

## **A Study in Dialogue: Frances Burney Attends Warren Hastings's Trial**

Lorna J. Clark, Carleton University

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# THE BURNEY JOURNAL

## A Study in Dialogue: Frances Burney Attends Warren Hastings's Trial LORNA J. CLARK

The trial to impeach Warren Hastings (1732-1818), former Governor-General of Bengal, on charges of corruption at the bar of the House of Lords opened in Westminster Hall, London on February 13, 1788. The longest political trial in British history would take 145 days, spread over seven years; the case for the prosecution took three years, that for the defense another two. About a third of the peerage would die in the course of the trial as well as some witnesses before they could be called. The verdict was not reached until 23 April 1795, a complete acquittal on all charges.

The Board of managers for the prosecution is a formidable list, reading like a who's who of the great orators of the day, with Edmund Burke, Charles James Fox, Charles Grey, and Richard Brinsley Sheridan leading the charge, with impassioned speeches that could last for days. The significance of the trial and the prosecution of Hastings, as a representative of the East India Company, for allegedly abusing its power and oppressing the native Indian population had enormous implications for British colonial rule. The purport was not lost on Hastings himself who was said to remark, "this was less my trial than that of the East India Company and the British nation" as a whole.<sup>1</sup>

Anticipation was high for the opening "in an atmosphere of pageantry which made it appear more like a highlight of the social season than a criminal proceeding." The Hall was altered for the trial to correspond exactly with the House of Lords; the effect of the renovations was to create a "vast improvised theatre," fitted up with tiers of seats for the Lords upholstered in red, with those for the Commons in green, rich velvet chairs for the king and Prince of Wales, and a "canopy of state" for the Lord Chancellor, judges and heralds.<sup>2</sup> All members of both houses were expected to attend, with galleries overhead that could hold about 2,000 spectators. Tickets were in keen demand; although they were free, they were restricted in their distribution, and some ultimately changed hands for money, with 25 (and even 50) guineas cited as the highest price paid during the trial.<sup>3</sup> Without the guarantee of a particular seat, people began "queuing in the bitter winter morning as early

as six" a.m. until the doors opened at 9 and then had hours to wait until proceedings began at 12.

It seems fortunate for posterity that a writer of copious and vivid journals, Frances Burney, was present on such a momentous occasion. As a member of the Royal household, she was presented with two of the sought-after tickets by the Queen, for herself and a companion. On days she attended the trial, her journal for 1788 sparks to life; her sense of the occasion and the importance of recording it is clear in the care she took in her lengthy account, which (for a single visit of a few hours) takes up sixty printed pages. At the outset, she describes the hall, the seating-plan, the opening ceremony. Her keen observation at work, she conveys vividly the flinging open of the doors, the appearance of Burke at the head of the procession, his "Brow knit with corroding Care & deep labouring Thought," the pallor of Hastings as he bows to the court, the profound silence following the proclamation, and the Chancellor's opening speech.\*

At the end of the day, she would deliver verbal reports to the King and Queen, which were so informative that they would send her back again and again as a witness to the proceedings. In the eyes of Burney scholars, this is the value of the journal entries on Warren Hastings. Biographer Joyce Hemlow claimed that they "provide historians with first-hand impressions" enhanced by "[h]er tenacious memory and the liveliness of her recordings" (204). Hester Davenport agrees, praising Burney's "retentive memory" and comparing, for accuracy, her recording of the Chancellor's speech with the version printed in the official record (152). Claire Harman extends this comparison, printing both versions in an appendix, placing Burney's beside the one produced by court recorders using shorthand (387-88). Others are less interested; Kate Chisholm mentions Burney's account of the trial only briefly (156-57), and Margaret Anne Doody chooses not to discuss it because it is so "well known," and her own interest in the diary is in what it "tells us about Burney herself and the way in which it is related to her other writing" (177).

I think some of these commentaries miss the point; after the opening, Burney's accounts say very little about the actual proceedings. But they do tell us a lot about Burney herself and the ways in which her private journal-writing relates to her published work, functioning as a kind of writer's notebook in which she experiments with, improves, and expands the techniques used in her fiction and her plays. A compulsive writer for much of her life, she writes (as Epstein has noted) to survive, to make life bearable

(31-38). Through the shaping of a narrative, she seeks to mediate reality, craft it into a more palatable pattern, to achieve an end desired. I would agree with Judy Simons that, for Burney, "[r]ecollection, . . . was a creative act and in the privacy of her diary and correspondence she was at her most potent as a literary artist" (121). In the 25 volumes' worth of material produced by this obsessive habit (and some of the best are yet to come), the interest is not so much in their provision of the raw material of social history, a reflection of the Georgian world around her, but in the techniques she uses to create such a compelling story.

In Westminster Hall, impatient, ill at ease, and out of sympathy with the minutiae of the charges, the workings of colonial governments, the strategic machinations and grand-standing rhetoric of the politicians, Burney takes the broad canvas of history and narrows it down, cutting through to the essential and re-casting the drama in a form more amenable to her. Her accounts of the Hastings trial take it out of the public arena and into the private; she recasts the political theatre as a private drama that unfolds in the spectator boxes, in a series of sexually-charged dialogues that would not be out of place in a courtship novel or a comic play. With the detached eye of the artist, she allows the scenes to unfold as though on stage. Ultimately, she undercuts the teleological male narrative, positing instead a feminine discourse, as she challenges the epistemological basis of the search for truth, the judging of guilt and innocence that, curiously enough, foreshadows the final outcome of the trial.

Anyone who approaches Burney's account of the Warren Hastings trial in 1788 as a document of social history will probably be surprised and disappointed. After the opening, she makes no attempt to record the speeches, pointedly refuses to listen to the evidence, and makes little effort to inform herself when chatting to the managers. She never changes her original, confessedly uninformed, opinion from the outset. Nevertheless, Victorian editors of the diaries, who pruned material from the later years so drastically, printed generous excerpts of her accounts. Few recent critics have paid close attention although Noel Chevalier, in "Redeeming the Nabob" (1999), sees Burney sympathetically identifying herself with the accused: "Her view of Hastings as an innocent man hounded by the political establishment neatly fits with her interest in marginalized, silenced figures oppressed by powerful authorities" (30). Daniel O'Quinn, in a Foucauldian study, *Staging Governance* (2005), "extends this analysis of performance and sexual anxiety by attending closely to Frances Burney's analysis of Burke's

and Fox's oratory. Burney's diary offers an analysis of oratorical practice that is as cognizant of oratorical theory as it is of crucial problems in imperial governance" (27). Betsy Bolton explores the political theatre by analyzing Edmund Burke's rhetoric and "thunderous declamation" in contrast to Burney's own more constrained rendition of the trial as an articulation of their "aesthetic differences."<sup>5</sup> Here, I would like to give a different emphasis and focus on Burney's domestication of the political drama, through the use of dialogue—both inward and outward forms.

Very soon after the opening, the interest in Burney's narrative begins to shift. The keen observer who had at first noted the "mellow & penetrating" voice of the Chancellor and the "pale, ill & altered" face of the prisoner loses interest when the charges are being read "in so monotonous a Chaunt that nothing more could I hear, or understand" and casts about for something else of interest to relate. Fortunately, some new angles soon occur in forms familiar to the reader of the journals. There is the sharp detail and the keen sensitivity that give Burney's writing its life-like quality. Like Dickens, Burney could take in a character at a glance or, like Austen, skewer his pretenses. The hyper-sensitivity or hyperbole she uses is characteristic of sentimental fiction in which the internal psychological drama constitutes the action of the novel, the detailing of the exquisite sufferings of the heroine.<sup>6</sup>

Closely related is another aspect of her fictional technique: the projection of an internal drama as Burney reads her own reactions into those of others, thus objectifying her inner thoughts, as when she claims that it is Mr. Hastings who loses interest in the boring charges and begins "to cast his Eyes around the House." She also does the reverse; she creates drama by personalizing his feelings and experiencing them (or projecting them) onto her own body. When Hastings is called forth to answer the charges, Burney writes, "I trembled at these words—& hardly could keep my place when I found Mr. Hastings was being brought to the Bar." When he kneels there, she writes, "I could hardly keep my seat!—hardly forbear rising & running out of the Hall!—" And when he looks up, she becomes agitated:

I was much affected by the sight of that dreadful harrass which was written on his Countenance;—had I looked at him without restraint, it could not have been without Tears.—I felt shocked, too,—shocked & ashamed to be seen by him in that place,— . . . *His Eyes* were not those I wished to meet in Westminster Hall! I called upon Miss Gomme & Charles to assist me in looking another way, & in conversing with me as I turned aside; & I

kept as much aloof as possible, till he had taken his survey, & placed himself again in front.

It might be said (and indeed has been, in the early reviews) that Burney's technique is simply a way to inject herself into the action rather than be relegated to the sidelines as a silent observer. John Wilson Croker had noticed this tendency, complaining that in her accounts "*all roads led to Rome*"—in other words, her own (by definition) petty feminine interests; he objected to her taking center-stage instead of remaining on the margins, unobtrusively recording the words of great men like Johnson and Burke.<sup>7</sup> Burney, however, insistently remains the heroine of her own narrative, even at the trial of Warren Hastings where, although she does not record the evidence, she does note the attentions she received from several male acquaintances—such as young Mr. Burke who "jumped up on the nearest form to speak to me" and Mr. Frederic Montagu who "recognized, & Bowed to me" from the front row.

The excessive self-consciousness that analyzes every gesture exhaustively and makes herself the center of every scene imparts a Jamesian quality to Burney's narrative.<sup>8</sup> When Warren Hastings surveys a crowd that contains the cream of English society at the start of a criminal trial in which conviction could lead to capital punishment,<sup>9</sup> and even acquittal would leave him with a ruined reputation, a truncated career, and the prospect of imminent bankruptcy, he surely has other things on his mind than determining who Miss Burney's neighbors or acquaintances might be. But this perspective is left outside Burney's journals at those moments in which she dramatizes her own inner consciousness and watches the countenance of another, reading their thoughts as the imagined counterpart to her own. She thus constructs a kind of dialogue in the imagined space or the interaction between the two that becomes the central action of her own drama. This is illustrated when she interprets from Mr. Hastings's look a confidence in his own innocence and concludes that therefore he will be acquitted; ironically, she turns out to be right.

These inner dialogues give way to verbal sparring when a hero enters. William Windham is one of the prosecutors, "a young man of family & fortune, with a very pleasing though not handsome Face, a very good figure, & an air of fashion & vivacity," who turns out to be "one of the most agreeable, spirited, well bred, & even brilliant Conversers I have ever spoken with." Their interaction will be presented in the form of dialogue like a scene from a play, between competing versions of the truth. Each struggles for mastery and seeks to convert the other. The contest is sexually charged as a

battle of the sexes that mirrors in microcosm the issues being argued on the floor of the Hall; it is symbolic of the trial as a whole.

Windham approaches, seeing "a welcome in my Eyes when they met his face," writes Burney, with a curious sense of detachment as though watching the scene unfold retrospectively. Soon her observation is busily at work although for a while her responses remain internalized as (her eyes fixed on his face) she watches Windham's minutest expressions, interpreting them, agreeing or disagreeing with them, and recording her responses. Outwardly, she is silent (in fact, she exaggerates and dramatizes her silence), so the dialogue—between Windham's words and expressions and her own unspoken thoughts—exists only on paper, confided to the privacy of her journal, while in public, maintaining a demeanor of feminine decorum, she represses any hint of dissent. This is a familiar role for Burney (whom Johnson called "a spy"),<sup>10</sup> masking any hint of self-assertiveness behind a demure manner: the rebellion then goes underground. This undercurrent of violence in Burney's writing has been noted by critics such as Susan Staves and Judith Lowder Newton.

Her own strong opinions Burney shares with her female confidantes, but withholds initially from Windham, censoring her own responses in public, writing silence into the text, thus:

I knew his inference, . . . but I thought it best to let it pass quietly.

...

Somewhat sarcastic this,—but I had as little time as power for answering,—

...

I did not think it decent to contrast such an opinion. I could only be sorry;—& silent.—

The pressure of this silence raises familiar questions from Burney's and other epistolary fiction about the voice of the narrator, similar to those raised by *Evelina*, in which the clear-eyed, slyly ironic and worldly-aware narrator (Evelina the letter-writer) seems incompatible with the easily abashed, inarticulate Evelina the actor, who, tongue-tied and embarrassed, could never have produced her own narrative.

Finally, however, Burney can keep silence no longer; Windham, who shows a tendency to Shakespearean rhetoric, rouses himself to a fury and apostrophizes on Hastings's guilt: "the thousands—the Millions—who have groaned & languished under the Iron Rod of his oppressions" and Burney

feels compelled to speak out in his defense, explaining it (as is her wont) as a necessity:

I can hardly tell you, my dearest Susan, how shocked I felt at these words!— . . . —I cannot believe Mr. Hastings guilty,—I feel in myself a strong internal evidence of his innocence, drawn from all I have seen of him: . . .

. . . I could not hear him without shuddering,—nor see him thus in earnest without alarm;—I thought myself no longer bound to silence, since I saw he conceived me of the same sentiments with himself:—& therefore I, hardly resolved to make known his mistake, which, indeed, was a liberty that seemed no longer impertinent, but a mere act of justice & honesty.

In Burney's journals—as in her novels—when the heroine acts with self-assertion, she excuses it as being compelled to act by a force that is greater than herself, which would take away any culpability; this fear of failure and avoidance of blame has been identified by Patricia Meyer Spacks as a prime motivating factor in Burney's life and writings,<sup>11</sup> which is closely akin to the pattern (in its prior abasement and later triumph) of the Cinderella myth that Kenneth Graham sees as a major structuring principle in her work.<sup>12</sup>

As she begins to express her true opinions, Burney presents herself in a state of modest confusion, typical of one of her heroines: "I had some little difficulty how to get out what I wished to say, . . . [and with] great hesitation,—&, very humbly, I said 'Well would you pardon me, Mr. Windham, if I should . . . speak to you frankly?'—" She is encouraged by Windham (who, we recall, associated with bluestockings), who laughs and "very eagerly called out 'O yes,—yes,—*pray* speak out!—I *beg* it!'" Flattered by his urgency, and with a show of reluctance, Burney steps forth onto the stage of the trial.

Noel Chevalier, in "Refiguring the Nabob," notes the by-play between Burney and Windham; initially secure in his convictions, he is "happy to play the part of the experienced parliamentarian guiding a young lady through the mysteries of parliamentary form" (30) but is about to have his expertise and easy assumptions challenged as Burney, protesting ignorance, gradually undercuts the certitudes of the male position.

Starting out slowly, Burney uses punctuation (dashes, question and exclamation marks) to suggest her hesitance:

"May I—I said—go yet a little further—"



Yes,—*cried* he, with a very civil smile,—& I feel an assent beforehand.”

She plays the role of the ingénue, coyly blushing and stammering, while he is the aggressive and confident male, smiling and patronizing, calling out “eagerly,” exclaiming “passionately,” he “cried . . . with quickness,” he is “not to be put off”; he seems to have no doubt of the final outcome, that he will prevail. “Come, then, cried he, emphatically, to hear Burke!—come & listen to him—& then you will form your judgement without difficulty.” Her conversion, his victory, seems assured. “I would rather, thought I, hear him upon any other subject!—but I made no answer.”

Burney employs a whole arsenal of rhetorical devices to build up a case to undercut her opponent: sympathetic identification with her listener: “Supposing . . . then, like me you had seen Mr. Hastings make his entrance into this Court”; a show of humility, “so little as I am able to do honour to my prepossession”; flattery, “but that you have given me the courage,” and disarming naivety,

‘But—can you speak seriously, cried he, when you say you know nothing of this business?—’

‘Very seriously; I never entered into it at all. It was always too intricate to tempt me.’

‘But surely—you must have read the Charges!—’

‘No;—they are so long, I had never the courage to begin.’

The pace quickens and builds to a climax where they are evenly matched in a conflict of wills, each striving for mastery and dominance. The dialogue mirrors the language of seduction with Windham urging, Burney coyly demurring, the sexual tension underneath apparent.

Urging her to give up her own opinion, Windham “cried” out “with great energy”:

‘Oh yes, yes! . . . —you will give it up!—you *must* lose it, *must* give it up!—it will be plucked way,—rooted wholly out of your mind!—’

‘Indeed, Sir, cried I, steadily,—I believe not!—’

‘You believe not?—repeated he, with added animation,—Then there will be the more glory in making you a Convert!’

If conversion is the word, thought I—I would rather make than be made!—’

The dialogue would not sound out of place in a Restoration comedy.

Although she is ignorant of the charges, Burney is certain of Hastings’s

innocence. Her reasoning is simple. She had met him socially once or twice at the dinner-party of a friend, enjoyed his company, and found him modest and unassuming, courteous in manner. He has "quietness & serenity" and is "instructive as well as entertaining . . . gentle & highly pleasing" with conversation that perfectly "suited his hearer," a perfect gentleman, in short. She likes the plainness with which he dresses. She posits, in effect, a different way of knowing, of judging, using her feminine intuition to gauge a man's inner nature and extrapolating his innocence, from domestic to public virtue. The conflict is thematically apt and gendered, as she declares:

"I cannot believe Mr. Hastings guilty,—I feel in myself a strong internal evidence of his innocence, drawn from all I have seen of him:—"

Effectively, she challenges the legitimacy of the process itself.

Gradually, Burney begins to take the ascendancy in their discussions. She will succeed, by her own account, to win Mr. Windham over to her cause (although another interpretation, that he is simply humoring her out of a sense of gentlemanly politeness, is always open to the reader). There are many rhetorical signs in Burney's account pointing towards a victory. Mr. Windham's "gaiety" has "vanished," and he begins to listen to her seriously. "To this he listened with an attention that . . . must have silenced & shamed me." When Burney speaks forcefully, using the word "contempt," he "did not like it" but "repeated" the word. Burney, an adept and flexible adversary, "flew off . . . to softer ground." She piques his curiosity and he begins to question her, seeking information (instead of the other way around). Windham looks "surprised" but is "silent from good-breeding." Burney now, very much in control, "answered this silence," and Windham "seemed, now, overpowered into something like believing me—and in a voice of concession, said "Certainly." He is forced to repeat his concessions, as Burney goes "on with fresh vigour." It is she who holds the floor and interrupts any objections; hers are the eager cries and forceful rhetoric sweeping all before it. She hardly lets him speak, "Hush, hush, Mr. Windham." It is he who now owns the questions, hesitations, pauses, silences. He begins to agree to her remarks and "civilly" makes concession after concession. Burney reads his silences as well: "he was only silent from good-breeding," she tells us, "but his Eyes expressed what his tongue withheld," so she "answered this silence." In dialogue with his supposed unspoken thoughts, she plays the role of omniscient narrator.

At subsequent meetings, Burney pushes on aggressively (hers now the tone of condescension): "O Mr. Windham—can you be so liberal?" "O

don't be so candid—I beg you not.” The eagerness to convert is hers as she draws him into a Socratic dialogue with elaborate wit. When she feels that she may be overstepping the bounds of propriety, she displaces the authority for her comments even further, inventing a third (and imaginary) character as party to their dialogue, this one removed in age, class, distance, and time, desexualized and neutralized, Molière’s old woman. In the voice of this “natural and ignorant” speaker, she feels free to speak out frankly, so we are hardly surprised when Windham looks “half alarmed” at her approach: “I wish you could have seen his eager, half-frightened look,” she chortles to Susan.<sup>13</sup>

Finally, it is Windham’s turn (like Evelina) to look down, blushing and inarticulate: “*His Eyes sought the Ground* . . . with an uncomfortable shrug of the shoulders”; “This was a hearing too favourable to stop me,” Burney goes on, proceeding to critique sharply all the speeches. “He quite gave up this point without a defence,” she notes. She is relentless until she senses victory and only then “put[s] an end to *Molière’s old woman* & her comments.”<sup>14</sup>

In Burney’s analysis of the speeches, Daniel O’Quinn sees her using theories of rhetoric and of governance, but I am more struck with her use of sexual imagery as she describes her reaction to Burke’s speech as a kind of swoon: as he first “interested” then “engaged” and “at last over powered me. . . . I wanted to sink on the floor,” until the torrent of vehemence is over (the climax past), and she recovers herself: “I found myself a mere spectator in a public place,” disengaged again.<sup>15</sup>

When the narrative reaches a point of closure, Burney ends the account of her encounter with Windham as she began with a kind of distancing, objectifying her role; he left me “much persuaded that I had never yet been engaged in a Conversation so curious, from its circumstances before, in my life.” Her own surprise, one imagines, might only have been surpassed by that of Windham himself, had he known that she immediately shared this entire conversation with M. De Luc, Mrs. Ord, and the Queen.

In Burney’s accounts of the trial in 1788, William Windham is completely vanquished; the truth of Warren Hastings’s innocence wins out. The trial soon fades out of her journals although she does attend again occasionally over the next few years. At one encounter, Mr. Windham “either saw not, or knew not,” that she was there;<sup>16</sup> he does not always notice or come to speak with her; it hardly seems to matter. Curiously, although Windham himself kept a diary during the trial that names “probably every individual with whom he associated,” according to his editor,<sup>17</sup> Burney’s name never once

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occurs. Although he holds such a prominent place in her own narrative, she is not even mentioned in his. It is impossible to determine why this should be, and in a sense it is irrelevant; Burney's rhetorical purpose has been achieved.

Another interpretation of their conversations can be read into the text, one that, reflecting postmodern sensibilities, questions the self-presentation of the narrator. Perhaps Burney was not so triumphant as she claims; perhaps Windham, the impeccable gentleman, was simply humoring her and declining, in a spirit of chivalry, to press the argument further. His reserve may not have been that of a vanquished foe but rather attributable to his reluctance to continue to compare notes with one who was avowedly both uninformed and uninterested in any of the reasons or evidence he might urge. There is no question that Windham remained passionately committed to the cause of impeaching Hastings to which he devoted a great deal of energy and oratory. The urge of the reader to construct another possible narrative to the one insistently put forward by Burney, reading against the grain of her interpretation of the material she presents, is not an unusual response to the journals and constitutes part of the richness and fascination of Burney's text.

There is a coda to the trial of Warren Hastings. In support of his defense, numerous addresses and testimonials were laid before the court from various communities in India, both native and European, to vouch for his good character, his incorruptibility. Soldiers, administrators, Brahmins, and citizens attested to their respect for the principles of his administration, which for its time was fairly enlightened. Unlike other British governors, he learned native languages, allowed local courts to continue, and encouraged the arts and literature to flourish. Although Burke and the managers scoffed, these witnesses had an impact on public opinion, which was already turning in his favor. On April 23, 1795, the Lords voted, by a large majority, to acquit on every charge. Warren Hastings was declared "not guilty," a certitude to which Burney had clung throughout, in the face of all the evidence. The truths she had glimpsed and evoked on that first day of the trial had proved to be both apt and prophetic.

On the day the verdict was reached, Burney was far from Westminster Hall, ensconced happily in her Hermitage in the country with her husband and infant son. She mentions the outcome of the trial once, in passing, in extant letters.<sup>18</sup> Nevertheless, the writing up of the Hastings trial was not without its effect. The practice in writing dialogue was good preparation for the brilliant exchange of wit in three sparkling comedies she would write

the following decade.<sup>19</sup> And Burney's exploration of the nature of reality and the true basis of knowledge would stand her well in her next major writing project, which would become her richest and most complex novel, *Camilla*.

## NOTES

<sup>1</sup> Hastings's reflection on the significance of the trial was widely reported; see, for example, *European Magazine* 29 (1796), 50. For an overview of the trial, see Marshall.

<sup>2</sup> For descriptions of the hall that draw on contemporary accounts, see Turnbull 207-08; Feiling 349; and Davenport 151.

<sup>3</sup> See F. P. Lock 2: 150, 190; Turnbull 207-08.

<sup>4</sup> Frances Burney to Susan (Burney) Phillips, 1-13 February 1788, Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection, New York Public Library, Astor, Lenox and Tilden Foundations. I am grateful to Dr. Isaac Gewirtz, Curator of the Berg collection, for his permission to quote from these manuscripts. Unless otherwise noted, all quotations are taken from my own transcription of the manuscript of this letter, from the court journals of 1788, soon to be published by Clarendon Press. In subsequent references to the Burney correspondence, Frances Burney will be referred to as "FB," Susan Burney Philips as "SBP," and Frederica Locke as "FL."

<sup>5</sup> Bolton 872. For another useful study, see Murray.

<sup>6</sup> For the "self-involved examinations of consciousness" of the "embattled heroine" of the epistolary novel, see Perry 129, 22.

<sup>7</sup> J. W. Croker, review of *Diary and Letters of Madame d'Arblay*, ed. Charlotte Barrett, vols. 1-3, *Quarterly Review* 70 (1842): 243-87; see especially 244-45.

<sup>8</sup> For an extended argument on this point, see Clark.

<sup>9</sup> Turnbull 207.

<sup>10</sup> *The Early Journals and Letters of Fanny Burney* 3: 436.

<sup>11</sup> A passage in Burney's journals for 1788 reinforces this point. Speaking to the Rev. Charles de Guiffardiére, who asks her how she has avoided doing things she repents, Burney replies:

"And one thing more, I acknowledge myself obliged to, on various occasions; *Fear*,—I run no risks that I see!—I run—but it is always *away* from all danger that I perceive—."

"You do not, however, call that *virtue*, Ma'am?—you do not call that the rule of right?—"

"No!—I dare not,—I must be content that it is certainly not *the rule of wrong!*"—(FB to SBP, 12-31 Jan. 1788, Berg)

<sup>12</sup> The pattern is followed in the journals as well as the plays; see Burney's account of her reception by Louis XVIII in *Journals and Letters of Fanny Burney*, 7: 295-317.

<sup>13</sup> FB to SBP, [post 13] Feb. 1788, Berg; FB to SBP, April 1788, Berg.

<sup>14</sup> FB to SBP, [post 13] Feb. 1788, Berg.

<sup>15</sup> FB to SBP, [post 13] Feb. 1788, Berg.

<sup>16</sup> FB to SBP & FL, June 1791, Berg.

<sup>17</sup> Mrs. Henry Baring, ed., *The Diary of the Right Hon. William Windham, 1784-1810* (London: Longmans, 1866), p. xix; cited in Davenport 159.

<sup>18</sup> *Journals and Letters of Fanny Burney* 3:105.

<sup>19</sup> *Love and Fashion, The Woman-Hater, and A Busy Day*, recently published in *The Complete Plays of Frances Burney*.

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