

The Works of Charlotte Smith

The Banished Man
and
The Wanderings of Warwick

Edited by
M. O. Grenby



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THE WORKS OF CHARLOTTE SMITH
VOLUME 7

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INTRODUCTION

THE WANDERINGS OF WARWICK

We cannot be certain that when Charlotte Smith introduced Captain Warwick and Isabella Somerive as minor characters into *The Old Manor House*, only to whisk them out of the narrative a few chapters later, that she intended their travels to form the subject of a sequel. On balance, even though Warwick and Isabella are more or less extraneous to the plot of *The Old Manor House*, it seems unlikely. Smith's surviving correspondence gives the impression that she did not meticulously plan her novels in advance, but rather that they developed organically as she wrote her twenty pages a day, sending sections off to her publishers as soon as they were completed.¹ Florence Hilbish's early study of her life and work went so far as to suggest that Smith had merely expanded what had originally been intended as an episode of *The Old Manor House*, and one might well understand *The Wanderings of Warwick* as its fifth volume.² However, by the time Warwick and Isabella reappear at the close of *The Old Manor House*'s final volume, Smith had certainly realized the potential for a spin-off. Warwick speaks of their time in America, Spain, Portugal, Ireland and Scotland, and promises to relate 'in detail all these adventures'. A footnote adds that these 'may perhaps appear in a detached work', and Joseph Bell, her publisher, was confident enough to advertise a two-volume sequel, 'already in the press', at the end of the first edition.³ Indeed, from what can be gathered from Smith's correspondence, Bell was convinced that he had signed Smith up for a multi-book deal. He had paid her £30 per volume for the first edition of *The Old Manor House*, which, wrote Smith, quoting Bell, 'he should

¹ Smith's habits while writing *The Old Manor House* were recorded by William Cowper in a letter to Lady Hesketh, 1 December 1792, in *The Letters and Prose Writings of William Cowper*, ed. by William King and Charles Ryskamp, 4 vols (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1986), vol. iv, p. 249.

² Florence May Anna Hilbish, *Charlotte Smith, Poet and Novelist (1749–1806)* (Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania, 1941), p. 427.

³ *Works of Charlotte Smith*, Volume 6, p. ix.

never have done, if he had not thought that in doing so He secured all my future publications'.¹

The sequel did duly appear: *The Wanderings of Warwick*, published in January 1794. The first thing that readers would have come across on opening the volume was the publisher's angry complaint that Smith had provided only one volume, when she had promised two. This was a vexed issue, resulting in insults, recriminations and an attempted arrest. But, in unravelling the causes and consequences of the feud, it is all too easy to lose sight of both the achievement of Smith's *Wanderings of Warwick* and its significance. *The Wanderings of Warwick* is not Smith's best book. Hilbish, usually so enthusiastic about Smith's work, calls it a failure, 'a ramble full of highly improbable adventure and forced incidents', in writing which Smith was 'primarily concerned with fulfilling her promise to her publisher'.² Carrol L. Fry calls it 'Smith's weakest novel'.³ But it is still daring in certain interesting ways. Moreover, sequels are a rare thing among eighteenth-century novels. One can easily see why the idea would have appealed in this case. Bell would have been anxious to milk as many volumes out of his star author as possible, having poached her from much more established publishers. (She had been with G. G. and J. Robinson for *Desmond* and Thomas Cadell before that.)⁴ For her part, Smith would surely have

¹ Charles Thomas-Stanford archive, Royal Pavilion, Libraries and Museums, Brighton & Hove, on deposit in the East Sussex Record Office: ACC 8997 (Letter L/AE/79 – 12/19 January 1794). Loraine Fletcher writes that Smith made £50 from *The Wanderings of Warwick*: See *Charlotte Smith: A Critical Biography* (Basingstoke: Palgrave Macmillan, 1998), p. 226.

² Hilbish, *Charlotte Smith*, p. 295.

³ Carrol L. Fry, *Charlotte Smith* (New York: Twayne Publishers, 1996), p. 96.

⁴ Smith had moved from the Robinsons to Bell, she later wrote, because her friend Henrietta O'Neill thought Robinson had 'treated me Cavalierly abt a trifle (not abt money) & almost insisted on my going to Bell, a Man till then hardly known as a publisher', Smith to Thomas Cadell Jr and William Davies, 5 January 1798, in Judith Phillips Stanton (ed.), *The Collected Letters of Charlotte Smith* (Bloomington and Indianapolis: Indiana University Press, 2003), pp. 305–6. Smith was one of Bell's first authors. He began publishing only in 1792, probably expanding his business from bookselling and stationery; see Ian Maxted, *The London Book Trades 1775–1800: A Preliminary Checklist of Members* (Folkestone: Dawson, 1977), pp. 17–18. The titles advertised as 'Just published' or 'In the press' in the front matter of *The Wanderings of Warwick* demonstrate that Bell had been successful in attracting other established authors too. Elizabeth Helme had already published with several firms before she produced *Duncan and Peggy: A Scottish Tale* for Bell in 1794, and Susannah Gunning had written for numerous publishers before her *Memoirs of Mary* was issued by Bell in 1793. That Bell was publishing two works by Susannah Gunning, and one by her daughter, Elizabeth Gunning, might be considered indicative of a deliberate attempt to court notoriety. The books of both mother and daughter included many scarcely veiled references to the Society Scandal of 1791, in which Elizabeth Gunning had apparently claimed to be engaged to the Marquess of Blandford, something quickly denied in public by his parents, the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough. A volley of forged letters and angry pamphlets followed, and Elizabeth's father turned both his daughter and his wife out of their home. Like Smith, the Gunnings and Helme, soon found other publishers after producing just one or two books with Bell. The only author to flourish under Bell's imprint was Stephen Cullen, whose *The Castle of Inchvally: A Tale – Alas! Too True* reached its third edition with Bell in 1796.

been delighted at the chance to receive further payment without the necessity of inventing a completely new set of characters and contexts. She was, after all, constantly in financial difficulties: 'Chain'd to her desk like a slave to his oar, with no other means of subsistence for herself and her numerous children', as William Cowper vividly put it.¹ But sequels were usually delivered only after a huge success by a really major novelist: the second part of Samuel Richardson's *Pamela* for instance. That Bell was immediately confident enough to commission Smith's follow-up to *The Old Manor House* is a significant testament to her reputation and her popularity. It might be said, then, that *The Wanderings of Warwick* represents the two sides of Smith's authorship: the esteem in which her writing was held by both the literary establishment and the public, and the desperate, even mercenary, professionalism which characterizes all of her career.

That Smith wrote only one volume of *The Wanderings of Warwick*, not the two that Bell thought had been promised, was a serious matter for her as well as for her publisher. Loraine Fletcher's biography of Smith states that Bell had her arrested in the street and that she avoided prison only when another publisher, Sampson Low, stood bail for her.² This is apparently based on a letter Smith wrote in 1798, when she was still clearly angry about the affair and, she said, 'determined to go to trial with Mr Bell' over his accusation that she had appropriated money he had advanced for the second volume. When we evaluate this claim we would do well to remember its context. The letter, like so much of Smith's surviving correspondence, was written to her then publishers (at this point Cadell and Davies), and it was intended to shore up their willingness to bring out her work. In refuting Bell's claims she was establishing herself as a trustworthy writer, arguing that 'Mr Bells impudent calumny' has 'fallen harmless, & that to purchase my books is not a losing game' (and mentioning, as if by-the-by, that 'I had only yesterday an offer from one of the most eminent booksellers in this quarter of the Town to take any work I was writing on my own terms').³ The loss of her reputation as a reliable and saleable author was just as dangerous to Smith as the threat of imprisonment. It is therefore wholly understandable that her letters are so adamant about her having 'compleated my whole engagement' to Bell with *The Wanderings of Warwick*'s single volume.⁴ But that Bell honestly expected a second volume is very clear. Each gathering of the novel bears the text 'Vol.I' at the foot of its first page, indicating that the printer was told to anticipate at least

¹ Cowper to William Hayley, 29 January 1793, in King and Ryskamp (eds), *Letters and Prose Writings of William Cowper*, vol. iv, p. 281.

² Fletcher, *Charlotte Smith*, p. 212.

³ Smith to Thomas Cadell Jr and William Davies, 9 November 1798. In Stanton (ed.), *Collected Letters*, pp. 316–17.

⁴ Smith to Thomas Cadell, 16 December [17]93. In Stanton (ed.), *Collected Letters*, pp. 87–9.

one other volume. And, in a recently discovered letter, Smith herself is equivocal. 'I never positively promis'd two', she wrote to Cadell in January 1794. 'But if I had', she goes on, in what amounts to a confession, 'as I was paid only for what I did produce, surely I had a right to withdraw a promise I was rendered from circumstances unable to fulfil'. She listed these circumstances. The first was a worsening in her financial difficulties. The second was the injury sustained by her son Charles while he was fighting near Dunkirk: his lower leg was amputated and his brother Lionel was sent to bring him back to Britain. And her third reason confirms that she had planned a second volume: 'I had a friend, who died in September in Portugal, who on going thither promis'd to send me materials for my Novel – & to let me have some very beautiful verses she had written[.] She died – After so severe an illness, as made her unable to perform her promise.'¹ This reveals a great deal about her plans for the novel.

The friend was Henrietta O'Neill, herself a poet, and also Smith's patron. She died at Caldas de Rainha, a spa outside Lisbon, on 3 September 1793. As well as featuring in *The Banished Man*, O'Neill has a partial analogue in *The Wanderings of Warwick* in Mrs Effingham, whose 'constitution naturally very delicate' had been much injured by 'the fatigue of a fashionable life' in England, and who visits Caldas de Rainha with the other central characters (p. 37). It is certainly easy to see where O'Neill's accounts of the life of English expatriates in Portugal, and descriptions of the country, might have fitted into the novel. As it is, Smith does include some fairly lengthy descriptions of Portuguese scenery, relying on books in the absence of O'Neill's accounts, notably Jean-François Peyron's *Nouveau Voyage en Espagne, Fait en 1777 & 1778* (1782) and Philip Thicknesse's *A Year's Journey Through France, and Part of Spain* (1777). These go against the stated policy of Warwick, Smith's narrator, who frequently claims to disdain the possibility of filling his account with mere descriptions. 'I might here embellish my narrative with a description of Jamaica', he says early in the novel, but 'I will not lengthen my narrative by an account' (p. 15). Likewise, when in Portugal, he remarks, 'if I were disposed to lengthen my narrative, I would tell you what kind of country we passed through', and even once he reaches the famously beautiful Portuguese royal residence, he adds, 'I would describe Cintra to you, if it were not much better described already' (p. 60). This is partly Smith's sophisticated technique for establishing Warwick's self-image. He sees himself, not wholly accurately, as an unpretentious, factual reporter, who would not waste his auditors' time with the 'womanly' narration of experiences and emotions, rather than actions and events. But Warwick's obstinate refusals are also surely symptomatic of Smith's anxiety about how she would fill her book. She was

¹ Smith to Thomas Cadell. Charles Thomas-Stanford Archive (Letter L/AE/79 – 12/19 January 1794).

clearly unwilling to be thought of as one of those authors who construct 'a wild and tedious farrago of improbabilities, join'd by copied & eternally recurring Landscapes' – her complaint about Ann Radcliffe's *Mysteries of Udolpho*.¹ She was trying to convince her readers that she was still providing value for money in her fiction; that she was original, not simply rehashing material, and that a story drove the novel, not merely descriptive sketches.

She had some cause for anxiety on this point, for the story is not strong in *The Wanderings of Warwick*. Hilbish condemned it as 'a tale without plot', but this is overly harsh.² Were it not for the fact that he has his Penelope with him from the start, Warwick might be regarded as a sort of Ulysses, beginning as a hero in the war in America and then seeking to find his way home, being buffeted from one adventure to another, until eventually he returns. Although Warwick finally decides to call his story 'wanderings', he first refers to his adventures as a 'Pilgrim's Progress' (p. 8). This is both apt and ironic. Like Christian, Warwick does reform as a result of his adventures – or at least he tells us he does. His writing down of the narrative has apparently been part of the process: 'I have related our adventures; I have ingenuously acknowledged my errors, and I trust I am at length cured of them'. He ends the novel 'the Steward of my two Boys', not 'the dissipated Man of the World' (pp. 101–2). Yet Smith undercuts Warwick's purported reformation at the very beginning of the novel, before his narration commences. For even after his adventures, we learn at the book's beginning, he is constantly in danger of falling back 'into dissipation' since he is so bored 'by the monotony of domestic life' (p. 7). He has, it seems, learned nothing, and his boasting to the contrary at the close of the novel is, if it is not open hypocrisy, then mere vanity.

What this demonstrates is the unreliability of Warwick's narration, something central to the novel's appeal. Caroline Franklin thinks of *The Wanderings of Warwick* 'an experiment in narrative technique', in which 'the omniscient author convention is abandoned in favour of a confessional first-person account'.³ As such, the novel bears some relation to Smith's epistolary novel, *Desmond*, and to *Manon Lescaut*, which Smith had translated, for both had also abandoned the omniscient, reliable narrator. (There are also echoes of Prévost's account of Des Grieux and Manon in Smith's tale of Villanova and Xaviera, though Villanova ends more like Goethe's Werther.) In particular, Smith has great fun in establishing a gap between Warwick's stated views and what his narrative unconsciously reveals, thereby exposing his character flaws and self-delusion. He consist-

¹ Smith to Thomas Cadell. Charles Thomas-Stanford Archive (Letter L/AE/95 – 11 May 1794).

² Hilbish, *Charlotte Smith*, p. 295.

³ Caroline Franklin, 'Introduction' to a facsimile edition of *The Wanderings of Warwick* (London: Routledge/Thoemmes Press, 1992), p. xi.

ently imagines himself at the centre of events, propelling his wanderings forward, even though he is actually buffeted from one adventure to the next against his will. He is emotionally immature, preposterously proud, and laughably egotistical. Smith delights in subtly mocking his hypocrisy, his national chauvinism, his religious bigotry and his concupiscent commodification of women.

Smith's depiction of a marriage that has already taken place, rather than the journey leading up to it, is also remarkably avant-garde, putting Smith 'about one hundred and fifty years in advance of her profession' in Hilbish's opinion.¹ Smith was evidently proud of this originality, having Warwick point it out at the beginning of the novel (p. 9). She would similarly tease her readers with the prospect of a novel that did not revolve around courtship in her 'Avis au lecteur' in *The Banished Man* (p. 194). However, in the later novel she capitulated, introducing twin love-plots. Unwilling and unable to do the same in *The Wanderings of Warwick*, she explores the tensions and suspicions that develop between Warwick and Isabella, Mrs Effingham and Sir Randolph, and Villanova. There are misunderstandings and jealousies which would not be out of place in a theatrical farce. But they are treated seriously and underpinned by the tragedy of Villanova's and Xaviera's story. As well as his adventures, Warwick fills his narration with memories of the jealous fantasies that occurred to him whenever his life seemed in danger, of Isabella 'in the arms of another, and my children burthsome to another family' (p. 29). In dealing with the tensions of relationships, Smith was following on from her daring depictions of unhappy marriages, disrupted by new lovers, in *Desmond*. There, the problems of the marriages under analysis had been clear-cut and easily resolvable by the eventual union of the true lovers, Desmond and Geraldine. In *The Wanderings of Warwick* there is no such easy way out, either for Warwick and Isabella, or for Villanova and Xaviera. Although we know that the relationship between Warwick and Isabella will survive, *The Wanderings of Warwick* provides an analysis of the destructive power of jealousy, and the consequences of a lapsing of love, that very few, if any, late eighteenth-century novelists would have dared to attempt.

For all its originality, and occasionally, subtlety, Smith's depiction of her central characters' marriage is rather lopsided. Isabella remains a very sketchily drawn character: not the energetic coquettish figure of *The Old Manor House*, but passive and domestic. 'That love of admiration', her husband tell us, 'has now given place to the most constant attention to her duty as a mother and a wife', but we do not witness this reformation for ourselves (p. 102). Isabella is a heroine rather in the manner of those praised by Mary Robinson's proto-feminist *Letter to the Women of England* (1799), women like Lady Harriet Ackland who followed her husband to

¹ Hilbish, *Charlotte Smith*, p. 546.

the War of American Independence, tended his wounds and attended him when he was taken prisoner. 'We have known women desert their peaceful homes, the indolence of obscure retirement, and the indulgence of feminine amusements, to brave the very heat of battle ... and, from the very heroism of love, repeatedly hazard their existence', wrote Robinson, in her attempt to 'put to shame those puerile cavillers who attempt to depreciate the mental strength of woman'.¹ But, in *The Wanderings of Warwick*, we are never given Isabella's side of the story. Nor is Xaviera allowed to speak for herself, unlike the heroines of Aphra Behn's fiction, whose accounts of imprisonment in a convent, and complicated relationships often leading to betrayal and violence, are echoed in the Villanova narrative. It is never clear, for example, why Xaviera, as the sole heir of a rich father and the widow, albeit unfaithful, of Villanova's brother, has to rely on Villanova for money (as his 'generosity and greatness of mind' in settling money on her implies: p. 79), nor why she should not legitimately marry her lover, Dorazzi. Indeed, throughout the novel, we find that women are cursorily judged by the male characters, almost always in terms of their coquettishness. Villanova introduces Xaviera as a 'decided coquet' (p. 50) and Warwick no sooner sees her in her convent than he feels qualified to remark on 'her natural propensity to coquetry' (p. 63). He is equally sure that Mrs Effingham is 'a decided coquet' (p. 38), though he admits that it was she he used 'to coquet with' in Jamaica (p. 37). Sir Randolph labels Isabella a coquet too (p. 42), or at least, in his attempt to loosen her marriage bonds, tells Warwick that she is so. Smith presents her male narrators, in other words, as judgmental, self-righteous and objectifying, although she never explicitly upbraids them for it. Warwick's misogyny adds to his complex characterization, and further complicates the novel's narrativity. When, for instance, he announces that 'I never yet met with an instance where two beauties, or two female wits, could cordially love each other', but then remembers himself, and apologies to his two auditors, Isabella and Monimia, we see his attitudes laid bare, the insincerity of his politeness revealed, and a subtle undermining of his authority as a reporter of his wanderings (p. 63).

On occasion in *The Wanderings of Warwick*, Smith seems to use Warwick as a mouthpiece for her own views. But at other times she distances herself from her hero, her footnotes moderating or even undermining his views. Throughout, Smith plays with this relationship. Towards the end of the novel, for example, Warwick gives voice to one of Smith's favourite

¹ Robinson, *A Letter to the Women of England, on the Injustice of Mental Subordination*, ed. by Sharon M. Setzer (Peterborough, Ontario: Broadview Press, 2003), p. 60. Lady Harriet Ackland's story was included in General John Burgoyne's *A State of the Expedition from Canada, as Laid Before the House of Commons* (London: J. Almon, 1780), and it is possible that Smith was influenced by the account, although Isabella is far less involved in the action in Warwick's account than Lady Harriet was in Burgoyne's.

maxims, avowing ‘that a lawyer must be a rogue par metier’, but a note immediately adds that ‘the author disclaims’ such an accusation, for she knows that there are ‘*some* exceptions’ (p. 91). This is at once a retreat from, and an intensification of, his scorn. On the issue of slavery, Smith’s use of persona becomes crucial. Warwick claims that he has investigated the situation of the West Indian slaves thoroughly, forming ‘a tolerably impartial estimate of their real situation’ (p. 21). He professes disquiet. He repudiates the behaviour of his friends who own slaves and treat them cruelly, and he tells the lengthy tale of another friend, who calls off his wedding when he finds his bride-to-be apparently enjoying the sight of an enslaved child being beaten (pp. 21–4). And yet, he contends ‘that the subject seen nearer loses some of its horrors’ (p. 21), and that ‘the general lot of this unfortunate race was more tolerable than we are led to suppose from a transient view of their situation’ (p. 26). It is the cruelty of some masters he objects to, not the institution of slavery. He is personally involved in the slave trade through his purchase of at least two slaves, even though he frees one of them. (It is not certain whether the other, a ‘mulatto woman, whom I had purchased for Isabella’, accompanies them as a slave or a servant: pp. 19, 88 and 95.) Many of those who maintain ownership of their slaves are kind, he says – almost heroically so, in fact, when one considers ‘those perverse and savage tempers of some of those unhappy beings who are their property’ (p. 26). In any case, he continues, slaves often love their masters and take pride in the plantation where they work (p. 26). He thinks his clinching argument is that most slaves, knowing nothing but their slavery, are no more discontented than English peasants. Indeed, their condition is sometimes ‘preferable to that of the English poor’, a point he illustrates by describing the harsh and precarious life English labourers often lead, notwithstanding their theoretical freedom (p. 26).

In a nutshell, then, Warwick’s view is that ‘dreadful as the condition of slavery is, the picture of its horrors is often overcharged’ (p. 27). He is an ‘ameliorationist’: against abolition of the slave trade and emancipation of existing slaves, but humane and in favour of reform. Most modern-day supporters of Charlotte Smith have endeavoured to find that she did not hold these views herself. Hilbish straightforwardly calls Smith an ‘abolitionist’.¹ Carrol Fry claims that ‘Smith makes a strong antislavery statement in her fiction’. She argues, for instance, that Warwick’s comparison of cosseted life of a West Indian slave with the harsher existence of an English peasant ‘should be read as Smith’s sympathy for the British labourer rather than as a defence of slavery’.² Moira Ferguson shows that *Desmond* reveals Smith’s anti-slavery opinions, and Eamon Wright, looking at *The Old Manor House*, maintains that Smith ‘stood tall as an anti-slavery

¹ Hilbish, *Charlotte Smith*, p. 296.

² Fry, *Charlotte Smith*, pp. 97 and 100.

ideologue'.¹ One might also argue that the endorsement of slavery in the novel is not Smith's own, being offered only through Warwick, and contributing to the construction of his complex and self-deluding character. It is by no means out of the question, however, that Warwick's arguments do represent Smith's views. The footnote that appears towards the end of Warwick's digression on slavery, worrying that the reader will be bored by 'a sort of dissertation on negro slavery', is clearly in the voice of the author, not a character. And when the note adds that 'I should have tempted their patience for a few pages more, if I had not, since I wrote this part, seen Mr. Edward's History of the West Indies' there is surely a further suggestion of an alignment between the views of author and character (p. 28n). That Bryan Edwards's *The History, Civil and Commercial, of the British Colonies in the West Indies*, just published in 1793, is recommended here, admired for its clearness, accuracy, knowledge, integrity and humanity, is extremely significant. Edwards is generally described as 'one of the most powerful and effective supporters of the slave trade'. Yet he was also a vocal critic of abuses of the slaving system and the cruelty suffered by many slaves. In a celebrated address in 1790 he wrote that he was 'no friend to slavery in any shape, or under any modification', but he was equally convinced that it was a necessary evil, which had always existed, and that abolition of slavery or the trade would cause only greater evils than already existed under British regulation.² These are precisely the same superficially equivocating, but actually firmly conservative, views that Warwick expresses.

Smith's concurrence with Edwards's views should not surprise us. He was her friend. They had been neighbours in the early years of Smith's marriage, and Edwards had admired her poetry and advised on how to get it published.³ Moreover, Smith's father-in-law had acquired his wealth from West Indian cotton and sugar plantations that were worked by slaves. (He may have invested in the slave trade too, Fletcher hints.⁴) This was the money on which Smith and her family lived in the early years of her marriage, and it formed the inheritance that she struggled for so long to secure for her children. In any case, Warwick's position on slavery was not unusual, even in educated and liberal circles. As with Smith, it has long been assumed that Maria Edgeworth, for instance, was an abolitionist or

¹ Moira Ferguson, *Subject to Others: British Women Writers and Colonial Slavery, 1670–1834* (New York and London: Routledge, 1992), p. 192; Eamon Wright, *British Women Writers and Race, 1788–1818: Narrations of Modernity* (Basingstoke: Palgrave Macmillan, 2005), p. 73. Unlike Wright, Ferguson also mentions *The Wanderings of Warwick*, regretting that it demonstrates how Smith, like other 'avid, erstwhile supporters' of abolition, later adopted 'Bryan Edwards' racist analysis' (p. 364n34).

² Peter J. Kitson (ed.), *The Abolition Debate*, in *Slavery, Abolition and Emancipation: Writings in the British Romantic Period*, ed. by Peter J. Kitson and Debbie Lee, 8 vols (London: Pickering & Chatto, 1999), vol. ii.

³ Fletcher, *Charlotte Smith*, p. 64.

⁴ Fletcher, *Charlotte Smith*, p. 291.

emancipationist. But George Boulukos has recently argued persuasively that her ‘The Grateful Negro’ (1804) shows her to be an ameliorationist, just like Warwick. Edgeworth too based her regretful tolerance of slavery very securely on the arguments of Bryan Edwards.¹

The Wanderings of Warwick, though, does not by any means represent Smith’s final word on slavery. Comparing the novel with her other works which deal with the subject creates a complicated picture of fluctuating alignments. In her children’s book *Rambles Further* (1796), for instance, Smith could display a decided hostility to plantation slavery and the slave trade. And in ‘The Story of Henrietta’, part of *Letters of a Solitary Wanderer* (1800), it has been argued that Smith presents an anti-slavery argument, although one based on a racist conviction that whites are degraded by contact with black slaves.² Perhaps Smith’s views on slavery changed over time. Perhaps they changed according to her intended audience. Perhaps she deliberately wrote about slavery to achieve specific satirical aims, to reveal Warwick’s character or to disrupt the glib conventions of sentimental fiction (which is how Charlotte Sussman reads the episode in *The Wanderings of Warwick* in which a refined and beautiful woman, who has often been seen to ‘weep over the fictitious distresses of a novel’, is discovered cruelly beating her slave: p. 24).³ It is certain that in the early 1790s, the public debate on slavery was vociferous. Smith must surely have intended her ‘dissertation on negro slavery’ to be regarded as a considered contribution to it. Whatever her personal views were, she presented a ‘range of perspectives’ on slavery, as Adriana Craciun has noted.⁴ On the basis of *The Wanderings of Warwick*, it seems most accurate to regard Smith, like Edwards and Warwick, as critical of the abuses of slavery, but by no means an opponent of the institution.

Aside from this, *The Wanderings of Warwick* is not as overtly political as *Desmond*, *The Old Manor House* or *The Banished Man*. The novel is set during the early phase of the American War of Independence (though the fact that Spain and Britain were at war from June 1779 does not interfere too much with Warwick’s progress around Iberia), and occasionally Smith does express some pacifism – politically relevant in 1793 at the commencement

¹ George E. Boulukos, ‘Maria Edgeworth’s “Grateful Negro” and the Sentimental Argument for Slavery’, *Eighteenth-Century Life* 23 (1999), pp. 12–29.

² George E. Boulukos, ‘The Horror of Hybridity: Charlotte Smith’s Philosophical Anti-slavery Racism in *The Story of Henrietta* (1800)’, *Essays and Studies*, ed. by Brychan Carey and Peter J. Kitson (forthcoming 2007). I am grateful to Professor Boulukos for allowing me to see an early version of this essay.

³ Charlotte Sussman, *Consuming Anxieties: Consumer Protest, Gender, and British Slavery, 1713–1833* (Stanford, CA: Stanford University Press, 2000), pp. 180–1.

⁴ Adriana Craciun, *British Women Writers and the French Revolution* (Basingstoke: Palgrave Macmillan, 2005), p. 173. Craciun’s chapter 4, ‘Citizens of the World: The Émigrés in the British Imagination’, presents a valuable analysis of *The Wanderings of Warwick* and *The Banished Man* (pp. 138–78).

of a new round of Anglo-French hostilities. *The Wanderings of Warwick* is, however, certainly a satirical novel, chiefly targeting the Edinburgh and London literary establishment. The satire is both general and personal. Smith attacks the literary reviews most fiercely. Warwick points out that critics are not free to assess literary works on merit alone, but are forced to judge according to the publisher's name, the political party the author espoused or, more obscurely, 'other motives ... which I will not even now reveal' (p. 98). And she attacks the two figures of Mac Gowan, an author, critic and the owner of a critical review, and Mrs Manby, a sentimental poet and playwright who had already been introduced in *The Old Manor House*.

Mrs Manby is a thinly disguised portrait of Hannah Cowley (née Parkhouse; 1743–1809), a successful playwright since the mid-1770s, but also famous for a quarrel over plagiarism with Hannah More in 1779 and for her authorship of much of the Della Cruscan poetry that had appeared in 1787 and 1788. Using the pseudonym 'Anna Matilda', Cowley published poetry in public correspondence with several 'soft swains who gently touch the tuneful shell', as Smith laughingly calls them, but particularly with 'Della Crusca' – 'Amadeus Philolyric' in *The Wanderings of Warwick*, and Robert Merry in reality (p. 99).¹ It is part of Anna Matilda's poem 'To Della Crusca' (1788), under the guise of being by Mrs Manby's alter ego Sophonisba, that Smith shows being castigated and converted into prose by Mac Gowan. This prosification exposes Anna Matilda's poetry as ludicrously high-flown, and reveals the critical inabilities of Mac Gowan, who cannot recognize the writing of his protégée when she writes under her new *nom de plume*. While the second of these intentions accords with Smith's general literary satire, it is not clear why she should have attacked Cowley in this way. There is no record of a disagreement, or even acquaintance, between them. The highly stylized eroticism of Della Cruscan verse shocked some readers, and amused others, while some professed to be concerned about the politically radical leanings of some of its practitioners, notable Merry. It seems unlikely that Smith would have been unduly concerned by any of these literary, moral or political concerns. William Gifford ridiculed all aspects of Della Cruscan poetry in his successful verse satire *The Baviad* (1791; *The Maeviad*, partially on the same theme, followed in 1795). Perhaps it is most likely, then, that Smith was merely incorporating an element of contemporaneity into her novel with her vilification of Mrs Manby. Her contempt for Mac Gowan is easier to explain even if he

¹ Others contributed verse in a similar mode, and anthologies of their poetry began to appear in 1788, such as Sophonisba's 'small volume', probably *The British Album* (1788). New editions were forthcoming until about the time that *The Wanderings of Warwick* was published. See Jacqueline Labbe, 'The Anthologised Romance of Della Crusca and Anna Matilda', *Romanticism on the Net*, 18 (May 2000), www.erudit.org/revue/ron/2000/v/n18/005916ar.html, 8 June 2006.

is not easier to identify. His incompetence and venality might form a portrait of many of Smith's connections in the book trade, perhaps especially Joseph Bell, with whom relations could already have been deteriorating as Smith was concluding her novel (he was to come under much more direct attack in *The Banished Man*). The clues in the text, though, suggest that Mac Gowan was a Scot moved to London, and that he was critical of Anna Matilda's poetry. Of the main reviews of Della Cruscan poetry which appeared in 1788–9, most were favourable, only the *English Review* being openly hostile.¹ Its editor was John Murray, founder of the publishing dynasty, and a Scot resident in London, as were many of the contributors to the journal. It is possible that Smith meant to satirize Murray or one of his collaborators, but, if so, we cannot be sure why. Indeed, Smith had benefited from very positive reviews in her career until this point – as she was to continue to do with *The Wanderings of Warwick*.²

Smith's satire of the literary world also shows her ambivalence about her profession. Warwick, writing under the name Lorraine, might be said to embody Smith's hopes for herself as an author: that she could achieve success without compromising her social standing and moral integrity, and that she could succeed in forms other than the domestic novel. After all, Warwick's narrative had crossed several genres. Several of them – travel writing, historiography and satire, for example – were usually thought of as more masculine genres than sentimental fiction. On the other hand, Lorraine is also very ashamed of his profession, its low status and dependency. To be thus embarrassed by being an author is something Smith seems both to ridicule and sympathize with. At the very end of the novel, Smith has the only person who has known Warwick as both the profligate aristocrat and the penurious author suddenly die in a duel. Thus Warwick, having been reinstated in General Tracy's will, becomes again a prosperous, fashionable and independent individual, with nothing to tie him to his former penury except his own memories. Only then can he compose his narrative in an idyllic rural surrounding, for pleasure not for profit, as art not commodity, no longer the slave chained to his oar, as Cowper had called Smith. In the year of her greatest literary productivity, and of her greatest financial hardship, this was surely Smith's fantasy for her own life as an author.

¹ See Derek Roper, *Reviewing Before the Edinburgh 1788–1802* (London: Methuen, 1978), pp. 77–83, for a summary of the critical reception of the Della Cruscans. Roper also discusses the critical response to Smith's novels: pp. 124–32.

² *Monthly Review* n.s. 14 (1794), p. 113, found the novel morally instructive, praising its warnings against marital jealousy and the dangers of becoming emotionally attached to 'an unworthy object'. The *Critical Review* n.s. 11 (1794), pp. 84–9, admired Villanova's inset tale particularly, but worried that a sequel was necessarily less interesting than the original novel, and thought that Smith might have been mistaken in believing that her readers would remember what had happened in *The Old Manor House*.

THE BANISHED MAN

In a letter she wrote in January 1794 to Thomas Cadell, Smith refers to rumours then apparently circulating that her daughter was in fact the author of *The Banished Man*. The accusation was wholly false, she was at pains to point out – the result of Joseph Bell's malice towards her and the ungenerous behaviour of one of her former friends. This Mrs Lowes had misinterpreted and then broadcast the contents of a letter in which Smith had confided that, 'having got material for an interesting narrative', she was dictating it in note-form to her daughters 'while I worked at Warwick'.¹ What is remarkable is not the allegation of plagiarism, but the fact that Smith was working on her next novel even before she had finished the last. She would do the same when finishing *The Banished Man*, already trying to interest publishers in her next project, the 'sort of School book', *Rural Walks*.² Such was her financial need. But such also was the tremendous creative and physical energy that enabled her astonishingly prolific output in the middle years of her career.

In some ways, though, *The Banished Man* picks up straight from Smith's novel of 1792, *Desmond*. The action of this new novel begins just after the September Massacres of 1792. D'Alonville is the banished man of the title, cast out from France because of his anti-Revolutionary views: an émigré, in the language of the 1790s; a refugee or asylum-seeker in today's terminology. We first meet him as part of the émigré army, fighting against the Revolutionaries in the Low Countries. Thereafter, the majority of the novel is the history of his exile, although it also contains elements of adventure that would not be out of place in Baroness Orczy's *The Scarlet Pimpernel* (1905), or even Joseph Conrad's *Heart of Darkness* (1902). D'Alonville returns to France in disguise, where he hopes to be able to find and rescue a friend, De Touranges, made so desperate by the Revolution that he seeks only to throw away his life in fighting it. D'Alonville does not find him in France, but he encounters the appalling horror into which France has descended. Returning to Britain, the social and institutional corruption he finds is not so overtly horrific but dismays him nonetheless. Smith manages to engineer a happy ending only by sending D'Alonville and his English wife, along with their French, Polish and English friends, to Italy, where they establish what seems an almost pantisocratic community far removed from both French excess and the quieter vices of the British. In its conclusion too, then, *The Banished Man* echoes *Desmond*, which had also

¹ Charles Thomas-Stanford Archive (Letter L/AE/80 – 26 January 1794).

² Charlotte Smith to Thomas Cadell Sr, 11 June 1794, in Stanton (ed.), *Collected Letters*, p. 127.

ended with the prospect of a happy Anglo-French community of spouses and friends set apart from the rest of society.

If her conclusion to *The Banished Man* was utopian, Smith's contextualization of the novel's action was careful and accurate. The narrative begins in October 1792, with D'Alonville fleeing in a general retreat from the French Revolutionary army. Many such émigrés had joined the Austro-Prussian army in the spring and summer of 1792 around Koblenz. Incensed by news of the September Massacres in Paris, this force pressed into France, but was halted by the Revolutionaries at the Battle of Valmy on 20 September. The anti-Revolutionary allies had expected an easy victory, having convinced themselves that the French people were only waiting for the invasion for the opportunity to rise up against the new regime. Instead, the Revolutionary troops began to advance, moving beyond French borders and gaining support from many of the inhabitants of the German Rhineland. It is from either this advance, or the skirmishes further north preceding the Battle of Jemappes on 6 November, that D'Alonville and his father are fleeing as *The Banished Man* opens. At Jemappes, the French triumphed, destroying the hopes of the allied armies and scattering their émigré associates across Europe.¹ Certainly, the émigrés could not return home. Laws passed by the Revolutionary regimes against them had grown gradually more severe. Priests who refused to swear the oath of loyalty to the Civil Constitution of the Clergy were banished from France in August 1792, and over 30,000 left, including, it would seem, De Touranges's tutor, the Abbé de St Remi. During September and October 1792 the property of anyone who had left France, as D'Alonville had, was confiscated. Then, these emigrants were legally banished in perpetuity. In order to understand the risk D'Alonville was running in returning to France, it is important to realize that, from early 1793, all returned emigrants captured in arms were to be executed immediately. For that matter, any found unarmed were subject to a mandatory death sentence as soon as their identity was verified.²

In Britain the émigrés were greeted with both hospitality and scorn. Some expressed familiar anxieties about the pressure such large numbers of migrants would have on the economy. Others worried about the presence of so many Roman Catholics: 2,000 French priests were in Britain by 1793. And, as Smith documents in the novel, there was concern that emigrants might be French spies (p. 390). On the other hand, many estab-

¹ For more detail on this history, see T. C. W. Blanning, *The French Revolutionary Wars 1787–1802* (London: Arnold, 1996), pp. 71–91.

² For more detail, see Donald Greer, *The Incidence of the Emigration During the French Revolution* (Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press, 1951), especially pp. 26–31, and Kirsty Carpenter, *Refugees of the French Revolution: Émigrés in London, 1789–1802* (Basingstoke and New York: Palgrave Macmillan, 1999), or, more succinctly, *The Longman Companion to the French Revolution*, ed. by Colin Jones (London and New York: Longman, 1988), pp. 194–8.

lishment figures publicly gave their support to the émigrés. In March 1793 Hannah More wrote *Remarks on the Speech of M. Dupont* for the benefit of the National Relief Committee for the émigrés. In November, Frances Burney was induced by similar motives (and perhaps her marriage to an émigré in July) to make her only intervention in public affairs with her *Brief Reflections Relative to the Emigrant French Clergy*.¹ For her part, Smith actually gave shelter to emigrants arriving on the south coast of England in the winter of 1792–3, and she no doubt drew upon their experiences to write her long poem, fusing their plight and her own, *The Emigrants* (1793).² While she was writing it, the narrative possibilities of the émigré predicament must have occurred to her: men and women driven from affluence and privilege by the Revolution and forced to show their true mettle during the course of perilous adventures before they reached safety and a happy denouement abroad. She was one of the first to use such a plot, but hardly the last. It became a staple of gothic anti-Jacobin fiction, for instance, in such novels as Charles Lucas's *The Castle of St. Donats* (1798) or Helen Craik's *Adelaide de Narbonne* (1800), in both of which émigrés impersonate ghosts in order to elude persecution. It even featured in a number of children's books: Lucy Peacock's *The Little Emigrant* (1799), for example, or G. R. Hoare's *The Young Traveller: or Adventures of Etienne in Search of His Father* (1812).³

The second important historical context for *The Banished Man* is the late eighteenth-century history of Poland, which provides a sub-plot, and a wife for Edward Ellesmere, the second of the book's two heroes. In 1791, Poland had instituted the 'Constitution of the Third of May'. This was partly inspired by events in France, but was nevertheless welcomed in Britain because its establishment was bloodless and its reforms were moderate, more British or American in character than French. It was deemed dangerous by Catherine the Great of Russia, though, and in May 1792, just before the opening of Smith's narrative, Russian troops had invaded, ostensibly at the behest of anxious Polish magnates. The Polish reform movement was crushed, and Poland further partitioned between Russia,

¹ See Anne Stott, *Hannah More: The First Victorian* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2003), pp. 148–50; Margaret Anne Doody, *Frances Burney: The Life in the Works* (New Brunswick, NJ: Rutgers University Press, 1988), pp. 203–5; and Susan Wolfson, 'Charlotte Smith's Emigrants: Forging Connections at the Borders of a Female Tradition', *Huntington Library Quarterly* 3 (2000), pp. 509–44. Wolfson points out that Burney uses the phrase 'banished men' (p. 22).

² See Fletcher, *Charlotte Smith*, pp. 191–6. A letter from Smith to Joel Barlow which Fletcher quotes extensively demonstrates that Smith was already concerned about the plight of aristocratic French émigrés by November 1792 (pp. 192–3). She had used the idea of the emigrant as metaphor for lonely wretchedness as early as 1789 in her Sonnet XLIII.

³ For more on these two varieties of émigré literature, see M. O. Grenby, *The Anti-Jacobin Novel: British Conservatism and the French Revolution* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2001) and M. O. Grenby, 'Politicizing the Nursery: British Children's Literature and the French Revolution', *The Lion and the Unicorn* 27 (2003), pp. 1–26.

Prussia and Austria. It is apparently from this invasion, and from the wave of unrest which accompanied it, that Carlowitz and his daughter Alexina are fleeing when D'Alonville and Ellesmere encounter them in Germany. Carlowitz's story cleverly combines with D'Alonville's, the Pole's initial support for reform and revolution dwindling as the novel progresses, just as D'Alonville moves in the other direction, gradually accepting that his enthusiasm for the *ancien régime* in France was misplaced. The Polish context of the novel gradually fades away, somewhat surprisingly because, as Smith was writing Volumes III and IV, news of a new popular insurrection would have been reaching London. Led by Tadeusz Kościuszko, the rebellion initially succeeded in throwing off Russian rule, but by the end of the year power had been reasserted and, in 1795, Poland ceased to exist.¹

As ever with Smith, the other vital context for *The Banished Man* is the difficulty of her own personal and professional life at the time she was writing. Happily, Smith's correspondence provides a very full record of the writing of *The Banished Man* – probably more complete than for any other of her works, and for almost any other novel of the period. It offers a fascinating insight into Smith's creative process, the pressures that shaped the novel, and the whole business of novel-writing in the late eighteenth century. Her earliest reference to the novel she was then calling 'The Exile' (she changed the title only in March 1794, once she had discovered the existence of Clara Reeve's *The Exiles; or, Memoirs of Count de Cronstadt*, 1788) was in a letter written on 9 October 1793, when she speculated that it would be finished in April 1794. So chastening had her experiences been with Bell that she proposed privately printing the novel at Bath, rather than trying to sell it to any bookseller.² On 16 December, she was still talking of a private publication ('to which I have been strongly advised'), but probably only to draw Cadell and Davies to buy the copyright for the novel.³ Thomas Cadell junior, who had recently taken over the management of the firm from his father, Smith's long-standing friend, took the bait. He offered the usual payment of £50 per volume, a bargain Smith

¹ Toby Benis, in 'A Likely Story': Charlotte Smith's Revolutionary Narratives', *European Romantic Review* 14 (2003), pp. 291–306, suggests that Carlowitz is modelled on Kościuszko (p. 293). This is not unlikely, for Smith was writing the second volume of her novel, in which Carlowitz first appears, in March 1794 when Kościuszko's rebellion broke out in Poland. Moreover, Kościuszko had left Poland to live in Leipzig in 1793, much as Carlowitz would do in late 1792. But here the similarities cease, since Carlowitz never suggests that he will return to Poland. For more on the Polish reforms and rebellion, see Jerzy Lukowski and Hubert Zawadzki, *A Concise History of Poland* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2001), pp. 100ff.

² Smith to Joseph Cooper Walker, 9 October 1793, in Stanton (ed.), *Collected Letters*, p. 79.

³ Smith to Thomas Cadell, 16 December [17]93, in Stanton (ed.), *Collected Letters*, pp. 87–9.

agreed to in a letter of 3 January 1794.¹ Over the next eight months, she sent portions of her manuscript to Cadell and Davies in dribs and drabs. As they received it, they sent it for printing to George Stafford, in London, who returned proofs to Smith for correction (if she had time and energy enough). She sent two-thirds of Volume I on 26 January 1794, written out in her own hand, with William Hayley's corrections written onto the same manuscript. Most of Volume II was sent by mid-March, and most of Volume III by the end of April. These sections were read and corrected by Charles Dunster, rector of Petworth and a prolific writer himself. By the end of June, Smith had sent all of the novel, save its closing chapters, the prefatorial material and some additional sections which were to be inserted to bring the novel up to its required length. These were completed in July and August: a total of ten months to produce a four-volume novel.²

During this period, Smith moved to Bath (where she urged her publishers to write to her under a pseudonym: presumably she was afraid of being discovered by creditors),³ suffered debilitating recurrences of her gout and rheumatism, cared for her injured son Charles, just returned from the War, and anxiously supervised the dangerous pregnancy of her daughter Anna Augusta, and then the birth of a still-born child. Smith's production of the novel in this time was a triumph, then, and explains the many prevarications and untruths about when the novel would be completed that fill her letters to Cadell. These falsehoods were necessary because, as was her custom, Smith was drawing her payment for each volume in advance from the publishers. They would have been less willing to send money if they were not assured that the manuscript was on its way. But her letters record much else about the publishing process. A letter to Joseph Cooper Walker reveals that as she wrote her novel, Smith had it copied out by the 'Writing Master of the Village' so that she might send it to Walker in Dublin to sell for an Irish edition.⁴ Other letters expose the processes behind her quotation of such a wide variety of material, in French, Italian, Latin and Greek, as well as English, chiefly for her epigraphs, or 'mottos' as she called them. If she could, she consulted books in her own collection (and we remember this when her alter ego, Mrs Denzil, refers to herself as 'a female Prospero', banished with only her daughter and her books: p. 272). When she could not she quoted from memory, anxiously urging her publishers to tell the printer that she might have made errors. On another occasion,

¹ Smith to Thomas Cadell, Charles Thomas-Stanford Archive (Letter L/AE/77 – 3 January 1794).

² This chronology can be constructed from the letters reprinted in Stanton's *Collected Letters of Charlotte Smith* and those recently discovered in the Charles Thomas-Stanford Archive, Royal Pavilion, Libraries and Museums, Brighton & Hove, on deposit in the East Sussex Record Office: ACC 8997.

³ Charles Thomas-Stanford Archive (Letter L/AE/89 – 26 March 1794).

⁴ Smith to Joseph Cooper Walker, Storrington, 25 March [17]94, in Stanton (ed.), *Collected Letters*, pp. 103–5.

she informed Cadell that ‘strange to tell, I could not in the City of Bath procure Cicero’s Letters in Latin’, and that ‘As I have occasion to quote them in two short sentences, & have them not of my own’, he should send a copy to her forthwith. It was not sent, and Smith wrote later, ‘I have done as well as I could without the latin Book, not being able to get it’. She asked for proofs to check, and hoped that the printer would ‘be careful as to printing them correctly, as nothing has so ill an effect as mistakes in a foreign or dead language’. She was to be disappointed, complaining after publication that ‘the French, Italian, and Latin sentences ... are made sadly incorrect, & of that perhaps the discredit will fall on me’.¹ In the second edition, forthcoming in 1795, numerous corrections were made to the foreign quotations, but they very often introduced new errors, worse than those in the first.

One of the most revealing aspects of Smith’s correspondence about *The Banished Man* is her struggle to fit her writing to the correct format for a novel. She often played with generic expectations, using her ‘Avis au lecteur’ at the beginning of the second volume to mock gothic formulaicity and to tease her readers with the prospect of a novel entirely without a love-plot. She also wrote of her plans for the novel to be something of an experiment with form: ‘a story partly founded in Truth’ and ‘somewhat on a new plan, for it will be partly narrative and partly Letters’.² But she was clearly aware that novels ought to be of a standard length, a stipulation doubtlessly contractually enforced. In one letter, she conceded that Volume II was ‘twenty five pages short of my agreement’, not, she said, ‘because I shrink from that engagement’, but because she was unsure of how much type each page of her manuscript would generate. She later accused Stafford of printing the text too closely together, and of including only fourteen lines on each duodecimo page instead of the fifteen she had been used to. Initially, her suggested remedy was that Stafford should move the opening chapters of the third volume to the end of the under-sized second. This did not happen, Stafford instead suggesting that Smith write an extra forty or fifty pages to insert at the volume’s close. Even though she had already written a strong finale to the volume, she agreed. The result was the chapter which would close Volume II: the ‘sketch’ of the Denzil family cast in the form of a letter from Charlotte Denzil, a very thinly veiled version of Smith herself.³ It comes as a surprise to learn

¹ Smith to William Davies, 25 June 1794, in Stanton (ed.), *Collected Letters*, p. 132; Smith to Thomas Cadell, 26 March 1794 in Charles Thomas-Stanford Archive (Letter L/AE/89 – 26 March 1794); Smith to Thomas Cadell, 31 March 1794, in Stanton (ed.), *Collected Letters*, p. 107; Smith to Thomas Cadell, 29 August 1794, in Stanton (ed.), *Collected Letters*, p. 149.

² Smith to Thomas Cadell, 16 December 1793, in Stanton (ed.), *Collected Letters*, pp. 87–9.

³ For Smith’s discussion of the length of each volume, and possible remedies, see her letters to Thomas Cadell Jr of 31 March 1794 and 22 June 1794 Stanton (ed.), *Collected Letters*,

that, despite being one of the most prominent and remarkable features of the novel, this autobiographical material was apparently not an essential ingredient of the novel as Smith originally conceived it. In fact, although the Denzil family is intrinsic to the plot, Mrs Denzil's daughter Angelina marrying D'Alonville, the description of the family's difficulties had only begun to creep into the novel in the fourth volume. Smith then went on to produce its fullest statement in the insertion at the end of Volume II which she wrote immediately after finishing Volume IV. It is as if, having been criticized for including too much personal material in her earlier works, notably *The Emigrants* published in 1793, Smith laboured to keep *The Banished Man* free from the treatment of her own travails – but that eventually she could not resist the autobiographical impulse.

Perhaps it was the crushing weight of her continually fraught financial circumstances, her illness and the new family crises that resulted in these angry jeremiads, produced in May, June and July 1794. Possibly it was due just as much to Smith's need to eke out material to fulfil her contract for four full volumes. After all, *The Banished Man* has a different parabola from most late eighteenth-century novels. It is at the end of the third volume and beginning of the fourth that the conventional denouement is to be found: the sudden acquisition of a fortune by Ellesmere and the miraculous rediscovery, in a convent, of his lover Alexina, plus the return of D'Alonville from his adventures, also suddenly enriched, and his acceptance by his lover, Angelina Denzil. The fourth volume, therefore, can seem rather like an appendix, with the scene suddenly changed to rural Wales and the happiness of D'Alonville and Angelina delayed on the unexplained pretext that they cannot publicly announce their marriage. There is a fire, an attack on Angelina's virtue by an aristocratic rake, and a duel, but this plot is always overshadowed by the novel's increasing autobiographical content, and the social critique that develops out of it.

Mrs Denzil has been called 'Smith's most frank self-portrait as a writer'.¹ She certainly made no attempt to hide the likeness. 'Lest any part of the sketches given of Mrs. Denzil's history should be supposed too strongly to resemble my own', she wrote with heavy irony in one footnote, 'I beg this circumstance, so totally different, may be adverted to: Not one of my children's relations ever lent them an house; though some of them have contributed all in their power to take from them the house we possess of our own' (p. 271n). This kind of bitter complaint characterizes *The Banished Man*, even by the standard of Smith's other late novels that

pp. 106–7 and 128–9. Smith also offered to write additional material to lengthen Volume III (Smith to William Davies, 25 June 1794, in Stanton (ed.), *Collected Letters*, p. 131), but this was never forthcoming. Volumes III and IV were left uneven in the first edition, but in the second, the first three chapters of Volume IV were moved to the end of Volume III.

¹ Smith, *Desmond*, ed. by Antje Blank and Janet Todd (Peterborough, Ontario: Broadview Press, 2001), pp. 415–16n6.

include so many statements of her grievances. The inserted chapter that ends Volume II includes a touching lament for the illness and death of Smith's friend Henrietta O'Neill (which, Fletcher argues, is partly designed to rebut accusations that O'Neill had committed suicide)¹ and an avowal of Smith's regret at losing the support of her friend and patron, William Hayley (pp. 347 and 346).² But it is most notable for the savage attacks on the agents acting for the trustees of her father-in-law's estate and on publishers. These are scarcely disguised. For instance, Anthony Parkin, a trustee of Richard Smith's will, becomes 'Anthony Lambskin' – his name identifying him as a wolf in sheep's clothing – while William Prettyjohn, one of the agents for the estate in chancery, more bluntly becomes 'Mr. Prettythief'. The publishing industry is represented by 'Joseph Clapper', standing for Joseph Bell, portrayed as stupid, narrow-minded and importunate. Remarkably, in Mrs Denzil's tribulations, Smith also depicted her own experiences in writing *The Banished Man*. In Volume IV, Angelina describes her mother as fearfully ill but still continuing 'to exert herself with more than usual fortitude and perseverance'. She 'would have finished within a few days of the time she had engaged to deliver it, the book she was about' had not 'the bookseller, who had advanced her money upon it' suddenly arrived and, 'with the rudest threats, demanded the completion of her engagement, declaring that he would prosecute her if it was not fulfilled by a day which he named' (p. 397). So clearly does this connect with Smith's own illness in the spring of 1794 that it is difficult not to read it as an attack on Cadell and Davies. One might be surprised that Smith's publishers made no effort to suppress such an attack. But what astonishes about Smith's depiction of Mrs Denzil is that she makes no efforts to hide the gritty realities of authorship from her readers. In *The Banished Man* novel-writing has no mystique, but is as much physical exertion as artistic endeavour, a process interrupted not only by debt and illness, but also by the intrusion of the neighbour's pigs into the garden or a case of scarlet fever in a nearby house (p. 276). D'Alonville's sympathy for Mrs Denzil's plight, and his indignation at her persecutors, was a wish-fulfilment fantasy: what Smith hoped to inspire in her readers on her behalf.

Even without Mrs Denzil, *The Banished Man* is an autobiographical novel. Its principal theme – the exile of a noble emigrant from Revolutionary France and his marriage to a poor Englishwoman – was founded on the actual arrival in Britain in 1791 or 1792 of Alexandre Marc-Constant de Foville, a French émigré deprived of his estate in Normandy, and his marriage to Smith's beloved daughter Anna Augusta in August 1793. Smith was happy to draw attention to the connection, commenting in her

¹ Fletcher, *Charlotte Smith*, p. 223.

² For her desire to insert a new poem, 'as there is only one piece of Poetry in the other three volumes', see the letter to Thomas Cadell Sr; 18 July 1794, in Stanton (ed.), *Collected Letters*, p. 136.

‘Preface’ on the resemblance between her hero and ‘the emigrant gentleman who now makes part of my family’ (p. 109).¹ If D’Alonville represents de Foville, Smith’s other hero, Ellesmere, is in some ways a fictionalized version of her son. Charles had obtained a commission in the army and fought with the Duke of York in the Low Countries in the earliest stages of the Revolutionary War. On 6 September 1793, outside Dunkirk, he was shot in the foot and his lower leg was amputated. In the novel, it is on exactly that day, and in exactly the same place, that Ellesmere is shot in the shoulder and arm and left for dead. His daring rescue by D’Alonville, his full recovery and his inheritance of a fortune is once again an idealised re-writing of the traumatic events in Smith’s life.

Above all, it is the idea of exile that links the author with her narrative. D’Alonville and Carlowitz are banished from their native lands. But Mrs Denzil is also an exile, cast out from what she regards as her proper place in society by her poverty and her family’s lack of concern for her. The Denzils are forced to flee from rural Staffordshire to Wandsworth near London, and then to distant Rock-March, in search of a refuge where Mrs Denzil can escape the importunities of her creditors and publishers, recover her health, care for her family and continue to write. Smith is quite clear – at least in the chapter latterly added to Volume II – about the parallels between her predicament and the situation of the émigrés. ‘Alas! Sir’, she laments to D’Alonville, ‘my children and I have also been wanderers and exiles. I know not whether we may not still be called so; for the victims of injustice, oppression, and fraud, we are now banished from the rank of life where fortune originally placed us’ (p. 268). This is not only Smith complaining about her expulsion from the gentility into which she was born and into which she thought she had married. Rather, it is a wider and deeper critique of the ways in which corrupt British society persecutes those who lack money and influence. It is the corrupt legal establishment that prevents her children from inheriting their rightful fortunes. But Smith also shows that, however boastful the British might be of their country’s institutional tolerance, they are too willing to tolerate the persecution of anyone who dissents from orthodox social protocols, or who refuses to abase themselves in front of the powerful. Thus D’Alonville is scorned wherever he goes in Britain just because he is French. And thus Mrs Denzil is spurned for her refusal to fawn upon her rich relatives and for her lack of a husband. As always in Smith’s novels, the corruption endemic in British society is shown most clearly by the harassment of unprotected women by the powerful: Mrs Denzil herself, but also Angelina, who becomes the object of a wealthy rake’s sexual predation even in the bucolic Welsh retreat

¹ The difficulties in arranging the marriage of Angelina precisely echo those problems which delayed Augusta’s wedding: not only were both Augusta and Angelina marrying men of uncertain fortunes, but both were minors, whose fathers were absent abroad (p. 414).

at Rock-March. Being rich and knowing the Denzils' indigence, Brymore is confident that his advances will not be spurned. 'It was then', Smith writes, drawing together the various strands of her attack on sexual, economic and social injustice, 'that Mrs Denzil once more felt all the bitterness of poverty' (p. 471).

Is *The Banished Man*, then, best thought of as a radical novel, rather in the manner of *Desmond* (1792) or William Godwin's *Caleb Williams*, published in May 1794, just as Smith was finishing her novel (she refers to it in her 'Avis au Lecteur': p. 194)? Judith Davis Miller has argued that *The Banished Man*, like Smith's other novels, can be read as a demonstration of some of Godwin's ideas in his *Enquiry Concerning Political Justice* (1793). The 'unstated theme of the novel', she writes, 'deals with the limitation on knowledge that is willingly self-imposed, as people see others only through the lens of prejudice and therefore cannot "know" them at all as real individuals'.¹ Certainly, prejudice – based on nation, gender, age and social rank – is something that comes under sustained attack from Smith, and its defeat is joyfully celebrated in the triumph of two younger sons over their domineering older brothers, and by the cosmopolitanism of her conclusion, with Britons, Poles and Frenchmen, aristocrats and commoners, rich and poor, men and women, planning to live happily together. On other occasions, Smith's exposure of social corruption is in a more satirical tradition, as, for instance, when Sir Maynard Ellesmere lists all of Melton's 'qualifications' to marry his daughter. Not only would marriage to Melton confer honour on Ellesmere's family, but he owns substantial property, controls two Members of Parliament, can bestow religious preferment to the value £800, and is heir to an Irish baronetcy (if two old relatives die without offspring). This is a list, then, of all the evils besetting the British constitution: political corruption, simony and pluralism in the Church, absentee landlordism in Ireland (to be obtained only through death and childlessness in this case, hardly the signs of a flourishing nation), not to mention the pernicious power of money and the false ideas of honour (p. 370).

Yet perhaps all this is not enough to enable us to label *The Banished Man* as a Jacobin novel. After all, such social satire was to be found in a great deal of Romantic-era fiction, much of it far from radical in intent. Moreover, the corruption of the manners of the great was a theme taken up even by some of the most reactionary writers of the 1790s: Hannah More, to take one prominent example. Indeed, *The Banished Man* has been read as a conservative novel, both by contemporaries and recent critics. For Susan Wolfson, *The Banished Man* 'marked a retreat' from the republican-

¹ Judith Davis Miller, 'The Politics of Truth and Deception: Charlotte Smith and the French Revolution', in *Rebellious Hearts: British Women Writers and the French Revolution*, ed. by Adriana Craciun and Kari E. Lokke (Albany, NY: State University of New York Press, 2001), pp. 337–63, at p. 348.

ism and pacifism of *The Emigrants*, and she points to reviews, one of which characterized the novel as Smith's '*amende honorable* for her past political transgressions', a novel written 'on contrary principles' to *Desmond*.¹ As such, *The Banished Man* nicely matches such other recantations of support for the Revolution as Robert Burns's 'Should Haughty Gaul Invasion Threat' (1795) or Samuel Taylor Coleridge's 'France: an Ode' (1798). And since Smith's apparent reconsideration happened in about 1793 – earlier than that of Burns or Coleridge – it fits more neatly with the groundswell of British public opinion. The public's flirtation with radicalism was largely over by early 1793, support for both the Revolution and those who would export it to Britain having been negated by the September Massacres and the French military victories with which *The Banished Man* opens, then by the declaration of war on Britain, the check to British trade, the Edict of Fraternity promising French support for revolutions elsewhere, the regicide and, later, the Terror and the invasion of neutral Switzerland.

Certainly in its attitudes to the French Revolution, *The Banished Man* seems more anti-Jacobin than Jacobin. Most obviously, when D'Alonville goes to France, Smith unflinchingly shows the anarchy and cruelty into which France has fallen. Corruption flourishes, innocent men and women are imprisoned and killed, people starve. D'Alonville provides incontrovertible eye-witness testimony of it all. His account exists almost in direct dialogue with depictions of France in *Desmond*, when Smith had been at pains to point out how badly the Revolution had then been misrepresented by anti-Jacobin propagandists. In *The Banished Man*, the kind of abuses D'Alonville finds in France are designed to show that the Revolution has simply replicated the abuses of the *ancien régime*. D'Alonville finds one man in an *oubliette*, almost a synecdoche of pre-Revolutionary tyranny; he comments on the lack of game, also a classic complaint against the old aristocratic order. Perhaps most damning is the character of Heurthrofen, a disgruntled retainer in the Rosenheim family who becomes one of the leaders of the Revolution. In him Smith argues that Frenchmen have not become Jacobins out of principle, but only out of the desire for personal gain, for revenge, for lust and greed. On the symbolic level too, Smith seems anxious to show her opinion that the Revolution had gone far too far. Towards the beginning of the novel the Rosenheim family is forced to flee from their castle by the approach of the Revolutionary army. It is destroyed, but D'Alonville volunteers to return to seek out documents left in a safe that will prove the Rosenheims' claim to their title and lands. Smith consistently uses halls and castles as metaphors for state and society, most notably in *The Old Manor House*. Here, her point is clear: what needed to be rescued from the ruin wrought by the Revolution were the deeds that guarantee ownership and transfer of property. Such a powerful

¹ Wolfson, 'Charlotte Smith's Emigrants', p. 543; *Analytical Review* 20 (1794), p. 254.

metaphorical statement of the Revolution's iniquity in undermining the principles of inheritance and property rights seems more in keeping with the arguments and language of Edmund Burke than any of the radicals.

The apparent recantation was the focus of most of the reviews of *The Banished Man*. The *British Critic* congratulated 'the lovers of their King, and the constitution, in the acquisition of an associate like Mrs. Charlotte Smith'. 'Convinced by observation, that the changes in France have only produced rapine and murder', it continued, 'she makes full atonement by the virtues of the Banished Man, for the errors of *Desmond*'.¹ Others thought the novel a little too reactionary. 'As commonly happens to new converts', the *Analytical Review* noted, Smith was 'beyond all measure vehement in her exclamations against the late proceedings of the french'.² Only the *European Magazine* was more balanced. 'Though on a slight reading Mrs. Smith will be generally accused of having changed her political opinions', the review warned, 'yet, on strict examination, she will be found as much the friend of real liberty as when she wrote her novel of *Desmond*'.³ This was the gist of Smith's own account of her attitude to the Revolution, as expressed in *The Banished Man*'s preface. She had not changed her political ideals, she insisted, but the Revolutionaries had. Hers, in other words, was the consistent position – a thoroughgoing Girondism which had never veered towards militant Jacobinism, nor lurched back into beligerent loyalism.

However, if we accept this claim at face value we are in danger of missing the complexity of Smith's ideological position in the novel. Political ideas are battled around in *The Banished Man* just as they had been in *Desmond*. D'Alonville begins as an inveterate enemy of the Revolution, while Ellesmere takes the Girondin position. Although in other respects the perfect hero, it is D'Alonville whose ideas receive most of Smith's subtle scorn, as, for instance, when he compares the evils faced by the French after the Revolution with the abuses of the *ancien régime*. 'If ye had burthens under the government of an arbitrary monarch', he preposterously claims, 'ye danced gaily under them'. It is a conclusion that exposes his aristocratic ignorance of the abuses of tyranny, and reveals his distance from Smith's prefatorial position (p. 313). Yet Ellesmere's response is also heavily ironized: 'an Englishman might have thought the experiment right; and that the attempt to shake off such burthens ... was a glorious attempt', he responds to D'Alonville, apparently representing Smith's approved attitude. But when he continues to argue that the Revolution

¹ *British Critic* 4 (December 1794), p. 623.

² *Analytical Review* 20 (1794), p. 254. *Monthly Review* n.s. 16 (February 1795), p. 135, echoed this analysis: 'It is natural that her mind should revolt from the horrors committed in France; and it is equally natural for new converts to be zealous'.

³ *European Magazine, and London Review: Containing the Literature, History and Politics, Arts, Manners & Amusements of the Age* 26 (1794), pp. 273–7, at p. 273.

'failed only because [of] the headlong vehemence of the French national character, and the impossibility of finding ... a sufficient weight of abilities and integrity to guide the vessel in the revolutionary tempest', his own prejudices and national self-satisfaction are betrayed, and his position undermined (pp. 313–14). After all, much of the rest of the novel makes it clear that Britain lacks such ability and integrity too. In *Desmond*, political questions had been debated by the leading characters, but Desmond's own pro-Revolutionary opinions had been allowed to win out. In *The Banished Man*, as Chris Jones points out, Ellemere 'is not allowed to dominate or conclude a debate'.¹ By the end of the novel, no 'correct' understanding of the Revolution has emerged. Ellesmere and D'Alonville still cannot agree on whether France needed a revolution, leaving open the question of whether a similarly comprehensive reformation ought to be attempted to cure Britain's social and political ills (pp. 473–4). By withholding authorial endorsement from all of her characters, Smith made *The Banished Man* a more genuinely inquiring novel than its predecessor.

In fact confusion is almost the keynote of *The Banished Man*. As Katharine Rogers has noted, the novel's first chapters place the protagonists in 'torrential rain that makes it impossible to see, marshy ground that they cannot depend on, and a river they must cross without knowing where the ford is'.² This establishes themes of uncertain perception and shifting meanings that will continue throughout the novel. All identities, personal and political, are destabilized, as Toby Benis has shown.³ Sons question their relationships with their fathers. Brothers disdain brothers – mocking the Revolution's ideal of fraternity – but then still rely on one another for help. Readers struggle to determine who are the heroes and who the villains. Smith is careful to ensure that the reader constantly retains misgivings about who are the true Frenchmen: the Revolutionaries or the émigré loyalists? It is a strategy that underlies Smith's attack on national prejudice for, by removing the easy identification of who is actually still French, her readers cannot fall back on conventional jingoistic logic to govern their responses. Above all, the Revolution remains in question. Was it just, even in its inception? Were the changes it brought to be welcomed or detested? Was its later descent into horror inevitable or avoidable? Could its ideals safely be adopted in Britain?

Many of those who have recently studied 1790s fiction have argued that these texts fascinate precisely because of their ideological contradictions

¹ Chris Jones, *Radical Sensibility: Literature and Ideas in the 1790s* (London and New York: Routledge, 1993), p. 170.

² Katharine Rogers, 'Romantic Aspirations, Restricted Possibilities: The Novels of Charlotte Smith', in *Re-Visioning Romanticism: British Woman Writers, 1776–1837*, ed. by Carol Shiner Wilson and Joel Haefner (Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press, 1994), pp. 72–88, at p. 74.

³ Benis, 'A Likely Story'.

and inconsistencies. April London, for instance, has written that novels such as Smith's can reveal 'how seemingly incompatible strands of orthodox and iconoclastic opinion can comfortably, and sometimes creatively, coexist in a single work'.¹ This is certainly true, but it is equally important not to lose sight of the fact that most of Smith's contemporaries were confident that *The Banished Man* was an uncomplicatedly anti-Revolutionary novel. Smith designed it to be so. The *Critical Review*, for example, was in no doubt that Smith had written the novel for three reasons: first, to furnish her publisher with four more volumes; second, to give vent to her private grievances about her legal situation and family finances; and third, 'to reinstate herself with the opinion of those who have been offended by the turn in her politics in a former publication' – *Desmond* – 'and to do away with suspicion of her having embraced the wrong side of the question'.² In fact, these are not three separate reasons, but are all bound tightly together. By the 1790s, Smith wrote to live, and in 1794 more than at any other point in her career she absolutely needed to produce work that would sell. Her daughter's pregnancy, her son's injury and the increasing likelihood that her legal wrangles would not be settled had increased her difficulties. She had fallen out with her last publisher, and she had cause to fear that she had lost the public's goodwill with her pro-Revolutionary work.³ By 1794, a wave of loyalism had spread through the nation. It was essential that Smith allowed herself to be carried along with it. Her awareness of this is explicit in her depiction in *The Banished Man* of the publisher Joseph Clapper. He was anxious to publish Mrs Denzil's novel but baulks at 'the Ode to Liberty' which she wishes to include. 'I shall change the tittle [*sic*] of that', he says, 'having promis'd the trade that there shall be no liberty at all in the present work; without which assurance they would not have delt for the same' (p. 277). Smith could satirize the pressures acting on her, but she could not evade them.

Almost all contemporaries regarded *The Banished Man* as a recantation, but it was a novel very carefully designed to please the widest possible constituency. Smith's drive for saleability accounts not only for its overall tone of hostility to the French Revolution, but also for the shades of opinion that group around this central thrust. Any mid-1790s British reader

¹ April London, review of *The Young Philosopher*, ed. by Elizabeth Kraft (Lexington: University Press of Kentucky, 1999) and *Translations of the Letters of a Hindoo Rajah*, ed. by Pamela Perkins and Shannon Russell (Peterborough: Broadview, 1999), in *Eighteenth-Century Fiction* 13 (2000), pp. 98–9, at p. 98.

² *Critical Review* n.s. 13 (1795), p. 275.

³ *Desmond* was not badly received in 1792, but Smith probably still felt uneasy about its effect on her reputation. According to her sister, *Desmond* had 'furnished others with an excuse for withholding their interest in favour of her family and brought a host of literary ladies in array against her'. Quoted in Frances Chiu, 'Smith, Charlotte Turner, 1749–1806', in *Literature Online Biography* (Cambridge: Chadwyck-Healey, 2000), <http://lion.chadwyck.co.uk/>, 8 August 2005.

might have found someone with whom to sympathize in the novel, from the militant royalism of D'Alonville through the measured Girondism of Ellesmere, to the optimistic dissidence of Carlowitz. This medley of voices was not designed primarily to hide Smith's own opinions, but to maximize the novel's appeal. *The Banished Man* was a novel shaped by its context then: not only the Revolution and changing British responses to it, but also the coercive power of publishers and, above all, Smith's financial and personal exigencies at the time she was writing.



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THE WANDERINGS OF WARWICK

CHARLOTTE SMITH'S *The Wanderings of Warwick* was published in January 1794 in one volume, although it had originally been conceived – by its publisher Joseph Bell at least – as a two-volume work. The novel was a continuation of Smith's *The Old Manor House* (1793). Early in that novel, Captain Warwick and Isabella Somerive had eloped, not to reappear until the end of the fourth and final volume. By the time she had reintroduced them, Smith was certainly planning a sequel, a footnote mentioning that Warwick might narrate his adventures in a separate work.

The Wanderings of Warwick was not nearly as successful as *The Old Manor House*. No second edition was ever called for, and most modern critics have judged it Smith's weakest work, suggesting that it may have been written primarily to fulfil her contractual commitment to Bell. In some ways, though, the novel is daringly experimental, playing with the unreliability of its confessional narrator, challenging the limitations of the sequel, and of a narrative in which the traditional denouement – Warwick and Isabella's wedding – had already taken place. *The Wanderings of Warwick* also introduces or develops some important themes, central to Smith's oeuvre: amongst others, love and jealousy, slavery and abolition, the social inequalities of men and women, authorship and the corruption of the literary establishment. The copy-text used here is the only edition: *The Wanderings of Warwick* (London: Printed for J. Bell, 148, Oxford-Street, 1794).



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THE
WANDERINGS
OF
WARWICK.

By CHARLOTTE SMITH.



LONDON:

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M.DCC.XCIV



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So long a period having elapsed since the *speedy* publication of THE WANDERINGS OF WARWICK in *two volumes* was announced, the Publisher conceives he should be wanting in that respect which he owes to the Public, were he now silently to publish the work in *one*, without stating in his own exculpation, that both the delay, and the promising it in two volumes, are imputable solely to the Author – to whom he leaves the task of justifying her own conduct.¹

Oxford-street,
January 13, 1794.



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CHAP. I

THE hero of a former story, the once unfortunate but now happy Orlando Somerive, had been settled almost two years at Rayland Hall with his Monimia, when Captain Warwick, who had quitted the army on coming into possession of General Tracy's estate, came down with Isabella and his children to divide the months of August and September between the Hall and West Wolverton.

Happiness, or even its resemblance, is so rare, that to behold a group of human beings who are at the moment happy, is perhaps the most pleasing of all spectacles to a benevolent mind. – The party who were now assembled under the roof of Orlando presented it; and certainly enjoyed their actual felicity with greater sensibility, from the recollection of their former sufferings. Warwick, indeed, whose disposition was lively and sanguine in the extreme, had felt the hand of adversity press less heavily than Orlando; but his enjoyment of the present seemed not to want the contrast afforded by the recollection of the past, nor was it shaded by any of that tender regret, which, when the manner in which his father had passed his last days, and the early death of his brother, occurred to him, obscured for a few moments the bright days of Orlando.

If Warwick, on the contrary, was ever in danger of feeling himself less happy, it was from the sameness of his present felicity. – His gay and volatile spirits having now no object in pursuit – nothing to hope and nothing to fear – were continually likely to lead him into dissipation, for which in fact he had no other relish than as it broke the monotony of domestic life. – Isabella was therefore particularly happy when she could prevail upon him to pass some time at Rayland Hall; for he was always pleased with the conversation of Orlando, and with him insensibly acquired new relish for those literary pursuits, which, in the trifling circles of high life, he often neglected, and sometimes was weak enough to blush that he had pursued, at least as a means of support.

At one extremity of the park, which was bounded by a sort of open grove of tall beeches, Orlando had repaired, or rather rebuilt, an old summer-house under those trees which commanded a beautiful prospect of the country towards the sea; the view of which was, however, obstructed by the downs, except only in one place, where the hills, suddenly sinking into

a long tract of meadow, made a passage for the river, which there made its way to the sea, distinctly visible at about seven miles distance, where the passing sail was frequently seen glittering in the sun, and then disappearing behind the opposite hill.

On a beautiful evening near the end of August, the party, who were assembled at Rayland Hall met in this pavilion, which immediately overlooked an harvest-field where the last sheaves were loading, and the labourers rejoicing over this part of their work happily closed; when some conversation arising on the difference between the European and American landscapes, Orlando took occasion to renew a request he had once or twice made before – that Warwick and his sister would together give them a history of the adventures they had passed through, from their leaving England immediately after their marriage to their return.

‘No,’ cried Warwick, ‘I can never do that – to sit composedly down to tell a long story all about myself and my wife is impossible: but, if you are so desirous to have in detail what you already know in part, I will write a history of our pilgrimage, in which perhaps you will find nothing extraordinary. – What say you, my dear Belle? Will you, to gratify your brother, assist me in putting together this pilgrim’s Progress; and shall we oblige the world with – let me see – ‘The Wanderings of Warwick?’ – ‘Yes, that will do for a title.’

Isabella answered with a smile, ‘If you will relate honestly all *your* wanderings, certainly I can have no objection either to assist your memory where it fails, or to add what I know.’

‘Come, come,’ replied he, ‘no sly hints; – you know that with all my giddiness I am a very honest fellow, and a husband right-loyal: – and so to-morrow you shall help me, and we will endeavour to give a history of our travels.’

‘Let them begin, then,’ said Isabella, ‘from our sailing from Portsmouth – for to take up the story sooner would perhaps occasion to me some reflections’ – ‘Not of repentance, I hope?’ interrupted Warwick. ‘No,’ answered Isabella blushing, ‘not of repentance – but of something like regret at the unjustifiable and rash step I took in quitting my father’s house – and’ – She hesitated; and Orlando, who perfectly understood her sensations on this subject, said – ‘No, Warwick, we will begin, if you please, in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean – and let us have your narrative while the fine weather induces us to live about the Park. – There is nothing I love so much as a new book read to me in some of those scenes where I used to meditate on my own uncertain destiny, or form plans for the evening, to meet my Monimia in security. – The vicissitudes of an interesting story recall forcibly to my recollection the sensations I felt then; and when I look at her, and at such a group as now surround me, I feel with redoubled delight all the felicity of my present situation.’

‘Well,’ replied Warwick – ‘if sending me back to the middle of the Atlantic Ocean; if making me encounter storms and fight battles over again – broil beneath a West Indian or Portuguese sun, and, what is worse, undergo all the difficulties and mortifications of authorship – can procure you, my dear friend, this transient gratification, my history shall in a day or two be at your service; but I suppose, that it may give you pleasure, you must divest yourself of the consciousness of the happy catastrophe, at least while the story is telling; and suppose that it is possible your hero and heroine may perish in every one of the difficulties in which they are involved – for you know that, when once we are sure people will be happy, we no longer feel any interest for them; and therefore all novels, or at least most of them, close with a marriage, with which mine must set out.’

‘It is true,’ answered Orlando, ‘that we are not interested for the happy in a Novel; and nothing would be so insipid as a book which should describe only scenes of delight. But in real life it is just the reverse; for I have remarked that a long series of misfortune gradually wearies out friendship itself, and dissolves, by the corrosive qualities of adversity, even the ties of kindred.’

‘I am afraid,’ replied Warwick, ‘there is some truth in your observation. But I hate such mortifying reflections. Nor have I made them from my own experience; for, except the poor old General and my cousin the little Peer, I had not any relations in the world. – In regard to the first, I certainly had something with which to reproach myself; – as to the second, interest divided us from our setting out in life: he always looked upon me as a too successful candidate for the riches of General Tracy, which he certainly did not want – for what he has always possessed he never has had the soul to enjoy; and, I believe, envied me for something or other – a tolerable figure, and some degree of favour with the women: while I protest, that, poor as I was – the soldier of fortune, and dependent on the caprice of my old uncle – I never envied the lordling his title or his estate. I cannot say that his regard was tired out by my adversity, for he never felt any; but his honest endeavours, as far as his poor little capacity would give him leave, were not wanting to crush me entirely, when my own thoughtlessness had thrown me from the envied favour of my uncle; and, if it had not been for the insolence and offensive conduct of the woman he married, and his having no children, he would probably have so far succeeded as to have possessed himself of all the property of General Tracy.’

A few days after this conversation, Captain Warwick produced the manuscript, which was to this effect.

I AM to begin, you tell me, my friends, at that period when, embarked with my Isabella to follow the regiment to America, I found myself in the midst of the Atlantic – in a little vessel usually employed in the corn

trade, which I had hired at Southampton, and furnished for the voyage as well as the circumstances I was under would permit. – Our accommodations were, it is true, indifferent enough; but I had been a soldier from twelve years old, and had twice before crossed the sea between Europe and America, and I felt only for the inconveniencies to which my adored wife was exposed: – the sea-sickness and the miserable cabin of a little coasting vessel, and our being very slenderly provided with necessaries, were the slightest of what we had to encounter.

Before we reached Madeira Isabella was so ill, that, whatever was my haste to overtake the fleet with which I ought to have gone, my impatience at her sufferings was still greater; and I determined to take her on shore. – She recovered almost immediately, and making light of her former sickness, expressed only anxiety to re-embark, as she knew, though I endeavoured to conceal it from her, that my absence from the corps might be attended with very unpleasant consequences, if it were strictly enquired into. After remaining five days at Fonchiale,² we were about to resume our voyage, when we learned that of the eight men on board five had deserted from the ship, and were concealed by the Portuguese. – We had no means of enforcing the demand we made for their restitution; and, after many fruitless remonstrances to the governor, and the ineffectual interference of the English consul, we were under the necessity of taking on board two negroes and a Portuguese sailor to navigate the vessel: and our company in the cabin was increased by a young Portuguese gentleman who had business to transact at Porto Rico for some near relation in Spain, and whose melancholy and interesting countenance engaged me to admit him to the advantage of this conveyance, however inconvenient to myself.

Isabella being now more accustomed to the sea suffered much less after her second embarkation; and as the weather was delicious of an evening, we used to pass part of every night on the deck; where the young Portuguese, who had a guitar with him, sung tender songs in his own tongue, and seemed to have peculiar pleasure in trying to teach them to my wife; who, though little acquainted before with any language but her own, understood his Portuguese mingled with scraps of something that he thought was English, much better than I did. Our voyage was favourable for some days; and our time passed not unpleasantly, when we were one evening called upon deck by the master of the vessel to observe a sail in the west, which was bearing down upon us. – I despised the Americans so much, that the idea of fearing their privateers³ had never occurred to me; and even now, when there was reason to believe a large one was actually in pursuit of us, I gave orders to the men to prepare their muskets, and four small swivels we had on board, with the most perfect composure, not doubting but that we should with out first fire repulse them. – I was however soon undeceived: as the privateer neared us, she appeared very large, and to

carry twenty-six guns – and I saw that neither the master nor his motley crew had the least disposition to resist. – My blood boiled in my veins at the idea of becoming an easy prey to these pirates; and I communicated my sentiments as well as I could to the young Portuguese, who assured me he would die in my defence, and in that of the charming Donna Isabella, for whom indeed my alarm was by this time become dreadful. – All our heroic resolutions however, in which perhaps there was more folly than bravery, were rendered abortive by the master of the vessel, who saw the rashness and inutility of contention, and therefore came into the cabin with two of the sailors, and told us with some degree of insolence, that they would not throw away their lives on so desperate an attempt as that of defending the ship; and therefore, unless we would promise to desist from all resistance, they would confine us to the cabin. – While the man yet spoke, the privateer came near enough to fire at us, which she did so successfully as to carry away a part of the rudder. – The master instantly struck; and in five minutes we were visited by the crew of the privateer – of whom two armed with broad swords entered the cabin, where, with a pistol in one hand, I supported my trembling wife with the other; and warned them against approaching her, protesting that I would fire at the first man who advanced another step. – My brave young Portuguese friend, armed with a cutlass and a brace of pistols, threw himself before us both; and the defence we seemed disposed to make appeared so formidable to the crowd of ruffians that by this time had arrived at the door of the cabin, that after a short council among themselves, they agreed to leave us unmolested, upon condition of our giving up to the master of our own vessel, who stepped forward to receive them, all our effects, and our arms; but this latter I absolutely refused – though content to give up to their plunder the little baggage we had on board (for the principal provision for our voyage was on board the frigate in which I intended to have gone). As they saw we were equally desperate, and determined to sell our lives dearly, which to have deprived us of was against their interest, as well as their safety, they, after another moment or two of threatening and of debate, came to a compromise; and, accepting our money and our effects, left us with our arms in possession of the cabin, where, however, we were confined close prisoners, with a sentinel at the door.

These were terms so much better than the treatment I had at first dreaded for my wife; that I was for a short time incapable of feeling the inconveniencies we were exposed to: – in a wretched cabin, under a burning sun (for we had now crossed the line); – without any of the comforts of life – and not only uncertain of what was to become of us, but apprehensive every hour of being overpowered by numbers, and subjected to insults, which, when I looked at Isabella, I determined rather to kill her with my own hands than see her exposed to – Such were the circumstances under

which the first month of our marriage was passing away – But how shall I find terms to express my admiration of the fortitude of mind which my Isabella evinced under her present sufferings – or, what was worse, those fears which I could not always conceal from her for the future? – Instead of giving way to complaints and lamentations, she nobly conquered her own apprehensions, and smiled upon me when many women would have reproached me for the miseries into which she had been impelled by my rash love. – But the more passionately I was attached to her, the more insupportable were my terrors. And Jealousy, however ridiculous it now appears, added then his scorpions to the rest of my torments. – The young Portuguese, who was now a prisoner with us, from my first consenting to take him as a passenger on board a vessel I had exclusively hired, had shewn the most marked admiration of my wife, which I imputed to the turn for romantic gallantry so general in his nation, and to his never having seen before so beautiful a woman. – As I knew myself secure of Isabella's affection, I only smiled at his undisguised attention to her, which she declared was rather troublesome than amusing; but now, when he was hardly absent a moment from us, I own his presence became to me the most dreadful punishment. Though it partly secured our mutual safety, I would have given any thing in the world to have recalled the fatal consent I gave to take him into the ship: – yet I must do the poor young man the justice to own, that his profound respect and his silent adoration merited not my resentment. – He had told me on his first admittance, that an unhappy passion had been the occasion of his leaving Lisbon, and of his wandering over the world as if in pursuit of money, which he neither wished for nor wanted; – and as unshaken fidelity in love was, I knew, a part of the religion of a Portuguese, I the less thought of the deep sighs and expressive looks, of which, even from our first day's voyage, Isabella was apparently the object.

I believe, however, my feelings on this were very absurd; and that it was either a consciousness of that absurdity, or the acute and new species of suffering they inflicted, that, exaggerated by the excessive inconveniencies we were liable to, made the time seem two years which was indeed but three days. Early on the morning of the fourth of our captivity we were awakened by a violent noise among the sailors who had been put on board the prize;⁴ and by their voices I knew they were in some alarm. Soon afterwards I observed from the cabin windows a boat come on board from the vessel whose prize we were, while the noise and confusion increased. There was very little wind, but I understood from the words I could distinctly hear, that orders were given for our bringing up close to the American – and while this was doing three seamen came down into the cabin – put up the dead lights, which they secured without – and again would have disarmed us, though they refused to tell us why: our resistance, however,

was such as obliged them to be contented with barricading the cabin door withoutside, thus leaving us in total darkness to await some event, which I guessed to be the attack of an English frigate or ship of war. – Again I had occasion to admire the firmness of mind of Isabella, who, though I found her tremble as I clasped her arm within mine (for we were now in total darkness), declared to me that she feared nothing but our separation; and that she was prepared to die with me. – It was for her alone I feared – yet my present apprehensions were mingled with hope, that we might be relieved by the capture of our American conquerors by this rencontre⁵ – and I eagerly listened in anxious silence to the noises above, by which I thought I could discern that the object of their fears approached; while by the voices I could distinguish that we were close under the stern of the Rattlesnake, which was the name of the American privateer.

While I was meditating how I might best force my way to assist the English on their boarding the vessel, a gun was fired into our little sloop with such effect, that the ball passed through the cabin a few yards only beyond us. – The stunning kind of sensation this gave us had not subsided before three other shot struck different parts of the vessel; and apparently the Rattlesnake fired again. The horrors of a sea-fight, which were here exhibited, though only in miniature, are not easily to be described: but to me they were at this time exaggerated by the darkness and inaction in which I was compelled to remain, while the vessel seemed to me to be between two fires, and to be exposed alike to the guns of the American and the English frigate. – The clamour, however, increased, while I vainly endeavoured, in despite of the entreaties of Isabella, to force my way out of the cabin; – and I thought I distinguished that the English had boarded the Rattlesnake. – In a few moments I heard the shouts of triumph: but, alas! the conquerors and the conquered spoke the same language, and I could not distinguish whether the victors were English or English Americans. – A few moments put an end to my suspense – a midshipman entered our prison, and restored us to the light, which now afforded us a most welcome sight – the British uniform, and the comfortable intelligence that we were retaken by the *Thetis*, an English frigate of thirty-two guns, detached from the squadron on the Jamaica station, whither she was returning. – The satisfaction this intelligence gave us is easily imagined; I saw once more my beloved wife in safety: the captain of the *Thetis*, anxious to shew her every attention, removed us immediately into his own vessel, and gave a place there to my Portuguese friend. Notwithstanding the uneasiness I had the weakness to feel at his evident attachment to Isabella, or at least at behaviour which I fancied betrayed it, I could not but respect Don Julian; and, though very glad he was removed from such constant attendance on her, I considered him as entitled to my protection and friendship. – We were soon restored to all the comforts which a sea life affords; and

the greatest inconvenience we suffered was from the excessive heat, which had already stolen the roses from the cheeks of Isabella, without, however, rendering her less lovely. My vanity was gratified by the admiration she universally excited; and I felt no uneasiness at the gallantry of any of my own countrymen; but the young Portuguese, I knew not why, tormented me by his assiduity: – yet he was not handsome, nor could he, for want of a language she could converse in, have the same powers of pleasing as the English officers. – His yellow skin might have qualified him to enact Jachimo,⁶ though he had none of the presumption of that character: but it was his black eyes, so expressive of hopeless love; his deep sighs, and his silent adoration; and his misfortunes, more interesting perhaps because we did not understand them; his indifference to life, and the fervour with which he seemed devoted to his religion – a heart that Isabella seemed alone worthy of sharing, that made me infinitely more discontented with his attendance than I dared either acknowledge to myself, or express to my wife; who entertaining no idea of my having any objection to the kindness and friendship which she thought this dejected stranger entitled to, continued to treat him with the innocent affection of a sister; and I was ashamed to bid her repress it.

We now went on shore at Kingston in Jamaica, and were received by the hospitable inhabitants with such warmth of kindness as would have made a long stay a most desirable circumstance to people who had like us suffered from a tedious voyage and a disagreeable captivity: but it was absolutely necessary for me to hasten to America; and I made the most immediate inquiries for a passage to New York; though dreading to expose Isabella again to the hazards and fatigues of an element on which she had already suffered so much. – Sometimes my fears for her were so acute, that I almost determined to propose to her to remain at Jamaica, and suffer me to proceed alone to America: but, besides that I found her averse on the slightest hint of such an intention, I had lately been haunted by the very malady of the mind which I had so often ridiculed, and I am afraid not unfrequently delighted in exciting in others. I could not observe that superiority in point of personal charms which Isabella so evidently possessed, nor remark the universal admiration they excited, without shrinking from the thoughts of leaving unprotected in a West India island a woman so young, and who certainly was not without vanity; – nor could I on this occasion forget (Isabella, forgive my ingratitude!) that I perhaps owed the preference she had given me, rather to the advantage I had over the old general, and to the odd circumstances of our acquaintance, than to any real affection, which the little time between our first meeting and our marriage hardly gave her leave to entertain.

As to our young Portuguese friend, he had either perceived my uneasiness, which, from the excessive jealousy of his own countrymen, might

easily have occurred to him, or determined, if he ever felt the passion I imputed to him, to conquer it; for after our arrival at Jamaica, though he was of all our parties, he appeared carefully to avoid all particular conversation with Isabella; and expressed great impatience to find an opportunity of going to the place of his destination: though I had by this time discovered that his business there was by no means so urgent as he had at first represented it; and that he rather wandered over the world from that restlessness which is the natural consequence of internal misery, than because he had really occasion to quit his native country on a voyage to the West Indies. – It was true, however, that he had an aunt in Spain, whose husband had possessed a large estate at Porto Rico; and that some discontent or disappointment in love at home or in Spain, where he had passed much of his youth, had determined him to take an active part for this relation, in whose family, though I never at that time clearly comprehended how, I found that uneasiness had originated which had determined him to take leave of Portugal and of Europe, at least for some years.

I might here embellish my narrative with a description of Jamaica – and to a landscape very unlike those of Europe, I might add figures such as European ground never produces: but, as in the course of my subsequent peregrination I visited some other West India islands, I will not lengthen my narrative by an account of this, though perhaps the most worthy of any to be described; but content myself with telling you, that Don Julian, having found a sloop the master of which engaged to land him at Porto Rico, took leave of us with such expressions of gratitude and of regret as affected me extremely, though I was not sorry to see him depart; and which drew more tears from Isabella than I ever saw her shed before – tears, which, though they did not please me, I could not blame; while they seemed to fall like balm on the heart of Don Juan.⁷ – We saw him embark; and, little imagining then that I should ever meet with him again, I endeavoured to forget the transient and needless pain his acquaintance had given me, and to conceal from the unconscious Isabella that weak and unjust mistrust which had inflicted it.

CHAP. II.

IT was late in the Autumn of 1777 before I obtained a passage to New York; and then only in a brig laden with rum, which was for the use of the army, shipped by contract; and as convoy was absolutely necessary, and it was long before we could obtain a frigate for that purpose, we did not arrive at our destination till the end of November. – The surrender of Burgoyne’s army, and of course my regiment, had before that time happened;⁸ – my joining it under such circumstances was out of the question, and I had interest enough to obtain the appointment of aid-de-camp to the commander in chief, and continued at New York⁹ without suffering any other than the common inconveniencies which must ever be felt in the seat of war. – Isabella, who had borne like a heroine the second voyage, notwithstanding all she suffered in the first, made some agreeable acquaintance among the ladies of the British officers; and her fears for my safety gradually subsiding as we continued in garrison, she regained her beauty and her spirits. My vanity would have had sufficient gratification, if it could have been gratified with the reputation of having the most beautiful wife of any man then in that part of the world; but I know not how it was – the very marked attention of one person, which was visible enough to eyes less quick-sighted than mine, and the idea that I might at any time be set, like Uriah,¹⁰ in the front of the battle, at the pleasure of one under whose command I was, entirely deprived me of the satisfaction this praise might otherwise have given me: – I was ashamed of continually feeling the weakness I had so often ridiculed; and certainly Isabella’s behaviour gave me no reason for it: the same volatility of temper that had induced her on so short an acquaintance to bestow her hand upon me, made me less confident than I ought to have been, of the affection to which in gratitude I should have imputed what she had done in my favour.

Perfectly unconscious of sentiments that I endeavoured to conceal, Isabella, who loved admiration, never believed her receiving it could make me unhappy; and, with the exception of some uneasy moments for the fate of her brother Orlando and others, occasioned by the receipt of letters from England, our time passed not unpleasantly till the spring of the year 1778. – These letters from England, it is true, were always unwelcome: one announced to us that General Tracy had disinherited me; another, the

displeasure and consternation of Isabella's family on her flight; – and others, which affected her most, the grief and depression of her mother, and the sad probability of her father's death. Of this melancholy event we heard just at the moment when I was ordered to Philadelphia to direct the march of a considerable body of troops to New York.¹¹ As Isabella was within a few weeks of lying-in, to take her with me was impossible; – to leave her was dreadful to us both: – this, however, it was necessary for me to resolve upon, and to reconcile her to it as well as I could. I had indeed to plead the probability that my stay would not be long; and I had the comfort of seeing her exercise on this trying occasion a greater degree of fortitude than I was able to command; though seldom perhaps a young woman so unaccustomed to difficulties was left in a situation more distressing. – My foolish jealousy, however, was quieted; for the persons who had afforded it the most food were dispersed: but other subjects of uneasiness remained; and neither my steadiness of mind, nor that habitual carelessness of temper which I had from my early military life acquired, were sufficient to save me from the most painful reflections on leaving my wife in the midst of the seat of war – exposed to increased perils from her actual situation, and under particular depression of spirits from the intelligence she had so lately received of her father's death, and the uncertainty of what was become of her brother, who we had by this time too much reason to conclude had perished in an attempt to make his way to New York – as he was not one of those who had laid down his arms after the convention of Saratoga,¹² among whom our enquiries produced no other than this vague and unsatisfactory account.

The hour of parting, however dreaded, could not be delayed. – I left Isabella with an appearance of fortitude I was far from feeling, and proceeded to the execution of my duty. It is not necessary to enter into a detail of what happened to me while I remained at Philadelphia. – On our return we were attacked at Monmouth¹³ by a party of the American army: – a partial action took place, and I was carried to New York wounded. I found my domestic anxieties at once alleviated and increased by the birth of my eldest boy, who was then about three weeks old; – Isabella, dearer to me than ever, nursed him herself: but her care was now divided by that which it was necessary to bestow on me. I recovered slowly; and a spitting of blood, occasioned by a violent contusion on my breast, threatened more fatal consequences than the gun-shot wound in my shoulder, which had been healed about a month when I was ordered out on an expedition against the stores and shipping of the Americans; and the persuasion that every day would now produce new employment for me, and perhaps new dangers for Isabella, determined me to send her back to England if possible before my departure, and to consign her to the care of her own family till I could rejoin her. This project, however, was very difficult to execute.

The French fleet under Count d'Estaing was now master of the sea; – and, besides the difficulty of carrying my wishes into effect, I had the reluctance of Isabella to contend with, who protested against any precaution that related only to her own safety, if it must be taken at the expence of our long separation, which was, she said, the only evil she dreaded. – As she persisted in this resolution, and the hazard of her voyage became more evident, I was again compelled to leave her; and again returned – luckily without being again wounded however; but in a state of health that made my wife solicitous for my attempting to obtain leave to return myself to England: – but, conscious of the deficiency of punctuality in my duty, of which I had been guilty, when, instead of accompanying my regiment, I had hazarded the loss of my passage, and been so long after it, I was resolved not to use my interest or the pretence of ill health to shrink from the post I was now in, which my honour demanded that I should sustain. The remonstrances and fears of Isabella grieved, without moving me from this determination; and I had been so accustomed to face Death, that whether he came in the form of a cannon ball, or of a gradual decay, seemed to me a matter of perfect indifference: – I had, however, no apprehensions of the latter; and, though my looks were greatly changed from fatigue and loss of blood, I felt myself still strong enough for the service I was ordered upon – when, after returning from the last expedition, I was entrusted with the command of a party who were sent to defend Stony Point. – Here I was made prisoner by General Waine with about five hundred British.¹⁴ I cannot say I had any particular cause of complaint against the Americans, whose treatment of me was as good as circumstances allowed; but one of the miseries to which, in this desultory war, the officers were exposed, was, that they were not allowed their parole: – here, Isabella and my boy, however, came to me; and after remaining some weeks in confinement I was exchanged, and returned with my family to New York.

But confinement and uneasiness, together with the wound I had received, which had never been properly healed, had so injured my health, that as I was still considered as of some consequence on account of the family to which I belonged, it was proposed to me to return to England – a proposal which my wish to retrieve my former neglect no longer made me refuse, since I had now been so long in severe service; and the entreaties of Isabella, as well as my internal feelings, which convinced me my constitution was greatly affected, determined me to avail myself of the permission that was thus offered me: and I at length resolved to take the opportunity of a convoy which was going to the West Indies, and we embarked in a merchant-ship which had brought rum for the army from the island of Barbadoes, and was now returning thither; where other vessels of war were to be appointed to convoy to England such ships as should be ready, as the French fleet under D'Estaing was still in these seas, and we incurred some hazard of becoming

again prisoners. From this however we escaped, and had a prosperous voyage till we were within six leagues of the port whither we were bound, when the weather, which had been uncommonly fine, suddenly changed, and the negroes who were on board foretold one of those tornadoes so frequent and so fatal in the high latitudes. Almost before the men had time to take against its violence such precautions as were possible, it fell with unusual fury; and as if it were our destiny to experience, before our return to Europe, every species of misery to which man exposes himself in search of honour or profit, we now felt all that contending elements can inflict, after we had escaped the horrors of sickness, famine and imprisonment. There have been so many paintings of storms, and all storms are so much alike, that I will spare you a minute description of this; in which, however, as present evils are always the worst, we thought our sufferings greater than any we had yet endured. I was myself persuaded that I was now to meet that death I had so often seen near me before – with less terror I own than I felt now – and it was perhaps from being habitually accustomed to face danger as a soldier, that I now wished I had met him in the field; where he appeared to me, as to Corporal Trim, to be nothing, while like Obadiah I thought him very terrible in a ship.¹⁵ Yet as the black waves mounting above the masts threatened every moment to overwhelm us, it afforded me a strange and gloomy sort of consolation to reflect, that I had with me all that was dear to me on earth, and that we should perish together.

If I had in other circumstances of danger had occasion to admire the cheerful fortitude of my wife, that which she shewed now served to increase my admiration. She was far advanced in her second pregnancy, and always suffering extremely at sea, the dreadful tossing of the ship added greatly to those sufferings, while for three days and nights it was impossible to light a fire; nor had she or her child any nourishment but a little wine and water with biscuit dissolved in it, which I administered to them as well as I could from time to time; for they could not leave their bed, it being impossible even for me to keep myself on my feet a moment. A mulatto woman, whom I had purchased for Isabella at New York, was of great service to us: but there were inconveniences which no care or assiduity could even alleviate; such was the dashing in of the waves, which not only almost drowned us, but made us more than once believe we were going down. On these violent shocks, Isabella threw one arm round me as I knelt by her bed, and with the other clasped her little boy to her bosom, and thus prepared for that death which seemed inevitable. The sailors during this horrid scene were in that continual exertion which the preservation of their lives demanded; and fortunately the captain was an old experienced seaman, whom no danger seemed to deprive of his calm fortitude. But for these advantages we should probably have been lost; for had they seen in the commander any symptoms of that despair to which they were often