

XIXth Century Prose (I)

Numéro d'inventaire : 2010.07761

Auteur(s) : Thomas de Quincey

Robert Louis Stevenson

Charlotte Brontë

Type de document : disque

Imprimeur : Anc. imp. Etaix-Havre

Collection : Artistique. English Texts

Inscriptions :

- lieu d'édition inscrit : 8 rue du Berri, Paris (8e)
- marque : Pléiade P. 4526
- logo : harpe

Matériau(x) et technique(s) : vinyle, papier

Description : Pochette en carton plastifié contenant un disque microsillon 45 tours et un dépliant.

Mesures : diamètre : 18 cm

hauteur : 16,6 cm ; largeur : 33 cm (dimensions du livret ouvert)

Notes : Disque contient : - Face A : 1. The Charm of Winter / De Quincey ; 2. A Night among the Pines (from Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes) / R. L. Stevenson ; speakers Christopher Hassall, L. A. G. Strong ; - Face B : 1. An Evening Party (from Jane Eyre) / Charlotte Brontë ; 2. Mr. Collins proposes to Elizabeth (from Pride and Prejudice) / Jane Austen ; speakers Miss Jill Balcon, L. A. G. Strong.

Mots-clés : Anglais

Autres descriptions : Langue : anglais

Nombre de pages : 6 p.

Voir aussi : <https://gallica.bnf.fr/ark:/12148/bpt6k88376938.r=PROSE%20DU%20XIX%C3%A8me%20SIECLE?rk=21459;2>

three quarters of the benefit of which provision is made for the larger household, personally familiar, and more or less interesting to your affections. The mountains be real mountains, between and four thousand feet high, and the cottage a cottage, not (as a witty author has it) "a cottage with a double coach-house"; let it be, in fact (for I must abide by the actual scene), a white cottage, embowered with flowering shrubs, so chosen as to unfold a succession of flowers upon the walls, and clustering around the windows, through all the months of spring, summer and autumn; beginning, in fact, with May roses, and ending with jasmine. Let it, however, not be spring nor summer, nor autumn; but winter, in its sternest shape. This is a most important point in the science of happiness. And I am surprised to see people overlook it, as if it were actually matter of congratulation that winter is going, or, if coming, is not likely to be one. On the contrary, I put up a great deal for as much snow, hail, frost, and other, as the skies can afford, as the awareness of the dis-



PLEIADE

45 TOURS
LONGUE DURÉE

...ladies there are) who are not one of the
happiness on the chance of being
me. I am perfectly serious in my
could not make me happy, and I am con-
I am the last woman in the world who w
se you so."

You must give me leave to flatter myself, my de-
usin, that your refusal of my addresses are merel
fords of course. My reasons for believing it are briefly
these;— It does not appear to me that my hand is
unworthy your acceptance, or that the establishment
I can offer you be any other than highly desirable.
My situation in life, my connections with the family
of De Bourgh, and my relationship to your own, are
circumstances highly in my favour; and you shoul
ke it into further consideration that, in spite of yo
nifold attractions, it is by no means certain th
her offer of marriage may ever be made to
portion, is unhappily, so small that it will
undo the effects of your loveliness and
As I must, therefore, conclude
in your rejection of me, I
your wish of increa

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Imp. A. Sensarrie - Modèle déposé

ENGLISH TEXTS

Recorded on Number P. 4526
Disques "PLEIADE" S.I.R.S.
8, Rue de Berri, PARIS

DE QUINCEY

THE CHARM OF WINTER

Let there be a cottage, standing in a valley, eighteen miles from any town; no spacious valley, but about two miles long by three quarters-of-a-mile in average width,—the benefit of which provision is that all the families resident within its circuit will compose, as it were, one larger household, personally familiar to your eye, and more or less interesting to your affections. Let the mountains be real mountains, between three and four thousand feet high, and the cottage a real cottage, not (as a witty author has it) "a cottage with a double coach-house"; let it be, in fact (for I must abide by the actual scene), a white cottage, embowered with flowering shrubs, so chosen as to unfold a succession of flowers upon the walls, and clustering around the windows, through all the months of spring, summer, and autumn; beginning, in fact, with May roses, and ending with jasmine. Let it, however, not be spring, nor summer, nor autumn; but winter, in its sternest shape. This is a most important point in the science of happiness. And I am surprised to see people overlook it, as if it were actually matter of congratulation that winter is going, or, if coming, is not likely to be a severe one. On the contrary, I put up a petition, annually, for as much snow, hail, frost, or storm of one kind or other, as the skies can possibly afford. Surely everybody is aware of the divine pleasures which attend a winter fireside—candles at four o'clock, warm hearth-rugs, tea, a fair tea-maker, shutters closed, curtains flowing in ample draperies on the floor, whilst the wind and rain are raging audibly without.

"And at the doors and windows seem to call,
As heaven and earth they would together mell;
Yet the least entrance find they none at all;
Whence sweeter grows our rest secure in massy hall."

All these are items in the description of a winter evening which must surely be familiar to everybody

