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Charlotte Smith. *Emmeline*, ed. Loraine Fletcher. Peterborough: Broadview Press, 2003. 520pp. CDN22.95. ISBN 1-55111-359-7.

The Collected Letters of Charlotte Smith, ed. Judith Phillips Stanton. Bloomington and Indianapolis: Indiana University Press, 2003. xlvii+814pp. US59.95. ISBN 0-253-34012-8.

Popular novelist Charlotte Smith (1749–1806), long an uncelebrated but brilliant and prolific writer of the eighteenth century, is finally achieving critical and scholarly acclaim. I am pleased to review two marvellous additions to the Smith industry: Loraine Fletcher's critical edition of *Emmeline* and Judith Phillips Stanton's edition of *The Collected Letters of Charlotte Smith*. I cannot praise the work of these two scholars enough for their dedication to Smith's *œuvre*.

Emmeline, the Orphan of the Castle, Smith's first novel and runaway best-seller, was praised by Sir Walter Scott and Jane Austen, and Smith's publisher, Thomas Cadell, paid her more than the agreed-upon price because he was so excited with the novel's success. Clearly, Smith touched the hopes and anxieties of her reading public as she "questioned aristocratic privilege and encouraged social change" (9). Fletcher's introduction provides the context for the novel, examining the philosophic Enlightenment, marriage, Gothic architecture, the sublime, political liberty, and, of course, Charlotte Smith's writing career. Her discussion of Smith's preoccupation with the emergence of the new commercial class and the explosion of the reading public is exceptionally helpful, as is her distillation of the philosophy of Jean-Jacques Rousseau and its relationship to the novel. But most useful is Fletcher's acute rendering of eighteenth-century "distress," "a critical term for the interface between a novel's feeling characters and the uncaring society depicted" (12). Madness is usually the result of "distress," and Smith attempts to depict such *angst* in Adelina's broken sentence patterns, with scenes of eavesdropping, sleep-walking, sleep-talking, and the like—all quite innovative for the time. In the end, however, *Emmeline* is a Cinderella-story, and the titular heroine, poised between sense and sensibility, allows society and convention to triumph.

Fletcher includes contemporary reviews of the novel, portions of critical treatises on the position of women and marriage, and excerpts from Smith contemporaries such as Mary Collier, Edmund Burke, Hester Chapone, John Gregory, and Mary Wollstonecraft, making this an invaluable introduction to eighteenth-century feminine fiction.

Stanton's *The Collected Letters of Charlotte Smith* is equally impressive. Stanton publishes here for the first time "the almost 500 surviving letters that Smith wrote to publishers, patrons, solicitors, relatives, and friends" (xiv) that cover Smith's entire writing career from 1784 to 1806. Her achievement is monumental, for with this collection, the scholar of eighteenth-century fiction can now ascertain "one woman's writer's relations with booksellers ...

and thereby shed light on women and patronage in the late eighteenth century" (xiv). As well, the collection details the survival and even thriving of a single parent with twelve children, and these letters "illuminate one woman's life in a world of limited rights for women" (xiv). The letters raise many questions not only about Smith but also about the lot of eighteenth-century women writers in general. For example, how did Smith view her own literary output? Did she write only for money, "or was there an underlying seriousness about the artistic value of what she wrote?" (xv). Stanton tries to answer these and related questions in her introduction and concludes that Charlotte Smith is finally a conundrum, more interested in the business of publishing than the creative act, more isolated from other writers than a part of a coterie. Ultimately, Stanton concludes that it "was Smith's marriage that set the course of her life as a mother, writer, and for all practical purposes, an exile from polite society" (xxi). The letters reveal that her husband, Benjamin Smith, was worse than any of the scoundrels she created in her fiction, a "violent, capricious spendthrift" (xxii). The letters place Smith "squarely in the cult of sensibility; she believed in the virtue of kindness, in generosity to those less fortunate, and in the cultivation of the finer feelings of sympathy and tenderness for those who suffered needlessly" (xxx).

Stanton astutely presents the real Smith to critics and scholars of the long eighteenth century. Especially helpful is the arrangement and titling of the letter chapters.

Smith claimed that throughout her life she lacked a champion: no one—husband, brother, bookseller—ever stepped forward in her defence. With Stanton, Charlotte Smith has finally found such a champion.

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Jacques Cazotte. *Le Diable amoureux*, éd. Yves Giraud. Paris: Honoré Champion, 2003. 180pp. 45euros. ISBN 2-7453-0597-2.

Dans un champ de ruines, un soir, près de Naples, Alvare, un jeune officier espagnol que des compagnons viennent d'initier à la magie, s'écrie à trois reprises: *Belzébuth*! Aussitôt, une terrifiante tête de chameau apparaît et lui répond: *Che vuoi*? Voilà la scène sur laquelle s'ouvre *Le Diable amoureux, nouvelle espagnole* (1772). Mais bientôt le monstre prend l'apparence séduisante d'une jeune femme, Biondetta, et voilà que se noue le ressort d'une intrigue qui s'achève quand le héros, cédant à ses désirs, voit réapparaître l'effroyable tête de chameau.