The Pickering Masters

The Works of Charlotte Smith

Emmeline, the Orphan of the Castle (1788)

Edited by
Judith Stanton

Routledge

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VOLUME 2

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Volumes 1–5

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INTRODUCTION

Charlotte Smith began *Emmeline, the Orphan of the Castle* in September 1787 and finished it in the middle of January 1788, writing at a spanking pace of about 3,000 words a day, or what modern authors would measure as twelve double-spaced pages, an extraordinary output for what was essentially a final draft. It would be a mistake to think that her accomplishment, because rapid, was either simple or slight. Pressed into writing fiction for desperately needed income, she created her first novel amid the distractions of eight children at home, several disastrous visits from her newly estranged, importuning husband, and her chronic state of what she later called 'perpetual Duns and continual want'.[1]

A year before embarking on her first novel, Smith thoughtfully set about expanding her 'literary business' into new and, she hoped, more remunerative genres, showing an astute grasp of the business end of authorship. She published two translations, attempted at least one comedy, and sought to augment the proceeds from her poetry by pressing her publisher Thomas Cadell, Sr, to back a subscription edition of the sonnets, the copyright of which was still her own.

Translation did not promise financial security. Her *Manon L'Escaut,* published under a clouded and unfavourable reception in 1786, made her no money and, as she turned to fiction, she did not know if her nearly finished translation of Guyot de Pitival's *Les Causes Célèbres* would be remunerative. Nor did she like the work. Even as she submitted the first two volumes of *The Romance of Real Life* to Cadell, she admitted that she preferred not to be 'engag'd in Translations at all; but as I can do them when surrounded with my children and amid the interruptions unavoidable in so large a family; when I could not possibly disengage my mind enough for original composition; it amuses, without fatiguing me: and is at least doing something…'.[2]

[1] *The Collected Letters of Charlotte Smith*, ed. by Judith Phillips Stanton (Bloomington, IN: Indiana University Press, 2003), p. 411.

[2] Letter of Charlotte Smith to Thomas Cadell, Sr, 3 January 1787, on deposit at the East Sussex Record Office, Preston Manor L/AE/2.

How then could Smith manage such a sustained and demanding genre as fiction? First she tried a play, doubtless aware of success by such women playwrights as Frances Brooke, Hannah Cowley, Hannah More and Elizabeth Inchbald. But she found that plays required 'much more attention & contrivance than any other species of writing'.[1] Moreover, her project was difficult to place. On 20 December 1786, she told her trusted publisher, Cadell, that she had completed 'a Comedy of three acts with Songs, which I have reason to think would be well receiv'd in the Theatre', but she confessed that 'of the Managers, I know nothing'.[2] She rushed a copy to Thomas Linley, Sr, manager of Drury Lane, rightly concerned that there would not be time enough to stage it before the London season was over. Meanwhile Cadell agreed to show it to Covent Garden manager, Thomas Harris, known for his demeaning treatment of women playwrights; perhaps Smith hoped that her trusted publisher would protect her from Harris's importunities. By February, Cadell had smoothed over Smith's precipitous offer of her play to Linley and arranged for Harris to visit Smith at her lodgings. He took the manuscript with him when he left.

By June 1787, Harris had not acquired the play. With her earnings from the just published *Romance of Real Life* almost certainly spent, Smith sent her friend John Sargent (a Sussex neighbour and playwright who had corrected her translations) to propose a subscription edition of her sonnets to Cadell. Obtaining subscribers was yet another venture in her literary business, this one requiring initiative, networking and self-promotion. To collect subscriptions she enlisted friends and relatives, including an in-law and trustee to her father-in-law's estate, Edmund Boehm, and her mother-in-law and aunt, Lucy Towers Smith. But she also reached out to various people more in the public eye – lawyers, clergymen and a bookseller, Henry Lasher Gardner, in the Strand. She assured Cadell that she intended no other business with Gardner than opening a subscription book at his house. But any subscription edition was months or, as it turned out, years from publication, and a mid-June visit from her recently estranged husband stripped her of any money she had on hand.

On 15 April 1787, Smith had separated from Benjamin after years of 'the most unworthy treatment'[3] in which he had 'insulted her, robbed her, struck her'.[4] On 14 June he returned, as difficult and demanding as ever, and threatened to sell all that she and the children who crowded her home possessed. After drawing 'for all of my income that he could touch',[5] he

[1] Letter of Smith to Cadell, 9 May 1789, Preston Manor L/AE/22.
[2] Letter of Smith to Cadell, 20 December 1786, Preston Manor L/AE/1.
[3] Stanton, *Letters*, p. 488.
[4] Stanton, *Letters*, p. 657.
[5] Letter of Smith to Cadell, 22 September 1787, Preston Manor L/AE/7.

fled England following his usual practice of eluding creditors; on this trip he returned to Rouen where Smith had spent the winter of 1784/5 with him.

At this time, although she had little control over the futures of her two eldest sons, she fervently wanted a safe career for fourteen-year-old son, Charles, and held out hope that she could afford to educate him for the church. In August 1787, she wrote to Cadell that she had kept him home for more than a month waiting for the trustees to her marriage settlements to release interest money owed to her so that she could outfit him for school. She borrowed £10 to place him at Mr Knox's at Tunbridge because 'however I may distress and prejudice myself, I must endeavour to repair to the children as much as possible the disadvantage they labour under from their fathers indiscretion … '.[1]

In these straits, unable to count on a steady stream of income from the translations or her poetry or her play, she embarked on her first work of fiction. It is hard to imagine an environment less well suited to penning a successful first novel than Smith's crowded cottage at Wyke near Chichester. Even with Benjamin Smith afar and three servants in the house to help,[2] the noise and the needs of eight children ranging in age from two-and-a-half to eighteen years old must have been a continual distraction. Smith's sense of her responsibility as their sole provider left her no choice but to try this latest prospect for income to support her maturing and increasingly expensive children. Her eldest son, William (nineteen), was on the verge of departing for India to take up his post as writer for the East India Company, a departure fraught for Smith with the wrench of separation and probability of never seeing him again. Her next eldest son, Nicholas (sixteen), languished at home, intended for a naval appointment in the Southampton regiment under Lord Hood, an expensive and ultimately untenable position which would give way by 1790 to a posting to India, like William's, where he would start as an accountant.[3] With her third son Charles (fourteen) at school, that left Anna Augusta (thirteen), Lucy (eleven), Lionel (ten), Harriet Amelia (five) and George (two), all needing attention as well as education which Smith probably provided herself. Her eldest daughter, Charlotte Mary (eighteen), often stayed with

[1] Letter of Smith to Cadell, 15 August 1787, Preston Manor L/AE/6. After completing *Emmeline* in January, Smith succeeded in getting Charles a more appropriate placement but needed 'eleven pounds to pay for College furniture & fees for my fourth Boy who is just gone on the foundation at Winchester'. Charles was, however, by now her third eldest son living, his elder brother Brathwaite having died in June 1786. Letter of Smith to Cadell, 18 February 1788, Preston Manor L/AE/9.

[2] Letter of Smith to Cadell, 3 January 1787, Preston Manor L/AE/2. One servant was probably a child. She later wrote of nursing him back to health.

[3] Letter of Smith to Cadell, 3 April 1788, Preston Manor L/AE/10; and Stanton, *Letters*, p. 779.

relatives, but Smith brought her home to help out as amanuensis and babysitter.

Twice during the composition of *Emmeline*, Benjamin Smith returned to England to add to the chaos. In September with *Emmeline* under way, rumours reached Smith that he was back from his self-imposed exile in Rouen. He and his attorney, Browne, knew that Cadell kept a running account for her from which she drew funds as it filled with her earnings. She called on her Sussex friends and supporters, John Sargent and the Revd Thomas Collins, to beg Cadell to put any money left in that account into Drummond's Bank in Collins's name to protect it from her husband, perhaps in vain because, in truth, however much she questioned her husband's raids on her earnings and however many times she engaged publishers and patrons to secure her money from his grasp, any money she earned belonged to her husband. She had left him with no settlement to secure her earnings or the proceeds from her marriage settlements on her.

As she neared the end of *Emmeline* in December, her husband returned, planning a trip to Barbados where part of the family fortune lay in sugar plantations tied up in his father's contested estate. Benjamin's return made Smith vulnerable to his creditors in Sussex and Hampshire, but she allowed him to stay for three weeks at the little house at Wyke. She persuaded him to sign a provision for their three youngest children born after her father-in-law's death and so not included in his will, but the visit was in every other way a disaster. After he threatened to sell her furniture, books and 'necessaries,' she wrote to Cadell that he:

> has broke open all my drawers where my papers were, taken away several sign'd receipts for the Sonnets (Of which Heaven knows what use he may make) and foul copies of many things I am writing, all of which he has taken [away] with him; and he openly declared a resolution of demanding of you the money You hold of mine.[1]

It is little wonder that about this time she lost the use of her right hand, likely in consequence of composing *Emmeline* in only four months and then having to reconstruct whatever portions of it her husband made off with in December. In early February, Dr John Warner, an English physician she knew through the poet William Hayley and later corresponded with in France, joined William Morgan Clyfford of Perristone, Herefordshire, to protect her literary earnings from her husband's raids. Edmund Boehm, John Sargent and a Mr Ferrers also helped her with money, presumably by gathering subscriptions. A new prospect for income arose when the elder Colman, playwright and former manager of Covent

[1] Stanton, *Letters,* p. 13.

Garden Theatre, gave her 'the most flattering hopes … that my Attempt at Comedy will succeed'.[1]

At home, her complaints mounted against the trustees to Richard Smith's estate when they continued to withhold interest money she needed to support her children. In February 1788, she sought £200 belonging to her children, a dividend the trustees withheld on a bankrupt estate from her father-in-law's properties in Barbados, probably the object of Benjamin's projected visit there. Eleven pounds would cover furniture and fees to send Charles to Winchester at last, for she still hoped to educate him for the ecclesiastical living that the family held at Islington: a church appointment offered a far safer livelihood than any military career. She also needed money to bring home Charlotte Mary to help write out fair copy of the new novel and to mind the children. She asked Cadell for a £25 advance against the £50–60 in subscriptions held by Mrs Goodenough until the publication of the sonnets.

By the end of the first week of April, Dennett Jacques, the Chichester printer of the first editions of the sonnets and of the translations, had *Emmeline* ready for Cadell. Smith urged Cadell to advertise it as soon as possible as simply 'The Orphan of the Castle – A Novel by Charlotte Smith'. She urgently needed money to outfit her second eldest son, Nicholas, for Gibraltar. He was under Lord Hood's command and staying on his flagship, the *Ambuscade*, at great expense. Around this time she first threatened to privately publish a tract denouncing the trustees. Cadell promptly advanced her the money for Nicholas (barely an advance as the completed novel was in hand and on the eve of its publication). Better still, her cousin-in-law, the trustee Edmund Boehm, responded to her threat of a tract indicting him and the other trustees by paying the rest of Nicholas's bill.[2]

On the literary front, Smith was still writing and revising new sonnets for the projected subscription edition, but she wanted to close the subscription books. Her then friend, critic and patron, William Hayley, advised keeping them open. She attended to details of their eventual publication, reminding Cadell to keep enough money on hand to pay the publication expenses. Her husband meanwhile returned to London to interfere with her literary business directly at least twice. First, he insisted that Cadell recover the three-act comedy she had recently sent to the actor John Palmer, presumably because Harris turned it down. Benjamin no

[1] Stanton, *Letters*, pp. 14–15. At Cadell's request after finishing *Emmeline*, Smith wrote two acts of another comedy but destroyed it in the wake of Colman's 'mental derangement' when she could find no other sponsor and critic attuned to her topic or her dramatic talents. See below, n. 36.

[2] Letters of Smith to Cadell, 3 April and 7 April 1788, Preston Manor L/AE/10; L/AE/11.

doubt hoped as much as she did that the play would be staged and provide another source of money. Palmer, who had built the Royalty Theatre without a patent and opened it briefly in June 1787, was a poor prospect for a sponsor. Barred from staging regular plays, the Royalty continued showing farces and entertainments into April 1788. It is not clear if Smith hoped Palmer could stage her play at the Royalty or would recommend it again to George Linley, for whom he returned to acting at Drury Lane. It is a measure of her need and perhaps her husband's pressure that she turned to Palmer at all. Palmer did not respond to repeated requests for the play, and she feared it lost.

A week later, Benjamin interfered again in what, Smith wrote, 'he has I conceive no business with'.[1] In the second line of her dedication 'To My Children', she publicly indicted the trustees, claiming to have suffered from 'the Proud Mans contumely or the Oppressors' wrong,' (see Appendix, l. 2), a line plainly quoted from *Hamlet*. For her husband to object to her chosen text, her apt allusion, was insupportable. At the same time, he was curiously silent on the rest of the novel where his wife clearly ridiculed his misdeeds in the sometimes comical, debt-ridden projector Stafford and skewered his character in the drunken gambler Trelawny. Mr Stafford's similarity to Benjamin was obvious enough for the anonymous and otherwise favourable reviewer of *Emmeline* in the *Critical Review* to worry that Smith had 'aimed at persons. We hope she has not looked at home, in the misfortunes of Mrs. Stafford.'[2] Anna Seward, poet and friend of Hayley and no friend of Smith, was certain that her rival had done precisely that, and she objected to it: 'Whatever may be Mr. Smith's faults, surely it was as wrong as indelicate to hold up the man, whose name she bears, the father of her children, to public contempt in a novel.'[3] Had Benjamin Smith read no farther than the dedication on that first page? Or had he read it all but been more concerned with offending the trustees at whom the phrase was aimed and on whom he too depended for funds from his father's estate?

Too incensed to retract the dedication or temper its accusation, Smith threatened to go public with her story with the same fearless passion for justice she would shortly bring to her stand for the revolution in France:

> I will embrace the opportunity which I have long waited for, & wished for Of telling my story to the World, & publishing certain Letters from Great people and little people which shall substantiate and bring home every charge that may be suppos'd to exist in the obnoxious dedication or elsewhere.[4]

[1] Letter of Smith to Cadell, 15 April 1788, Preston Manor L/AE/12.

[2] *Critical Review; or Annals of Literature* 65 (June 1788), p. 532.

[3] Anna Seward, *Letters of Anna Seward; Written Between the Years 1784 and 1787* (Edinburgh, 1811), vol. ii, p. 215.

[4] Letter of Smith to Cadell, 15 April 1788, Preston Manor L/AE/12.

From Benjamin's objection and Boehm's knuckling under to pay Nicholas's military expenses, Smith instantly drew a crucial conclusion that would inform her future writings and the path of her career: her words had power. As a wife she had no legal recourse against her husband and as a female litigant she had no easy way to influence the trustees. But, as a successful writer, she could seek redress in the press.

She urged Cadell not to delay the publication on account of her husband's protest, arguing that it was too late to suppress the dedication. She already had twelve copies in hand, the one sent to Benjamin, five for her children, and one for a friend who couldn't afford the novel. She had also shown it to her son Charles's tutor and two other friends who 'particularly approved' of the disputed dedication.[1]

Benjamin's objection to the dedication notwithstanding, it was the first thing every reader saw. It did not hurt sales. The novel had a run of 1,500 copies and sold out rapidly after its April release. Reviews were on the whole favourable, and reviewers agreed that it was superior to the generality of such novels. The *Monthly Review* effectively summarized the *Critical Review* and the *European Magazine*'s main points when it wrote 'that the whole is conducted with a considerable degree of art, that the characters are natural, and well discriminated: that the fable is uncommonly interesting; and that the moral is forcible and just'.[2]

The *Critical Review*, out first in June, thought *Emmeline* nearly the equal of Frances Burney's *Cecilia* and most admired its scenes set in nature or other romantic venues – Castle Mowbray in remote Wales, Godolphin's home on the Isle of Wight, the banks of Lake Geneva, and the packet boat where Emmeline and Mrs Stafford discover Godolphin reading his poems aloud. Although at times 'the work hung heavy on our hands', the anonymous reviewer conceded that every scene, even every description developed character and forwarded the story. All the characters were 'excellent copies from nature', each equally distinguished from the others.[3]

Lord Montreville's story was indeed complex and interesting, but Lady Adelina's story of seduction, madness and redemption became the most disputed point, by of all people Mary Wollstonecraft, writing anonymously for the *Analytical Review* in July. She protested that Lady Adelina was absurd and dangerous: a woman who indulged her despair rather than cultivated repentance would excite readers' pity when she did not deserve their admiration. Wollstonecraft feared that Lady Adelina's emotional excesses would cast a pall over the ordinary lives of credulous young readers and leave them yearning for like adventure over reason, respecta-

[1] Letter of Smith to Cadell, 16 April 1788, Preston Manor L/AE/13.
[2] *Monthly Review* 79 (September 1788), pp. 242–3.
[3] *Critical Review*, p. 531.

bility and duty.[1] Wollstonecraft was the lone voice against Lady Adelina's excesses. The *Critical Review* found her, along with Lord Montreville, to be 'the characters which display the greatest skill',[2] and the *European Magazine* found Lady Adelina's story 'uncommonly affecting and instructive'.[3]

Emmeline was admired by notable readers as well. The Queen loaned Frances Burney her own copy.[4] The novel made a vivid enough impression on a teenaged Jane Austen for her to compare Delamere's attachment to Emmeline to Essex's for Queen Elizabeth in *A History of England* which she wrote in 1790–1 at the age of 14 or 15. She famously alluded to it in 'Catherine, or the Bower' (written in 1792), where the silly Camilla touts it while the sensible Catherine finds it lacking. And Anne Henry Ehrenpreis argues convincingly that *Northanger Abbey* specifically satirizes Emmeline's exemplary virtue, polished manners, love of reading and self-education in Catherine Morland, even to the point of Austen's quoting a line from Pope that Smith quoted in *Emmeline*. [5]

Sir Walter Scott too remembered its reception by the public from when he was seventeen. To him, 'it contained a happy mixture of humour, and of bitter satire mingled with pathos, while the characters, both of sentiment and of manners, were sketched with a firmness of pencil, and liveliness of colouring, which belong to the highest branch of fictitious narrative'.[6] Sir Egerton Brydges, an early biographer, wrote that its many virtues of language, character, sentiment and scenery 'gave it a hold upon all readers of true taste, of a new and most captivating kind … That a mind oppressed with sorrows and injuries of the deepest dye … could throw forth such visions with a pen dipped in all the glowing hues of a most playful and creative fancy, fills me with astonishment and admiration!'[7]

Most telling was its reception by Smith's advocate, William Hayley, and two discriminating bluestockings. It was perhaps more than loyalty to his friend and protégée when Hayley, who had nurtured Smith's relationship with her publisher, Cadell, and made corrections to *Emmeline* in manu-

[1] *The Works of Mary Wollstonecraft*, ed. by Janet Todd and Marilyn Butler (London: Pickering & Chatto, 1989), vol. vii, pp. 22–7.

[2] *Critical Review*, p. 530.

[3] *European Magazine and London Review* 14 (November 1788), p. 348.

[4] Frances Burney, *Dairy and Letters of Madame D'Arblay* (London: Henry Colburn, 1842), vol. iv, p. 390.

[5] Charlotte Smith, *Emmeline, the Orphan of the Castle*, ed. by Anne Henry Ehrenpreis (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1971), pp. xii–xiii.

[6] Sir Walter Scott, *The Lives of the Novelists* in *Miscellaneous Prose Works* (Edinburgh: Cadell, 1834), vol. iv, p. 60.

[7] Sir Egerton Brydges, *Censura Literaria* (London: Longman, 1815), pp. 247–8.

script, declared it to be 'the most wonderful production he ever saw'.[1] But Elizabeth Carter was disinterested when she wrote to Mrs Montagu only a few weeks after the novel was out: 'I was glad to find that you were pleased with the "Orphan of the Castle." I heartily wish it was fashionable enough to be of any essential benefit to the author, who has been obliged to purchase her freedom from a vile husband.'[2]

Smith meticulously corrected the second edition, which is taken here as the copy-text.[3] Numerous changes reflect the late eighteenth-century's unsettled punctuation practices in the use of capital letters, hyphenated modifiers, and commas and semicolons, but the substantive changes show an author confidently clarifying her text, smoothing a phrase ('unfeelingness and malignity' becomes 'unfeeling malignity', p. 446) or refining a character. In the first edition, Lord Montreville's lawyer and adviser, Sir Richard Crofts, plots to marry a son to one of Montreville's daughters, for the son stood to gain a 'fortune worthy his ambition'. Crofts is a model of crass ambition, unworthy to his bones. Smith deftly changed the line to one that evoked the man's grasping nature, a 'fortune worth all attempts' (p. 163). In Volume III, Chapter 2, Fitz-Edward is ready to leap to Emmeline's defence as rumours about her involvement with Delamere swirl about her head, drummed up by Mrs Ashwood and egged on by Croft's younger son. In the first edition, Emmeline does not care 'what they think – leave them to their conjectures'. In the second, Smith makes her heroine's judgement scathing: Emmeline does not care 'what they conjecture – leave them to their malice' (p. 219).

In the third volume, as the pregnant Lady Adelina's mental state worsens, Smith is at pains not to abandon her to abject madness, presumably to make her eventual recovery plausible. She is not 'deranged', but 'disarranged' (p. 248); her state does not denote 'the derangement of her mind', but 'her unsettled mind' (p. 256). Initially Mrs Stafford calls on Adelina's brother, the noble Godolphin, to refrain from punishing her seducer, his old friend Fitz-Edward:

> the crisis was now come when he was prevailed upon to conquer his just resentment, or by giving it way destroy the reputation of his sister, and expose his own life in order to revenge it.

In Smith's revision, she takes care to show that Godolphin does so both reasonably and selflessly:

[1] William Hayley in John Nichols, *Illustrations of the Literary History of the Eighteenth Century* (London: Nicholas and Bentley, 1848), vol. vii, p. 708.

[2] *Letters from Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, to Mrs Montagu* (London: F. C. and J. Rivington, 1817), vol. iii, p. 295.

[3] As it was by previous editors, Anne Henry Ehrenpreis and Loraine Fletcher.

> the crisis was now come when he must either be persuaded to conquer his just resentment, or by giving it way destroy, while he attempted to revenge, the fame of his sister. (p. 246)

How much more rational to *persuade* him than to prevail upon him. And how much more manly for her honourable, upright naval hero not to give a thought to exposing his own life.

By the time the second edition came out later in 1788, Smith had agreed to suppress the dedication on the advice of a trusted friend, probably Hayley. Even so, she worried that giving way to her husband in this relatively small matter would lead him to demand more, even a share of her profits, and so she urged Cadell to make it clear to her husband that she would submit the damning dedication to the daily prints herself. Even more, she needed to keep her novel's success a secret from him: he would see only more opportunities for gain in her rising popularity.

Other booksellers courted her. When last in town, she had turned down three offers to purchase the novel and put out subsequent editions of it, assuring each man that she was perfectly satisfied with Cadell's fair dealing and liberality. Henry Lasher Gardner, who kept open a subscription book for her sonnets at his shop, might have been among those who offered. But it was William Lane of the Minerva Press whose advances most angered and humiliated her.

Writing to Hayley about the incident, she cast her letter as a scene from a play, and her facility with both dialogue and stage directions suggests how steeped she was in the dramatic form, fresh from her efforts to produce something marketable. The letter lambasts Lane as a 'consequential red-faced pert looking Man', displaying Smith's flair for satire that pervades drawing-room scenes in *Emmeline* featuring Mrs Ashwood, Elkerton, Rochely and the Chevalier de Bellozane. Smith's rendering of Lane's sales pitch shows her aptitude for idiom. We can almost see the man inflating himself as he tries to persuade her to sell him her book:

> Mr Cadell has made a great fortune. Now I have fortune to make & for that there is no reason d'ye see, I would give you twice as much as he will; by reason that a novel of yours just now would be worth any money to me.[1]

When she turns down Lane's offer to pay her twice as much as Cadell would, Lane responds cattily or craftily that he has heard that Cadell gave her only £60 for *Emmeline*.

This price was surely off the mark. She told the publisher George Robinson that Cadell paid £130 for two-thirds of *Emmeline*, presumably as an advance. She thought £50 per volume was the going rate for the first edition of a novel and told Robinson that 'this price he has given me and still

[1] Stanton, *Letters*, p. 17.

will'.[1] Moreover, Cadell routinely paid her £10 per volume for a second edition run of 1,000 copies of *Ethelinde* and her other novels, except *The Banished Man*, where Cadell offered £5 per volume for a short run of 500.[2]

Lane would not take no for an answer. Half an hour after she refused him face to face, he sent a servant in a 'fine lace livery' with a letter:

> Madam –
>
> Understanding the Copyright of the Orphan of the Castle is yours, wish to treat for 100 Copies of same, as in consequence of my extensive dealings & supplying all the libraries, can put them into extensive circulation & will deal on such terms as you will find advantageous & wait on you immediately as I leave the place at 4 oClock. Any future production in the novel way, flatter to be remembered, which will oblige
>
> Your humble ser^{nt} Will^{m} Lane[3]

She sent him a curt, repressive answer:

> Sir,
>
> The copyright of Emmeline is mine. But I leave to Mr. Cadell the sale & all trouble & expense. On applying to him, you may I apprehend have any quantity of the 3rd Edition when it is published. I have at present not the least intention to change my publisher, having found Mr Cadell hitherto equally liberal & respectable. I am, Sir, Yr ob Sr C.S.[4]

She joked to Hayley that Lane would make 'a glorious figure in the farce we were talking of'.[5] But this was putting a brave face on the matter and, in the very next sentence, she lamented that her reduced state in life exposed her to advances from men like Lane:

> I am such a proud fool that I feel humbled & hurt at being supposed liable to his negotiations & then felt all in a tremble about it. Somebody I apprehend told him how cruelly I want money, & he thought my poverty w[ou]ld make me Eagerly grasp at his offers, & finding the first fail, thought I c[ou]ld not resist 40 or 50£ for 100 Copies of Emmeline, by w[ha]t means he c[oul]d get a sort of hold on me. But I think I have done right in repulsing forever his pert advances. Alas! How unfit I am for the common intercourse of common life, & how very unfit for all I am forced to encounter.[6]

[1] Stanton, *Letters*, p. 20.
[2] Stanton, *Letters*, pp. 27, 178n1.
[3] Stanton, *Letters*, p. 18.
[4] Stanton, *Letters*, p. 18.
[5] Stanton, *Letters*, p. 18. Smith might have tried her hand at farce that spring and offered it to Palmer. He still owned Royalty Theatre which was performing farces and entertainments although he had returned to acting at Drury Lane where George Linley was manager.
[6] Stanton, *Letters*, pp. 18–19.

In December 1788, with her proceeds from the second edition already spent, Smith hoped to start writing a comedy for Haymarket Theatre at Cadell's recommendation. She also offered to sell Cadell the copyright of *Emmeline*. He answered by return of the post: he had already advanced Smith nearly £60 pounds on a *third* edition of '*Emerline*' [*sic*]. Perhaps it stung that he didn't even spell the title of her first successful novel. But what he said next must have hurt, because it could not remedy her ever empty purse: 'Works of this kind seldom or ever sell more than three Editions.'[1] His most popular novel, Frances Burney's *Cecilia,* had not sold beyond its fourth edition after seven years. Smith could not hope for more from *Emmeline*. The third edition appeared in 1789 with advertisements on the back of the title page for *The Romance of Real Life* at 9 shillings sewed and *Elegiac Sonnets*, fourth edition at three shillings.

Emmeline was printed in Ireland, France, Germany, Holland and the USA, but not in forms that earned Smith any money. Pirated editions were published in two volumes in Dublin in 1788, 1789, 1793 and 1804 by the usual consortium of Irish booksellers.[2] Doherty and Sims printed a three-volume edition in Belfast in 1799. As badly as she needed the income, the early piracies rankled her. William Hayley introduced her by post to the Dublin author and antiquarian, Joseph Cooper Walker, and Walker worked to ensure that John Rice received future publications before any of the other Irish booksellers so that Smith could earn a few pounds from her Irish sales.

She gained nothing but an admiring audience from the popular 1788 Paris editions of *Emmeline, ou L'Orpheline du Château*, one by Letellier and Desenne and another by Buisson. Late in the year J. P. Roux at Maestricht published a translation based on the revised second edition, reversing the title. In 1794, after the Revolution, Briand published another edition with engravings, and in 1799 Maradan, reversing the title, put out *L'orpheline du château ou Emmeline*, based on the 'latest' edition. Another French edition appeared in 1801. In 1790, J. Stabel of Vienna published *Emmeline; oder, Die Wayse des Schlosses*, a translation into German by Christian Felix Weisse. P. H. Trap published a lone Dutch edition *Emmelina*, in Leyden, in 1792–7. Taken altogether, these French, German and Dutch editions suggest a livelier interest in her work abroad in the 1790s than previously recognized. A three-volume American edition (1802) was published by J. Conrad and others in Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington.

[1] Undated letter of Cadell to Smith, Brighton, after 17 December 1788.

[2] The 1789 edition was based on Smith's revised and corrected second edition. The 1804 edition called itself 'the third edition'.

Had she lived, Smith might have blocked the A. K. Newman and Co. edition in four volumes for Lane's Minerva Press in 1816, but interest in *Emmeline* continued into the nineteenth century. In about 1820,[1] J. Robins and Co., Albion Press, Ivy Lane, Paternoster-Row, put out a one-volume edition. In 1844, 'a new edition, revised and corrected expressly for "The Novel Newspaper" by J. C. James, Esq.' was published by N. Bruce.[2] In 1845 J. S. Pratt published a one-volume edition in London, giving evidence of Smith's Victorian reading audience. The Cottager's Library (Wakefield: William Nicholson & Sons) produced another one-volume edition in around 1860.

What then accounted for the success of a first novel written under such duress; written, on the face of it, more for money than for any expression of an artistic vision; written almost in antithesis to the sensibility Smith had honed as a poet and wit she had deployed in a play? Novel writing calls for technique and invention quite the opposite of those Smith summoned for the neat, melancholy sonnets that had gained her an audience thus far, for the disciplined translations that had provided needed interim money, or for the comedy, or comedies, she attempted even while exploring this expansive fictional form. And all the while she was networking with other authors, sponsors, publishers and stage managers, promoting past and future publications, and navigating the pitfalls and, by her own account, pratfalls of visits from men who wanted to profit from her labours, notably William Lane of the Minerva Press.

Sonnets are as demanding a form as exists in the English language. They challenge poets to concise thought, to compressed emotion, to rich allusion and metaphor, to a focus on the inner self. Translation demanded that Smith submerse herself into another author's voice, idiom, and world-view. It is fascinating to consider what she learned from translating *Manon L'Escaut* and *Les Causes Célèbres*. Certainly *Manon* exposed her to the craft of fiction in the most practical way – to learning the strategies of storytelling, of scene, dialogue, character, motivation and point of view, even as she wrestled Prévost's short book from French into English. But at

[1] Ehrenpreis gives this date, but J. Robins appears to have been active a decade or so later.

[2] N. Bruce flourished from 1842 to 1846 and published some volumes with Wild. James Fennimore Cooper and William Gilmore Simms were staples from the USA. In 1844, Bruce's busiest year for reissuing older works, he published *Emmeline* and *The Old Manor House* in the company of other well regarded eighteenth- and early nineteenth-century novels: Tobias Smollett's *Peregrine Pickle*, Ann Radcliffe's *The Castles of Athlin and Dunbayne*, Sophia Lee's *The Recess*, Mary Brunton's *Discipline* and *Self-control* and Mary Anne Radcliffe's *Manfrone*.

the same time, *Manon* plunged her into a tale of obsession and debasement. Smith came to Prévost's novel steeped in the humour and manners of her native fiction. She came away from translating the tale of Des Grieux's destructive passion freed to construct the grasping, compulsive, perversely compelling Frederick Delamere, an eighteenth-century version of a modern-day stalker told not without sympathy.

The Chevalier des Grieux's focused first-person narrative did not school Smith in the tactical demands of an omnisciently narrated fiction that spanned four years, four countries, two heroes, two seductions, two duels and a host of finely delineated minor characters from lords to dandies to honoured old retainers. Smith's next translation, Guyot de Pitaval's *Les Causes Célèbres*, engaged her in telling real-life stories stranger than fiction in a world where anything was possible. In fact, the sprawling *causes*, or cases, with their stories embedded in digressions, and analysis of case law were more akin to her bent for sweeping novels than Prévost's obsessively focused first-person narrative. At the same time, translating each case taught her to prune digression and analysis in her quest for the essential *story* – in effect, schooling her to create a forward narrative thrust, a technical achievement evident even in the first chapters of *Emmeline*.

With the discipline of the sonnets and the translations in her mind, Smith sat down in August or September of 1787 to write what novelists and film-makers today call a blockbuster, venturing boldly and confidently into a big story of interwoven, intermarried feuding families, a plotting device which focuses all of her characters' conflicts, tightens the plot, compresses the action and heightens the stakes. I believe she did this instinctively, from a lifetime of reading, from the discipline of her early ventures into poetry, translation and drama, and perhaps most of all from reading Shakespeare, the author she alludes to most often and with most ease.

A cascade of complications completes Smith's reach for a novel of epic proportions. Small English towns or even London cannot contain her restless, questing characters. In *Emmeline,* as in Smith's later novels, they move about, their adventures taking her readers from a remote Welsh castle to London to Paris to Switzerland and back to London to the Isle of Wight to Castle Mowbray, to home. Whether at home or in their travels, Emmeline, Delamere, Godolphin, Fitz-Edward and Lady Adelina are beset with troubles. Among them, they endure two seductions and two duels, a comic and a tragic one of each. Almost overreaching herself, Smith provides two heroes in Delamere and Godolphin, and a heroine besieged by not one, not two, but in the end six suitors, all but one hostages to perverted notions of love and romance, trust, respect, honour and fidelity. These form the scaffolding upon which Smith mounts her critique of courtship, love, marriage, and family (parents and children).

Smith challenges the power men hold over women as one after another unsuitable suitor besieges Emmeline. Her heroine must face the presuming new steward Maloney at Mowbray Castle, the snivelling Elkerton at Mrs Ashwood's, the old tradesman Rochely whose great wealth her guardian, Lord Montreville, and his toady, Sir Richard Crofts, pressure her to accept, even while Sir Richard's ogling son takes his shot at her. Most damningly, from the beginning to the end of the novel, Emmeline is pursued by the consumed, frenzied Delamere. She escapes his importunities in France only to have to repel the advances of his continental cousin the Chevalier de Bellozane in what should be a Swiss retreat by the shores of Lake Geneva. There, the restrained and noble naval captain Godolphin enacts right conduct and gives Emmeline the respect that she deserves.

But Smith's first novel is not simply a courtship novel. *Emmeline* is also a critique of marriage, of the marriage contract, of marriages contracted for all the wrong and only a few of the right reasons, and of marriages conducted on false principles. On top of intermarriages among the highest and lowest of the quality – the Montrevilles, the Clancarryls, the Westhavens and the Crofts – the gentry that populate *Emmeline* – the Staffords, the Trelawnys and the sons of Sir Richard Crofts – intermarry among themselves and marry up into the peerage.

The younger generation of the Clancarryls and Westhavens are elaborately allied by intermarriage. Lord and Lady Montreville's younger daughter, Augusta, Emmeline's dear friend from the instant they meet, marries Lord Westhaven, older brother of William Godolphin, whom Emmeline ultimately marries. Lady Camilla Westhaven (sister of Lord Westhaven and Godolphin) is married to Lord Clancarryl, older brother of George Fitz-Edward who seduced their younger sister, Lady Adelina. The three proper unions are all also models of felicitous, upstanding marriages made for love and with the parents' permission, and even Fitz-Edward and Adelina, after a period of suffering for their adultery and out-of-wedlock child, marry and find a much sobered happiness.

On the darker side of the novel's analysis of the marriage contract are several flawed marriages contracted either to obey blindly parents' ill-considered wishes or to acquire wealth and status. In a state of pique, Lady Frances Delamere (Delamere's sister) elopes with Richard Crofts, son of Montreville's steward, Sir Richard, and lives to flaunt her husband's riches even as she regrets the loss of status that puts her on a par with her new sister-in-law, the widow Mrs Ashwood, who marries the younger brother, James Crofts, in hopes of improving her status.

But the dominating story of marriage in *Emmeline* is Lord and Lady Montreville's cynical, mutually exploitative union. A younger brother of an old but not noble family, Frederick Mowbray brought an inheritance from his mother's side to his marriage to Lady Eleonore Delamere. She

brought opulence, the title of viscount and a name to him. But corrupt marriages corrupt children and, with two of their three offspring, a near lawlessness reigns. They indulge themselves and their children. Their son and heir and the novel's pseudo-hero/hero apparent, Frederick Delamere, is tainted by his parents' self-indulgence and allegiance to wealth and status. Delamere, who cannot hear or believe his vulnerable orphaned cousin's refusals of his proposals, is given to fits, frenzies and paroxysms of possessiveness, jealousy, bitterness and grief. Their older daughter, Frances, 'young, handsome, and vain', impulsively marries for money the untitled son of her father's lawyer and adviser. She wastes no time in indulging herself in playing deep, extravagant equipages, and rendering her spouse 'a fashionable husband' or cuckold (p. 301). Her scandalous dalliance with her French cousin, the Chevalier de Bellozane, propels the novel's fatal duel and her expulsion from the country. Lady Montreville's eventual paralysis and death show her to be the static flaw at the centre of the marriage, poisoning her too malleable husband, infecting her son and daughter whose death and expulsion respectively seem a fitting end to her corrupt and corrupting influence.

But, in Smith's fictive marital argument, a better woman is not enough to salvage a bad marriage. Shadowing the Montrevilles' disastrous implosion are the sometimes comic but ultimately dreary and distressing follies of Mrs Stafford's husband, the first of Charlotte Smith's many public skewerings of her own ne'er-do-well spouse. Married too young to a man for whom she was ill suited, Mrs Stafford, like Smith, shuttles herself and her three children from place to place, even to France, as she dutifully attempts to repair the damage done to her small fortune by her husband's profligate spending on laughable projects, such as wigs to be turned to fertilizer.

Lady Adelina Trelawny's marriage is darker still, and when she laments to Emmeline that 'I gave away my person before I knew I had an heart' (p. 193), we cannot help hearing an echo of Smith's own youthful heartbreak. It is the very dilemma that Emmeline faced when besieged to marry by a parade of suitors, but Emmeline's natural virtue, criticized by Anna Seward as unbelievable in one so young, raised essentially on her own, led her to the right decision. Lady Adelina's more cultivated town smarts did not come to her rescue. Not only did she marry a man beneath her in status and intelligence but, even as Trelawny gambles his fortune and drinks his life away, Lady Adelina, tarnished by her exposure to a life so crude, fails to protect her virtue, falls for the seductions of Delamere's friend Fitz-Edward, and becomes pregnant, a lapse in duty and fidelity which the novel both sympathetically analyses and summarily punishes with bouts of madness after the birth of her illicit child.

In all of this piling on of courtships, seductions and marriages and parents and children good and bad, some readers of *Emmeline, the Orphan of the Castle*, might find that 'the work hung heavy on our hands', as did the reviewer from the *Critical Review.* We might even say that the excesses of *Emmeline* show us a first-time novelist's overreaching to ensure she had created what today's publishers would call a blockbuster bestseller. But even the *Critical* reviewer conceded: 'on trial, we know not what should have been omitted. Each little, seemingly unimportant incident developes the character in question, or elucidates it.'[1] It's almost as if Smith fired everything she knew about courtship, love and marriage into a prism and turned it slowly before the light, shining her sharp mind on each and every facet. And, if she did overreach, we are reminded of Dr Johnson's simple dictum that it is easier to take away superfluities than it is to supply defects. Smith's sweeping first novel shook up Ann Radcliffe, impressed a young Walter Scott and younger Jane Austen, and found a larger readership eager for more.

[1] *Critical Review*, p. 531.

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EMMELINE,

THE

ORPHAN of the CASTLE.

BY CHARLOTTE SMITH.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

THE SECOND EDITION

LONDON:
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M DCC LXXXVIII.

EMMELINE,
THE ORPHAN of the CASTLE.

CHAPTER I.

IN a remote part of the county of Pembroke,[1] is an old building, formerly of great strength, and inhabited for centuries by the ancient family of Mowbray; to the sole remaining branch of which it still belonged, tho' it was, at the time this history commences, inhabited only by servants; and the greater part of it was gone to decay. A few rooms only had been occasionally repaired to accommodate the proprietor, when he found it necessary to come thither to receive his rents, or to inspect the condition of the estate; which however happened so seldom, that during the twelve years he had been master of it, he had only once visited the castle for a few days. The business that related to the property round it (which was very considerable) was conducted by a steward grown grey in the service of the family, and by an attorney from London, who came[a] to hold the courts.[2] And an old housekeeper, a servant who waited on her, the steward, and a labourer who was kept to look after his horse and work in that part of the garden which yet bore the vestige of cultivation, were now all its inhabitants; except a little girl, of whom the housekeeper had the care, and who was believed to be the natural[3] daughter of that elder brother, by whose death Lord Montreville, the present possessor, became entitled to the estate.

This nobleman, while yet a younger son, was (by the partiality of his mother, who had been an heiress, and that of some other female relations) master of a property nearly equal to what he inherited by the death of his brother, Mr. Mowbray.

He had been originally designed for the law; but in consequence of being entitled to the large estate which had been his mother's, and heir, by will, to all her opulent family, he had quitted that profession, and at the age of about four and twenty, had married Lady Eleonore Delamere, by whom he had a son and two daughters.

The illustrious family from which Lady Eleonore descended, became extinct in the male line by the premature death of her two brothers; and

her Ladyship becoming sole heiress, her husband took the name Delamere; and obtaining one of the titles of the lady's father, was, at his death, created Viscount Montreville. Mr. Mowbray died before he was thirty, in Italy; and Lord Montreville, on taking possession of Mowbray Castle, found there his infant daughter.

Her mother had died soon after her birth; and she had been sent from France, where she was born, and put under the care of Mrs. Carey, the housekeeper, who was tenderly attached to her, having been the attendant of Mr. Mowbray from his earliest infancy.

Lord Montreville suffered her to remain in the situation in which he found her, and to go by the name of Mowbray: he allowed for the trifling charge of her board and necessary cloaths in the steward's account, the examination of which was for some years the only circumstance that reminded him of the existence of the unfortunate orphan.

With no other notice from her father's family, Emmeline had attained her twelfth year; an age at which she would have been left in the most profound ignorance, if her uncommon understanding, and unwearied application, had not supplied the deficiency of her instructors, and conquered the disadvantages of her situation.

Mrs. Carey could indeed read with tolerable fluency, and write an hand hardly legible: and Mr. Williamson, the old steward, had been formerly a good penman, and was still a proficient in accounts. Both were anxious to give their little charge all the instruction they could: but without the quickness and attention she shewed to whatever they attempted to teach, such preceptors could have done little.

Emmeline had a kind of intuitive knowledge; and comprehended every thing with a facility that soon left her instructors behind her. The precarious and neglected situation in which she lived, troubled not the innocent Emmeline. Having never experienced any other, she felt no uneasiness at her present lot; and on the future she was not yet old enough to reflect.

Mrs. Carey was to her in place of the mother she had never known; and the old steward, she was accustomed to call father. The death of this venerable servant was the first sorrow Emmeline ever felt: returning late one evening, in the winter, from a neighbouring town, he attempted to cross a ford, where the waters being extremely out,[4] he was carried down by the rapidity of the current. His horse was drowned; and tho' he was himself rescued from the flood by some peasants who knew him, and carried to the castle, he was so much bruised, and had suffered so much from cold, that he was taken up speechless, and continued so for the few hours he survived the accident.

Mrs. Carey, who had lived in the same house with him near forty years, felt the sincerest concern at his death; with which it was necessary for her immediately to acquaint Lord Montreville.

His Lordship directed his attorney in London to replace him with another; to whom Mrs. Carey, with an aching heart, delivered the keys of the steward's room and drawers.

Her health, which was before declining, received a rude shock from the melancholy death of Mr. Williamson; and she and her little ward had soon the mortification of seeing he was forgotten by all but themselves.

Frequent and severe attacks of the gout now made daily ravages in the constitution of Mrs. Carey; and her illness recurred so often, that Emmeline, now almost fourteen, began to reflect on what she should do, if Mrs. Carey died: and these reflections occasionally gave her pain. But she was not yet of an age to consider deeply, or to dwell long on gloomy subjects. Her mind, however, gradually expanded, and her judgment improved: for among the deserted rooms of this once noble edifice, was a library, which had been well furnished with the books of those ages in which they had been collected. Many of them were in black letter;[5] and so injured by time, that the most indefatigable antiquary could have made nothing of them.

From these, Emmeline turned in despair to some others of more modern appearance; which, tho' they also had suffered from the dampness of the room, and in some parts were almost effaced with mould, were yet generally legible. Among them, were Spencer and Milton, two or three volumes of the Spectator, an old edition of Shakespeare, and an odd volume or two of Pope.[6]

These, together with some tracts of devotion, which she knew would be very acceptable to Mrs. Carey, she cleaned by degrees from the dust with which they were covered, and removed into the housekeeper's room; where the village carpenter accommodated her with a shelf, on which, with great pride of heart, she placed her new acquisitions.

The dismantled windows, and broken floor of the library, prevented her continuing there long together: but she frequently renewed her search, and with infinite pains examined all the piles of books, some of which lay tumbled in heaps on the floor, others promiscuously placed on the shelves, where the swallow, the sparrow, and the daw, had found habitations for many years: for as the present proprietor had determined to lay out no more than was absolutely necessary to keep one end of the castle habitable, the library, which was in the most deserted part of it, was in a ruinous state, and had long been entirely forsaken.

Emmeline, however, by her unwearied researches, nearly completed several sets of books, in which instruction and amusement were happily blended. From them she acquired a taste for poetry, and the more ornamental parts of literature; as well as the grounds of that elegant and useful knowledge, which, if it rendered not her life happier, enabled her to

support, with the dignity of conscious worth, those undeserved evils with which many of her years were embittered.

Mrs. Carey, now far advanced in life, found her infirmities daily increase. She was often incapable of leaving her chamber for many weeks; during which Emmeline attended her with the solicitude and affection of a daughter; scorned not to perform the most humble offices that contributed to her relief; and sat by her whole days, or watched her whole nights, with the tenderest and most unwearied assiduity.

On those evenings in summer, when her attendance could for a few hours be dispensed with, she delighted to wander among the rocks that formed the bold and magnificent boundary of the ocean, which spread its immense expanse of water within half a mile of the castle. Simply dressed, and with no other protection than Providence, she often rambled several miles into the country, visiting the remote huts of the shepherds, among the wildest mountains.

During the life of Mrs. Mowbray,[7] a small stipend had been annually allowed for the use of the poor: this had not yet been withdrawn; and it now passed thro' the hands of Mrs. Carey, whose enquiries into the immediate necessities of the cottagers in the neighbourhood of the castle, devolved to Emmeline, when she was herself unable to make them.

The ignorant rustics, who had seen Emmeline grow up among them from her earliest infancy, and who now beheld her with the compassion as well as the beauty of an angel, administering to their necessities and alleviating their misfortunes, looked upon her as a superior being, and throughout the country she was almost adored.

Perfectly unconscious of those attractions which now began to charm every other eye, Emmeline had entered her sixteenth year; and the progress of her understanding was equal to the improvement of her person; which, tho' she was not perfectly handsome, could not be beheld at first without pleasure, and which the more it was seen became more interesting and engaging.

Her figure was elegant and graceful; somewhat exceeding the middling height. Her eyes were blue; and her hair brown. Her features not very regular; yet there was a sweetness in her countenance, when she smiled, more charming than the effect of the most regular features could have given. Her countenance, open and ingenuous, expressed every emotion of her mind: it had assumed rather a pensive cast; and tho' it occasionally was lighted up by vivacity, had been lately frequently overclouded; when the sufferings of her only friend called forth all the generous sympathy of her nature.

And now the first severe misfortune she had known was about to overtake her. Early in the spring of that year, which was the sixteenth from her birth, Mrs. Carey had felt an attack of the gout, which however was short;

and her health seemed for some time afterwards more settled than it had been for many months. She was one evening preparing to go down to the village, leaning on the arm of Emmeline, when she suddenly complained of an acute pain in her head, and fell back into a chair. The affrighted girl called for assistance, and endeavoured by every means in her power to recover her, but it was impossible; the gout had seized her head;[8] and casting on Emmeline a look which seemed to express all she felt at leaving her thus desolate and friendless, her venerable friend, after a short struggle, breathed her last.

What should Emmeline now do? In this distress (the first she had ever known) how should she act? She saw, in the lifeless corps before her, the person on whom she had, from her first recollection, been accustomed to rely; who had provided for all her wants, and prevented every care for herself. And now she was left to perform for this dear friend the last sad offices, and knew not what would hereafter be her own lot.

In strong and excellent understandings there is, in every period of life, a force which distress enables them to exert, and which prevents their sinking under the pressure of those evils which overwhelm and subdue minds more feeble and unequal.

The spirits of Emmeline were yet unbroken by affliction, and her understanding was of the first rank. She possessed this native firmness in a degree very unusual to her age and sex. Instead therefore of giving way to tears and exclamations, she considered how she should best perform all she now could do for her deceased friend; and having seen every proper care taken of her remains, and given orders for every thing relative to them, with the solemn serenity of settled sorrow, she retired to her room, where she began to reflect on her irreparable loss, and the melancholy situation in which she was left; which she never had courage to consider closely till it was actually before her.

Painful indeed were the thoughts that now crouded on her mind; encreasing the anguish of her spirit for her recent misfortune. She considered herself as a being belonging to nobody; as having no right to claim the protection of any one; no power to procure for herself the necessaries of life. On the steward Maloney she had long looked with disgust, from the assured and forward manner in which he thought proper to treat her. The freedom of his behaviour, which she could with difficulty repress while Mrs. Carey lived, might now, she feared, approach to more insulting familiarity; to be exposed to which, entirely in his power, and without any female companion, filled her with the most alarming apprehensions: and the more her mind dwelt on that circumstance the more she was terrified at the prospect before her; insomuch, that she would immediately have quitted the house – But whither could she go?

By abruptly leaving the asylum Lord Montreville had hitherto allowed her, she feared she might forfeit all claim to his future protection: and, unknown as she was to the principal inhabitants of the country, who were few, and their houses at a great distance, she could hardly hope to be received by any of them.

She had therefore no choice left but to remain at the castle till she heard from Lord Montreville: and she determined to acquaint his Lordship of the death of Mrs. Carey, and desire to receive his commands as to herself.

Fatigued and oppressed, she retired to bed, but not to sleep. The image of her expiring protectress was still before her eyes; and if exhausted nature forced her to give way to a momentary forgetfulness, she soon started from her imperfect slumber, and fancied she heard the voice of Mrs. Carey, calling on her for help; and her last groan still vibrated in her ears! – while the stillness of the night, interrupted only by the cries of the owls which haunted the ruins, added to the gloomy and mournful sensations of her mind.

At length however the sun arose – the surrounding objects lost the horror that darkness and silence had lent them – and Emmeline fell into a short but refreshing repose.

CHAPTER II.

AS soon as Emmeline arose the next morning, she addressed the following letter to Lord Montreville.

'My Lord,

'In the utmost affliction, I address myself to your Lordship, to acquaint you with the death of Mrs. Carey, after an illness of a very few moments: by which unhappy event I have lost a friend who has indeed been a mother to me; and am now left at the castle, ignorant of your Lordship's pleasure as to my future residence.

'You will, my Lord, I doubt not, recollect that it is, at my time of life, improper for me to reside here with Mr. Maloney; and if it be your Lordship's intention for me to continue here, I hope you will have the goodness to send down some proper person to fill the place of the worthy woman I have lost.

'On your Lordship's humanity and consideration I depend for an early answer: in which hope I have the honor to remain,

'your Lordship's

'dutiful and most humble servant,

'EMMELINE MOWBRAY.'

Mowbray Castle,
21st May. [9]

The same post carried a letter from Mr. Maloney, informing Lord Montreville of the housekeeper's death, and desiring directions about *Miss,* as he elegantly termed Emmeline.

To these letters no answers were returned for upwards of a fortnight: during which melancholy interval, Emmeline followed to the grave the remains of the friend of her infancy, and took a last farewel of the only person who seemed interested for her welfare. Then returning with streaming eyes to her own room, she threw herself on the bed, and gave way to a torrent of tears; for her spirits were overcome by the mournful scene to which she had just been a witness, and by the heavy forebodings of future sorrow which oppressed her heart.

The troublesome civilities of the steward Maloney, she soon found the difficulty of evading. Fearful of offending him from whom she could not escape; yet unable to keep up an intercourse of civility with a man who

would interpret it into an encouragement of his presumptuous attentions, she was compelled to make use of an artifice; and to plead ill health as an excuse for not dining as usual in the steward's room: and indeed her uneasiness and grief were such as hardly made it a pretence.

After many days of anxious expectation, the following letter arrived from the house-steward of Lord Montreville; as on such an occasion his Lordship did not think it necessary to write himself.

Berkeley-Square,[10a] *June 17, 17—*

'Miss,

'My Lord orders me to acquaint you, that in consequence of your's of the 21st ult.[11] informing his Lordship of the old housekeeper's,[b] Mrs. Carey's, decease, he has directed Mrs. Grant, his Lordship's town housekeeper,[c] to look out for another; and Mrs. Grant has agreed with a gentlewoman accordingly, who will be down at the castle forthwith. My Lord is gone to Essex; but has directed me to let Mr. Maloney know, that he is to furnish you with all things needful same as before. By my Lord's command, from, Miss,

'your very humble servant,

'RICHARD MADDOX.'

While Emmeline waited the expected arrival of the person to whose care she was now to be consigned, the sister of Mrs. Carey, who was the only relation she had, sent a nephew of her husband's to take possession of what effects had belonged to her; in doing which, a will was found, in which she bequeathed fifty pounds as a testimony of her tender affection to 'Miss Emmeline Mowbray, the daughter of her late dear master;' together with all the contents of a small chest of drawers, which stood in her room.

The rest of her property, which consisted of her cloaths and about two hundred pounds, which she had saved in service, became her sister's, and were delivered by Maloney to the young man commissioned to receive them.

In the drawers given to her, Emmeline found some fine linen and laces, which had belonged to her mother; and two little silk boxes covered with nuns embroidery,[12] which seemed not to have been opened for many years.

Emmeline saw that they were filled with letters: some of them in a hand which she had been shewn as her father's. But she left them uninspected, and fastened up the caskets; her mind being yet too much affected with her loss to be able to examine any thing which brought to her recollection the fond solicitude of her departed friend.

The cold and mechanical terms in which the steward's letter was written, encreased all her uneasy fears as to her future prospects.

Lord Montreville seemed to feel no kindness for her; nor to give any consideration to her forlorn and comfortless situation. The officious freedoms of Maloney encreased so much, that she was obliged to confine herself almost entirely to her own room to avoid him; and she determined, that if after the arrival of the companion she expected, he continued to besiege her with so much impertinent familiarity, she would quit the house, tho' compelled to accept the meanest service for a subsistence.

After a fortnight of expectation, notice was received at the castle, that Mrs. Garnet, the housekeeper, was arrived at the market town. The labourer, with an horse, was dispatched for her, and towards evening she made her entry.

To Emmeline, who had from her earliest remembrance been accustomed only to the plainest dress, and the most simple and sober manners, the figure and deportment of this woman appeared equally extraordinary.

She wore a travelling dress of tawdry-coloured silk,[13] trimmed with bright green ribbands; and her head was covered with an immense black silk hat, from which depended many yellow streamers; while the plumage, with which it was plentifully adorned, hung dripping over her face, from the effects of a thunder shower thro' which she had passed. Her hair, tho' carefully curled and powdered[14] on her leaving London, had been also greatly deranged in her journey, and descended, in knotty tufts of a dirty yellow, over her cheeks and forehead; adding to the vulgar ferocity of a harsh countenance and a coarse complexion. Her figure was uncommonly tall and boney; and her voice so discordant and shrill, as to pierce the ear with the most unpleasant sensation, and compleat the disagreeable idea her person impressed.

Emmeline saw her enter, handed by the officious Maloney; and repressing her astonishment, she arose, and attempted to speak to her: but the contrast between the dirty, tawdry, and disgusting figure before her, and the sober plainness and neat simplicity of her lost friend, struck so forcibly on her imagination, that she burst into tears, and was altogether unable to command her emotion.

The steward having with great gallantry handed in the newly arrived lady, she thus began:

'Oh! Lord a marcy on me! – to be shore I be got here at last! But indeed if I had a known whereabout I was a coming to, 'tis not a double the wagers as should a hired me. Lord! why what a ramshakel ould place it is! – and then such a monstrous long way from London! I suppose, Sir,' (to Maloney) 'as you be the steward; and you Miss, I reckon, be the young Miss as I be to have the care on. Why to be sure I did'nt much expect to see a christian face in such an out of the way place. I don't b'leve I shall

stay; howsomdever do[a] let me have some tea; and do you, Miss, shew me where about I be to sleep.'

Emmeline, struggling with her dislike, or at least desirous of concealing it, did not venture to trust her voice with an answer; for her heart was too full; but stepping to the door, she called to the female servant, and ordered her to shew the lady her room. She had herself been used to share that appropriated to Mrs. Carey; but she now resolved to remove her bed into an apartment in one of the turrets of the castle, which was the only unoccupied room not wholly exposed to the weather.

This little room had been sashed[15] by Mrs. Mowbray on account of the beautiful prospect it commanded between the hills, where suddenly sinking to the South West, they made way through a long narrow valley, fringed with copses, for a small but rapid river; which hurrying among immense stones, and pieces of rock that seemed to have been torn from the mountains by its violence, rushed into the sea at the distance of a mile from the castle.

This room, now for many years neglected, was much out of repair, but still habitable; and tho' it was at a great distance from the rooms yet occupied, Emmeline chose rather to take up her abode in it, than partake of the apartment which was now to belong to Mrs. Garnet: and she found reason to applaud herself for this determination when she heard the exclamation Mrs. Garnet made on entering it –

'Lord! why 'tis but a shabbyish place; and here is two beds I see. But that won't suit me I asshore you. I chuses to have a room to myself, if it be ever so.'

'Be not in any pain on that account, Madam,' said Emmeline, who had now collected her thoughts; 'it[b] is my intention to remove my bed, and I have directed a person to do it immediately.'

She then returned into the steward's room, where Maloney thus addressed her –

'Sarvent again, pretty Miss! Pray how d'ye like our new housekeeper? A smartish piece of goods upon my word for Pembrokeshire; quite a London lady, eh, Miss?'

'It is impossible for me, Sir, to judge of her yet.'

'Why ay, Miss, as you justly observes, 'tis full early to know what people be; but I hope we shall find her quite the thing; and if so be as she's but good tempered, and agreeable, and the like, why I warrant we shall pass this here summer as pleasant as any thing can be. And now my dear Miss, perhaps, may'nt be so shy and distant, as she have got another woman body to keep her company.'

This eloquent harangue was interrupted by the return of Mrs. Garnet, full of anxiety for her tea; and in the bustle created by the desire of the maid and Maloney to accommodate her, Emmeline retired to her new

apartment, where she was obliged to attend to the removal of her bed and other things; and excusing herself, under the pretence of fatigue, from returning to the steward's room, she passed some time in melancholy recollection and more melancholy anticipation, and then retired to rest.

Some days passed in murmurs on the part of Mrs. Garnet, and in silence on that of Emmeline; who, as soon as she had finished her short repasts, always went to her own room.

After a few weeks, she discovered that the lady grew every day more reconciled to her situation; and from the pleasures she apparently took in the gallantries of Maloney, and his constant assiduities to her, the innocent Emmeline supposed there was really an attachment forming between them, which would certainly deliver her from the displeasing attentions of the steward.

Occupied almost entirely by her books, of which she every day became more enamoured, she never willingly broke in upon a tête à tête which she fancied was equally agreeable to all parties; and she saw with satisfaction that they regretted not her absence.

But the motives of Maloney's attention were misunderstood. Insensible as such a man must be supposed to the charms of the elegant and self-cultivated mind of Emmeline, her personal beauty had made a deep impression on his heart; and he had formed a design of marrying her, before the death of Mrs. Carey, to whom he had once or twice mentioned something like a hint of his wishes: but she had received all his discourse on that topic with so much coldness, and ever so carefully avoided any conversation that might again lead to it, that he had been deterred from entirely explaining himself. Now, however, he thought the time was arrived, when he might make a more successful application; for he never doubted but that Mrs. Garnet would obtain, over the tender and ingenuous mind of Emmeline, an influence as great as had been possessed by Mrs. Carey.

Nor did he apprehend that a friendless orphan, without fortune or connections, would want much persuasion to marry a young man of handsome figure (as he conceived himself to be,) who was established in a profitable place, and had some dependance of his own.

The distance which Emmeline had always obliged him to observe, he imputed to the timidity of her nature; which he hoped would be lessened by the free and familiar manners of her present companion, whose conversation was very unlike what she had before been accustomed to hear from Mrs. Carey.

Impressed with these ideas, he paid his court most assiduously to the housekeeper, who put down all his compliments to the account of her own attractions; and was extremely pleased with her conquest; which she exhausted all her eloquence and all her wardrobe to secure.

CHAPTER III.

In this situation were the inhabitants of Mowbray Castle; when, in the beginning of July, orders were received from Lord Montreville to set workmen immediately about repairing the whole end of the castle which was yet habitable; as his son, Mr. Delamere, intended to come down early in the Autumn, to shoot,[16] for some weeks, in Wales. His Lordship added, that it was possible he might himself be there also for a few weeks; and therefore directed several bed-chambers to be repaired, for which he would send down furniture from London.

No time was lost in obeying these directions. Workmen were immediately procured, and the utmost expedition used to put the place in a situation to receive its master: while Emmeline, who foresaw that the arrival of Lord Montreville would probably occasion some change in regard to herself, and who thought that every change must be for the better, beheld these preparations with pleasure.

All had been ready some weeks, and the time fixed for Mr. Delamere's journey elapsed, but he had yet given no notice of his arrival.

At length, towards the middle of September, they were one evening alarmed by the noise of horses on the ascent to the castle.

Emmeline retired to her own room, fearful of she knew not what; while Mrs. Garnet and Maloney flew eagerly to the door; where a French valet, and an English groom with a led horse, presented themselves, and were ushered into the old kitchen; the dimensions of which, blackened as it was with the smoke of ages, and provided with the immense utensils of ancient hospitality, failed not to amaze them both.

The Frenchman expressed his wonder and dislike by several grimaces; and then addressing himself to Mrs. Garnet, exclaimed – 'Peste! Milor croit'il qu'on peut subsister dans cette espece d'enfer? Montré[a] moi les apartements de Monsieur.'[17]

'Oh, your name is Mounseer, is it?' answered she – 'Aye, I thought so – What would you please to have, Mounseer?'

'Diable!' cried the distressed valet; 'voici une femme aussi sauvage que le lieu qu'elle habite. Com, com, you Jean Groom, speak littel to dis voman pour moi.'[18]

With the help of John, who had been some time used to his mode of explaining himself, Mrs. Garnet understood that Mounseer desired to be

shewn the apartments destined for his master, which he assiduously assisted in preparing; and then seeing the women busied in following his directions, he attempted to return to his companion; but by missing a turning which should have carried him to the kitchen, he was bewildered among the long galleries and obscure passages of the castle, and after several efforts, could neither find his way back to the women, nor into the kitchen; but continued to blunder about till the encreasing gloom, which approaching night threw over the arched and obscure apartments, through windows dim with painted glass,[19] filled him with apprehension and dismay, and he believed he should wander there the whole night; in which fear he began to make a strange noise for assistance; to which nobody attended, for indeed nobody for some time heard him. His terror encreasing, he continued to traverse one of the passages, when a door at the corner of it opened, and Emmeline came out.

The man, whose imagination was by this time filled with ideas of spectres, flew back at her sudden appearance, and added the contortions of fear to his otherwise grotesque appearance, in a travelling jacket of white cloth, laced, and his hair in papillotes.[20]

Emmeline, immediately comprehending, that it was one of Mr. Delamere's servants, enquired what he wanted; and the man, re-assured by her voice and figure, which there was yet light enough to discern, approached her, and endeavoured to explain that he had lost himself; in a language, which, though Emmeline did not understand, she knew to be French.

She walked with him therefore to the gallery which opened to the great staircase, from whence he could hardly mistake his way; where having pointed it to him, she turned back towards her own room.

But Millefleur, who had now had an opportunity to contemplate the person of his conductress, was not disposed so easily to part with her.

By the extreme simplicity of her dress, he believed her to be only some fair villager, or an assistant to the housekeeper; and therefore without ceremony he began in broken English to protest his admiration, and seized her hand with an impertinent freedom extremely shocking to Emmeline.

She snatched it from him; and flying hastily back through those passages which all his courage did not suffice to make him attempt exploring again, she regained her turret, the door of which she instantly locked and bolted; then breathless with fear and anger, she reflected on the strange and unpleasant scene she had passed through, and felt greatly humbled, to find that she was now likely to be exposed to the insolent familiarity of servants, from which she knew not whether the presence of the master would protect her.

While she suffered the anguish these thoughts brought with them, Millefleur travelled back to the kitchen; where he began an oration in his own language on the beauty of the young woman he had met with.

Neither Mrs. Garnet nor Maloney understood what he was saying; but John, who had been in France, and knew a good deal of the language, told them that he had seen a very pretty girl, in whose praise he was holding forth.

'Why, Lord,' exclaimed Mrs. Garnet, 'tis our Miss as Mounseer means; I had a quite forgot the child; I'll go call her; but howsomdever Mounseer won't be able to get a word out of her; if she's a beauty I asshore you 'tis a dumb beauty.'

Maloney, by no means pleased with Millefleur's discovery, would willingly have prevented the housekeeper's complaisance; but not knowing how to do it, he was obliged to let her ascend to Emmeline, whose door she found locked.

'Miss! Miss!' cried she, rapping loudly, 'you must come down.'

'Is my Lord or Mr. Delamere arrived?' enquired Emmeline.

'No,' replied Mrs. Garnet, 'neither of em be'nt come yet; but here's my Lord's waley de sham,[21] and another sarvent, and you'll come down to tea to be sure.'

'No,' said Emmeline, 'you must excuse me, Mrs. Garnet. I am not very well; and if I were, should decline appearing to these people, with whom, perhaps, it may not be my Lord's design that I should associate.'

'People!'[a] exclaimed Mrs. Garnet; 'as to people, I do suppose that for all one of them is a Frenchman, they be as good as other folks; and if I am agreeable to let them drink tea in my room, sure you, Miss, mid'nt be so squeamish. But do as you please; for my part I shan't court beauties.'

So saying, the angry housekeeper descended to her companions, to whom she complained of the pride and ill manners of Miss; while Maloney rejoiced at a reserve so favourable to the hopes he entertained.

Emmeline determined to remain as much as possible in her own room, 'till Lord Montreville or Mr. Delamere came, and then to solicit her removal.

She therefore continued positively to refuse to appear to the party below; and ordered the maid servant to bring her dinner into her own room, which she never quitted 'till towards evening, to pursue her usual walks.

On the third afternoon subsequent to the arrival of Mr. Delamere's avant-couriers,[22] Emmeline went down to the sea side, and seating herself on a fragment of rock, fixed her eyes insensibly on the restless waves that broke at her feet. The low murmurs of the tide retiring on the sands; the sighing of the wind among the rocks which hung over her head, cloathed with long grass and marine plants; the noise of the sea fowl[b] going to their nests among the cliffs; threw her into a profound reverie.[23]

She forgot awhile all her apprehended misfortunes, a sort of stupor took possession of her senses, and she no longer remembered how the

time had passed there, which already exceeded two hours; though the moon, yet in its encrease, was arisen, and threw a long line of radience on the water.

Thus lost in indistinct reflections, she was unconscious of the surrounding objects, when the hasty tread of somebody on the pebbles behind her, made her suddenly recollect herself; and though accustomed to be so much alone, she started in some alarm in remembering the late hour, and the solitary place where she was.

A man approached her, in whom with satisfaction she recollected a young peasant of the village, who was frequently employed in messages from the castle.

'Miss Emmy,' said the lad, 'you are wanted at home; for there is my Lord his own self, and the young Lord, and more gentlefolks come; so Madam Garnet sent me to look for you all about.'

Emmeline, hurried by this intelligence, walked hastily away with the young villager, and soon arrived at the castle.

The wind had blown her beautiful hair about her face, and the glow of her cheeks was heightened by exercise and apprehension. A more lovely figure than she now appeared could hardly be imagined. She had no time to reflect on the interview; but hastened immediately into the parlour where Lord Montreville was sitting with his son; Mr. Fitz-Edward, who was a young officer, his friend, distantly related to the family; and Mr. Headly, a man celebrated for his knowledge of rural improvements, whom Lord Montreville had brought down to have his opinion of the possibility of rendering Mowbray Castle a residence fit for his family for a few months in the year.

Lord Montreville was about five and forty years old. His general character was respectable. He had, acquitted himself with honor in the senate;[24] and in private life had shewn great regularity and good conduct. But he had basked perpetually in the sunshine of prosperity; and his feelings, not naturally very acute, were blunted by having never suffered in his own person any uneasiness which might have taught him sensibility for that of others.

To this cause it was probably owing, that he never reflected on the impropriety of receiving his niece before strangers; and that he ordered Emmeline to be introduced into the room where they were all sitting together.

Having once seen Emmeline a child of five or six years old; he still formed an idea of her as a child; and adverted not to the change that almost nine years had made in her person and manners; it was therefore with some degree of surprize, that instead of the child he expected, he saw a tall, elegant young woman, whose air, though timidity was the most

conspicuous in it, had yet much of dignity and grace, and in whose face he saw the features of his brother, softened into feminine beauty.

The apathy which prosperity had taught him, gave way for a moment to his surprize at the enchanting figure of his niece.

He arose, and approached her. – 'Miss Mowbray! how amazingly you are grown! I am glad to see you.' He took her hand; while Emmeline, trembling and blushing, endeavoured to recollect herself, and said –

'I thank you, my Lord, and I am happy in having an opportunity of paying my respects to your Lordship.'

He led her to a seat, and again repeated his wonder to find her so much grown.

Delamere, who had been standing at the fire conversing with Fitz-Edward, now advanced, and desired his father to introduce him; which ceremony being passed, he drew a chair close to that in which Emmeline was placed; and fixing his eyes on her face with a look of admiration and enquiry that extremely abashed her, he seemed to be examining the beauties of that lovely and interesting countenance which had so immediately dazzled and surprized him.

Fitz-Edward, a young soldier, related to the family of Lady Montreville, was almost constantly the companion of Delamere, and had expectations that the interest Lord Montreville possessed would be exerted to advance him in his profession.[25] His manner was very insinuating, and his person uncommonly elegant. He affected to be a judge as well as an admirer of beauty, and seemed to behold with approbation the fair inhabitant of the castle; who, with heightened blushes, and averted looks, waited in silence 'till Lord Montreville should again address her, which he at length did.

'I was sorry, Miss Mowbray, to hear of the death of old Carey.'

The tears started into the eyes of Emmeline.

'She was an excellent servant, and served the family faithfully many years.'

Poor Emmeline felt the tears fall on her bosom.

'But however she was old; and had been, I suppose, long infirm. I hope the person who now fills her place has supplied it to your satisfaction?'

'Ye – s, yes, my lord;' inarticulately sobbed Emmeline, quite overcome by the mention of her old friend.

'I dare say she does,' resumed his Lordship; 'for Grant, of whom Lady Montreville has a very high opinion, assured her Ladyship she was well recommended.'

Emmeline now found her emotion very painful; she therefore rose to go, and curtseying to Lord Montreville, tried to wish him good night.

'A good night to you, Miss Mowbray,' said he, rising. Delamere started from his chair; and taking her hand, desired to have the honor of conducting her to her room. But this was a gallantry his father by no means

approved. 'No, Frederic,' said he, taking himself the hand he held, 'you will give *me* leave to see Miss Mowbray to the door.' He led her thither, and then bowing, wished her again good night.

Emmeline hurried to her room; where she endeavoured to recollect her dissipated spirits, and to consider in what way it would be proper for her to address Lord Montreville the next day, to urge her request of a removal from the castle.

Mrs. Carey had a sister who resided at Swansea[26] in Glamorganshire; where her husband had a little place in the excise, and where she had a small house, part of which she had been accustomed to let to those who frequented the place for the benefit of sea-bathing.[27]

She was old, and without any family of her own; and Emmeline, to whom she was the more agreeable as being the sister of Mrs. Carey, thought she might reside with her with propriety and comfort, if Lord Montreville would allow her a small annual stipend for her cloaths and board.

While she was considering in what manner to address herself to his Lordship the next day, the gentlemen were talking of the perfections of the nymph of the castle; by which name Delamere toasted her at supper.

Lord Montreville, who did not seem particularly delighted with the praise his son so warmly bestowed, said –

'Why surely, Frederic, you are uncommonly eloquent on behalf of your Welch cousin.'

'Faith, my Lord,' answered Delamere, 'I like her so well that I think it's a little unlucky I did not come alone. My Welch cousin is the very thing for a tête à tête.'

'Yes,' said Lord Montreville, carelessly, 'she is really grown a good fine young woman. Don't you think so, George?' addressing himself to Fitz-Edward.

'I do indeed, my Lord,' answered he; 'and here's Mr. Headly, tho' an old married man, absolutely petrified with admiration.'

'Upon my soul, Headly,' continued Delamere, 'I already begin to see great capabilities[28] about this venerable mansion. I think I shall take to it, as my father offers it me; especially as I suppose Miss Emmeline is to be included in the inventory.'

'Come, come, Frederic,' said Lord Montreville, gravely, 'no light conversation on the subject of Miss Mowbray. She is under my care; and I must have her treated with propriety.'

His Lordship immediately changed the discourse, and soon after complaining of being fatigued, retired to his chamber.

CHAPTER IV.

LORD Montreville, whose first object was his son, had observed, with some alarm, the immediate impression he seemed to have received from the beauty of Emmeline.

The next day, he made some farther remarks on his attention to her when they met at dinner, which gave him still more uneasiness; and he accused himself of great indiscretion in having thrown an object, whose loveliness he could not help acknowledging, in the way of Delamere, whose ardent and impetuous temper he knew so well. This gave his behaviour to Emmeline an air of coldness, and even of displeasure, which prevented her summoning courage to speak to him in the morning of the day after his arrival: and the evening afforded her no opportunity; for Lord Montreville, determined to keep her as much as possible out of the sight of Delamere, did not send for her down to supper, and had privately resolved to remove her as soon as possible to some other residence.

Thus his apprehensions least[a] his son should form an attachment prejudicial to his ambitious views, produced in his Lordship's mind a resolution in regard to placing more properly his orphan niece, which no consideration, had it related merely to herself, would probably have effected.

At supper, Delamere enquired eagerly for his 'lovely cousin.' To which Lord Montreville drily answered, 'that she did not, he believed, sup below.'

But the manner of this enquiry, and the anxious looks Delamere directed towards the door, together with his repeated questions, increased all Lord Montreville's fears.

He went to bed out of humour rather with himself than his son; and rising early the next morning, enquired for Miss Mowbray.

Miss Mowbray was walked out, as was her custom, very early, no one knew whither.

He learned also that Mr. Delamere was gone out with his gun without Fitz-Edward; who not being very fond of field sports, had agreed to join him at a later hour.

He immediately fancied that Delamere and Emmeline might meet; and the pain such a suspicion brought with it, was by him, who had hardly

ever felt an hour's uneasiness, considered as so great an evil, that he determined to put an end to it as soon as possible.

After an hasty breakfast in his own room, he summoned Maloney to attend him, and went over the accounts of the estates entrusted to him, with the state of which his Lordship declared himself well contented. And not knowing to whom else he could apply, to enquire for a situation for Emmeline, he told Maloney, that as Miss Mowbray was now of an age to require some alteration in her mode of life, he was desirous of finding for her a reputable house in some town in Wales, where she might lodge and board.

Maloney, encouraged by being thus consulted by his Lord, ventured, with many bows, blushes, and stammering apologies, to disclose to Lord Montreville his partiality to Miss Mowbray.

And this communication he so contrived to word, that his Lordship had no doubt of Emmeline's having allowed him to make it.

Lord Montreville listened therefore in silence, and without any marks of disapprobation, to the account Maloney proceeded to give of his prospects and property.

While he was doing so, family pride made a faint struggle in his Lordship's breast on behalf of his deserted ward. He felt some pain in determining, that a creature boasting a portion of the Mowbray blood, should sink into the wife of a man of such inferior birth as Maloney.

But when the advantages of so easily providing for her were recollected; when he considered that Maloney would be happy to take her with a few hundred pounds, and that all apprehensions in regard to his son would by that means for ever be at an end; avarice and ambition, two passions which too much influenced Lord Montreville, joined to persuade him of the propriety of the match; and became infinitely too powerful to let him listen to his regard to the memory of his brother or his pity for his deserted ward.

He thought, that as the existence of Emmeline was hardly known beyond the walls of the castle, he should incur no censure from the world if he consigned her to that obscurity to which the disadvantages of her birth seemed originally to have condemned her.

These reflections arose while Maloney, charmed to find himself listened to, was proceeding in his discourse.

Lord Montreville, tho' too much used to the manners of politicians to be able to give a direct answer, at length put an end to it, by telling him he would consider of what he had said, and talk to him farther in a few days.

In the mean time his Lordship desired that no part of their conversation might transpire.

Maloney, transported at a reception which seemed to prognosticate the completion of his wishes, retired elated with his prospects; and Lord

Montreville summoning Mr. Headly to attend him, mounted his horse to survey the ground on which he meditated improvements round the castle.

The cold and almost stern civility of Lord Montreville, for the little time Emmeline had seen him, had created despondence and uneasiness in her bosom.

She fancied he disliked her, unoffending as she was, and would take the first opportunity of shaking her off; – an idea which, together with the awe she could not help feeling in his presence, made her determine as much as possible to avoid it, 'till he should give her a proper opportunity to speak to him, or 'till she could acquire courage to seek it.

At seven in the morning, she arose, after an uneasy night, and having taken an early breakfast, betook herself to her usual walk, carrying with her a book.

The sun was hot, and she went to a wood which partly cloathed an high hill near the boundary of the estate, where, intent only on her own sorrows, she could not beguile them by attending to the fictitious and improbable calamities of the heroine of a novel, which Mrs. Garnet (probably forgetting to restore it to the library of some former mistress,)[a] had brought down among her cloaths, and which had been seized by Emmeline as something new, at least to her.

But her mind, overwhelmed with its own anxiety, refused its attention: and tired with her walk, she sat down on a tree that had been felled, reflecting on what had passed since Lord Montreville's arrival, and considering how she might most effectually interest him in her behalf.

Delamere, attended by a servant, had gone upon the hills in pursuit of his game; and having had great success for some hours, he came down about eleven o'clock into the woods, to avoid the excessive heat, which was uncommon for the season.

The noise in made in brushing through the underwood with his gun, and rustling among the fading leaves, alarmed her.

He stepped over the timber, and seating himself by her, seized her hands.

'Oh! my charming cousin,' cried he, 'I think myself one of the most fortunate fellows on earth, thus to meet you.'

Emmeline would have risen.

'Oh! no,' continued he, 'indeed you do not go, 'till we have had a little conversation.'

'I cannot stay, indeed Sir,' said Emmeline – 'I must immediately go home.'

'By no means; I cannot part with you. – Come, come, sit down and hear what I have to say.'

It was to no purpose to resist. The impetuous vehemence of Delamere was too much for the timid civility of Emmeline; and not believing that

any thing more than common conversation or a few unmeaning compliments would pass, she sat down with as much composure as she could command.

But Delamere, who was really captivated at the first, and who now thought her more beautiful than he had done in their former interviews, hesitated not to pour forth the most extravagant professions of admiration, in a style so unequivocal, that Emmeline, believing he meant to insult her, burst into a passion of tears, and besought him, in a tremulous and broken voice, not to be so cruel as to affront her, but to suffer her to return home.

Delamere could not see her terror without being affected. He protested, that so far from meaning to give her pain, he should think himself too happy if she would allow him to dedicate his whole life to her service.

Poor Emmeline, however, continued to weep, and to beseech him to let her go; to which, as her distress arose almost to agony, he at length consented: and taking her arm within his, he said he would walk home with her himself.

To this Emmeline in vain objected. To[a] escape was impossible. To[b] prevail on him to leave her equally so. She was therefore compelled to follow him. Which she did with reluctance; while he still continued to profess to her the most violent and serious attachment. They[c] proceeded in this manner along the nearest path to the castle, which lay principally among copses that fringed the banks of the river. They[d] had just passed through the last, and entered the meadows which lay immediately under the castle walls, when Lord Montreville and Headly, on horseback, appeared from a woody lane just before them.

At the noise of horses so near them, Emmeline looked up, and seeing Lord Montreville, again struggled, but without success, to disengage her hand.

Delamere continued to walk on, and his Lordship soon came up to them. He checked his horse, and said, somewhat sternly, 'So, Sir, where have you been?'

Delamere, without the least hesitation, answered – 'Shooting, my Lord, the early part of the morning; and since that, making love to my cousin, who was so good as to sit and wait for me under a tree.'

'For mercy's sake, Mr. Delamere,' cried Emmeline, 'consider what you say.'

'Waiting[e] for you under a tree' cried Lord Montreville, in amazement. 'Do Miss Mowbray be so good as to return home. – And you, Frederic, will, I suppose, be back by dinner time.'

'Yes,' answered Delamere, 'when I have conducted my cousin home, I shall go out again, perhaps, for an hour before dinner.'

He was then walking on, without noticing the stern and displeased looks of his father, or the terror of poor Emmeline, who saw too evidently that Lord Montreville was extremely angry.

His Lordship, after a moment's pause, dismounted, gave his horse to a servant, and joined them, telling Delamere he had some business with Miss Mowbray, and would therefore walk with her towards the castle himself.

Delamere kissed her hand gayly, and assuring his father that for the first time in his life he felt an inclination to take his business off his hands, he beckoned to his servant to follow with his dogs, and then leaping over the hedge that separated the meadow from the hollow lane, he disappeared.

Emmeline, trembling with apprehension, walked with faultering steps by the side of Lord Montreville, who for some time was silent. He at length said – 'Your having been brought up in retirement, Miss Mowbray, has, perhaps, prevented your being acquainted with the decorums of the world, and the reserve which a young woman should ever strictly maintain. You have done a very improper thing in meeting my son; and I must desire that while you are at the castle, no such appointments may take place in future.'

Tho' she saw, from the first moment of his meeting them, that he had conceived this idea, and was confirmed in it by Delamere's speech; yet she was so much shocked and hurt by the address, that as she attempted to answer, her voice failed her.

The tears however, which streamed from her eyes, having a little relieved her, she endeavoured to assure his Lordship, that till she met Mr. Delamere in the wood that morning, she did not know even of his having left the castle.

'And how happened you to be where he found you, Miss Mowbray?'

'I went thither, my Lord, with a book which I was eager to finish.'

'Oh! I remember that Maloney told me you was a great reader; and from some other discourse he held relative to you, I own I was the more surprised at your indiscretion in regard to my son.'

They were by this time arrived at the castle, and Lord Montreville desired Emmeline to follow him into the parlour, where they both sat down.

His Lordship renewed the discourse.

'This morning Maloney has been talking to me about you; and from what he said, I concluded you had formed with him engagements which should have prevented you from listening to the boyish and improper conversation of Mr. Delamere.'

'Engagements with Mr. Maloney, my Lord? Surely he could never assert that I have ever formed engagements with him?'

'Why not absolutely so. – I think he did not say that. But I understood that you was by no means averse to his informing me of his attachment, and was willing, if my consent was obtained, to become his wife. Perhaps he has no very great advantages; yet considering your situation, which is, you know, entirely dependent, I really think you do perfectly right in designing to accept of the establishment he offers you.'

'To become the wife of Maloney! – to accept of the establishment *be* offers me! I am humbled, I am lost indeed! No, my Lord! unhappy as I am, I can *claim*[a] nothing, it is true; but if the support of an unfortunate orphan, thrown by Providence[b] into your care, is too troublesome, suffer me to be myself a servant; and believe I have a mind, which tho' it will not recoil from any situation where I can earn my bread by honest labour, is infinitely superior to any advantages such a man as Maloney can offer me!'

She wept too much to be able to proceed; and sat, overwhelmed with grief and mortification, while Lord Montreville continued to speak.

'Why distress yourself in this manner, Miss Mowbray? I cannot see any thing which ought to offend you, if Maloney *has* misrepresented the matter, and if he has not, your extraordinary emotion must look like a consciousness of having altered your mind.

'Your motive for doing so cannot be mistaken; but let me speak to you explicitly. – To Mr. Delamere, *my* son, the heir to a title and estate which makes him a desirable match for the daughters of the first houses in the kingdom, *you* can have no pretensions; therefore never do yourself so much prejudice as to let your mind glance that way.

'Maloney tells me he has some property, and still better expectations. He is established here in an excellent place; and should he marry you, it shall be still more advantageous.[c] You are (I am sorry to be obliged to repeat it) without any dependance, but on my favour. You will therefore do wisely to embrace a situation in which that favour may be most effectually exerted on your behalf.

'As you have undoubtedly encouraged Maloney, the aversion you now pretend towards him, is artifice or coquetry. Consider before you decide, consider thoroughly what is your situation and what your expectations; and recollect, that as my son now means to be very frequently at Mowbray Castle, *you*[d] cannot remain with propriety but as the wife of Maloney.'

'Neither as the wife of Maloney, nor as Emmeline Mowbray, will I stay, my Lord, another day!' answered she, assuming more spirit than she had yet shewn. 'I wished for an interview to entreat your Lordship would allow me to go to some place less improper for my abode than Mowbray Castle has long been.'

'And whither would you go, Miss Mowbray?'

'On that, my Lord, I wished to consult you. But since it is perhaps a matter unworthy your attention; since it seems to signify little what