

Invasion and Resistance in *Mansfield Park*, *The Wanderer*, *Patronage* and *Waverley*

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He through the events
Of that great change wandered in perfect faith
As through a book, an old romance or tale
Of fairy, or some dream of actions wrought
Behind the summer clouds.

Wordsworth, *The Prelude*¹

Despite William Hazlitt's claim that year that 'literature has partaken of the disorder of the time... our prose has run mad', 1814 was arguably the greatest year for Romantic-era fiction.² The many significant publications of 1814 include four of the best-known novels of the Romantic era: Jane Austen's *Mansfield Park*, Frances Burney's *The Wanderer, or Female Difficulties*, Maria Edgeworth's *Patronage* and Walter Scott's *Waverley, or 'Tis Sixty Years Since*. It is another 'sixty years since' Kathleen Tillotson published her work on early Victorian fiction, *The Novels of the 1840s* (1954) in which she developed the methodology which, on a much smaller

¹ William Wordsworth, *The Prelude* Book IX, ll. 305–9, in *The Major Works*, ed. Stephen Gill (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1984), p.516.

² This research was conducted at the invitation of Jacqui Grainger, rare books librarian at the University of Sydney. It was part of a symposium organized by Jacqui to coincide with the launch of her exhibition of the novels of 1814, an exhibition not limited to the four works considered here. William Hazlitt, 'On the English Novelists', in *The Selected Writings of William Hazlitt*, ed. Duncan Wu, 9 vols. (London: Pickering and Chatto, 1998), vol. 5, 111. Hazlitt's sexist excoriation of both Edgeworth and Burney—the two most successful living novelists of the day—is contextualised by Mark Schoenfeld in 'Novel Marriages, Romantic Labor, and the Quarterly Press', in *Romantic Periodicals and Print Culture*, ed. Kim Wheatley (London and Portland: Frank Cass, 2003), pp.62–83.

scale, I adopt here. Tillotson's book was one of the first to demonstrate the possibilities that arise from considering texts in relation to the historical moment of their production. This article seeks to discover if a reduced field of research might offer equally useful, if proportionally narrower, suggestions for new approaches to a few selected texts.

That the four novels under consideration were published in the same year is mostly due to coincidence. They had very different gestations. Begun in early 1811, *Mansfield Park*—the first of Austen's novels written wholly in maturity—was completed in mid-1813 and published in May of the following year. There is reason to believe that Austen revised her manuscript in proof in response to the publication of Edgeworth's *Patronage*, which appeared early in the new year of 1814.³ Scott, prior to *Waverley*'s publication, was known to the reading public only as a poet. He had written six chapters of a novel with the working title *Waverley, or 'tis fifty years since* as early as 1805, only resurrecting the project in 1813.⁴ The production of *The Wanderer* was similarly halting: Burney began the novel soon after *Camilla*'s publication in 1796, but then abandoned it to concentrate on drama, taking it up again and adding to it throughout her decade of exile in France between 1802 and 1812. The bulky manuscript famously survived the suspicions of customs inspectors on both sides of the Channel, but its reception did not justify the optimism of its publishers. While Scott lost his status as bestselling poet to Byron, only to assume the title of bestselling novelist, Burney's status and reputation sank after 1814, accruing hostile, misogynistic reviews and relatively slow sales.

³ Jocelyn Harris suggests this in an unpublished paper, 'Jane Austen's revision in proof to *Mansfield Park* (1814): a speculation', presented at 'The Great Novels of 1814: Austen, Burney, Edgeworth and Scott', held at the University of Sydney on 16 April 2014. See also Elaine Bander, '*Mansfield Park* and the 1814 Novels: *Waverley*, *The Wanderer*, *Patronage*', *Persuasions* 28 (2006): 116–125. Edgeworth writes of waiting for the snow to thaw so that the package bearing the first edition of *Patronage* could get through to Edgeworthstown in a letter to Mrs Ruxton dated 25 January 1814. Reprinted in Maria Edgeworth et al., *A Memoir of Maria Edgeworth, with a Selection from Her Letters by the Late Mrs. Edgeworth. Edited by Her Children* (unpublished: privately printed by Joseph Masters and Son, London 1867), Vol. I, p.297. Edgeworth had previously informed her correspondent that 'the first volume of 'Patronage' is printed', in a letter of 25 November 1813: *Ibid.*, p.296.

⁴ See Claire Lamont, 'Introduction' to Walter Scott, *Waverley*, ed. Lamont (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1981), ix–x. Further references are to this edition of the text.

Despite their varied compositional history, these four important novels share surprising similarities. The sheer size of them is what first stands out. The average novel of the long eighteenth century—in which Samuel Richardson’s gigantic works are the notorious exception—fits neatly into a broad-margined two- or three-volume octavo. The nearly Victorian bulk of *Patronage* and especially *The Wanderer* might be seen to hint at the prodigious doorstops and multi-year serializations to come. These novels’ joint and several vastness precludes sustained close analysis of their various themes in the space of an article. Nevertheless shared features can be identified: in addition to their remarkable size there is a thematic common thread running through these four novels, which bears closer investigation.

The Romantic era was a time of flux for the novel as a genre, spurred by the beginnings of serious critical appraisal and authorial anxiety surrounding the genre’s proper subject matter and future direction.⁵ The question of what does, and what does not belong to a novel—what can and cannot be written about—is central to the development of the genre in this period. In re-reading these four novels of 1814 it becomes apparent that each one is preoccupied by a topic that had only recently emerged from the category of novelistic taboos, or ‘that which cannot be written about’. Each of these novels, that is, responds in various ways to the lifting of a tacit embargo on writing in fiction about the threat of invasion.

As we are well aware, no French invasion of Britain has succeeded since 1066. Nevertheless the *prospect* of an invasion by Napoleon’s troops was a very real one in the early years of the nineteenth century.⁶ Such fears were expressed in typically ambivalent ways. The most famous is Coleridge’s complaint in ‘Fear in Solitude’ that the idea of invasion was ‘a melancholy thing’ for a man wishing to ‘preserve / His soul in calmness’:

It is indeed a melancholy thing,
And weighs upon the heart, that he must think
What uproar and what strife may now be stirring
This way or that way o’er these silent hills—
Invasion, and the thunder and the shout,

⁵ An excellent analysis of discourse surrounding the genre in the first decade of the nineteenth century is Claudia L. Johnson, “‘Let me make the novels of a country’: Barbauld’s *The British Novelists* (1810/1820)”, *Novel: A Forum on Fiction* 34.2 (2001): 163–179.

⁶ Stuart Semmel provides evidence of this widespread anxiety in *Napoleon and the British* (New Haven and London: Yale University Press, 2004), pp.38–71.

And all the crash of onset; fear and rage
 And undetermined conflict—even now,
 Ev'n now, perchance, and in his native isle,
 Carnage and screams beneath this blessed sun!⁷

Not all reactions were identical. At the height of the invasion worry, Coleridge's then mentor Anna Letitia Barbauld wrote more measuredly, but ultimately with similar reflections:

all Englishmen are now to turn knights-errant and fight against the great giant and monster Buonaparte ... One hardly knows whether to be frightened or diverted on seeing people assembled at a dinner-table, appearing to enjoy extremely the fare and the company, and saying all the while, with a most smiling and placid countenance, that the French are to land in a fortnight, and that London is to be sacked and plundered for three days,—and then they talk of going to watering-places. I am sure we do not believe in the danger we pretend to believe in; and I am sure that none of us can even form an idea how we should feel of we were forced to believe it. I wish I could lose in the quiet walks of literature all thoughts of the present state of the political horizon.⁸

The political horizon remained ominous. At the height of the invasion crisis between 1803 and 1805, before the battle of Trafalgar conclusively established British naval superiority, Napoleon kept a couple of hundred thousand troops in the Army of Boulogne encamped along the French coast, and conspicuously devoted resources to building the flotilla of barges that was intended to carry them across the Channel.⁹ Fears of a French invasion of Britain, of course, proved unfounded. We must not conclude, however,

⁷ Samuel Taylor Coleridge, 'Fears in Solitude, written in 1798 during an alarm of an invasion', in *Romanticism: An Anthology* 3rd edn, ed. Duncan Wu (Oxford: Blackwell, 2006), p.634.

⁸ Letter to Judy Beecroft, 28 July 1803, quoted in William McCarthy, *Anna Letitia Barbauld: Voice of the Enlightenment* (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press, 2008), pp.460–461.

⁹ See Martyn Lyons's summary of events, in which he suggests that the planned invasion 'had always been a bluff, a ruse which enabled Bonaparte to assemble a peace-time army without alarming the continental powers'. *Napoleon Bonaparte and the Legacy of the French Revolution* (New York: St. Martin's Press, 1994), pp.204–5.

that those fears therefore never existed, or that they were quick to disappear after it became apparent that Napoleon was fully engaged by the task of conquering continental Europe. Stuart Semmel has written at length of the doubt, fear and pessimism that characterized the reactions of many Britons to the perceived threat of Napoleon in the first decade of the nineteenth century.¹⁰ The presence of invasion plots in the novels of 1814 strongly suggests that the fear of invasion was not at all quick in passing.

The Russian defeat of Napoleon's army in 1812, and the beginning of the War of the Sixth Coalition, can be seen as a decisive turning point in Britain's twenty-odd years of conflict with revolutionary France, leading to Napoleon's abdication in April 1814.¹¹ If we accept this premise, we can thus view the years of 1812, 1813 and 1814 as the first in decades during which Britons could reasonably anticipate a victorious end to the war with France. What the four novels under discussion here suggest is that it is this prospect of an end to the war—or at least the growing confidence that Napoleon was not invincible—that freed novelists to examine closely the various ideas about invasion that had been, as it were, culturally inexpressible for some time.

The novel most obviously concerned with threats of invasion is Scott's *Waverley*, in which the frankly gormless hero, 'blown about with every wind of doctrine', is persuaded to invade his own country under the banner of Bonnie Prince Charlie and the Highland clans.¹² Jacobitism is here equated with quixotism:

Reason asked, was it worth while to disturb a government so long settled and established, and to plunge a kingdom into all the miseries of civil war, for the purpose of replacing upon the throne the descendents of a monarch by whom it had been willfully forfeited?¹³

Scott goes to extreme lengths throughout the novel to stress the pointlessness of the Stuart rebellion and paint every one of its supporters as either a fool or a villain, to the point at which the reader begins to find it implausible that

¹⁰ See Semmel, *Napoleon and the British*, pp.20–146.

¹¹ For a summary of these events see Paul Johnson, *Napoleon* (London: Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 2002), pp.131, 147–150. Johnson argues that 'Wherever one turned in 1813 ... the zeitgeist was against the French emperor'. *Ibid.*, p.145.

¹² Scott, *Waverley*, p.237.

¹³ *Ibid.*, p.141.

such a ragtag bunch of adventurers ever made it past Stirling. Everything that Scott can do to romanticize and exoticize the highlanders he does, although he takes equal care to stress the French education of the Mac-Ivor siblings Flora and Fergus, and the French manners of the Young Pretender and his retinue.

Avoiding any reference to the historic alliance between France and Scotland, Scott is at pains to represent the conjunction of the two parties in a ludicrous light. The most comic instance of this is when the French cavalry officer le Comte de Beaujeu is sent to direct a party of Highlanders, 'although understanding not a word of Gaelic, and very little English'. The comte exclaims:

Messieurs les sauvages Ecossois—dat is Gentleman savages, have the goodness d'arranger vous [...] Qu'est ce que vous appelez visage, Monsieur? [...] Ah, oui! *face* [...] Gentilshommes, have de goodness to make de face to de right par file, dat is, by files. Marsh!—Mais très bien—encore, Messieurs; il faut vous mettre à la marche . . . Marchez donc, au nom de Dieu, parceque j'ai oublié le mot Anglois—mais vous etes des brave gens, et me comprenez tres bien.

This leads to the memorable incident in which MacWheeble—or as le comte calls him, 'de littel gross fat gentelman' is tumbled from his mount.¹⁴ But the Highlanders are not 'sauvages' to the French courtier alone. Earlier in the novel Scott writes:

So little was the condition of the Highlands known at that late period, that the character and appearance of their population, while thus sallying forth as military adventurers, conveyed to the south-country Lowlanders as much surprise as if an invasion of African Negroes or Esquimaux Indians had issued forth from the northern mountains of their own native country. It cannot therefore be wondered if Waverley, who had hitherto judged of the Highlanders generally from the samples which the policy of Fergus had from time to time exhibited, should have felt damped and astonished at the daring attempt of a body not then exceeding four thousand men, and of whom not above half the

¹⁴ Ibid., p.272.

number, at the utmost, were armed, to change the fate, and alter the dynasty, of the British kingdoms.¹⁵

In fiction so as in history, the Jacobites are sent on their way, with Charles Stuart and Waverley making daring escapes, and Fergus Mac-Ivor being gruesomely tortured in the name of British justice. The latter event takes place, with due decorum and regard to the ladies, off-stage.

Following this first botched invasion of England, however, is a second invasion that is presented to the reader as more distressing than anything occurring at the Battle of Culloden. This is the despoliation of the Baron Bradwardine's estate at Tully-Veolan by vandalizing English troops, which Scott offers the reader in great detail—the paintings of Bradwardines past destroyed; the baron's armorial bears toppled from their pillars; even Rose Bradwardine's rose garden is deliberately wrecked in a small, domestic version of the actual historic destruction wrought by the English in the vengeful highland clearances. And just as this intensely personalized invasion is given far greater affective power in the text, so it is more speedily remedied. The would-be usurpers of the manor of Tully-Veolan are repulsed by its loyal tenants, and with a decent injection of English cash via the Waverley estates, the Bradwardines' birthright is restored not just to its former faded glory, but to a level of polish that would not shame the National Trust.

Maria Edgeworth establishes a similar plot in *Patronage*, turning on the loss and restoration of Percy Hall. While there is a minor subplot concerning an unnamed European nation being invaded by the French army, the true upheaval surrounds the occupation of the Percy family's estate. The invaders, this time, are not Jacobites or Highlanders but another branch of the family in residence. The complex means by which the paragon members of the Percy family are evicted from their home might strain credulity, but the ease with which the dishonest usurpers (a different—and hence inferior—Percy family) are defeated, and the true, honest, authentic Percy family is reinstated in their hereditary rights defies everything known about the English legal system in the early nineteenth century. The Percy family's loyal tenants shed sentimental tears on their departure, and ring the parish bells on their return. These tenants are represented as essentially peasants, with no feelings more complex than inbred habits of loyalty. Edgeworth writes:

¹⁵ *Ibid.*, pp.214–15.

It was now their turn to glory in that honest obstinacy, and with the strong English sense of justice they triumphed in having the rightful owners restored to their estate, and to the seat of their ancestors.¹⁶

Once again can be seen the pattern established in *Waverley* of an invasion, the resistance of that invasion, and ultimately a restoration.

This same pattern—resistance, invasion, and restoration—is repeated in Frances Burney's final novel *The Wanderer*, and this time the invasion is from that fearful quarter, the French Jacobin. The heroine long suffers under mysterious anonymity and suspicion of being a French spy. Once Juliet's character is cleared, however, her Jacobin *de jure* husband pursues her to Britain where he can only be turned away with a large bribe of English cash, so that the initially nameless heroine can be restored to her rightful place in society, within the solidly respectable families of Granville and Harleigh.

The events of Jane Austen's *Mansfield Park* have attracted more critical attention than those of the previous works combined. Mary Poovey summarizes the conventional reading of the plot of *Mansfield Park* thus:

dangerous outsiders invade Mansfield's expansive grounds. In many ways, Mansfield Park seems a citadel in a turbulent world ... The Crawfords epitomize the external challenge to Mansfield Park and the values it ideally superintends.¹⁷

The invasion of Mansfield Park by the sophisticated Mary and Henry Crawford is resisted—at first only by Fanny Price, but eventually by most of the Bertram family—and ultimately the Crawford siblings are expelled, so that the chilly domestic harmony of Mansfield may be restored.

Given that these four contemporaneous novels contain the same basic plot element, what might this tell us about the historical and literary situation in 1814? Let us suppose, for argument's sake, that each of these invasions is in some way representative of a feared French invasion that never eventuated. How, then, do these novels suggest such an (imagined) invasion

¹⁶ Maria Edgeworth, *Patronage* (1814), ed. Eva Figs (London: Pandora, 1986), p. 618.

¹⁷ Mary Poovey, *The Proper Lady and the Woman Writer* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1984), p.213.

might be resisted? What kinds of ideological defenses do they suggest might successfully hold out against foreign incursion?

Within literature, the arsenal for ideological weaponry is, of course, literature, and so it behoves us to pay attention to characters' reading habits. Here is what we are told about Edward Waverley's:

he had read over, and stored in a memory of uncommon tenacity, much curious, though ill-arranged and miscellaneous information. In English literature he was master of Shakspeare and Milton, of our earlier dramatic authors, of many picturesque and interesting passages from our old historical chronicles, and particularly of Spenser, Drayton, and other poets who have exercised themselves on romantic fiction, of all themes the most fascinating to a youthful imagination.¹⁸

Later we learn that Edward 'was warm in his feelings, wild and romantic in his ideas and in his taste of reading, with a strong disposition towards poetry'.¹⁹ Edward Waverley's reading, it seems, is much like Scott's own—he loves to read of knights, of chivalry, of adventure—in fact, while he lives smack dab in the Age of Reason, Waverley is completely uninterested in eighteenth-century thought. Instead, he is attracted by anything to do with the feudal and medieval past: he is a proto-gothic, proto-Romantic reader.

As for Fanny Price, Austen is characteristically taciturn on the subject of Fanny's reading, with the exception of the completely orthodox material prescribed by her cousin Edmund or abandoned in the attic by the easily bored Bertram children. This is, after all, the most plausible reason for the East Room's small collection of Crabbe's *Tales*, the *Idler*, or Lord Macartney's *Embassy to China*. Austen's careful readers, however, will note frequent clues as to the kinds of texts Fanny really dwells on. When she hears about Mr Rushworth's plans to 'improve' Sotherton, Fanny murmurs to Edmund, 'Cut down an avenue! What a pity! Does not it make you think of Cowper? "Ye fallen avenues, once more I mourn your fate unmerited"'.²⁰ In the chapel at Sotherton we get the full force of Fanny's imagination, which turns out to be furnished in more recent, but otherwise similar, fashion to that of Edward Waverley:

¹⁸ Scott, *Waverley*, p.14.

¹⁹ *Ibid.*, p.56.

²⁰ Jane Austen, *Mansfield Park*, ed. John Wiltshire (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2005), p.66.

Fanny's imagination had prepared her for something grander than a mere, spacious, oblong room, fitted up for the purposes of devotion—with nothing more striking or more solemn than the profusion of mahogany, and the crimson velvet cushions appearing over the ledge of the family gallery above. 'I am disappointed,' said she, in a low voice, to Edmund. 'This is not my idea of a chapel. There is nothing awful here, nothing melancholy, nothing grand. Here are no aisles, no arches, no inscriptions, no banners. No banners, cousin, to be "blown by the night wind of Heaven." No signs that a "Scottish monarch sleeps below."'

'You forget, Fanny, how lately all this has been built, and for how confined a purpose, compared with the old chapels of castles and monasteries. It was only for the private use of the family. They have been buried, I suppose, in the parish church. *There* you must look for the banners and the achievements.'

'It was foolish of me not to think of all that, but I am disappointed.'²¹

Later, when Mary Crawford lets slip that she much prefers the name Mr Bertram to 'Mr. *Edmund* Bertram', which she feels is 'so formal, so pitiful, so younger-brother-like' that she 'detest[s] it', Fanny hastens to defend her cousin's Christian name:

'How differently we feel! ... To me, the sound of *Mr.* Bertram is so cold, and nothing-meaning—so entirely without warmth or character!—It just stands for a gentleman, and that's all. But there is nobleness in the name of Edmund. It is a name of heroism and renown—of kings, princes, and knights; and seems to breathe the spirit of chivalry and warm affections.'²²

This chivalry, this new medievalism, belongs to the *romance* trend within Romanticism, the aspect of the movement that we associate with a love of the gothic and the irrational, the mythological, mysterious and mystical. This is not the revolutionary side of Romanticism we now associate with the fall of the Bastille or the American *Declaration of Independence*, with Shelley's 'Mask of Anarchy' or Wordsworth's leech-gatherer. Anna Letitia Barbauld

²¹ Ibid., p.100. Fanny is quoting Scott, from the second canto of *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* (1805).

²² Ibid., p.246. Austen's emphasis.

had warned about these competing Romantic movements at the beginning of the Romantic period:

Hanging woods and fairy streams,
 Inspirers of poetic dreams,
 Must not now the soul enthrall,
 While dungeons burst, and despots fall.²³

What we find in these four novels from 1814 is the kind of Romanticism associated with ‘woods and fairy streams’, with harp-playing young ladies, with Ann Radcliffe and *The Mysteries of Udolpho*, with fairy stories and fantasy, or with the anti-revolutionary writings of *Edmund* Burke. In the 1790s, shocked by Burke’s about-face defection to the monarchist cause, and his emotive defence of the French Royal family, Mary Wollstonecraft levelled her memorable accusations against Burke’s rhetoric and the ideology behind it:

I perceive, from the whole tenor of your Reflections, that you have a mortal antipathy to reason; but, if there is any thing like argument, or first principles, in your wild declamation, behold the result:—that we are to reverence the rust of antiquity, and term the unnatural customs, which ignorance and mistaken self-interest have consolidated, the sage fruit of experience: nay, that, if we do discover some errors, our *feelings* should lead us to excuse, with blind love, or unprincipled filial affection, the venerable vestiges of ancient days. These are gothic notions of beauty—the ivy is beautiful, but, when it insidiously destroys the trunk from which it receives support, who would not grub it up?²⁴

Wollstonecraft here calls to account the flaw in Burke’s logic—or, more accurately, Burke’s total lack of logic, his rejection of reality, common sense, and natural justice. In their place we find, in Keats’s phrase, ‘The brain, new

²³ Anna Letitia Barbauld, ‘[Lines to Samuel Rogers in Wales on the Eve of Bastille Day, 1791]’, in *The Poems of Anna Letitia Barbauld*, ed. William McCarthy and Elizabeth Kraft (Athens, Ga.: The University of Georgia Press, 1994), p.120.

²⁴ Mary Wollstonecraft, *A Vindication of the Rights of Men* (1791) in *A Vindication of the Rights of Men and A Vindication of the Rights of Woman*, ed. Janet Todd (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2008): pp.1–62, 8.

stuff'd, in youth, with triumphs gay / Of old romance'.²⁵ Despite the criticisms of Wollstonecraft and others, it was nevertheless Burkean principles that would come to dominate British discourse as the war with revolutionary France dragged on. These four novels from 1814 enact, over and over, resistance to France and its revolutionary principles. In so doing they also demonstrate that a sea-change is occurring, and in some cases has already occurred, in British culture and ideology. The restorations that take place in each one of these novels go further than just returning everything to the *status quo ante*. They emphasise the triumph of an ideology that does more than merely resist revolution. This ideology, in fact, constitutes a different kind of revolution: a conservative revolution. In this brave new world (which is in fact a rather fearful one), the Burkean illogic of neo-medievalism reigns supreme.

This is clear in *Mansfield Park*, where Fanny creates her *preux chevalier* out of the most unlikely raw material of the prudish Edmund Bertram, and ultimately succeeds in establishing her strange, incestuous fantasy as the unconvincing happily ever after of *Mansfield Park*. Clara Tuite, for one, has argued that *Mansfield Park* novelizes Burke's ideology, concluding that 'if Burke's *Reflections* offers political history as family romance, *Mansfield Park* is the family romance as political history'.²⁶

In *Waverley*, after the defeat of the Jacobites, Edward feels himself, 'entitled to say firmly, though perhaps with a sigh, that the romance of his life was ended, and that its real history had now commenced'.²⁷ Yet any reader can see that this is no kind of realism, where in return for treason Waverley is rewarded with riches and the girl, and the devastation of the civil war can be transformed as if by magic. 'By my honour!' declares the Baron of Tully-Veolan, seeing his estate completely refurbished almost overnight, 'one might almost believe in brownies and fairies'!²⁸

This same reactionary, Burkean version of Romanticism is at play, too, in *The Wanderer*. In the England to which the heroine Juliet flees as a refugee, the conservative Admiral Powel is on hand to represent everything that is admirable about John Bull's old England—the harmless xenophobia,

²⁵ John Keats, *The Eve of St Agnes*, ll.40–41, in *The Poems of John Keats*, ed. Jack Stillinger (London: Heinemann, 1978), p.300.

²⁶ Clara Tuite, *Romantic Austen: Sexual Politics and the Literary Canon* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2002), p.101.

²⁷ Scott, *Waverley*, p.283.

²⁸ *Ibid.*, p.339.

the obsession with Roast Beef and porter—but Powel is atypical of the Englishmen Juliet meets. Juliet’s ‘wanderings’ take her further and further from Revolutionary France, but also from urbanized modern life. One especially telling moment comes when Juliet finds herself on Salisbury Plain, quietly eating lunch at Stonehenge with the gouty, priapic Sir Jaspar. The baronet’s tales of imps, fairies and druids at first seem like distractions, until they are revealed as foreshadowing Juliet’s solitary journey into the fairy-tale setting of the New Forest.

Even in Edgeworth’s *Patronage*, despite its emphasis on its own modernity, and the numerous ways in which poor Rosamond Percy’s harmless sentimental fantasies are shown up as illusory, a neo-gothic conservatism is paramount. Whig and Tory may disagree on every topic under the sun, except in the important one of total opposition to every new idea or innovation:

‘It is extraordinary, Mr Percy,’ continued Lord Oldborough, ‘that, knowing how widely you differ from me in political principals, I should choose, of all men living, to open my mind to you.—But the fact is, that I am convinced, however we may differ about the means, the end we both have in view is one and the same,—the good and glory of the British Empire.’

‘My Lord, I believe it,’—cried Mr Percy—‘With energy and warmth he repeated—‘My Lord, I believe it.’²⁹

All of this—the restorations of rightful heirs, the fairies and brownies, the knights and damsels and cheering villagers—spells nothing less than the end of revolutionary Romantic sentiment, by 1814 banished from the discourse of the popular novel and on the run along with Byron, Shelley, and Napoleon himself.

What we get instead is intimations of the tempered Romanticism, or rather the Victorianism that is to come. No longer will Romantic novels incite revolution, or question the very foundations on which society is based (although some Romantic poetry will continue to do so). No longer will hereditary privilege, the double-standards involved in judging between the sexes, or the classes, be open to fictional judgment.³⁰ No longer, moreover,

²⁹ Edgeworth, *Patronage*, p.305.

³⁰ The single most important exception to these trends is Jane Austen’s *Persuasion* (1817).

will novelistic heroines partake of the sprightliness verging on vulgarity we delightedly find in Elizabeth Bennet, nor will they engage in the issues of the day, like Amelia Opie's Adeline Mowbray, say, or Mary Hays's Emma Courtney. The sophisticate and wit Mary Crawford must lose out to Fanny Price, the revolutionary Flora Mac-Ivor and Elinor Joddrel to the quietly upright Rose Bradwardine and Juliet Granville, and triumphing over them all, that queen of prigs, Caroline Percy.

From 1814 the novel will be inherited by new heroines. These sentimental saints will become the self-effacing, domesticating handmaidens of empire. Their greatest delight will be in hearth, home, and their heroes' happiness—they will be the angels in the houses of the Victorian novel. As Flora Mac-Ivor says of Rose Bradwardine:

Her very soul is in home, and in the discharge of all those quiet virtues of which home is the centre. Her husband will be to her what her father now is—the object of all her care, solicitude, and affection. She will see nothing, and connect herself with nothing, but by him and through him.³¹

It is conservative, Burkean thinking that has won out here. One after another each of these novels demonstrate that in preparing their ideological defenses against the prospect of French incursion, a terrible sacrifice has been made. Napoleon is not to be defeated by good British sense alone, but rather by a very different kind of Romantic revolution. It is a new feudalism that will be restored, along with the Bourbons. And as the novels of 1814 demonstrate, this new world of the nineteenth century will take its rhetoric, its heroes and its ideals, from an imaginary, pre-Raphaelite land of fairy tale and medieval legend.

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³¹ Scott, *Waverley*, p.111.