

Henry Fielding
Frances Burney
Ann Radcliffe

.....and Jane Austen!

Prof.ssa Serena Baiesi

UNIVERSITÀ DI BOLOGNA

DIPARTIMENTO LILEC

(Lingue, Letterature e Culture Moderne)

Membro del CISR

(Centro Interuniversitario per lo Studio del Romanticismo)

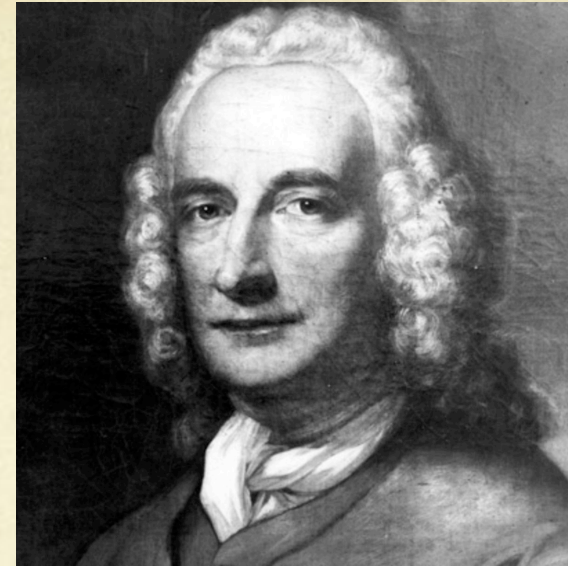
Henry Fielding

(1707-1754)

Autore di opere teatrali e di romanzi, è considerato il padre del romanzo inglese

The History of Mr. Tom Jones; a Foundling
(1749)

Romanzo psicologico e opera di vasto contenuto sociale; ambientato sullo sfondo dell'Inghilterra rurale, si svolge attraverso due generazioni: il protagonista, esuberante di vita, ingenuo e violento, pieno di altruismo, trionfa per virtù della sua naturale bontà, a dispetto d'ogni morale conformista.



<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=6I8LVj7Oijo>

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=viDeXGvSMao>

Frances Burney

(1752-1840)

Autrice di romanzi sentimentali e *Bildungsroman*

*Evelina, or, A Young Lady's
Entrance into the World*

(1778)

Romanzo sentimentale e “novel o manners”

Cecilia (1782)

Camilla (1789)

The Wanderer (1814)



Il romanzo gotico inglese: da *Romance* a *Novel*

Horace Walpole, *The Castle of Otranto* (1764)

Clara Reeve, *The Old English Baron* (1777): historical realism

Sophia Lee, *The Recess* (1785): historical romance

William Beckford, *Vathek* (1786): oriental gothic

Ann Radcliffe, *A Sicilian Romance* (1790)

The Romance of the Forest (1791)

The Mysteries of Udolpho (1794)

The Italian (1797)

William Godwin, *Caleb William* (1794): Jacobin Novel

M.G. Lewis, *The Monk* (1796); *The Castle Spectre* (1797) Gothic on stage

Mary Shelley, *Frankenstein* (1818) - scientific gothic

James Hogg, *The Private Memoirs and Confessions of a Justified Sinner* (1824) - Scottish gothic

R.L. Stevenson, *The Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde* (1886) - Victorian gothic

Bram Stoker, *Dracula* (1897)

Ann Radcliffe

(1764-1823)



Carl Gustav Carus
Woman on a Balcony (1824)



“On the Supernatural in Poetry”

Ann Radcliffe distinguishes **terror** from **horror**:

Terror and **Horror** are so far opposite, that the first **expands the soul and awakens the faculties to a high degree of life**; the other **contracts, freezes and nearly annihilates them**. I apprehend, that neither Shakespeare nor Milton by their fictions, nor Mr. Burke by his reasoning, anywhere looked to positive **horror** as a source of the **sublime**, though they all agree that **terror** is a very high one.



Salvator Rosa
(1615-1673)



Salvator Rosa
Paesaggio con Apollo e la Sibilla Cumana



Salvator Rosa



Claude Lorrain
(1600 - 1682)

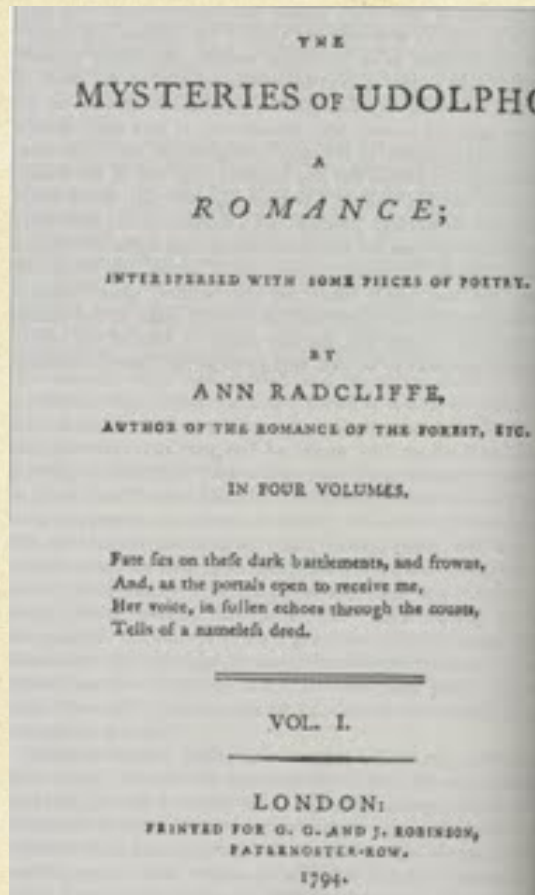


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J. M. W. Turner
(1775-1851)





- **Emily** St. Aubert, l'eroina
- **Montoni**, il "villain"
- **Valancourt**, il cavaliere
- Mme Montoni, zia di Emily

Volume I - Chapter I

On the **pleasant banks** of the Garonne, in the province of Gascony, stood, in the year 1584, the chateau of Monsieur St. Aubert. From its windows were seen the **pastoral landscapes** of Guienne and Gascony stretching along the river, **gay with luxuriant woods and vine**, and **plantations of olives**. To the **south**, the view was bounded by the **majestic Pyrenées**, whose summits, veiled in clouds, or exhibiting awful forms, seen, and lost again, as the partial vapours rolled along, were sometimes barren, and **gleamed** through the **blue** tinge of air, and sometimes frowned with forests of **gloomy** pine, that swept downward to their base. These **tremendous precipices** were contrasted by the **soft green of the pastures** and **woods** that hung upon their skirts; among whose **flocks**, and herds, and **simple cottages**, **the eye**, after having scaled the cliffs above, delighted to repose. To the **north**, and to the **east**, the plains of Guienne and Languedoc were lost in the mist of **distance**; on the west, Gascony was bounded by the waters of Biscay.

Volume II - Chapter I (the Alps)

[...] During several days the travellers journeyed over the plains of Languedoc; and then entering Dauphiny, and winding for some time among the mountains of that romantic province, **they quitted their carriages and began to ascend the Alps.** And here such scenes of **sublimity** opened upon them as no **colours** of language must dare **to paint!** Emily's mind was even so much engaged with new and wonderful images, that they sometimes **banished the idea of Valancourt**, though they more frequently revived it. These brought to her recollection the prospects among the Pyrenees, which they had admired together, and had believed nothing could excel in grandeur. How often did she wish to express to him the new emotions which this astonishing scenery awakened, and that he could partake of them! Sometimes too she endeavoured to anticipate his remarks, and almost imagined him present. She seemed to have **arisen into another world**, and to have left every trifling thought, every trifling sentiment, in that below; those only of **grandeur and sublimity now dilated her mind**, and elevated the affections of her heart.

[...] Madame Montoni only shuddered as she looked down precipices near whose edge the chairmen trotted lightly and swiftly, almost, as the chamois bounded, and from which Emily too recoiled; but with her fears were mingled such various emotions of delight, such admiration, astonishment, and awe, as she had never experienced before. Meanwhile the carriers, having come to a landing-place, stopped to rest, and the travellers being seated on the point of a cliff, Montoni and Cavigni renewed a dispute concerning Hannibal's passage over the Alps, Montoni contending that he entered Italy by way of Mount Cenis, and Cavigni, that he passed over Mount St. Bernard. The subject brought to Emily's imagination the disasters he had suffered in this bold and perilous adventure. She saw his vast armies winding among the defiles, and over the tremendous cliffs of the mountains, which at night were lighted up by his fires, or by the torches which he caused to be carried when he pursued his indefatigable march. In the eye of fancy, she perceived the gleam of arms through the duskiess of night, the glitter of spears and helmets, and the banners floating dimly on the twilight; while now and then the blast of a distant trumpet echoed along the defile, and the signal was answered by a momentary clash of arms. She looked with horror upon the mountaineers, perched on the higher cliffs, assailing the troops below with broken fragments of the mountain; on soldiers and elephants tumbling headlong down the lower precipices; and, as she listened to the rebounding rocks, that followed their fall, the terrors of fancy yielded to those of reality, and she shuddered to behold herself on the dizzy height, whence she had pictured the descent of others.

The Pass of St. Gothard, Switzerland



The Devil's Bridge Saint Gothard



"Snow Storm Hannibal and His Army Crossing the Alps" (1812)
William Turner



Passage of Mount Ceniz

Volume II - Chapter II (Venice)

[...] Nothing could exceed Emily's admiration on **her first view of Venice**, with its islets, palaces, and towers rising out of the sea, whose **clear surface reflected the tremulous picture in all its colours**. The sun, sinking in the west, tinted the waves and the lofty mountains of Friuli, which skirt the northern shores of the Adriatic, with a saffron glow, while on the marble porticos and colonnades of St. Mark were thrown the rich lights and shades of evening. As they glided on, the grander features of this city appeared more distinctly: **its terraces, crowned with airy yet majestic fabrics, touched, as they now were, with the splendour of the setting sun**, appeared as if they had been called up from the ocean by the wand of an **enchanter**, rather than reared by mortal hands.

The sun, soon after, sinking to the lower world, the shadow of the earth stole gradually over the waves, and then up the towering sides of the mountains of Friuli, till it extinguished even the last upward beams that had lingered on their summits, and the **melancholy purple of evening** drew over them, like a thin veil. **How deep, how beautiful was the tranquillity that wrapped the scene!** All nature seemed to repose; the **finest emotions of the soul were alone awake**. Emily's **eyes filled with tears of admiration and sublime devotion**, as she raised them over the sleeping world to the vast heavens, and heard the notes of solemn music, that stole over the waters from a distance.

[...] a procession, floating on the light surface of the water: as it approached, the horns and other instruments mingled sweetly, and soon after the fabled deities of the city seemed to have arisen from the ocean; for Neptune, with Venice personified as his queen, came on the undulating waves, surrounded by tritons and sea-nymphs. The fantastic splendour of this spectacle, together with the grandeur of the surrounding palaces, appeared like the vision of a poet suddenly embodied, and the fanciful images, which it awakened in Emily's mind, lingered there long after the procession had passed away. She indulged herself in imagining what might be the manners and delights of a sea-nymph, till she almost wished to throw off the habit of mortality, and plunge into the green wave to participate them.



William Turner



Volume II - Chapter V (Udolpho)

[...] At length, the travellers began to ascend among the **Apennines**. The immense pine-forests, which, at that period, overhung these mountains, and between which the road wound, excluded all view but of the cliffs aspiring above, except, that, now and then, an opening through the dark woods allowed **the eye** a momentary glimpse of the country below. The gloom of these shades, their solitary silence, except when the breeze swept over their summits, the tremendous precipices of the mountains, that came partially to **the eye**, each assisted to raise the **solemnity of Emily's feelings into awe**; she saw only images of **gloomy grandeur**, or of **dreadful sublimity**, around her; other images, equally **gloomy** and equally **terrible**, gleamed on her **imagination**. She was going she scarcely knew whither, under the dominion of a person, from whose arbitrary disposition she had already suffered so much, to marry, perhaps, a man who possessed neither her affection, or esteem; or to endure, beyond the hope of succour, whatever punishment revenge, and that **Italian revenge**, might dictate. The more she considered what might be the motive of the journey, the more she became convinced, that it was for the purpose of concluding her nuptials with Count Morano, with that secrecy, which her resolute resistance had made necessary to the honour, if not to the safety, of Montoni. From the deep solitudes, into which she was immersing, and from the **gloomy castle**, of which she had heard some mysterious hints, her sick heart recoiled in **despair**, and she experienced, that, though her mind was already occupied by peculiar distress, it was still alive to the influence of new and local circumstance; why else did she shudder at the idea of this **desolate castle**?

[...] Emily lost, for a moment, her sorrows, in the immensity of nature.

[...] The scene seemed **perpetually changing**, and its features to assume **new forms**, as the winding road brought them to **the eye** in different attitudes; while the **shifting** vapours, now partially concealing their minuter beauties and now illuminating them with **splendid tints**, assisted the **illusions of the sight**.

[...] **Wild and romantic** as were these scenes, their character had far **less of the sublime, that had those of the Alps**, which guard the entrance of Italy. Emily was often elevated, but seldom felt those emotions of indescribable awe which she had so continually experienced, in her **passage over the Alps**.

Towards the **close of day**, the road wound into a deep valley. Mountains, whose shaggy steeps appeared to be inaccessible, almost surrounded it. To the east, a vista opened, that exhibited the **Apennines in their darkest horrors**; and the long perspective of retiring summits, rising over each other, their ridges clothed with pines, exhibited a **stronger image of grandeur, than any that Emily had yet seen**. **The sun had just sunk below the top of the mountains she was descending**, whose **long shadow** stretched athwart the valley, but his sloping rays, shooting through an opening of the cliffs, touched with a **yellow gleam the summits of the forest**, that hung upon the opposite steeps, and streamed in full **splendour upon the towers and battlements of a castle**, that spread its extensive ramparts along the brow of a precipice above. **The splendour** of these illumined objects was heightened by the contrasted shade, which involved the valley below.

'There,' said **Montoni**, speaking for the first time in several hours, 'is **Udolpho**.'

Emily gazed with melancholy awe upon the castle, which she understood to be Montoni's; for, though it was now lighted up by the setting sun, **the gothic greatness** of its features, and its mouldering walls of **dark grey stone**, rendered it a **gloomy and sublime object**. As she gazed, the light died away on its walls, leaving a **melancholy purple tint**, which spread deeper and deeper, as the thin vapour crept up the mountain, while the battlements above were still tipped with splendour. From those, too, **the rays soon faded, and the whole edifice was invested with the solemn duskiness of evening. Silent, lonely, and sublime**, it seemed to stand the **sovereign of the scene**, and to frown defiance on all, who dared to invade its solitary reign. **As the twilight deepened, its features became more awful in obscurity**, and Emily continued to gaze, till its clustering towers were alone seen, rising over the tops of the woods, beneath whose thick shade the carriages soon after began to ascend. The **extent and darkness of these tall woods awakened terrific images in her mind**, and **she almost expected to see banditti start up from under the trees.**

JANE AUSTEN

NORTHANGER ABBEY

written around 1798-99
published posthumously in 1817

Catherine Morland

(sentimental heroine)

Isabella Thorpe

(fashionable heroine)

Henry Tilney

(mentor & lover)

General Tilney

(suspected gothic monster)

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=rJibAAUEMDY>

Altre letture di Jane Austen:

Charlotte Lennox (1730-1804), *The Female Quixote* (1752)

Maria Edgeworth (1768-1849), *Belinda* (1801)

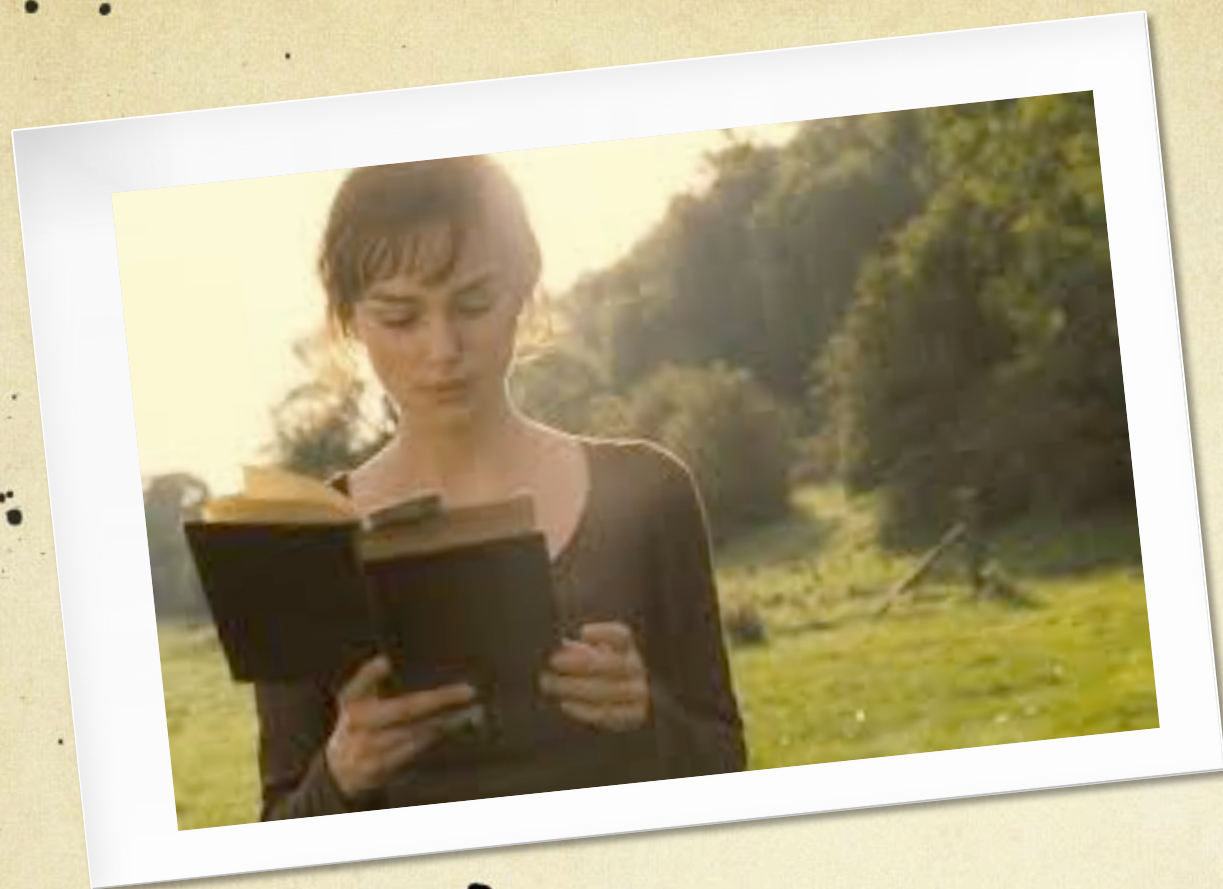


Romanzi di “Amori proibiti”:

Elizabeth Inchbald (1753-1821), *A Simple Story* (1791)

Mary Hays (1759-1843), *Memories of Emma Courtney* (1796)

Mary Wollstonecraft (1759-1797), *Maria; or the Wrongs of Woman* (1798)



Thank you!