she might flatter herself that she had been greatly instrumental to the connection, by having Anne staying with her in the Autumn; & as her own Sister must be better than her Husbands Sisters, it was very agreeable that Capt^{n}. W—should be a richer Man than either Capt. B. or Charles Hayter.—She had something to suffer perhaps when they came into contact again, in seeing Anne restored to the rights of Seniority & the Mistress of a very pretty Landaulet—but *she* had a *future* to look forward to, of powerful consolation—Anne had no Uppercross Hall before her, no Landed Estate, no Headship of a family, and if they could but keep Capt. W—from being made a Baronet, she would not change situations with Anne.—It would be well for the *Eldest* Sister if she were equally satisfied with *her* situation, for a change is not very probable there.—She had soon the mortification of seeing M^{r}. E. withdraw, & no one of proper condition has since presented himself to raise even the unfounded hopes which sunk with *him*. The news of his Cousin Anne's engagement burst on M^{r}. Elliot most unexpectedly. It deranged his best plan of domestic Happiness, his best hopes of keeping Sir Walter single by the watchfulness which a son in law's rights w^{d}. have given.—But tho' discomfited & disappointed, he c^{d}. still do something for his own Interest & his own enjoyment. He soon quitted Bath and on M^{rs}. Clay's quitting it likewise soon afterwards & being next heard of, as established under his Protection in London, it was evident how double a Game he had been playing, & how determined he was to save himself from being cut out by *one* artful woman at least.—M^{rs}. Clay's affections had overpowered her Interest, & she had sacrificed for the Young Man's sake, the possibility of scheming longer for Sir Walter;—she has Abilities however as well as Affections, and it is now a doubtful point whether his cunning or hers may finally carry the day, whether, after preventing her from being the wife of Sir Walter, he may not be wheedled & caressed at last into making her the wife of Sir William.—

It cannot be doubted that Sir Walter & Eliz: were shocked & mortified by the loss of their companion & the discovery of their deception in her. They had their great cousins to be sure, to resort to for comfort—but they must long feel that to flatter & follow others, without being flattered & followed themselves is but a state of half enjoyment.

Anne, satisfied at a very early period, of Lady Russel's *meaning* to love Capt. W—as she ought, had no other alloy to the happiness of her prospects, than what arose from the consciousness of having no relations to bestow on him which a Man of sense could value.—There, she felt her own Inferiority keenly.—The disproportion in their fortunes was nothing;—it did not give her a moment's regret;—but to have

no Family to receive & estimate him properly, nothing of respectability, of Harmony, of—Goodwill to offer in return for all the Worth & all the prompt welcome which met her in his Brothers & Sisters, was a source of as lively pain, as her Mind could well be sensible of, under circumstances of otherwise strong felicity.—She had but two friends in the World, to add to his List, Lady R. & M^rs^. Smith.—To those however, he was very well-disposed to attach himself. Lady R—inspite of all her former transgressions, he could now value from his heart;—while he was not obliged to say that he beleived her to have been right in originally dividing them, he was ready to say almost anything else in her favour;—& as for M^rs^. Smith, she had claims of various kinds to recommend her quickly & permanently.—Her recent good offices by Anne had been enough in themselves—and their marriage, instead of depriving her of one friend secured her two. She was one of their first visitors in their settled Life—and Capt. Wentworth, by putting her in the way of recovering her Husband's property in the W. Indies, by writing for her, acting for her, & seeing her through all the petty Difficulties of the case, with the activity & exertion of a fearless Man, & a determined friend, fully requited the services she had rendered, or had ever meant to render, to his Wife. M^rs^. Smith's enjoyments were not *spoiled* by this improvement of Income, with some improvement of health, & the acquisition of such friends to be often with, for her chearfulness & mental Activity did not fail her, & while those prime supplies of Good remained, she might have bid defiance even to greater accessions of worldly Prosperity. She might have been absolutely rich & perfectly healthy, & yet be happy.—*Her* spring of Felicity was in the glow of her Spirits—as her friend Anne's was in the warmth of her Heart.—Anne was Tenderness itself;—and she had the full worth of it in Capt^n^. Wentworth's affection. His Profession was all that could ever make her friends wish *that* Tenderness less; the dread of a future War, all that could dim her Sunshine.—She gloried in being a Sailor's wife, but she must pay the tax of quick alarm, for belonging to that Profession which is—if possible—more distinguished in it's Domestic Virtues, than in it's National Importance.—

Finis

July 18.–1816.

NOTES

1 A "mantuamaker" is a "dressmaker."

2 "Grave as a judge" is proverbial. Compare Charles Lamb (1775–1834) in his 1821 essay "My First Play," where he describes sitting in a theater "as grave as a judge," watching an actress whose "hysteric affectations" moved him "like some solemn tragic passion" (Lamb, *Elia and the Last Essays of Elia*, ed. Jonathan Bate (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1987), 113).

Appendix B

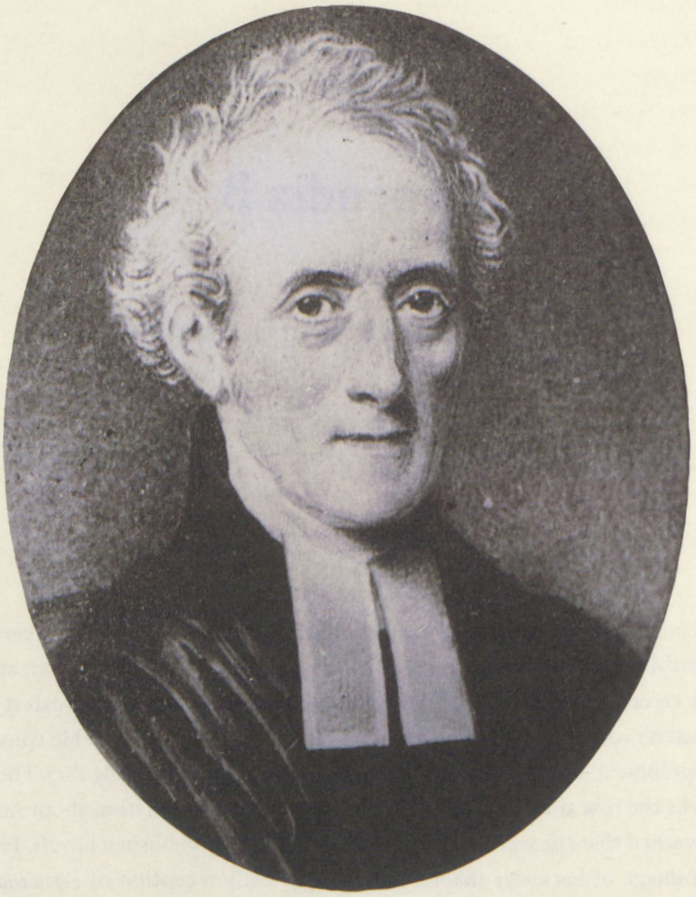
Biographical Notice of the Author

BY HENRY AUSTEN

Austen's fourth and favorite brother, Henry, attended Oxford University, served in the Oxfordshire militia, made a romantic marriage, was for a time a banker, and finished his career as a clergyman. Of all her siblings, Henry took the greatest interest in Austen's writings and dealt often with publishers on her behalf. He composed this "Biographical Notice" of his sister shortly after her death in July 1817. The "Notice" marks the first time the public was presented with information about Austen's life and learned that she was the author of four previously published novels. Henry's idealized image of his sister shaped not only the early reception of *Persuasion* but also the ways in which Austen was read and understood throughout the nineteenth century.

Henry first published the "Notice" as a preface to *Northanger Abbey: and Persuasion*, 4 vols. (London: Murray, 1818), I, iii–xix. The copytext here is taken from this edition.

THE FOLLOWING PAGES are the production of a pen which has already contributed in no small degree to the entertainment of the public. And when the public, which has not been insensible to the merits of "Sense and Sensibility," "Pride and Prejudice," "Mansfield Park," and "Emma," shall be informed that the hand which guided that pen[1] is now mouldering in the grave, perhaps a brief account of Jane Austen will be read with a kindlier sentiment than simple curiosity.



Henry Austen, by an unknown artist, circa 1820. He was the funniest and most charming of Austen's six brothers. "His hopefulness of temperament," wrote one of his nieces, "in adjusting itself to all circumstances, even the adverse, seemed to create a perpetual sunshine" (cited in Cecil, 37).

Short and easy will be the task of the mere biographer. A life of usefulness, literature, and religion, was not by any means a life of event. To those who lament their irreparable loss, it is consolatory to think that, as she never deserved disapprobation, so, in the circle of her family and friends, she never met reproof; that her wishes were not only reasonable, but gratified; and that to the little disappointments incidental to human life was never added, even for a moment, an abatement of good-will from any who knew her.

Jane Austen was born on the 16th of December, 1775, at Steventon, in the county of Hants. Her father was Rector of that parish upwards of forty years. There he resided, in the conscientious and unassisted discharge of his ministerial duties, until he was turned of seventy years. Then he retired with his wife, our authoress, and her sister, to Bath, for the remainder of his life, a period of about four years.[2] Being not only a profound scholar, but possessing a most exquisite taste in every species of literature, it is not wonderful[3] that his daughter Jane should, at a very early age, have become sensible to the charms of style, and enthusiastic in the cultivation of her own language. On the death of her father she removed, with her mother and sister, for a short time, to Southampton,[4] and finally, in 1809, to the pleasant village of Chawton,[5] in the same county. From this place she sent into the world those novels, which by many have been placed on the same shelf as the works of a D'Arblay and an Edgeworth.[6] Some of these novels had been the gradual performances of her previous life. For though in composition she was equally rapid and correct, yet an invincible distrust of her own judgement induced her to withhold her works from the public, till time and many perusals had satisfied her that the charm of recent composition was dissolved. The natural constitution, the regular habits, the quiet and happy occupations of our authoress, seemed to promise a long succession of amusement to the public, and a gradual increase of reputation to herself. But the symptoms of a decay, deep and incurable, began to shew themselves in the commencement of 1816.[7] Her decline was at first deceitfully slow; and until the spring of this present year, those who knew their happiness to be involved in her existence could not endure to despair. But in the month of May, 1817, it was found advisable that she should be removed to Winchester[8] for the benefit of constant medical aid, which none even then dared to hope would be permanently beneficial. She supported, during two months, all the varying pain, irksomeness, and tedium, attendant on decaying nature, with more than resignation, with a truly elastic cheerfulness. She retained her faculties, her memory, her fancy, her temper, and her affections, warm, clear, and unimpaired, to the last. Neither her love of God, nor of her fellow creatures flagged for a moment. She made a point of receiving the sacrament before excessive bodily weakness might have rendered her perception unequal to her wishes. She wrote whilst she could hold a pen, and with a pencil when a pen was become too laborious. The day preceding her death she composed some stanzas replete with fancy and vigour.[9] Her last voluntary speech conveyed thanks to her medical attendant; and to the final question asked of her, purporting to know her wants, she replied, "I want nothing but death."

She expired shortly after, on Friday the 18th of July, 1817, in the arms of her sister, who, as well as the relator of these events, feels too surely that they shall never look upon her like again.

Jane Austen was buried on the 24th of July, 1817, in the cathedral church of Win-

chester, which, in the whole catalogue of its mighty dead, does not contain the ashes of a brighter genius or a sincerer Christian.

Of personal attractions she possessed a considerable share. Her stature was that of true elegance. It could not have been increased without exceeding the middle height. Her carriage and deportment were quiet, yet graceful. Her features were separately good. Their assemblage produced an unrivalled expression of that cheerfulness, sensibility, and benevolence, which were her real characteristics. Her complexion was of the finest texture. It might with truth be said, that her eloquent blood spoke through her modest cheek.[10] Her voice was extremely sweet. She delivered herself with fluency and precision. Indeed she was formed for elegant and rational society, excelling in conversation as much as in composition. In the present age it is hazardous to mention accomplishments. Our authoress would, probably, have been inferior to few in such acquirements, had she not been so superior to most in higher things. She had not only an excellent taste for drawing, but, in her earlier days, evinced great power of hand in the management of the pencil. Her own musical attainments she held very cheap. Twenty years ago they would have been thought more of, and twenty years hence many a parent will expect their daughters to be applauded for meaner performances. She was fond of dancing, and excelled in it. It remains now to add a few observations on that which her friends deemed more important, on those endowments which sweetened every hour of their lives.

If there be an opinion current in the world, that perfect placidity of temper is not reconcileable to the most lively imagination, and the keenest relish for wit, such an opinion will be rejected for ever by those who have had the happiness of knowing the authoress of the following works. Though the frailties, foibles, and follies of others could not escape her immediate detection, yet even on their vices did she never trust herself to comment with unkindness. The affectation of candour is not uncommon; but she had no affectation. Faultless herself, as nearly as human nature can be, she always sought, in the faults of others, something to excuse, to forgive or forget. Where extenuation was impossible, she had a sure refuge in silence. She never uttered either a hasty, a silly, or a severe expression. In short, her temper was as polished as her wit. Nor were her manners inferior to her temper. They were of the happiest kind. No one could be often in her company without feeling a strong desire of obtaining her friendship, and cherishing a hope of having obtained it. She was tranquil without reserve or stiffness; and communicative without intrusion or self-sufficiency. She became an authoress entirely from taste and inclination. Neither the hope of fame nor profit mixed with her early motives.[11] Most of her works, as before observed, were composed many years previous to their publication.[12] It was with extreme difficulty that her friends, whose partiality she suspected whilst she honoured their judgement, could prevail on her to publisher her first work. Nay, so persuaded was she that its sale would not repay the expense of publication, that

she actually made a reserve from her very moderate income to meet the expected loss. She could scarcely believe what she termed her great good fortune when "Sense and Sensibility" produced a clear profit of about £150. Few so gifted were so truly unpretending. She regarded the above sum as a prodigious recompense for that which had cost her nothing. Her readers, perhaps, will wonder that such a work produced so little at a time when some authors have received more guineas than they have written lines. The works of our authoress, however, may live as long as those which have burst on the world with more éclat. But the public has not been unjust; and our authoress was far from thinking it so. Most gratifying to her was the applause which from time to time reached her ears from those who were competent to discriminate. Still, in spite of such applause, so much did she shrink for notoriety, that no accumulation of fame would have induced her, had she lived, to affix her name to any productions of her pen. In the bosom of her own family she talked of them freely, thankful for praise, open to remark, and submissive to criticism. But in public she turned away from any allusion to the character of an authoress. She read aloud with very great taste and effect. Her own works, probably, were never heard to so much advantage as from her own mouth; for she partook largely in all the best gifts of the comic muse. She was a warm and judicious admirer of landscape, both in nature and on canvass. At a very early age she was enamoured of Gilpin on the Picturesque;[13] and she seldom changed her opinions either on books or men.

Her reading was very extensive in history and belles lettres; and her memory extremely tenacious. Her favourite moral writers were Johnson in prose,[14] and Cowper in verse.[15] It is difficult to say at what age she was not intimately acquainted with the merits and defects of the best essays and novels in the English language. Richardson's power of creating, and preserving the consistency of his characters, as particularly exemplified in "Sir Charles Grandison,"[16] gratified the natural discrimination of her mind, whilst her taste secured her from the errors of his prolix style and tedious narrative. She did not rank any work of Fielding[17] quite so high. Without the slightest affectation she recoiled from every thing gross. Neither nature, wit, nor humour, could make her amends for so very low a scale of morals.

Her power of inventing characters seems to have been intuitive, and almost unlimited. She drew from nature; but, whatever may have been surmised to the contrary, never from individuals.

The style of her familiar correspondence was in all respects the same as that of her novels. Every thing came finished from her pen; for on all subjects she had ideas as clear as her expressions were well chosen. It is not hazarding too much to say that she never dispatched a note or letter unworthy of publication.

One trait only remains to be touched on. It makes all others unimportant. She was thoroughly religious and devout; fearful of giving offence to God, and incapable of feeling it towards any fellow creature. On serious subjects she was well-

instructed, both by reading and meditation, and her opinions accorded strictly with those of our Established Church.

LONDON, DEC. 13, 1817.

Postscript

Since concluding the above remarks, the writer of them has been put in possession of some extracts from the private correspondence of the authoress. They are few and short; but are submitted to the public without apology, as being more truly descriptive of her temper, taste, feelings, and principles than any thing which the pen of a biographer can produce.

The first extract is a playful defence of herself from a mock charge of having pilfered the manuscripts of a young relation.[18]

"What should I do, my dearest E. with your manly, vigorous sketches, so full of life and spirit? How could I possibly join them on to a little bit of ivory, two inches wide, on which I work with a brush so fine as to produce little effect after much labour?"[19]

The remaining extracts are from various parts of a letter[20] written a few weeks before her death.

"My attendant is encouraging, and talks of making me quite well. I live chiefly on the sofa, but am allowed to walk from one room to the other. I have been out once in a sedan-chair, and am to repeat it, and be promoted to a wheel-chair as the weather serves. On this subject I will only say further that my dearest sister, my tender, watchful, indefatigable nurse, has not been made ill by her exertions. As to what I owe to her, and to the anxious affection of all my beloved family on this occasion, I can only cry over it, and pray to God to bless them more and more."

She next touches with just and gentle animadversion on a subject of domestic disappointment. Of this the particulars do not concern the public. Yet in justice to her characteristic sweetness and resignation, the concluding observation of our authoress thereon must not be suppressed.

"But I am getting too near complaint. It has been the appointment of God, however secondary causes may have operated."

The following and final extract will prove the facility with which she could correct every impatient thought, and turn from complaint to cheerfulness.

"You will find Captain —— a very respectable, well-meaning man, without much manner, his wife and sister all good humour and obligingness, and I hope (since the fashion allows it) with rather longer petticoats than last year."

LONDON, DEC. 20, 1817.

NOTES

1 In recalling the "pen" in his sister's "hand," Henry Austen ironically invokes the penultimate chapter of *Persuasion*, where Anne discounts examples of female inconstancy in books because the "pen" has been in men's hands.

2 In 1761, Austen's father, George Austen (1731–1805), was presented with the living of Steventon in Hampshire. Four decades later he retired to Bath.

3 In this context, "not wonderful" means "no wonder" or "not surprising."

4 Southampton is an English Channel port in Hampshire.

5 Chawton lies a mile south of Alton, and seventeen miles southeast of Steventon.

6 The novelist and diarist Madame D'Arblay is more commonly referred to by her unmarried name, Frances or Fanny Burney. Maria Edgeworth is best known for her children's stories and novels of Irish life. Both Burney and Edgeworth were held in high esteem in Austen's lifetime and were greatly admired by Austen herself.

7 There is still no conclusive evidence regarding the disease that killed Austen. Tuberculosis, Addison's disease, and Hodgkin's disease have all been identified as possible causes (Tomalin, 287–288).

8 Winchester is twelve miles north of Southampton. Austen is buried in its famous cathedral.

9 On her deathbed, Austen wrote, "When Winchester races first took their beginning," twenty-four lines of comic verse in which she imagines St. Swithin's laying a curse on the annual Winchester races:

> These races & revels & dissolute measures
> With which you're debasing a neighbouring Plain
> Let them stand—you shall meet with your curse in your pleasures
> Set off for your course, I'll pursue with my rain.

(*The Poetry of Jane Austen and the Austen Family*, ed. David Selwyn [Iowa City: University of Iowa Press, 1997], 17–18).

10 In this description of his sister, Henry Austen echoes John Donne (1572–1631) in "Of the Progres of the Soule. The Second Anniversarie" (1612), 244–246:

> Her pure and eloquent blood
> Spoke in her cheekes, and so distinctly wrought,
> That one might almost say, her bodie thought.

(Donne, *The Epithalamions, Anniversaries, and Epicedes*, ed. W. Milgate [Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1978], 48).