The Incidental Cavalier: Re-reading Defoe's *Memoirs of a Cavalier*

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Abstract: The article revisits a relatively neglected novel in the Defoe canon, *Memoirs of a Cavalier*. It argues that whilst the Cavalier's political affiliations were certainly not accidental, they could be said to be incidental. And, moreover, that this was a deliberate strategy on the part of the author, designed to undercut any simpler political or cultural affinities which might be found elsewhere in myriad similar "memorials" published in the early years of the eighteenth-century. In short, Defoe presents his readers with a Cavalier who is anything but cavalier. The article first revisits Defoe's literary politics, in order to contextualize the *Memoirs*, before proceeding to re-read the narrative itself. More closely still it explores the extent to which the narrative realizes the particular aspiration stated in its Preface, to "correct" Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion*. It closes reflectively, wondering about the possibility that the Cavalier somehow ended up fighting on the wrong side, and perhaps writing on it too.

Keywords: *Memoirs of a Cavalier*, Clarendon, Gustavus Adolphus, King Charles I, Marvell

THERE ARE a handful of images of Daniel Defoe. Two in particular tend to be ubiquitous, though the provenance of both remains contested. It is a shadiness that seems somehow apt for a novelist who spent much of his middle years working as a government agent. An engraving by Michael Vandergucht "after" Jeremiah Taverner, from around 1706, and a portrait presently attributed to an "artist unknown, in the style of Sir Godfrey Kneller."[1] The comparison intrigues. Powdered, wigged and slightly podgy of face in the Vandergucht, a fair bit thinner, and rather more sober, in the "style of Kneller." The intervening couple of decades had been wearying, and, provenance permitting, it shows. There is report that the younger Defoe had been a little dandyish in his tastes.[2] He certainly

liked a good wig. But in neither image can he be said to look particularly cavalier. Back in 1703 the *London Gazette* had published an advertisement offering a reward of £50 to "whosoever shall discover" the said Daniel Defoe, together with a brief description of a "middle siz'd spare man, about forty years old, of a brown complexion, and dark brown-coloured hair, but wears a wig; a hooked nose, a sharp chin, and a large mole near his mouth" (West, *Defoe*, 75). Hardly cutting much of dash then.

It seems apposite, for this article is about Defoe's *Memoirs of a Cavalier*, a relatively neglected novel in the canon.[3] Like so many of Defoe's writings, the *Memoirs* is a rather elusive piece; the closer it is read, the more it unsettles expectations—not least in the presentation of its eponymous protagonist, who does not, on closer inspection, seem to be particularly cavalier either.[4] It will be argued that Defoe made his protagonist a "cavalier" for reasons that were incidental, rather than simply accidental. Accidents happen, incidents are measured, more commonly devised. Physicists project intersections in lines or beams of light, epidemiologists calculate the probabilities which attach to alternative strategies of medical intervention, economists model the consequences of targeted taxation policies. None of them leave incident to chance.

And the same is true of writers, whether conceiving a novel or scripting a history. The writing rationalizes, giving coherence and meaning to contingencies various imagined, in the process fashioning incidents from seeming accidents. Richard Rorty refers to contingent "ironies," fashioned by situated, essentially narrative, selves (5-6). As we will see, at various points in the *Memoirs*, Defoe will insinuate that his "cavalier" might have fought for either side in the various wars through which he stumbles. But that does not make his choices accidental. It simply means that they were shaped by the context of their author in his moment. In this way incidental histories, whether purporting to be fictional or otherwise, betray their peculiarly historicist prejudice.[5] It can be argued that no English novelist has evinced a greater sensitivity to this prejudice than Daniel Defoe, a writer whose own politics can be notoriously difficult to pin down (see Richetti 20-2, 70-84, 126-7). No English novelist indeed better fits the mould of the Rortian ironist, constantly adjusting to contingent political conditions, seeing how incidental "encounters go" and poeticizing their consequence (Rorty, 60-1). And no novel that Defoe wrote evinces this sensitivity more acutely than the *Memoirs of a Cavalier*.[6]

In the first part of this article, we will explore further the moment in which Defoe conceived and wrote his *Memoirs*. It was, as we will see, an exercise in ironic self-fashioning. We will then turn to the text itself, investigating its pretended provenance, its notably sceptical commentary on war and its intriguing comparison of two differently warring kings, Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden and King Charles I of England, before contemplating the place of religion in the mind of Defoe's cavalier. The final section is more speculative still, wondering not least if the eponymous anti-hero ended up fighting on the wrong side in the English civil war.

We will also wonder the extent to which the *Memoirs* might be considered a history and, if so, of what?

I. The Moment

Memoirs of a Cavalier was published in 1720, early in what was Defoe's third career. A first, as a hosiery and woollen factor, had failed by the closing years of the seventeenth century. It would be followed by a necessarily tendentious foray into the world of party-political journalism, working as Robert Harley's spin-doctor.[7] A position he secured as an inadvertent consequence of publishing a brilliant satire entitled *The Shortest Way with Dissenters* at the end of 1702, the closer subject of which was "occasional conformity." The consequence of publication for Defoe was prosecution for seditious libel, three days in the pillory, and a rather unflattering advertisement in the *London Gazette*. [8]

Harley fell from power in summer 1714, taking Defoe with him. Six years of rather eclectic writing would follow, scattered pieces on domestic manners, "stock-jobbery," and Scottish Church history.[9] Before the appearance, in 1719, of a first novel, *Robinson Crusoe*, to be followed the next year by two more, *Captain Singleton* and *Memoirs of a Cavalier*. Three novels sharing some evident similarities. Three very masculine heroes embarking on journeys of discovery, not least within themselves, each of which melded picaresque adventure with the classic redemption story.[10]

And, in the case of the *Memoirs*, something else too. For the *Memoirs* is also a historical novel, its protagonist journeying back into a still-recent past to remind readers of what England used to be like not that long ago. For this reason, the *Memoirs* can be categorized with Defoe's slightly later *Journal of a Plague-Year*. Both texts were designed to be didactic.[11] In the case of the *Journal*, it was to advise the possible consequence of another plague.[12] In the case of the *Memoirs*, it was to warn of prospective Jacobite insurgencies, a fear heightened only a year earlier by another abortive uprising in Scotland; itself only four years after the more concerted rebellion in support of the "Old Pretender."[13]

Both rebellions might have been repelled, but their spectres remained to haunt the London imagination. Something emphasized by Edward Thompson in his brilliant study of the so-called "Black" Acts. The closer purpose of the Acts might have been to tighten anti-poaching legislation in Waltham and Windsor forests, but their enactment spoke to far broader anxieties regarding prospective Jacobite insurgencies in the "home" counties (Thompson 67-72). It was these same anxieties which, as Defoe well knew, would fuel the sales of his *Memoirs of a Cavalier*. And continue to do so. Two years after publication, Walpole's government would suspend the *Habeas Corpus Act*, as a caution against rumours of another Jacobite uprising across the south of England.[14]

The *Memoirs* were then both didactic and fashionable. The previous twenty years had witnessed a stream of histories and "memorials," of the English civil wars especially, facilitated, in part at least, by the lapse of the Licensing Act regulations in 1695. Amongst the more cavalier could be counted the *Memoirs of Sir Philip*

Warwick, personal secretary to the martyred King Charles, and those of Sir Thomas Herbert, who pretended to have been the same King's best mate. Rounder-headed alternatives included the *Memorials of Bulstrode Whitelock*, *The Shorter Memorials of Thomas Lord Fairfax*, the *Memoirs of Denzil Holles*, the *Discourses* of Algernon Sidney and the *Life of John Milton*. And the *Memoirs of Edmund Ludlow*. We should pause here for a moment, for there is something importantly odd about Ludlow's "memoirs."

Former parliamentary war hero and commissioner at the trial of King Charles I, Ludlow had escaped to the town of Vevey, near Bern, in 1660, where he was visited, shortly before his death in 1692, by his old friend, Slingsby Bethel. Bethel returned a few months later with a draft manuscript entitled *The Voice from the Watchtower*. A very big manuscript, it transpired, unlike the published *Memoirs*, which appeared in three volumes in 1698-99, and was shorter by three quarters of a million words. The shorter *Memoirs* also told a rather different life.[15] Ludlow the fierce puritan had become Ludlow the champion of revolution "principles." Quite who took a knife to the original draft remains uncertain. Bethel possibly, but more likely the publisher John Toland, already busy writing up Fairfax, Holles and Milton. Editing, in effect, a serialised prequel to the "glorious" revolution, fashioned as a set of "memoirs."[16]

We can only conjecture, but it is reasonable to assume that Defoe was familiar with most, if not all, of these histories. The *Memoirs* certainly intimates a reading of Whitelock and Ludlow. It has been suggested that Defoe was writing against their politicization, seeking to present a history uncorrupted by "Faction," and that his choice of genre was intended to facilitate this (Seager, 481-4, 489, 500). A "Romance the likest to Truth that I ever read," as the editor of the second edition would hazard half a century on (Seager, 480, 491). We will return to matters of genre and provenance shortly, as we will the narrative of the *Memoirs*. We should, though, pause to contemplate a particular insinuation written into the Preface.

An allusion to what would become the most influential of all the "memoirs" of the civil wars. The *History of the Rebellion*, written by Sir Edward Hyde, later Lord Clarendon. Or at least mainly written by Sir Edward, for there was again some editorial interference, this time on the part of Sir Edward's son Lawrence, who composed a cautionary preface for the second edition, which appeared in early 1703. It should be remembered, Lawrence told his readers, that in an "an age when so many memoirs, narratives, and pieces of history come out as it were on purpose to justify the taking of arms against the King, and to belittle, revile and ridicule the sacred majesty of an anointed head," only half a century ago a dreadful "murder" had been "committed on a pious prince."[17]

And a dreadful injustice inflicted on Lawrence's father. The *History of the Rebellion* was, first and foremost, a history of its author. The published version of the *History*, which had finally appeared a year before, incorporated draft sections of a *Life by Himself*. Something which could only add to the testamentary, and exculpatory, tone. A greatest hits album, selected by the artist himself and his son.

Not that it was billed as such. On the contrary, the *History* promised a "full and clear narration," without any "mixture of private passion or animosity," the integrity of which was enhanced by the simple fact that it only contained accounts of what the author had personally experienced.[18]

The integrity of the account also depended, of course, on Sir Edward's reputation: a man of "innate goodness and justice," as well as "wonderful tenderness," ever motivated to "maintain the government and preserve the law"; the epitome of the "honest and wise" councillor, to whom the late King had so often cause to express "thanks" for his many "good services" (Clarendon 1843, 933-7, 992-3); and a historian whose word could not be doubted, who had recorded events with "all faithfulness and ingenuity," attesting the "faults and infirmities of both sides," and cherishing the central tenet of this faith, that the "love of truth" is the "soul of history." Only the historian who admits this, and does this, "deserves to be believed." Like Sir Edward: "I know myself to be very free from any of those passions which naturally transport men with prejudice towards the persons whom they are obliged to mention and whose actions they are at liberty to censure" (Clarendon 1).

Peculiarly well-placed, then, to write a definitive history of the "great rebellion." Purposed to entertain, of course, but also to counsel, as Laurence emphasized, so "that posterity may not be deceived," to make "visible" how easily "all foundations of law and liberty" might be destroyed (Clarendon 1). The intimation was plain enough; time to start paying attention to the still "perplexed condition of our times" or the same might happen again. Small wonder that Queen Anne made her displeasure known.[19] Lawrence editorialized his father's *History* for much the same reason as Toland took his scalpel to Ludlow's *Memoirs*. Refurbishing the past, to make the present seem familiar.

This is precisely what Defoe set off to do when he resolved to write his *Memoirs* in the necessary shade of Edward Hyde and his *History*, like pretty much everyone else who, over the coming century, would venture to write a history of the "rebellion."[20] The Preface to the *Memoirs* confirmed that it was published as a corrective: "In a Word, this Work is a Confutation of the many Errors in all the writers upon the Subject of our Wars in England even in the extraordinary History written by the Earl of Clarendon" (3). Except that, on second glance, it is difficult to see precisely what the Cavalier is really correcting.

II. The Memoirs

The *Memoirs of a Cavalier* is structured in two parts, telling the story of the protagonist's participation in successive military campaigns. The subtitle of the original edition was *A Military Journal*. The first part follows our hero to the continent, starting with some scattered adventures in France and Italy, before he wanders, almost inadvertently, into the Thirty Years War, ending up fighting in the army of King Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden. He then returns to fight in the English civil wars on the side of King Charles. Understandably, the *Memoirs* can, as a consequence, read like a very long list of battles and sieges, something that

would be of evident value to military historians, but less interesting, perhaps, to anyone else. Unless, that is, they dig a little deeper under the surface, at which point it becomes apparent that nothing is quite what it seems.

Provenance

Starting with the matter of provenance. The question of veracity arose early in the publishing history of the *Memoirs*, the editor of the second edition wondering the extent to which they were more "romance" than "history." The Preface addresses the matter head-on. Unavoidable, given that they were intended as a "corrective" to all the other "memoirs" flooding the market, but in so doing hardly adding much by way of assurance. The very first sentence is designed to unsettle. The "Memorials" have been discovered by "great Accident" and might have been "written many Years ago" (1). Or maybe not.

Another editorial tease follows, confirmation that the manuscript was found amongst the "Plunder" after the battle of Worcester in 1651, and fell into the possession of the narrator's father, a Major in a Parliamentarian "Regiment of Horse." And apparently untouched, or maybe just tidied up, or scalped *à la* Toland? Who knows. But before anyone starts to worry too much about any of this, Defoe is quick to point out that history will be the poorer if pedants are allowed to distract themselves, and everyone else, with such matters. The "Actions here mentioned have a sufficient Sanction from all the Histories of the Times to which they relate" (1). Of which two are much the most obvious: For the first part of the *Memoirs*, William Watt's *The Swedish Intelligencer*, published in 1632; for the second, Hyde's *History*.

The circulating conversation of history. Not that the reader discovers the identity of the conversationalist who has written up his *Memoirs*. A "Concern" which the Preface also addresses, assuring the reader that "no small Labour has been thrown away" in trying to find out who he might be, but to no avail. A Shropshire gentleman, born in 1608, is all we are told. [21] An evasion that is reminiscent, of course, of the similarly nameless chronicler in the *Journal of a Plague Year*. Evasive protagonists are hardly unusual in a Defoe novel, but they matter more where there is a greater pretence to experiential authenticity. The narrator, as the Preface urges, has been "present in every Action here related" (2).

Accordingly, there is only brief comment on the death of Gustavus at the battle of Lutzen, because "it is not my Design to write a History of any more of these Wars than I was actually concerned with" (110). And the same is true for the rather different death of Charles I, and its consequence. The "History of the Times will supply the Particulars which I omit, being willing to confine my self to my own Accounts and Observations." Having taken oath not take up arms again, and not wishing to be "hanged," the Cavalier takes no part in the second civil war in summer 1648, for which reason he is "now no more an Actor, but a melancholy Observator of the Misfortunes of the Times" (270, 279). We will revisit these particular "misfortunes" shortly.

Meanwhile, we can speculate some reasons for Defoe's refusal to name his protagonist. First, it was fashionable to hide identities, even in published "memoirs." It might even have added a sense of verity, rather than just making up a name. A further layer of mystery too, paradoxically, and, of course, if written to type, there was no real need. Except that, as we will discover, the Cavalier is another of Defoe's protagonists who does not play to type. He should be "Wrong but Wromantic," but turns out to be neither really.[22] A chastened Cavalier, in the end, haunted by self-doubt, who ends up writing a "memorials" which, if not quite puritan, is a long way from being cavalier. Which, of course, makes the story so much more human and believable. A young man, more restless than idealistic, who drifts off to the continent in search of adventure and ends up becoming a soldier. And then, by dint of what Defoe liked to term "hard Fate," begins to wander.

The Experience of War

The idea that *Memoirs of a Cavalier* might be read as a redemption-novel hardly comes as a surprise.[23] It is only the context which shifts from one Defoe "adventure" to another; Robinson Crusoe on a desert-island, Bob Singleton lost at sea, the chronicler of the "plague-year" wandering the streets of a dystopian London. Each enduring their fate with a commendable stoicism, all, in the end, coming back to their God. For the Cavalier, it is an experience inscribed on the battlefield.

He sets out for the Continent aged just twenty-two, suitably impressionable. A few months spent confirming what all of Defoe's readers would have known, that France was a country full of conmen and papists, and most of Italy too, and prone to civil unrest as a consequence. So violent that it leaves the young Cavalier with an "Aversion to popular Tumults all my Life after" (21). Departing Italy, he wanders into Germany, encountering the Imperial army at the siege of Magdeburg. Horrified by the atrocities which follow the capture of the city, he decides to join the Saxon army instead, after which he will move on to the Swedish. Wandering armies, much as he wanders countries, almost a mercenary. The Cavalier does not speak too much of fighting for money, but he lives by it.[24] At least he ends up on the right side, on this occasion, fighting for the right king, Gustavus Adolphus. One who is not only a military genius, but who also appreciates that wars, contrary to more romantic imaginings, are not at all "pleasant" (58-9).

As yet, the Cavalier is too young to properly appreciate this wisdom. He will need to fight, and lose, another war, and the losing streak has, in fact, already started. Following Gustavus's death, the Protestant armies suffer a series of reversals, and, all the fun draining away, the Cavalier decides to move on. A leisurely trip through the Low Countries and then back to England for the next adventure. Unable to express anything other than "secret Joy" on hearing that a different Protestant prince, Charles Stuart, would like him to accept a "Commission" in his army, he ventures north to defeat the perfidious Scots:

> I have often reflected since, that I ought to have known better, that had seen how the most flourishing Provinces of Germany were reduced to the most miserable Condition that ever any Country in the World was, by the Ravaging of Soldiers, and the Calamities of War (121-2).

Here again, though, it is not a wisdom which the Cavalier presently enjoys. Even as he discovers, on arriving in Northumberland, the most "despicable Appearance of Men in Arms to begin a War" that he has ever seen in his "Life" (123). A sobering portent.

When the English civil wars break out, the Cavalier stays with the King, for no better reason than he likes fighting. An incidental choice, in other words. The collateral question of why he picked the King's "Side" is something to which we will return. Here again, older and wiser, the Cavalier will reflect on his decision to fight at all:

> I went as eagerly and blindly about my Business, as the meanest Wretch that listed in the Army; nor had I the least compassionate Thought for the Miseries of my native Country, 'till after the Fight at Edgehill.

And again, a few pages later, having recounted the course of the battle, overcome by a "strange secret and unaccountable Sadness upon my Spirits to see this acting in my own native Country" (165). No war, as the Preface confirms, is so "unnatural" as a civil (3). But still, in the moment, there is no question of retiring from the fray. The Cavalier will fight on, for another four grim years.

He will later wonder if his experiences in Germany had not, in fact, inured him against the "inhuman Barbarity" of war:

> Whether this had hardened me against the natural Tenderness which I afterwards found return upon me, or not, I cannot tell; but I reflected upon my self afterwards with a great deal of Trouble, for the Unconcernedness of my Temper at the approaching Ruin of my native Country. (125)

Myriad incidents of such "ruin" litter the ensuring narrative; "the ravishing of Women, and the murthering of Men," the "Rudeness" of soldiers on both sides (226). Along with the same recurring tone of regret:

> It grieved me to the Heart, even in the Rout of our Enemies, to see the Slaughter of them; and even in the Fight to hear a man Cry for Quarter in English, moved me to Compassion which I had never been used to… Here I saw my self at the cutting of the Throats of my Friends; and indeed some of near Relations. (165)

But still he keeps fighting and making excuses. Trying to blame the sacking of Leicester in early 1645 on the recalcitrance of the defenders, recounting that he personally ordered his troops to attack one house in the city on the grounds because he needed to "make them an Example" (242). A modern jurist might recognise a war crime. As did contemporaries. When King Charles was put on trial at Westminster in January 1649, the siege of Leicester was presented as a heinous example of the breaches of the "laws of war." Otherwise, though, the Cavalier breezes through the sacking, leaving just a few statistics behind.

The account builds. Riding through Lincolnshire, his Dragoons commit "some Disorders" and treat the locals "very coarsly" (252) before riding off towards Huntingdon to do the same. The sense of unease might be growing, but for now

the Cavalier is still unable, perhaps unwilling, to desist.[25] He will fight to the bitterest of ends, after which it will be time to atone—in part, by writing up a "Memorials," for the edification of later generations. A "corrective" to Clarendon on its face, perhaps, but, primarily, a corrective to his former self.

A Tale of Two Kings

In terms of tally, the Cavalier wins one war, and loses another. The reasons might be various, but one matters most. The Cavalier enjoys a series of victories in his first war because the King of Sweden is a military genius, and he suffers a sequence of debilitating defeats in his second war because the King of England is not. So much is given away at the very outset, the Preface advising the reader that they will shortly be invited to compare the "great Actions of the glorious" Gustavus Adolphus with the recurring "Mistakes" of Charles Stuart, which end up with the "Overthrow of his Armies, the Loss of his Crown and Life, and the Ruin of the Constitution" (3). Nothing new here, of course, except that the Cavalier is peculiarly well-positioned to inform the reader, having met both kings, with Charles indeed, recalling "frequent Discourses" (247).

Cloying accounts of Gustavus were *au courant*. The "Caesar and Alexander of our times," Watt proclaimed in his *Intelligencer*. The young Cavalier's audience with the Swedish king leaves him suitably "overcome with the Goodness of his Discourse" (59). So much to admire, as commander-in-chief and man: the sobriety, the shared distaste for whoring and ill-discipline, the restraint which he demands of his soldiers in the wake of their various, stunning victories. If there is any quality which really shines, aside from the innate humanity, it is the decisiveness.[26] If only every Protestant prince was like Gustavus Adolphus.

And not only Gustavus Adolphus. Various other pen-portraits in the *Memoirs* serve to reinforce the sense that Charles Stuart was an oddly uninspiring prince. The French "Queen Mother," for example, Marie de Medici. If she had been "at the Helm of England" in 1642, there would probably never have been a civil war.[27] He is hardly sympathetic to her politics, but the young Cavalier is very impressed by how she quells the "mutinous people of Lyons" (21). And then, later in the narrative, comes a laudatory sketch of the parliamentarian commander-in-chief, Sir Thomas Fairfax: "He was a compleat General, strict in his Discipline, wary in Conduct, fearless in Action, unwearied in the Fatigue of the War, and withal, of a modest, noble, generous Disposition" (238). The English Gustavus.

Charles Stuart, in comparison, lacks pretty much all of this. There is a kind of modesty, but it is the wrong kind. The crippling shyness which inhibits decision-making, and which Clarendon indeed acknowledges. A prince so readily "prevailed" upon, brought down ultimately by the "irresolution and unsteadiness of his own counsels" (Clarendon 540). Charles lacks presence, both metaphorically and figuratively. A king "seldom seen amongst us," too closeted, too persuadable, too easily "bullied" (126-7). The King, in short, whose tragedy centres the *History of the Rebellion*, a "good king," but blighted by "infirmities and imperfections" (Clarendon, Preface, 5).

Which are now reinvested by the Cavalier:

> I cannot, without Regret, look back upon the Misfortune of the King, who, as he was one of the best Princes in his personal Conduct that ever reigned in England, had yet some of the greatest Unhappiness in his Conduct as King, that ever Prince had, and the whole Course of his Life demonstrated it. (137)

A weakness of character which was never more brutally exposed than when going into battle. Recalling Edgehill, the Cavalier cannot but compare Charles with "my old Heroe" Gustavus (156). A man of decision, who knew precisely when to attack an unsuspecting enemy. Unlike Charles who, as Clarendon confirmed, dithered until late afternoon on the day of the battle, before deciding to take the initiative, and then afterwards, wasting the chance of pressing on towards London.[28] Not that it was entirely his fault. The chance of securing a decisive "victory" at Edgehill "vanished" when Prince Rupert charged off into the middle of nowhere (Clarendon, 308-12). A recurring habit, as Clarendon's depiction of the battle of Naseby confirmed. Clarendon did not much rate Rupert, and neither does the Cavalier. Not just reckless, but negligent too, repeatedly allowing his soldiers to inflict "Cruelties" and "great Spoil among the Country People" (167).

We will, very shortly, contemplate the rather breathless conclusion to the *Memoirs*. So rushed, indeed, that the narrator has little time to say anything about the trial of the King in January 1649. "In this Hurry they sacrificed their King," the Cavalier writes hurriedly (270). The reason, of course, is the pretence to experiential veracity. The Cavalier was not at the trial, and so is unable to add much to existing reports. The "History of the Times," as we have already noted, will be left to "supply the Particulars." Not that they were to be discovered in much greater detail in Clarendon's *History*, and for much the same reason. A page and a half on the trial itself, mainly the "insolences" suffered by the King in Westminster Hall, followed by another on his "character." Enough to confirm the King as a "lover of justice," and to reiterate his lack of "resolution," a man who "abhorred all debauchery" but was not "very enterprising" (Clarendon, 695-8). Hardly a cavalier of the dashing variety, or any other.

Instead of dwelling on the "sad" events of January 1649, the Cavalier leaves his readers with a summative commentary on how things came to such a pass. In essence, a recount of what Charles Stuart got wrong. He notes two errors in particular, both of which are once again identified in Clarendon's *History*: First, the stubborn refusal to negotiate, even as the reality of defeat loomed. The most conspicuous example being his failure to properly engage parliamentary commissioners at Newcastle in summer 1646. Second, the foolish sanctioning of a second civil war in 1648. Hardly an excuse to slaughter God's anointed, but still, when the reckoning is done, there was really only one person to blame for the mess that Charles Stuart got himself into.

A Man of God

Something else that is conspicuous in its absence in the *Memoirs* is talk about religion. Curious for a variety of reasons, not least because religion was so important to Defoe, even if it became more so in its secular expression. The fear of

popery never really left an early eighteenth-century dissenter. In a reprise of the *Shortest Way*, published in the *Review* in 1705, Defoe slyly alluded to the Church assuming once again its "Coercive Power, by the Regency of her own Ecclesiastical Instruments."[29] This fear assumed more threatening proportions at particular moments, as rumours of Jacobite insurgencies swirled, of atrocities in Ireland, the death of a childless monarch.

But if the English civil wars were indeed "wars of religion," as modern historians like to suppose, it is not much apparent in the *Memoirs*.[30] Any more than it was in the various "memorials" that Toland was busy editing. Or in Clarendon's *History*, wherein might be found an appreciation that the "brawls which were grown from religion" contributed to heightened tensions during the 1630s and early 1640s, along with the succinct observation that there was nothing in Church "ornaments" that was "worth the charge" of a civil war (Clarendon, 929).

And an attitude which again chimes with Defoe's cavalier:

> For my part, I confess I had not much Religion in me, at that time; but I thought Religion rightly practiced on both Sides would have made us all better Friends; and therefore I began to think, that both the Bishops of our Side, and the Preachers on theirs, made Religion rather the Pretence than the Cause of the War. (165)

The fact that the younger Cavalier was disinclined to speculate more deeply is no surprise, nor is the fact that he ended up recommending a broad toleration. It is what his creator would have wanted.

There are nevertheless limits to tolerance, which most certainly did not extend to popery. A distaste affirmed in the Cavalier's early experience of Rome, the "Empire of Priests," and high-class prostitutes, and then again with his brief flirtation with the Imperial army, which turns out to be full of blood-thirsty sociopaths. In comparison with the improbably disciplined Swedes, marching off to battle, sword in one hand, Testament in the other. A "new model" army, in all but name, characterised by "their exact Discipline, their Order, the Modesty and Familiarity of their Officers, and the regular living of the Soldiers," and, just as importantly, absent the "Regiments of Whores and Rags as followed the Imperialists" (51).

Notably, whilst the young Cavalier is distinctly unimpressed with Rome, he is very admiring of the Venetian Republic, for reason of the "Civil Authority having a visible Superiority over the Ecclesiastical" (34). This supposes that he would not have been very sympathetic to the Laudian reforms presently being implemented back in England. No more than Clarendon, whose *History* famously opens with an account of an early audience with Laud in 1630. Clarendon never doubted the archbishop's piety, but very quickly doubted the consequence of his zeal. Only one year into the "personal rule" of Charles I, but Star Chamber was already gearing up. Later that year the Scottish Presbyterian James Leighton would be convicted of sedition, pilloried, whipped, and have his nose slit and ears cropped.[31] Defoe might have felt his shame.

The meddling "priests" motif runs through the narrative, alongside the King's naivety in listening to them (126). The "Heat of the Clergy, to whom" the

King "was exceedingly devoted, and for whom he ruined himself" (137). Indeed, it is Laud who gets the blame for going to war in the first place. Later in the narrative, the Cavalier joins those urging the King to accept the terms offered in the draft Treaty of Uxbridge, but "foresaw the Clergy would ruine all" (227).[32]

There is little in the text which hints at any closer religious affinity on the part of the Cavalier. A later aside, which suggest that a "Catholic Gentleman of Lancashire" was a family friend teases, but probably no more (272). The same might be said of the list of "strange" coincidences which brings the *Memoirs* to a close; inspired by the same "Gentleman."[33] Providential certainly, but hardly a Catholic preserve. Or indeed a Presbyterian, which is another possibility. The "memorials" evince some sympathy for those Presbyterians who, by 1648, would have "gladly joined the Royal Party," whilst, at the same time, casting an obvious aspersion, culpable in realising "their Error when it was too late" (270-1). This leaves Anglicanism of the more moderate variety, the affinity of Edward Hyde indeed. And the incidental faith, we can reasonably infer, of so many other young men not much animated by faith.

Loyalties

The temptation to over-read authorial presence is unavoidable, with any writer, whatever they write, and Defoe is certainly no exception; whether it is religious affinity or cultural or, of course, political. Before we indulge some more whimsical reflections on the Cavalier's loyalties, we might see if we can discern some clues in the text of the *Memoirs*. What reasons, in short, does the Cavalier give for his decision to fight for the King?

Evidently not principle. There was anyway, as he later muses, "something to be said on both sides" of the argument (192). But in the moment of choice, the argument barely registers at all:

> I confess, when I went into Arms at the Beginning of this War, I never troubled my self to examine Sides: I was glad to hear the Drums beat for Soldiers; as if I had been a meer Swiss, that had not car'd which Side went up or down, so I had my Pay. (125)

The allusion to "Pay" is supposed to convince the reader that it was not that. As we noted before, the Cavalier prefers not to talk about money.

So not principle, and not pay. Sentiment perhaps, gut-instinct, flattery maybe; the King invites him to renew his "Commission." A lifestyle choice, a natural cavalier? It has been surmised that Defoe might have had the fated Viscount Falkland in mind when he conceived his Cavalier. Or at least Clarendon's Falkland, the young man of such "humanity and goodness to mankind" who, in apparent despair, rides off into a hail of musket-shot at the first battle of Newbury (Novak, 591). Maybe. But there is not much that is evidently idealistic about the Cavalier, less still that might be said to be poetic.[34]

Another possibility is kinship. Some families, like the Verneys famously, would find themselves "by the sword divided." But family affinities were more commonly binding. The Cavalier's family, as the text repeatedly confirms, was royalist. His father even raises a regiment for the King, as "old as he was" he

"would not leave his royal Master" (148). An aligned religious affinity too, perhaps; though hardly compelling, as we have just noted. Simple nationalism seems to play a part, repulsing successive Scottish armies. A visceral dislike of the plebs too. The Cavalier is repelled by "popular Heats" wherever he comes across them, and is horrified at the prospect of a "new Parliament tyranny" founded on the same, a settled constitution "sacrificed to the Fury of the Rabble" (21, 142-3).

Here again, there are sharp resonances with Clarendon. Not just fear of the "rabble," but the collateral accusation that it was Parliament which, in nurturing popular discontent, was most responsible for upsetting the "happy Constitution of his Nation." The "mixarchy" for which Clarendon had spent the 1630s and the first part of the 1640s arguing, before the King succumbed to the hotter heads. Modern historians call it "constitutional royalism," the kind which the celebrated Jacobean Lord Chief Justice, Sir Edward Coke, had fiercely recommended: the King ruling "in parliament," and in accordance with the common law. [35] At a variant, the Aristotelian idea of "harmonious" governance recommended a generation earlier by Richard Hooker in his *Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity* (146-7). The affinity of commonwealth and common law which defined the English in the poetry of Shakespeare, Spenser and Milton. There is nothing in his "memorials" to suggest that the younger Cavalier spent much time in the library, but if he had alighted across Hooker's *Laws*, or indeed any of Coke's *Reports*, there is equally little to suppose that he would have found much to his distaste.

III. Whimsies

It is reasonable to suppose that Defoe wanted his readers to be intrigued by his creation, to spot the incidents, the incongruities, and the evasions. The art of the picaresque.[36] And, as a consequence, to engage some more whimsical reflections, some "virtual" history, to use a fashionable phrase. It is in the spirit of incidental or "contingent" history, playing along the diminishing margins of the factual and the fictive.[37] We will contemplate three whimsies; each of which is teased in the Preface to the *Memoirs*. The first wonders what the Cavalier did next. The second asks if he might not, somehow, have fought on the wrong side. The third invites us to think more closely about how we might, as historians, read his "memorials."

What next?

The *Memoirs* finishes in something of a rush. The Preface wonders the possibility that there might be a later volume of "Memorials" somewhere, awaiting discovery. But then thinks not, surmising instead that the Cavalier would be so appalled by the "Dissentions and Factions" of the Restoration that he would not have cared "to trouble himself." He might even have gone "abroad again," like Clarendon, in the end, or Ludlow (4). Or he might not. Leaving the reader to speculate: what did he do?

Fifty-two at the time of the Restoration, a good age, especially for a professional soldier. Retirement is a possibility. We might imagine him as Andrew

Marvell described Sir Thomas Fairfax in later middle age, retiring to his gardens at Appleton, turning over borders and digging in tubers. Evenings spent musing together on the "pricking leaf" of conscience which "shrinks at every touch."[38] Sunlight evening in Shropshire then, chatting with his father, writing up his "memorials," and salving his own conscience in the process? Maybe, though he hardly seems the retiring type.

A couple of other possibilities occur, better suiting the cavalier temperament. A "knight of the road," perhaps, roaming heathlands terrifying unwary travellers with threats of unscheduled dance routines. Macaulay included a famous account of the legendary highwayman, Claude Duvall, in his celebrated *History of England*. How he had "stopped a lady's coach, in which there was booty of four hundred pounds; how he took only one hundred, and suffered the fair owner to ransom the rest by dancing a coranto with him on the heath."[39] The "knights" were very much a Victorian invention, commonly associated with dispossessed "cavaliers" like Duvall. The renowned society-artist William Powell Frith devoted 1859 to painting Duvall and his "fair" lady. William Harrison Ainsworth famously made a picaresque hero of Dick Turpin.[40] The real Turpin was a sociopathic thug who passed his spare evenings beating up farmers and raping their maids.

A harsher reality, which might make us hope that Defoe's Cavalier found something else to do in his semi-retirement. Go to sea perhaps? A life on the ocean waves, looking for treasure, adopting parrots and drinking copious amounts of rum. Defoe was fascinated by pirates. By the time that the *Memoirs* appeared, he was already plotting out his pirate-novel, *Captain Singleton*.[41] Again, though, the reality of pirate-life was rather different, as readers of both would discover. Day after day sat in the scorching sun, mending sails and eating broiled turtle.

The realism, as ever with Defoe, militates against the romance. The extent to which Defoe fits the mould of the picaresque writer remains a matter of critical conjecture, uneasily dependent on whether there is a mould. The tendency to set up romantic heroes, only to bring them crashing back to the ground, presents a problem. We might even conjecture something of a revisionist in Defoe, albeit borrowing a term that would have meant nothing in the moment: the Cavalier as an anti-hero, ending up disillusioned with war, with the King and his cause, with the very idea of a being a cavalier?[42] Which bring us to our next whimsy.

The Incidental Cavalier?

Put plainly, did Defoe's Cavalier fight on the wrong side in the English civil war? He could hardly be said to be an accidental cavalier. But he might be supposed to be an incidental one, who ended up fighting for the King as much by chance as conviction.[43] If, we might wonder, his dad had been a parliamentarian, might the Cavalier have fought under Fairfax instead? Probably. He would have been just as happy, likely happier. We have already noted his broader indifference to matters of political principle, and his admiration for the "puritan" militancy of

the army of Gustavus Adolphus. We might, in this circumstance, join our Cavalier on three particular evenings.

Starting on October 22, 1642, the day before the battle of Edgehill, where the Cavalier would have fought beside Lord George Stuart, 9th Seigneur D'Aubigny and cousin to the King. George is the subject of one of Antony van Dyck's most renowned cavalier paintings, dressed as a shepherd, with the inscription "Love is Stronger than Me." George had two brothers, John and Bernard, subject of a still more renowned van Dyck, also painted in 1638.[44] Hard to imagine any more romantic-looking cavaliers, with their ringlets, satins, natty boots, and a suspicion of gingling too.[45] George probably quartered in Banbury that evening, like many officers in a local tavern, including our Cavalier. We might imagine a chance encounter, and a conversation, excitable, hopeful, inebriate. A drink to the health of the King, whose inadequacies as a military commander were not yet apparent, at least not for another twenty-four hours.

Very different three years later, on 13 June 1645, the evening before the battle of Naseby. All three Stuart brothers were dead. George did not survive Edgehill. John was disembowelled at the battle of Cheriton in March 1644. Bernard, who commanded the King's Lifeguard, was shot to death a couple of months later at the battle of Rowton Heath. A lost generation of extremely well-dressed young men, dying hideously. It is poetic license which saves Defoe's Cavalier from the same fate. A hardened man by summer 1645, as we have already noted, and perhaps a more questioning man too. A moment for sober reflection, then, as news arrived that Fairfax's army was rather nearer than first thought, and considerably larger. Staring into a campfire, we can only wonder if the Cavalier, Stoic even then, had doubts—about the cause for which he was fighting, and the King, and his chances of surviving the day.

Just a mile away sat thousands of New Model troopers, some of whom would no doubt have been contemplating similarly. Most, though, would have been assured that God was on their side and that victory was certain; as it had been for most of the previous twelve months. And, most intriguingly, of course, thinking as Defoe would surely have thought, had he been alive in that moment. It is hard to imagine a young Defoe enlisting in any army other than the Parliamentarian in summer 1642. Facing down his Cavalier, and his King, at Edgehill perhaps? At the least, marching out to Turnham Green a few weeks later, having joined one of Philip Skippon's "Trained Bands," along with thousands of other eager young London apprentices.[46] Legend has it that Defoe left London in spring 1685 to join the Duke of Monmouth's fated West Country uprising against King James II, similarly eager. Which, if true, suggests that he was up for an adventure, as well as a scrap.

Our third evening takes us to the balmier surroundings of the French Riviera. Montpellier to be precise, some time in spring 1668. The home, in that moment, of the recently exiled Sir Edward Hyde. Given time to make a reasonably graceful exit, pending impeachment charges, Hyde had left England the previous November. He spent the best part of three years in Montpellier, much of it

bringing together drafts of his *Life* and *History*. Lawrence does not appear to have made it to Montpellier, though he did get as far as Moulins, where his father moved in 1670.

Sadly, few of Sir Edward's family, and fewer friends still, appear to have made the same effort. So, if the Cavalier did, he might have expected a warm welcome, an opportunity to reminisce together, over a glass of port or three.[47] They were of an age; Sir Edward was born just a few months after the Cavalier, and had, after all, fought on the same side (insofar as Sir Edward had actually gone to war, as opposed to spending his time desperately advising his King not to). Pushed ever further from the King's ear, Hyde had ended up serving as tutor to Prince Charles, accompanying him into exile in early 1646, at which point he started writing up a *History*.[48]

They would, surely, have talked about the King, his mistakes mostly. They might, at the Cavalier's prompting, have made comparison with Gustavus, Fairfax too, Oliver Cromwell even. The Cavalier does not have much to say about Cromwell. But Hyde's *History* did, in studiously compromised terms, describing a man of undoubted "mischief," but also of "courage, industry and judgment" (Clarendon, 861-4). They would surely have talked about how the war had been lost too, and the consequences for both of them. Sage nodding at the thought that the King's greatest failing was not heeding their counsel. The Cavalier claims that he only "once" made a "Proposition to his Majesty," recommending the urgent consolidation of forces after Naseby, which was ignored (247). Sir Edward cast the entire *History* around the same theme: always ignored when it really mattered.

They would have discussed the Restoration too, the themes of fate and ingratitude, and presumably a fair bit on how to write a "memoirs." How hard should they try to write a "true" account; to what extent could they import their own impressions and prejudices? At what point might their respective "memoirs" drift over the murky line which purports to define the historical from the fictional? They might, in passing, have wondered about the wisdom of writing the kind of Preface that Lawrence would add in 1703. Sir Edward might have appreciated the filial gesture, even if it went against his deeper instinct, not to aggravate a monarch. The Cavalier might have expressed greater doubts, of the kind which have encouraged some Defoe scholars to wonder if the *Memoirs* were written less to confute the *History* than its Preface.[49] This brings us to our final whimsy, to wonder the extent to which our incidental Cavalier might also have been an incidental historian.

The Incidental Historian?

The "great seventeenth-century time," as Dickens termed it, retained its fascination. It can be credibly argued that the shaping of English historical writing was, in large part, animated by histories of this moment. Whig history was all about cherishing the "great and glorious" revolution, and its prequel, the English civil war. And romanticizing it. There is no better example than Macaulay's *History of England*, the first volume of which was published, by no coincidence, in

1848, the "year of revolutions." This was in large part to convince middle England that, unlike their continental counterparts, they did not need another revolution. At the very centre of the *History* is the famous account of the coronation of William and Mary, on February 13, 1689. Macaulay invites the reader inside Westminster Abbey to witness the moment when Lord Halifax offers the crown, on terms. And then back out to join the cheering crowds and wonder at such a "peculiar" revolution thus "consummated" (Lord Macaulay, 286-7). We might surmise Defoe amongst their number; he certainly took part in the Lord Mayor's pageant a few months later.[50]

It was precisely this conversational tone which made coming generations of revisionists shake their heads in despair. Thomas Carlyle, S.R. Gardiner, C.H. Firth, each revisiting the same "great" time, to make it reassuringly duller. None would have seriously countenanced the possibility that the *Memoirs of a Cavalier* could be read as history. Neither, most certainly, would Herbert Butterfield, whose *Whig Interpretation of History* was perhaps the most brutal of all revisionist critiques. Butterfield was not against historians engaging the "imaginative sympathy" of readers, but he was against history written as if by "strolling minstrels and pedlars of stories."[51] Historians are not storytellers.

Or maybe they are. The reinvestment of history as art, as a matter of writing truths, as well as trying to discover them. History as the "description" of possibilities, an expression of "poetic justice" indeed, just as likely found in Shakespeare or Dickens or Defoe.[52] Trying to reconcile the more and less poetic, Richard Evans deploys a nice metaphor in his *Defence of History*. There is a path for the historian to follow in the pursuit of facts, but there is also time to pause and have a poke about in the "verges and ditches," to see what might have been cast aside (Evans, 244).

Searching out incidents, we might say, and peculiarly resonant for the historian of the eighteenth-century, certainly for anyone familiar with the related art of the picaresque and the *petite histoire*, as epitomized at the end of the century by Horace Walpole. "I write casual memoirs," Horace once proclaimed, "I draw characters, I preserve anecdotes, which my superiors, the historians of Britain, may enclose into their weighty annals or pass over at the pleasure."[53] Horace knew the difference, and he knew it was contrived. A historian who loved nothing better than poking about in the "verges," Horace was the supreme "self-fashioner," not just in how he wrote his history, but in how he lived his life as a historian.

Precisely the same is true of Daniel Defoe, another historian who, as Tom Paulin supposes, appreciated that history is an art-form precisely because it is written from the imagination, derived from "anecdote, *petite histoire*, lodged in the memory," and then re-shaped to write the narrative (Paulin, xv). John Richetti, too, recognizing in Defoe a writer who worked "from particular anecdote and vividly remembered experience outwards towards generality" (36). In a slightly different context, Defoe termed it "Writing History by Inches." [54] Smaller stories writing bigger histories.

Which is exactly what the Preface to the *Memoirs* advertises: a history which is "embellished with Particulars which are nowhere else to be found, that is the Beauty we boast of." Thus, the exciting accounts of munitions-raids near Nuremberg, and mad scrambles across Bramham Moor trying to evade Parliamentarian search-parties. The "Particulars" of these stories "so preserved, so nicely, and so agreeably describ'd" (4). A compromise, of course, having made so much of provenance, and the integrity of the author and his "memorials," but justified in the simplest of terms. For "do those Relations," discovered in texts such as the *History of the Rebellion*, "give any of the beautiful Ideas of things formed in this Account?" (3). A question of the more leading variety. And probably one best avoided that balmy evening in the south of France.

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Notes

[1] The latter is held in the National Maritime Museum in London.
[2] For a commentary on Defoe's slightly dandy-ish traits, see West, 13 and 74.
[3] The place of the *Memoirs* in the canon is the subject of some familiar speculation, but few seriously dispute Defoe's authorship. In their *Critical Bibliography of Daniel Defoe*, Furbank and Owen conclude, at 193, that Defoe's authorship is at least "probable," despite the fact the *Memoirs* was first attributed to Defoe by the "rascally" Francis Noble in 1784.
[4] For contrasting views here, see Backscheider, 124, and Novak, 591.
[5] The critical history on "new" historicism and cultural materialism is vast. An original statement is found in Greenblatt.
[6] The *Memoirs* is not the only "historical" novel that Defoe wrote, of course. There is also, obviously, *The Journal of a Plague Year*. For a discussion of the *Journal* as an "incidental" novel that speaks not just to its moment but to ours, see Ward, "Henry Foe's Dilemma," 175-95.
[7] The first tabloid journalist it has been surmised, working for the first "prime minister" who appreciated the need for a "spin-doctor." See West, xvi, 93.
[8] Pilloried on three occasions in July 1703, at Cornhill, Cheapside and Temple Bar. Before an impressed Harley paid Defoe's bail. The essay went to the darkest edge of satire, recommending some "gentle and easy methods" with which the "contagion" of dissent might be "rooted out," including the execution or banishment of the "ring-leaders." In Defoe, *The True-Born Englishman and Other Writings*, 141-3.
[9] The *Memoirs of the Church of Scotland* appeared in 1717, two years after *The Family Instructor*.
[10] For this affinity in Defoe's novels, see Gladfelder, 33-8.
[11] See MacNeill, 1-2, and also Seager, 481, 505.
[12] In the moment Defoe was particularly worried by reports of plague in Marseilles.
[13] The 1715 rebellion is well-documented. The 1719 rebellion was something of a damp-squib. Comprising some scattered Jacobite levies and a small Spanish expeditionary force, which landed at Stornoway. It all ended a few weeks later with a comprehensive defeat at the battle of Glen Shiel. For the *Memoirs* as an anti-Jacobite novel, see Armstrong, 29; Alker, 46, and Mayer, 198-9.

[14] The Atterbury plot, named after its chief protagonist, Francis Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester and Dean of Westminster. Atterbury, along with other Jacobite Tories, hatched a plan to seize the Hanoverian royal family, along with the Tower and the Mint and various other buildings, in the hope of stimulating a popular rebellion. Easily uncovered by Walpole's agents, Atterbury ended his days in exile in France.
[15] As would become apparent three centuries later, when the original draft was recovered; or at least one part, covering the years 1660-1677. The definitive account of Ludlow's make-over is found in Worden, chapters 1-4.
[16] The conclusion reached by Worden, 117-21.
[17] Preface to Lord Clarendon, vol.1, 4-5.
[18] Preface, 4. A "personal vindication," as Brian Wormald puts it in his *Clarendon: Politics, History and Religion 1640-1660*, (Cambridge UP, 1989), at xxxvi.
[19] A ridiculous editorial "vanity," according to Anne. Lawrence was shortly after relieved of his duties as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and advised to keep his distance from Court.
[20] Hume would famously read a Tory-glossed prologue to the "glorious" revolution, a text which "pleases us at the same time as we disapprove it." Too prejudicial, but still evincing "imagination and sentiment" (Hume, 154). Burke similarly. Even Catharine Macaulay. Hardly sympathetic to the politics, but acknowledging that there was no more "faithful account of the facts" of the "great rebellion." See Hill, 27.
[21] An edition published in 1750 would suppose that they were the "memoirs" of Colonel Andrew Newport, a royalist. The real Newport was, though, only a child in the 1630s, when the *Memoirs* begin.
[22] To be contrasted with the "Right but Repulsive" roundheads. Phrases taken from Sellar and Yeatman, 75. Silly in one sense, brilliantly perceptive in another.
[23] See here Walkden, 1066-7.
[24] Various "skirmishes" about plunder and booty interject the narrative (68, 70). It is noticeable that the Cavalier prefers to receive his plunder by proxy, leaving others to do the pillaging. There is an oblique reference to mercenaries later in the text when the Cavalier reflects on why he fought for the King in the civil wars. Likening himself to a "Swiss, that not car'd which Side went up or down, so I had my Pay" (125).
[25] See Alker, 61, noting the "slippage from observer" to "perpetrator of atrocity."
[26] Made most explicit, perhaps, in the "Design" to capture the "magazine" at Freynstat (102-3).
[27] Second wife of Henry IV, Marie would eventually be retired by her son Louis XIII. In 1630, though, very much at the height of her powers.
[28] Instead being persuaded to wander back into the East Midlands to lay siege to a couple of castles, most notably Lord Say's house at Broughton.
[29] In Richetti, *Defoe*, 93.
[30] For the definitive statement, see Morrill, chapters 2 and 3.
[31] Leighton had published a treatise entitled *An Appeale to Parliament, or Sion's Plea Against Popery*.
[32] The Uxbridge negotiations were conducted during the first three weeks of February 1645. By which time, as the Cavalier appreciates, the military situation for the King looked precarious. The parliamentary demands were stringent, and included the King taking the Solemn League and Covenant. His counter-proposals were drafted by, amongst others, Sir Edward Hyde, and offered instead a bill for the easing of "tender consciences." The negotiations failed.

[33] An "odd" conclusion intended to unsettle the reader, and cast a larger doubt over the 'credibility' of the 'memoirs', according to Alker (66).
[34] See Walkden, 1063-4 and 1076-7, suggesting that, if anything, Defoe was ironizing the chivalric ideal.
[35] See D. Smith.
[36] Characteristic of the "criminal" picaresque in particular, according to Gladfelder, 33-8.
[37] See White, 27-9, 107-11, and Rorty, 5-6.
[38] Marvell, lines 57-8, in Kermode and Walker, 64. For a longer account of Marvell at Appleton House, see N. Smith, 96-101.
[39] Quoted in Sharpe, 38. Duvall operated around north London and the "home" counties during the later 1660s. He was hanged at Tyburn in 1670.
[40] In his 1834 novel *Rookwood: A Romance*. Which contained the famous account of Turpin's overnight ride from London to York. Which did not happen, and could not have happened. The idea, interestingly, came from an account of the similarly legendary highway-man, "Swift Nicks," which Ainsworth discovered in Defoe's *Tour Through the Whole Island of Great Britain*, which appeared between 1724 and 1726.
[41] It is possible that he went on to write a very large *History of the Pyrates*, though authorial provenance is contested. See here Grasso, 21-3.
[42] Or at least the idea of being a cavalier of the "heroic" variety. See here MacNeill, 5-8, suggesting that the *Memoirs* might be read as a critique of shifting perceptions of the cavalier as a "gentleman."
[43] See Seager, 496, suggesting that the Cavalier's choice of affiliation was as much a result of "circumstances."
[44] Entitled *Lord John Stuart and his brother Lord Bernard Stuart*.
[45] Gingling referred to sound made when a spur spun around; an affectation commonly associated with overly-dashing cavaliers.
[46] Arrayed to deter the King's march on London. A "shameful" moment, the Cavalier recalled, of the King's ensuing decision to turn back (173-4).
[47] Clarendon had a fine "palate," as the *History* confirms, and was riddled with gout from middle age.
[48] The itinerary took them from the Scilly Isles, to Jersey, and then France. Lawrence confirmed that Clarendon began drafting his *History* whilst in Jersey.
[49] See here Walken, 1071-2.
[50] As a member of a Royal Regiment of "Volunteer Horse." The same Regiment formed part of the guard of honour when William first entered London in December 1688.
[51] Butterfield, 11-13, 39-41, 64.
[52] See Nussbaum and Rorty, 5-6.
[53] In Mowl, 257. Walpole developed his liking of the *petite histoire* following a tour round France, during which he met Voltaire.
[54] In an essay on French foreign policy. See Richetti, 93.

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