



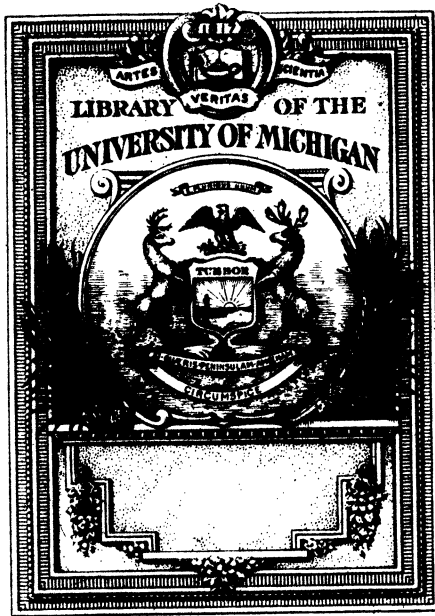
DIARY & LETTERS
OF
MADAME D'ARNOY

VOL. IV

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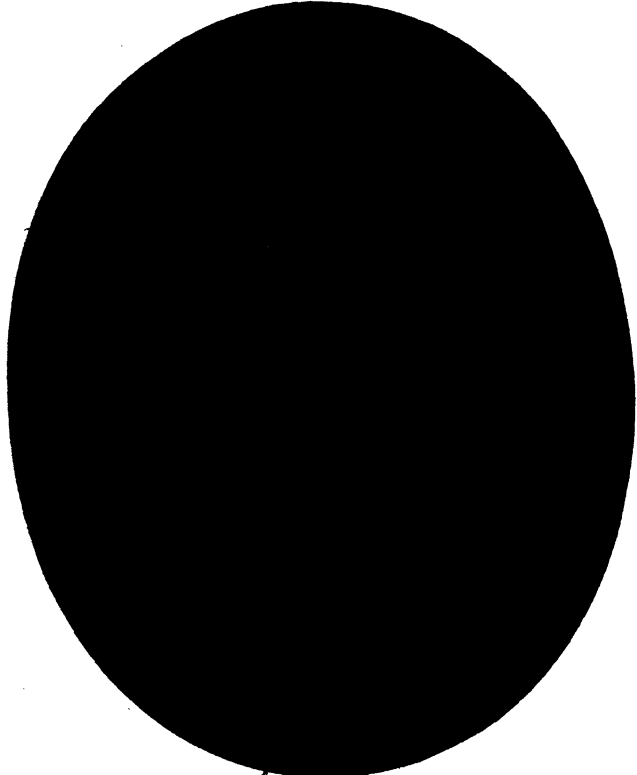
NOTICE

A Supplemental Preface and a short Bibliography of the "Diary and Letters, 1778-1840," will be included in Vol. VI.

DIARY AND LETTERS OF
MADAME D'ARBLAY

(JULY 1788 TO JULY 1791)





Emery Walker del.

*Queen Charlotte
after Gainsborough.*

DIARY & LETTERS

OF
Frances (Burney)
MADAME D'ARBLAY

(1778-1840)

AS EDITED BY HER NIECE
CHARLOTTE BARRETT

WITH PREFACE AND NOTES
BY
AUSTIN DOBSON

IN SIX VOLUMES
VOL. IV

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CONTENTS

PART XXXIII

1788

	PAGE
Illness of the King—Journey to Cheltenham—Cheltenham diary— Breakfast at Nuneham Court—Henley-on-Thames—Oxford— Loyalty of the people—Cheltenham—Fauconberg Hall—Lady Plymouth—Visit from the King—Adventures and arrange- ments—Colonel Gwyn—Court attendance—Lord Courtown— The Royal Family in public—The walks at Cheltenham— Arrangements at Fauconberg Hall—Royal munificence—Early rising—The Cheltenham waters—Falconer's <i>Shipwreck</i> —The Cheltenham meadows—Rencontres with old acquaintance—Mr. Seward—Mrs. Piozzi and Baretti—Their literary quarrel—Lady D'Oyley—Miss Palmer—Visit to Lord Bathurst's at Cirencester —Mr. Raikes, the founder of the Sunday-schools—Gloucester Cathedral—Tomb of Edward the Second—The Lions of Glou- cester—The Jail—Treatment of the prisoners—London and country mobs—Dr. Halifax, Bishop of Gloucester—Dr. Tucker, Dean of Gloucester—The vanity of human life—Courts and a Court life discussed—Akenside—Baretti's strictures on Mrs. Thrale—Anecdote of Baretti—Italian revenge—Dejection and despondency—A visit to Lord Coventry's—Discussion on <i>Cecilia</i> —Attendance on the Queen—A pleasant dinner—The Cheltenham Theatre—Mrs. Jordan in the <i>Country Girl</i> —The Royal Family at Gloucester Cathedral—Lord Salisbury—Lady Harcourt—The King and Queen on the walks—Character of Pitt—Family papers—The <i>Olimpiade</i> —Mrs. Jordan's <i>Sir Harry Wildair</i> —Burning of private papers	1

PART XXXIV

1788

Fondness of George III. for the Duke of York—Mr. Bunbury the caricaturist—Plays and players—Mrs. Jordan—Royal Family at a country theatre—Royal visit to the Bishop of Worcester— Churchill—Hastings's trial—Excursion to Worcester—Bishop

Hurd—The Bishop's Palace—Worcester music meeting—Dr. Langhorn—Mr. Mason—Mrs. Montagu—Horace Walpole—The Bishop of Worcester—Loyal addresses—Music meeting—Return to Cheltenham—The Princess Elizabeth—Conversation with the Queen—The Cheltenham Theatre—Lord Mountmorris—The Princess Daschkau—Return to Windsor—An old acquaintance—Court routine—Dr. Shepherd—M. de Lalande, the astronomer—Dr. Maskelyne—Royal birthday—The Prince of Wales at Windsor—Return to Kew—Westminster election—Graciousness of the Queen to her attendants—D'Alembert's *Éloges*

58

PART XXXV

1788

Baron Trenck—His adventures and character—Drawing-room at St. James's—Return to Kew—Royal birthday—Toil and toilette—A dinner party—A family meeting—St. James's and Windsor—Dr. Herschel—Dr. Hunter—Illness of the King—Sir George Baker—The King grows worse—Alarm and agitation—Return to Windsor—Conference with the King during his illness—Mental character of his disorder—Affecting scene with the King in the Queen's apartments—A melancholy birthday—Grief of the Queen—The King grows worse—Confirmed insanity of the King—Newspaper reports—Confusion and dismay of the household—Arrival of the Prince of Wales—The Palace closed against all visitors—Paroxysm of the King at dinner—Conduct of the Queen—The King's account of his own case—Piety of the Queen—Lady Carmarthen—Arrival of Dr. Warren—The King refuses to admit him—The Princesses—Perplexity of the Queen—Conduct of the Prince of Wales—The Queen's kindness and consideration for her attendants—Details of the new mode of life at Windsor consequent on the King's illness—All entrance to the Palace interdicted by the Prince—The Duke of York—The King grows worse—The Prince assumes the government of the Palace

102

PART XXXVI

1788

Total seclusion of the Royal Family—Dr. Warren—Public prayers for the King's recovery—The Archbishop of Canterbury—The King grows worse—The Bishop of Worcester—The Prince of Wales at Windsor—Hopes of recovery—Sir Lucas Pepys—The Duke of York—The King's conduct during his illness—Bad accounts of the King—His desire to see his children—His conduct to his equerries—The Queen—New regulations respecting the King's treatment—The King's dread of being removed to Kew—Total seclusion—Dr. Stillingfleet called in—

CONTENTS

vii

	PAGE
Excitement of the people respecting the King's illness— Threatening letters to the Physicians—Sir George Baker stopped by the mob—The Queen and the Chancellor—The Physicians before the Privy Council—Conduct of Pitt—The King's dread of removal—Preparations for leaving Windsor— The Queen's departure for Kew—The Princesses—Suspense— Removal of the King to Kew—Description of the arrangements —Prospect of a regency	153

PART XXXVII

1788

Kew Diary for December—Alarming accounts—Interviews with the Queen—Her grief and resignation—The Prince of Wales— Mrs. Harcourt—News from home—Personal kindness of the Queen—Moir's Sermons—Dr. Willis and his son called in— His first interview with the King—Gives strong hopes of recovery—Cross-examination—The regency question—Marked improvement of the King under Dr. Willis's treatment— Its effect on the Regency Bill—Dr. Willis's plans obstructed —He contemplates resigning his charge—Conclusion of the year	198
--	-----

PART XXXVIII

1789

Diary continued—Improvement in the King's health—Dr. Willis and his sons—Relapse of the King—Letter from Miss Burney to Mrs. Francis—Proceedings in Parliament on the state of the King—Learning in women—The Opposition and the Regency—Conversation with the Queen—A sad birthday—The King insists on seeing the Queen and Princesses—Improve- ment in the King's health—Character of the Willises—Conversa- tion with the Queen—Further improvement in the King's health—Address to the Queen	214
--	-----

PART XXXIX

1789

Extraordinary scene between the King and Miss Burney in Kew Gardens—Miss Burney relates her adventure to the Queen— —Court curiosity—Continued improvement of the King—The Regency Bill—Distress of the Queen—Conference with the	
--	--

	PAGE
Queen—Cross-questioning—Two lunatics in the Royal Palace—Progress of the Regency Bill—Further improvement of the King—The Regency Bill postponed—Devotion of the Royal Family to the King—Interview between the King and the Lord Chancellor—The King and Queen walk out together—New arrangements at the Palace—Mr. Wyndham—Critical state of the times—The Regency Bill abandoned—Interview of Miss Burney with the King—Conclusion	242

PART XL

1789

Court diary continued—Recovery of the King—Personal interview with him—Demonstrations of joy on the King's recovery—Bishop Hurd—Correspondence—The restoration—Drawing-room—Return to Windsor—The Tiger—Miss Burney to Mrs. Lock—Prince William's return from sea—His arrival at Windsor—An interview with him—The Marquis del Campo—Thoughts on death—Royal visit to Weymouth—Dr. Warton—The new forest law—Lyndhurst—Village loyalty—Reminiscences—Arrival at Weymouth—Lord Courtown—Bathing to music—Correspondence—Miss Burney to Dr. Burney—Angelica Kauffmann—Weymouth loyalty—Mrs. Gwynn—Old recollections—A Royal visit to the theatre—Lord Chesterfield—Mrs. Siddons—Dr. Glasse—Mrs. Siddons in <i>Rosalind</i>	264
--	-----

PART XLI

1789

Royal visit to Lulworth Castle—A provincial audience—Rural excursion—Description of Lulworth Castle—Mrs. Siddons in Mrs. Oakley—Their Majesties at the rooms—First sight of Mr. Pitt—Lord Chatham, the Duke of Richmond, etc.—Royal tour—Arrival at Exeter—Dr. Buller—Saltram—Mount-Edgecumbe—Plymouth Dock—Admiral La Forey—Anchor-making—A British man-of-war—Lords Falmouth and Stopford—Lord Hood—Lord and Lady Mount-Edgecumbe—Lord Valletort—Miss Harriet Bowdler—Departure of the Royal party from Weymouth—Royal visits to Sherborne Castle and Longleat—Marquis of Bath—Mrs. Delany—Old portraits—Royal visit to Lord Aylesbury at Tottenham Park—Return to Windsor—Horror of the French Revolution—Reminiscences—Queen Elizabeth's <i>Virginal Book</i> —The Royal Family at the theatre—Lord Mountmorres—Enthusiastic reception of the King— <i>The Dramatist</i> —The French Notables—John Wilkes—A new acquaintance—Major Garth—The Bishop of Salisbury—Bishop Hurd—The Waldegraves	305
--	-----

CONTENTS

ix

PART XLII

1790

	PAGE
Home events—An odd marriage ceremony—The Bishop of Salisbury—A bridal visit—Domestic event—Mr. Alison—The Duchess de Biron—Recommencement of Hastings's trial—Edmund Burke—Impromptu by Hastings on Mr. Grey's speech—Newspaper gossip—Lords Chesterfield, Bulkley, and Fortescue—Ill-breeding—A literary party—Jacob Bryant—Scene in the Queen's dressing-room—Court etiquette—Garrick—Mrs. Piozzi—Easter party at Windsor—Jacob Bryant—A patriot king—Reading to the Queen—Mrs. Piozzi's <i>Travels—Memoirs</i> of Cardinal Wolsey—Colonel Manners—A senator—Mr. Pitt's tax on bachelors—A day at Hastings's trial—Windham and Burke—Sturm's Meditations—Interview with Mrs. Piozzi—Bruce's <i>Travels</i> —Madame Benda—Mr. Twining—Lady Corke—Lord Valletort—An English sailor—A day at Hastings's trial—Speeches of Burke and Windham—Mrs. Crewe—Lady Mary Duncan—Reading <i>The Rivals</i> —Lady Harcourt—Lady Juliana Penn—Hastings's trial—Speech of his counsel—Conversation with Windham—His skill in Greek—His remarks on Burke—Private and personal character of Hastings—Sir Joshua Reynolds—His loss of sight—The Duchess de Biron—Mesdames de Boufflers—Project of Miss Burney's retirement from Court—The Duchess of Dorset—Mr. Cambridge	346

PART XLIII

1790

Correspondence—Jacob Bryant to Miss Burney—Miss Burney to Mrs. — — Anecdote of the Princess Sophia—A sailor's notions of etiquette—Lord Chatham and Captain Burney—Character of the proceedings at Hastings's trial—Burke's speech on the French Revolution—Its effects in the House described by Windham—Conversation with Windham—Mr. Courtney—His pamphlet on the French Revolution—Mrs. Chapone and Mrs. Ord—Fox's speech on Hastings's trial—The Thrales—Windsor Terrace—Mrs. Gwynn—Mrs. Trimmer—Letter from Miss Burney to Mrs. — — Maternal solicitude—Tragedy by Miss Burney—A Royal birthday at Frogmore—Jacob Bryant—Death of a faithful servant—An unpleasant dilemma—Correspondence between Miss Burney and Horace Walpole—A friendly cabal—Mr. Windham and the Literary Club—The oddities of James Boswell—Edmund Burke—His work on the French Revolution—Declining health of Miss Burney—Her resignation of her situation at Court—Her memorial to the Queen—Conclusion of the year 1790	395
--	-----

PART XLIV

1791

	PAGE
Miss Burney to Dr. Burney—The Queen and Madame Schwellenberg—Verses to Lord Harcourt by Queen Charlotte and Miss Burney—Serious illness of Miss Burney—Conference with the Queen—Her opinion of Miss Burney's character—Lady Elizabeth Waldegrave and Lord Cardigan—Mrs. Garrick—Hannah More—Mrs. Lock—Projected tour with Mrs. Ord—Conference with the Queen on Miss Burney's retirement from office—Mr. Twining—Haydn—Dr. Willis—A day at the trial of Warren Hastings—Defence of Hastings—Old acquaintance—Mr. Windham—Treatment of Hastings by the Ministers—The Duke of Clarence—Birthday etiquette—Conversations with the King and Queen on Boswell's <i>Johnson</i> —The pleasures of literary composition—Arrival of Miss Burney's successor—Her final retirement—Liberality of the Queen	448
APPENDIX.—WALPOLE AND JACOB COLUMB	493
INDEX	497

ILLUSTRATIONS

PORTRAITS

	PAGE
QUEEN CHARLOTTE. From the portrait by Thomas Gainsborough, R.A., in the South Kensington Museum <i>Frontispiece</i>	
KING GEORGE III. From the portrait by Allan Ramsay in the National Portrait Gallery	214
CHARLES BURNEY, D.D. From the picture by Sir Thomas Lawrence in the possession of Archdeacon Burney	406

PLAN

PLAN of the Royal Buildings at Kew Gardens in 1785. From a drawing in the British Museum. [<i>Shows the relative positions of the Queen's Lodge, vol. ii. p. 435, and the Prince of Wales's House, vol. iii. p. 301</i>]	254
---	-----

VIEWS

BAY'S HILL LODGE, Cheltenham. From an engraving by W. Radcliffe, after a drawing by C. Fielding from a sketch by H. Lamb, in Griffiths' <i>Cheltenham</i> , 1826.	4
WEYMOUTH, showing Gloucester Lodge. From an engraving by J. Bluck, dated 1813, after J. W. Upham	294
LULWORTH CASTLE. From an engraving by James Fittler, A.E., dated 1789	304
MOUNT-EDGECUMBE. From an engraving by Charles Tomkins, dated 1790, after W. Tomkins	312

	PAGE
LONGLEAT. From an engraving by J. Kip, after a drawing by Knyff	324
COVENT GARDEN THEATRE. From a water-colour drawing, dated 1808, by J. Jones	334
FROGMORE. From an engraving by Cornelius Apostool, dated 1794, after Richard Cooper	414

PART XXXIII

1788

Illness of the King—Journey to Cheltenham—Cheltenham diary—Breakfast at Nuneham Court—Henley-on-Thames—Oxford—Loyalty of the people—Cheltenham—Fauconberg Hall—Lady Plymouth—Visit from the King—Adventures and arrangements—Colonel Gwyn—Court attendance—Lord Courtown—The Royal Family in public—The walks at Cheltenham—Arrangements at Fauconberg Hall—Royal munificence—Early rising—The Cheltenham waters—Falconer's *Shipwreck*—The Cheltenham meadows—Rencontres with old acquaintance—Mr. Seward—Mrs. Piozzi and Baretti—Their literary quarrel—Lady D'Oyley—Miss Palmer—Visit to Lord Bathurst's at Cirencester—Mr. Raikes, the founder of the Sunday-schools—Gloucester Cathedral—Tomb of Edward the Second—The Lions of Gloucester—The Jail—Treatment of the prisoners—London and country mobs—Dr. Halifax, Bishop of Gloucester—Dr. Tucker, Dean of Gloucester—The vanity of human life—Courts and a Court life discussed—Akenside—Baretti's strictures on Mrs. Thrale—Anecdote of Baretti—Italian revenge—Dejection and despondency—A visit to Lord Coventry's—Discussion on *Cecilia*—Attendance on the Queen—A pleasant dinner—The Cheltenham Theatre—Mrs. Jordan in the *Country Girl*—The Royal Family at Gloucester Cathedral—Lord Salisbury—Lady Harcourt—The King and Queen on the walks—Character of Pitt—Family papers—The *Olimpiade*—Mrs. Jordan's *Sir Harry Wildair*—Burning of private papers.

July.—Early in this month the King's indisposition occasioned the plan of his going to Cheltenham, to try the effect of the waters drunk upon the spot. It was settled that the party should be the smallest

that was possible, as His Majesty was to inhabit the house of Lord Fauconberg, vacated for that purpose, which was very small. He resolved upon only taking his equerry-in-waiting and pages, etc. Lord Courtown, his treasurer of the household, was already at Cheltenham, and therefore at hand to attend. The Queen agreed to carry her lady of the bedchamber in waiting,¹ with Miss Planta and F. B., and none others but wardrobe-women for herself and the Princesses.

Mr. Fairly was here almost all the month previously to our departure. At first it was concluded he and Colonel Gwynn, the equerry-in-waiting, were to belong wholly to the same table with Miss Planta and me, and Mr. Fairly threatened repeatedly how well we should all know one another, and how well he would study and know us all *au fond*.

But before we set out the plan was all changed, for the King determined to throw aside all state, and make the two gentlemen dine at his own table. "We shall have, therefore," said Mr. Fairly, with a very civil regret, "no tea-meetings at Cheltenham."

This, however, was an opening to me of time and leisure such as I had never yet enjoyed.

As to all else I shall beg leave to skip, and bring you, my dear friends, to another part of the country.

Cheltenham, Sunday, July 13.—Now, my dearest friends, I open an account which promises at least all the charms of novelty, and which, if it fulfils its promise, will make this month rather an episode than a continuation of my prosaic performance.

So now for yesterday, Saturday, July 12.

We were all up at five o'clock; and the noise and confusion reigning through the house, and resounding all around it, from the quantities of

¹ Lady Weymouth (see following page).

people stirring, boxes nailing, horses neighing, and dogs barking, was tremendous.

I must now tell you the party :—

Their Majesties ; the Princesses Royal, Augusta and Elizabeth ; Lady Weymouth, Mr. Fairly, Colonel Gwynn, Miss Planta, and a person you have sometimes met. Pages for King, Queen, and Princesses, wardrobe - women for ditto, and footmen for all.

A smaller party for a royal excursion cannot well be imagined. How we shall all manage Heaven knows. Miss Planta and myself are allowed no maid ; the house would not hold one.

The royal party set off first, to stop and breakfast at Lord Harcourt's at Nuneham.

You will easily believe Miss Planta and myself were not much discomfited in having orders to proceed straight forward. You know we have been at Nuneham !¹

Mrs. Sandys, the Queen's wardrobe-woman, and Miss Macentomb, the Princesses', accompanied us.

At Henley-on-Thames, at an inn beautifully situated, we stopped to breakfast, and at Oxford to take a sort of half-dinner.

The crowd gathered together upon the road, waiting for the King and Queen to pass, was immense, and almost unbroken from Oxford to Cheltenham. Every town and village within twenty miles seemed to have been deserted, to supply all the pathways with groups of anxious spectators. Yet, though so numerous, so quiet were they, and so new to the practices of a hackneyed mob, that their curiosity never induced them to venture within some yards of the royal carriage, and their satisfaction never broke forth into tumult and acclamation.

In truth, I believe they never were aware of

¹ See *ante*, vol. ii. p. 444.

the moment in which their eagerness met its gratification. Their Majesties travelled wholly without guards or state; and I am convinced, from the time we advanced beyond Oxford, they were taken for their own attendants.

When we came to Burford, where we stopped for horses, how I wished to have seen Mrs. Gast, my dear Mr. Crisp's sister! I knew she resided there, but had no power to visit her. I inquired after her of the innkeeper, and sent her my most affectionate remembrances.

All the towns through which we passed were filled with people, as closely fastened one to another as they appear in the pit of the playhouse. Every town seemed all face; and all the way upon the road we rarely proceeded five miles without encountering a band of most horrid fiddlers, scraping "God Save the King" with all their might, out of tune, out of time, and all in the rain; for, most unfortunately, there were continual showers falling all the day.

This was really a subject for serious regret, such numbers of men, women, and children being severely sufferers; yet standing it all through with such patient loyalty, that I am persuaded not even a hail or thunder storm would have dispersed them.

The country, for the most part, that we traversed was extremely pretty; and, as we advanced nearer to our place of destination, it became quite beautiful.

When we arrived at Cheltenham, which is almost all one street, extremely long, clean, and well paved, we had to turn out of the public way about a quarter of a mile, to proceed to Fauconberg Hall,¹

¹ Bay's Hill Lodge, about a quarter of a mile from Cheltenham. It had been built for Lord Fauconberg in 1781 by W. Skillicorne. Lord Fauconberg was a Lord of the King's Bed-chamber.

yes
see
the

no



BAY'S HILL LODGE, CHELTENHAM, 1826



which my Lord Fauconberg has lent for the King's use during his stay at this place.

It is, indeed, situated on a most sweet spot, surrounded with lofty hills beautifully variegated, and bounded, for the principal object, with the hills of Malvern; which, here barren, and there cultivated, here all chalk, and there all verdure, reminded me of Box Hill, and gave me an immediate sensation of reflected as well as of visual pleasure, from giving to my new habitation some resemblance of Norbury Park.

When we had mounted the gradual ascent on which the house stands, the crowd all around it was one head! We stopped within twenty yards of the door, uncertain how to proceed. All the Royals were at the windows; and to pass this multitude,—to wade through it, rather,—was a most disagreeable operation. However, we had no choice: we therefore got out, and, leaving the wardrobe-women to find their way to the back-door, Miss Planta and I glided on to the front one, where we saw the two gentlemen, and where, as soon as we got up the steps, we encountered the King. He inquired most graciously concerning our journey; and Lady Weymouth came downstairs to summon me to the Queen, who was in excellent spirits, and said she would show me her room.

"*This*, ma'am!" cried I, as I entered it, "is *this* little room for your Majesty?"

"Oh stay," cried she, laughing, "till you see your own before you call it little!"

Soon after, she sent me upstairs for that purpose; and then, to be sure, I began to think less diminutively of that I had just quitted. Mine, with one window, had just space to crowd in a bed, a chest of drawers, and three small chairs.

The prospect, however, from the window is extremely pretty, and all is new and clean. So I

doubt not being very comfortable, as I am *senza Cerbera*,—though having no maid is a real evil to one so little her own mistress as myself. I little wanted the fagging of my own clothes and dressing to add to my daily fatigues.

I began a little unpacking, and was called to dinner. *Columb*,¹ happily, is allowed me, and he will be very useful, I am sure. Miss *Planta* alone dined with me, and we are to be companions constant at all meals, and *tête-à-tête*, during this *séjour*. She is friendly and well disposed, and I am perfectly content; and the more, as I know she will not take up my leisure unnecessarily, for she finds sauntering in the open air very serviceable to her health, and she has determined to make that her chief occupation. Here, therefore, whenever I am not in attendance or at meals, I expect the singular comfort of having my time wholly unmolested, and at my own disposal.

A little parlour, which formerly had belonged to Lord *Fauconberg's* housekeeper, is now called mine, and here Miss *Planta* and myself are to breakfast and dine. But for tea we formed a new plan: as Mr. *Fairly* had himself told me he understood there would be no tea-table at *Cheltenham*, I determined to stand upon no ceremony with Colonel *Gwynn*, but fairly and at once take and appropriate my afternoons to my own inclinations. To prevent, therefore, any surprise or alteration, we settled to have our tea upstairs.

But then a difficulty arose as to where. We had each equally small bedrooms, and no dressing-room; but, at length, we fixed on the passage, near a window looking over *Malvern hills* and much beautiful country.

This being arranged, we went mutually on with

¹ *Jacob Columb*, her manservant (see *post*, under August 1790). Two of his relatives, *James* and *Philip Columb*, were servants at *Strawberry Hill*.

our unpackings, till we were both too thirsty to work longer. Having no maid to send, and no bell to ring for my man, I then made out my way downstairs, to give Columb directions for our tea-equipage.

After two or three mistakes, of peering into royal rooms, I at length got safe to my little parlour, but still was at a loss where to find Columb; and while parading in and out in hopes of meeting with some assistant, I heard my name inquired for from the front door. I looked out, and saw Mrs. Tracy, senior bedchamber-woman to the Queen. nw

She is at Cheltenham for her health, and came to pay her duty in inquiries, and so forth.

I conducted her to my little storeroom, for such it looks, from its cupboards and short checked window curtains; and we chatted upon the place and the expedition, till Columb came to tell me that Mr. Fairly desired to speak with me.

I waited upon him immediately, in the passage leading to the kitchen stairs, for that was my *salle d'audience*.

He was with Lord Courtown; they apologised for disturbing me, but Mr. Fairly said he came to solicit leave that they might join my tea-table for this night only, as they would give orders to be supplied in their own apartments the next day, and not to intrude upon me any more, nor break into my time and retirement.

This is literally the first instance I have met, for now two whole years, of being understood as to my own retiring inclinations; and it is singular I should first meet with it from the only person who makes them waver.

I begged them to come in, and ordered tea. They are well acquainted with Mrs. Tracy, and I was very glad she happened to stay.

Poor Miss Planta, meanwhile, I was forced to leave in the lurch; for I could not propose the bedroom passage to my present company, and she was undressed and unpacking.

Very soon the King, searching for his gentlemen, found out my room, and entered. He admired it prodigiously, and inquired concerning all our accommodations. He then gave Mr. Fairly a commission to answer an address, or petition, or some such thing, to the Master of the Ceremonies, and, after half an hour's chat, retired.

Colonel Gwynn found us out also, but was eager to find out more company, and soon left us to go and look over the books at the rooms for the list of the company here.

After tea Mrs. Tracy went, and the King sent for Lord Courtown.

Mr. Fairly was going too, and I was preparing to return upstairs to my toils; but he presently changed his design, and asked leave to stay a little longer, if I was at leisure.

At leisure I certainly was not; but I was most content to work double tides for the pleasure of his company, especially where given thus voluntarily, and not accepted officially. What creatures are we all for liberty and freedom. Rebels *partout*!

Soon as the life-blood warms the heart,
The love of liberty awakes!

Ah, my dear friends! I wrote that with a sigh that might have pierced through royal walls!

From this circumstance we entered into discourse with no little spirit. I felt flattered, and he knew he had given me *de quoi*; so we were both in mighty good humour.

Our sociability, however, had very soon an

interruption. The King re-entered; he started back at sight of our diminished party, and exclaimed, with a sort of arch surprise, "What! only you two?"

Mr. Fairly laughed a little, and I—smiled ditto! But I had rather His Majesty had made such a comment on any other of his establishment, if make it he must: since I am sure Mr. Fairly's aversion to that species of raillery is equal to my own.

The King gave some fresh orders about the letter, and instantly went away. As soon as he was gone, Mr. Fairly—perhaps to show himself superior to that little sally—asked me whether he might write his letter in my room?

"Oh yes!" cried I, with all the alacrity of the same superiority.

He then went in search of a page, for pen and ink, and told me, on returning, that the King had just given orders for writing implements for himself and Colonel Gwynn to be placed in the dining-parlour, of which they were, henceforth, to have the use as soon as the dinner-party had separated; and after to-night, therefore, he should intrude himself upon me no more.

I had half a mind to say I was very sorry for it! I assure you I felt so.

He pretended to require my assistance in his letter, and consulted and read over all that he writ. So I gave my opinion as he went on, though I think it really possible he might have done without me!

Away then he went with it, to dispatch it by a royal footman; and I thought him gone, and was again going myself, when he returned,—surprising me not a little by saying, as he held the door in his hand, "Will there be any—impropriety—in my staying here a little longer?"

I must have said no, if I had thought yes; but it would not have been so plump and ready a no!

and I should not, with quite so courteous a grace, have added that his stay could do me nothing but honour.

On, therefore, we sat, discoursing on various subjects, till the twilight made him rise to take leave. He was in much better spirits than I have yet seen him, and I know not when I have spent an hour more socially to my taste. Highly cultivated by books, and uncommonly fertile in stores of internal resource, he left me nothing to wish, for the time I spent with him, but that "the Fates, the Sisters Three, and such like branches of learning," would interfere against the mode of future separation planned for the remainder of our expedition. Need I more strongly than this mark the very rare pleasure I received from his conversation?

Not a little did poor Miss Planta marvel what had become of me; and scarce less was her marvel when she had heard my adventures. She had told me how gladly the gentlemen would seize this opportunity of a new situation to disengage themselves from the joint tea-table, and we had mutually agreed to use all means possible for seconding this partition; but I had been too well satisfied this night, to make any further efforts about the matter, and I therefore inwardly resolved to let the future take care of itself—certain it could not be inimical to me, since either it must give me Mr. Fairly in a party, or time for my own disposal in solitude.

This pleasant beginning has given a spirit to all my expectations and my fatigues in this place; and though it cost me near two hours from my downy pillow to recover lost time, I stole them without repining, and arose—dead asleep!—this morning, without a murmur.

And now for to-day :

Sunday, July 13.—I was obliged to rise before six o'clock, that I might play the part of dresser to myself, before I played it to the Queen; so that did not much recruit the fatigues of yesterday's rising and journey!

Not a little was I surprised to be told this morning by Her Majesty that the gentlemen were to breakfast with Miss Planta and me, every morning, by the King's orders.

When I left the Queen, I found them already in my little parlour. Mr. Fairly came to the door to meet me, and hand me into the room, telling me of the new arrangement of the King, with an air of very civil satisfaction. Colonel Gwynn appeared precisely as I believe he felt,—perfectly indifferent to the matter.

Miss Planta joined us, and Columb was hurried to get ready, lest the King should summon his esquires before they had broken their fast.

Mr. Fairly undertook to settle our seats, and all the etiquette of the tea-table; and I was very well content, for when he had placed me where he conceived I should be most commodiously situated, he fixed upon the place next me for himself, and desired we might all keep to our posts.

It was next agreed that whoever came first to the room should order and make the tea; for I must often be detained by my waiting, and the King is so rapid in his meals that whoever attends him must be rapid also, or follow fasting. Mr. Fairly said he should already have hastened Columb, had he not apprehended it might be too great a liberty; for they had waited near half an hour, and expected a call every half minute. I set him perfectly at his ease upon this subject, assuring him I should be very little at mine if he had ever the same scruple again.

He had been in waiting, he said, himself, ever

since a quarter after five o'clock in the morning, at which time he showed himself under the King's window, and walked before the house till six! I was beginning to express my compassion for this harass, but he interrupted me with shrewdly saying, "Oh, this will save future fatigue, for it will establish me such a character for early rising and punctuality that I may now do as I will: 'tis amazing what privileges a man obtains for taking liberties, when once his character is established for taking none!"

Neither Miss Planta nor myself could attempt going to church,—we had both so much actual business to do for ourselves, in unpacking, and fitting up our rooms, etc. The rest of the day was all fagging, till the evening, and then—who should enter my little parlour, after all the speechifying of "only one night," made yesterday, but Mr. Fairly, Colonel Gwynn, and Lord Courtown!

Whether this, again, is by the King's command, or in consequence of the morning arrangement, I know not; but not a word more has dropped of "no evening tea-table"; so whether we are to unite, or to separate, in future, I know not, and, which is far more extraordinary, I care not. Nobody but you could imagine what a compliment that is, from me!

I had made Miss Planta promise, in case such a thing should happen, to come down; and she was very ready, and we had a very cheerful evening.

Great difficulties, however, arose about our tea-equipage. So few things are brought, or are at least yet arrived, that Columb is forced to be summoned every other moment, and I have no bell, and dare not, for this short time, beg for one, as my man herds with the King's men; besides, I have no disposition to make a fuss here, where everybody takes up with everything that they get.

In lamenting, however, the incessant trouble I was obliged to give the gentlemen of running after Columb, I told Mr. Fairly my obligation, at Windsor, to Colonel Welbred, for my bell there.

“Oh yes!” cried he, laughing, “I am not surprised; Colonel Welbred is quite the man for a ‘belle’!”

“Yes,” cried I, “that he is, indeed, and for a ‘beau’ too.”

“Oh ho! you think him so, do you?” quoth he; to which my prompt assent followed.

The Royal Family had all been upon the walks. I have agreed with myself not to go thither till they have gone through the newsmongers’ drawing up of them and their troop. I had rather avoid all mention; and after a few days, I may walk there as if not belonging to them, as I am not of place or rank to follow in their train.

But let me give you, now, an account of the house and accommodations.

On the ground floor there is one large and very pleasant room, which is made the dining-parlour. The King and Royal Family also breakfast in it, by themselves, except the lady-in-waiting, Lady Weymouth. They sup there also in the same manner. The gentlemen only dine with them, I find. They are to breakfast with us, to drink tea where they will, and to sup—where they can; and I rather fancy, from what I have yet seen, it will be commonly with good Duke Humphrey.¹

A small but very neat dressing-room for His Majesty is on the other side of the hall, and my little parlour is the third and only other room on

¹ “Dining with Duke Humphrey” was equivalent to not dining at all. In 1754 the *Connoisseur* accuses impecunious ensigns of “dining with Duke Humphrey in St. James’s Park”—a favourite resort of fasting persons.

the ground floor: so you will not think our Monarch, his Consort, and offspring, take up too much of the land called their own!

Over this eating-parlour, on the first floor, is the Queen's drawing-room, in which she is also obliged to dress and to undress!—for she has no toilet apartment! Who, after that, can repine at any inconvenience here for the household?

Here, after breakfast, she sits, with her daughters and her lady, and Lady Courtown, who, with her Lord, is lodged in the town of Cheltenham. And here they drink tea, and live till supper-time.

Over the King's dressing-room is his bedroom, and over my storeroom is the bedroom of the Princess Royal.

And here ends the first floor.

The second is divided and subdivided into bedrooms, which are thus occupied:—Princess Augusta and Princess Elizabeth sleep in two beds, in the largest room. Lady Weymouth occupies that next in size. Miss Planta and myself have two little rooms, built over the King's bedroom; and Mrs. Sandys and Miss Macentomb, and Lady Weymouth's maid, have the rest.

This is the whole house!

Not a man but the King sleeps in it!

A house is taken in the town for Mr. Fairly and Colonel Gwynn, and there lodge several of the servants, and among them Colum. The pages sleep in outhouses. Even the housemaids lodge in the town, a quarter of a mile or more from the house!

Lord Courtown, as Comptroller of the Household, acts here for the King, in distributing his royal bounty to the Wells, Rooms, Library, and elsewhere. He has sent around very magnificently.

We are surrounded by pleasant meadows, in which I mean to walk a great deal. They are so

quiet and so safe, I can go quite alone; and when I have not a first-rate companion, my second best is—none at all! But I expect, very soon, my poor Miss P——, and I shall have her with me almost constantly.

Monday, July 14.—This morning I was again up at five o'clock, Miss Planta having asked me to accompany her to the Wells. The Queen herself went this morning, at six o'clock, with His Majesty. It is distant about a quarter of a mile from Lord Fauconberg's.

I tasted the water, for once; I shall spare myself any such future regale, for it is not prescribed to me, and I think it very unpleasant.

This place and air seem very healthy; but the very early hours, and no maid! I almost doubt how this will do. The fatigue is very great indeed.

We were too soon for company, except the Royals. We met them all, and were spoken to most graciously by every one.

We all came back to breakfast much at the same time, and it was very cheerful.

I spent all the rest of the day in hard fagging, at work, and business, and attendance; but the evening amply recompensed it all. Lord Courtown, Mr. Fairly, Colonel Gwynn, and Miss Planta came to tea. My Lord and Colonel Gwynn retired after it, to go to the rooms; Mr. Fairly said he would wait to make his bow to His Majesty, and see if there were any commands for him.

And then we had another very long conversation, and if I did not write in so much haste, my dear friends would like to read it.

Our subject to-night—his subject, rather—was, the necessity of participation, to every species of happiness. "His" subject, you may easily believe; for to him should I never have dared touch on one so near and so tender to him. Fredy,

however, could join with him more feelingly—though he kept perfectly clear of all that was personal, to which I would not have led for a thousand worlds. He seems born with the tenderest social affections ; and, though religiously resigned to his loss—which, I have been told, the hopeless sufferings of Lady — rendered, at last, even a release to be desired—he thinks life itself, single and unshared, a mere melancholy burthen, and the wish to have done with it appears the only wish he indulges.

I could not perceive this without the deepest commiseration, but I did what was possible to conceal it ; as it is much more easy, both to the hearer and the speaker, to lead the discourse to matters more lively, under an appearance of being ignorant of the state of a sad heart, than with a betrayed consciousness.

We talked of books, and not a little I astonished him by the discovery I was fain to make, of the number of authors I have never yet read. Particularly he instanced Akenside,¹ and quoted from him some passages I have heard selected by Mr. Locke.

I told him, fairly, that though in general my little reading was the effect of little opportunity, not of choice, yet here, in respect to works of imagination and sentiment, to poetry and to favourite authors, my inclination had had some share in my tardiness, as one of the first gratifications of my life was such reading with those who had an equal pleasure in it ; and as though now deprived of it, I had tasted that indulgence so highly, with a certain sister, in all my early life, that I know not how to fix its relinquishment, by going on without her.

¹ Mark Akenside, poet and physician, 1721-70, author of the *Pleasures of Imagination*, 1744.

“True!” answered he, mournfully, “there is no interest where there is no sympathy!”

Then we talked of the country, of landscapes, of walking, and then, again, came back the favourite proposition,—participation! That, he said, could make an interest in anything,—everything; and oh, how did I agree with him! There is sympathy enough, Heaven knows, in our opinions on this subject!

But not in what followed. I am neither good nor yet miserable enough to join with him in what he added,—that life, taken all in all, was of so little worth and value, it could afford its thinking possessor but one steady wish,—that its duration might be short!

Alas! thought I, that a man so good should be so unhappy!

We then came back again to books, and he asked us if we had read a little poem called the *Shipwreck*?¹ Neither of us had even heard of it. He said it was somewhat too long, and somewhat too technical, but that it contained many beautiful passages. He had it with him, he said, and proposed sending Columb for it, to his house, if we should like to read it. We thanked him, and off marched Columb. It is in a very small duodecimo volume, and he said he would leave it with me.

Soon after, Miss Planta said she would stroll round the house for a little exercise.

When she was gone, he took up the book, and said, “Shall I read some passages to you?” I most gladly assented, and got my work,—of which I have no small store, believe me!—morning caps, robins,² etc. etc., all to prepare from day to day; which, with my three constant and long attendances, and

¹ By William Falconer, 1732-69. It was published in 1762.

² Trimmings for the front of a dress. Richardson uses the word in *Pamela*.

other official company ceremonies, is no small matter.

The passages he selected were really beautiful: they were chiefly from an episode, of Palemon and Anna,¹ excessively delicate, yet tender in the extreme, and most touchingly melancholy.

One line he came to, that he read with an emotion extremely affecting. 'Tis a sweet line—

He felt the chastity of silent woe.²

He stopped upon it, and sighed so deeply that his sadness quite infected me.

Then he read various characters of the Ship's Company,³ which are given with much energy and discrimination. I could not but admire every passage he chose, and I was sensible each of them owed much obligation to his reading, which was full of feeling and effect.

How unwillingly did I interrupt him, to go upstairs and wait my night's summons! But the Queen has no bell for me, except to my bedroom.

He hastily took the hint, and rose to go.

"Shall I leave the poem," he cried, "or take it with me, in case there should be any leisure to go on with it to-morrow?"

"Which you please," cried I, a little stupidly, for I did not, at the moment, comprehend his meaning; which, however, he immediately explained by answering, "Let me take it, then;—let me make a little interest in it to myself, by reading it with you."

And then he put it in his pocket, and went to his home in the town, and upstairs went I to my little cell, not a little internally simpering to see a trait

¹ In Canto i.

² "Perhaps Arion soon the cause divin'd,
Though shunning still to probe a wounded mind,
He felt the chastity of silent woe."

³ In Canto i.

so like what so often I have done myself,—carrying off a favourite book, when I have begun it with my Susanna, that we might finish it together, without leaving her the temptation to peep beforehand.

Tuesday, July 15.—This morning, at breakfast, the gentlemen brought in presents which they had received from the Queen. All the Royals go to the walks and the rooms as private company, with only Lady Weymouth and Lady Courtown, Mr. Fairly and Colonel Gwynn; and they now amuse themselves with looking over the toys brought thither, and making purchases.

Mr. Fairly's gift was a little inkstand; such a one as my dear friends may have seen of mine, from the same royal hand. He said he should give it to his little daughter; but would beg leave, now, that it might remain in my parlour, for occasional use; and he asked me to get it fitted up for him. "You," he said, "who have so many friends in this house—as I am sure you must have, if you are at all known to them—can easily manage it for me."

You may think I would not lose such a compliment by declining the little commission, and I made Columb carry it to one of the pages for materials.

Colonel Gwynn had a very pretty little box, and he destined it for his beautiful wife.

My Lord Courtown never comes to breakfast: he has apartments in the town, or a house of his own.

While the Royals were upon the walks, Miss Planta and I strolled in the meadows, and who should I meet there but Mr. Seward!¹ This was a great pleasure to me. I had never seen him since

¹ See *ante*, vol. i. p. 55.

the first day of my coming to St. James's, when he handed me into my father's coach, in my sacque and long ruffles. You may think how much we had to talk over. He had a gentleman with him, fortunately, who was acquainted with Miss Planta's brother, so that we formed two parties without difficulty. All my aim was to inquire about Mrs. Piozzi,—I must, at last, call her by her now real name!—and of her we conversed incessantly. He told me Mr. Baretti's late attack upon her,¹ which I heard with great concern. It seems he has broken off all intercourse with her, and not from his own desire, but by her evident wish to drop him. This is very surprising; but many others of her former friends, once highest in her favour, make the same complaint.

We strolled so long, talking over this ever-interesting subject, that the Royals were returned before us, and we found Mr. Fairly waiting tea in my parlour. The rest soon joined.

Mr. Seward had expected to be invited; but it is impossible for me to invite anybody while at Cheltenham, as there is neither exit nor entrance but by passing the King's rooms, and as I have no place but this little common parlour in which I can sit, except my own room.

Neither could I see Mr. Seward anywhere else, as my dear friends will easily imagine, when they

¹ In the *European Magazine* for May, June, and August 1788 (vol. xiii. pp. 313, 393, and vol. xiv. p. 89). Baretti had been exasperated into these attacks upon "the frontless female, who goes now by the mean appellation of Piozzi," by certain references to himself in the Johnson *Letters*. Mrs. Piozzi seems to have associated the Burneys with these scurrilous utterances. "Baretti has been grossly abusive in the *European Magazine* to me (she writes in *Thraliana*): that hurts me but little; what shocks me is that those treacherous Burneys should abet and puff him. He is a most ungrateful because unprincipled wretch; but I am sorry that anything belonging to Dr. Burney should be so monstrously wicked" (*Autobiography, etc. of Mrs. Piozzi (Thrale)*, 1861, i. 301). Miss Burney's comments both here and later seem to exculpate her from this charge; but Dr. Burney is certainly casually mentioned in Baretti's "strictures," as he terms them. Baretti died soon after (May 5, 1789). See *post*, p. 32.

recollect all that has passed, on the subject of my visitors, with Her Majesty and with Mr. Smelt. He told me he had strolled in those meadows every day, to watch if I were of the party.

Mr. Fairly again outstayed them all. Lord Courtown generally is summoned to the royal party after tea, and Colonel Gwynn goes to the town in quest of acquaintance and amusement. Mr. Fairly has not spirit for such researches; I question, indeed, if he ever had taste for them.

When Miss Planta went off for her exercise, he again proposed a little reading, which again I thankfully accepted. He took out the little poem, and read on the mournful tale of Anna,¹ with a sensibility that gave pathos to every word.

How unexpected an indulgence—a luxury, I may say, to me, are these evenings now becoming! While I listen to such reading, and such a reader, all my work goes on with an alacrity that renders it all pleasure to me. I have had no regale like this for many and many a grievous long evening! never since I left Norbury Park,—never since my dear Fredy there read *Madame de Sévigné*. And how little could I expect, in a royal residence, a relief of this sort! Indeed, I much question if there is one other person, in the whole establishment, that, in an equal degree, could afford it.

Miss Planta, though extremely friendly, is almost wholly absorbed in the cares of her royal duties and the solicitude of her ill-health: she takes little interest in anything else, whether for conversation or action. We do together perfectly well, for she is good, and sensible, and prudent, and ready for any kind office: but the powers of giving pleasure are not widely bestowed: we have no right to repine that they are wanting where the character that misses them has intrinsic worth;

¹ See *ante*, p. 18.

but, also, we have no remedy against weariness, where that worth is united with nothing attractive.

I was forced again, before ten o'clock, to interrupt his interesting narrative, that I might go to my room.

He now said he would leave me the book to look over and finish at my leisure, upon one condition, which he begged me to observe: this was, that I would read with a pen or pencil in my hand, and mark the passages that pleased me most as I went on. I readily promised this.

He then gave it me, but desired I would keep it to myself, frankly acknowledging that he did not wish to have it seen by any other, at least not as belonging to him. There was nothing, he said, of which he had less ambition than a character for bookism and pedantry, and he knew if it was spread that he was guilty of carrying a book from one house to another, it would be a circumstance sufficient for branding him with these epithets.

I could not possibly help laughing a little at this caution, but again gave him my ready promise.

Wednesday, July 16.—This morning we had the usual breakfast, and just as it was over I received a note from Miss Palmer, saying she was uncertain whether or not I was at Cheltenham, by not meeting me on the walks or at the play, but wrote to mention that she was with Lady D'Oyley, and hoped, if I was one of the royal suite, my friends might have some chance to see me here, though wholly denied it in town.

I sent for answer that I would call upon her; and as no objection was made by Her Majesty, I went to Sir John D'Oyley's as soon as the royal party rode out.

I found Miss Palmer quite thoroughly enraged. We had never met since I left the paternal home, though I am always much indebted to her warm zeal.

Miss Palmer 5

no

no

Sir John and Lady D'Oyley are a mighty gentle pair. Miss Palmer could make them no better present than a little of her vivacity.

Miss Elizabeth Johnson, her cousin, is of their party: she is pretty, soft, and pleasing; but, unhappily, as deaf as her uncle, Sir Joshua; which, in a young female, is a real misfortune.

To quiet Miss Palmer as much as I was able, I agreed to-night that I would join her on the walks. Accordingly, at the usual time I set out with Miss Planta, whom I was to introduce to the D'Oyleys.

Just as we set out we perceived the King and his three gentlemen, for Lord Courtown is a constant attendant every evening. We were backing on as well as we could, but His Majesty perceived us, and called to ask whither we were going.

We met Mr. Seward, who joined us.

There is nothing to describe in the walks: they are straight, clay, and sided by common trees, without any rich foliage, or one beautiful opening. The meadows, and all the country around, are far preferable; yet here everybody meets. All the D'Oyley party came, and Miss Planta slipped away.

The King and Queen walked in the same state as on the terrace at Windsor, followed by the three Princesses and their attendants. Everybody stopped and stood up as they passed, or as they stopped themselves to speak to any of the company.

In one of these stoppings, Lord Courtown backed a little from the suite to talk with us, and he said he saw what benefit I reaped from the waters! I told him I supposed I might be the better for the excursion, according to the definition of a water-drinking person by Mr. Walpole, who

yes

says people go to those places well, and then return cured!

Mr. Fairly afterwards also joined us a little while, and Miss Palmer said she longed to know him more, there was something *si fine* in his countenance.

They invited me much to go home with them to tea, but I was engaged. We left the walks soon after the Royal Family, and they carried me near the house in Sir John D'Oyley's coach.

I walked, however, quietly in by myself; and in my little parlour I found Mr. Fairly. The others were gone off to the play without tea, and the moment it was over Miss Planta hurried to her own stroll.

This whole evening I spent *tête-à-tête* with Mr. Fairly. There is something singular in the perfect trust he seems to have in my discretion, for he speaks to me when we are alone with a frankness unequalled; and something very flattering in the apparent relief he seems to find in dedicating what time he has to dispose of to my little parlour.

In the long conference of this evening I found him gifted with the justest way of thinking and the most classical taste. I speak that word only as I may presume to judge it by English literature.

"I have another little book," he said, "here, which I am sure you would like, but it has a title so very silly that nobody reads or names it: *Original Love-Letters*;¹—from which you might expect mere nonsense and romance, though, on the contrary, you would find in them nothing but good sense, moral reflections, and refined ideas, clothed in the most expressive and elegant language."

¹ By William Combe, 1741-1823, author of *Dr. Syntax*. The full title is, *Original Love Letters between a Lady of Quality and a Person of Inferior Condition*. Colonel Digby had only the second volume of this "injudiciously" named work (see *post*, p. 39).

How I longed to read a book that had such a character!—yet, laughable and prudish as it may seem to you, I could not bring myself to accept the half-offer, or make any other reply than to exclaim against the injudiciousness of the title-page.

Yet, whatever were our subjects, books, life, or persons, all concluded with the same melancholy burthen—speed to his existence here, and welcome to that he is awaiting! I fear he has been unfortunate from his first setting out.

Saturday, July 19.—The breakfast missed its best regale: Mr. Fairly was ill, and confined to his room all day.

The royal party went to Lord Bathurst's, at Cirencester, and the Queen commanded Miss Planta and me to take an airing to Gloucester, and amuse ourselves as well as we could.

Miss Planta had a previous slight acquaintance with Mr. Raikes;¹ and to his house, therefore, we drove.

Mr. Raikes was the original founder of the Sunday-schools—an institution so admirable, so fraught, I hope, with future good and mercy to generations yet unborn, that I saw almost with reverence the man who had first suggested it.

He lives at Gloucester with his wife and a large family. They all received us with open arms. I was quite amazed, but soon found some of the pages had been with them already, and announced our design; and as we followed the pages, perhaps they concluded we also were messengers, or *avant-courrières*, of what else might be expected.

Mr. Raikes is not a man that, without a previous disposition towards approbation, I should greatly

¹ Robert Raikes, 1735-1811, a Gloucester printer, the promoter rather than the original founder of Sunday-schools. He had opened his first school about eight years earlier.

have admired. He is somewhat too flourishing, somewhat too forward, somewhat too voluble; but he is worthy, benevolent, good-natured, and good-hearted, and therefore the overflowing of successful spirits and delighted vanity must meet with some allowance.

12
13 His wife is a quiet and unpretending woman: his daughters common sort of country misses. They seem to live with great hospitality, plenty, and good cheer. They gave us a grand breakfast, and then did the honours of their city to us with great patriotism. They carried us to their fine old cathedral, where we saw the tomb of poor Edward the Second, and many more ancient. Several of the Saxon princes were buried in the original cathedral, and their monuments are preserved. Various of the ancient nobility, whose names and families were extinct from the Wars of the Roses, have here left their worldly honours and deposited their last remains. It was all interesting to see, though I will not detail it, for any Gloucester Guide would beat me hollow at that work.

Next they carried us to the jail, to show in how small a space, I suppose, human beings can live, as well as die or be dead. This jail is admirably constructed for its proper purposes—confinement and punishment. Every culprit is to have a separate cell; every cell is clean, neat, and small, looking towards a wide expanse of country, and, far more fitted to his speculation, a wide expanse of the heavens. Air, cleanliness, and health seem all considered, but no other indulgence. A total seclusion of all commerce from accident, and an absolute impossibility of all intercourse amongst themselves, must needs render the captivity secure from all temptation to further guilt, and all stimulus to hardihood in past crimes, and makes the solitude become so desperate that

it not only seems to leave no opening for any comfort save in repentance, but to make that almost unavoidable.

The jail is of white stone, and yet unfinished. The debtors also are considered, as they ought to be, with far more favour than the other offenders, and, of course, perfectly guarded from all intercourse with them.

After this they carried us to the Infirmary, where I was yet more pleased, for the sick and the destitute awaken an interest far less painful than the wicked and contemned.

Cleanliness again here shone with even a lustre of benevolence: every poor patient was visibly benefited by it, and the whole building rendered so pleasant and salutary, that there was not one apartment to which there could be any objection to entering; yet all were occupied, though not one was crowded. The tenderness, too, with which every poor sufferer seemed treated, the ease of their accommodations, the order running through the whole, the quiet yet close attendance of the nurses—all these were observations not to be made without the most sensible pleasure, even in the midst of the sad commiseration excited by their occasion.

We went entirely over the house, and then over the city, which has little else to catch notice. The pin manufactory we did not see, as they discouraged us by an account of its dirt.

Mr. Raikes is a very principal man in all these benevolent institutions; and while I poured forth my satisfaction in them very copiously and warmly, he hinted a question whether I could name them to the Queen. "Beyond doubt," I answered; "for these were precisely the things which most interested Her Majesty's humanity." The joy with which he heard this was nothing short of rapture.

The King and Queen intend going to Gloucester soon.

We returned home to a late dinner.

Sunday, July 20.—Colonel Gwynn again brought but a bad account of his companion,¹ who was now under the care of the Cheltenham apothecary, Mr. Clerke.

I had appointed in the evening to go on the walks with Miss Palmer. I scarce ever passed so prodigious a crowd as was assembled before the house when I went out. The people of the whole county seemed gathered together to see their Majesties; and so quiet, so decent, so silent, that it was only by the eye they could be discovered, though so immense a multitude. How unlike a London mob!

The King, kindly to gratify their zealous and respectful curiosity, came to his window, and seeing me go out, he called me to speak to him, and give an account of my intentions.

The people, observing this graciousness, made way for me on every side, so that I passed through them with as much facility as if the meadows had been empty.

The D'Oyleys and Miss Johnson and Miss Palmer made the walking party, and Mr. Seward joined us.

Mr. Raikes and all his family were come from Gloucester to see the Royal Family on the walks, which were very much crowded, but with the same respectful multitude, who never came forward, but gazed and admired at the most humble distance.

Mr. Raikes introduced me to the Bishop of Gloucester, Dr. Halifax,² and afterwards, much more to my satisfaction, to the Dean of Gloucester, Dr. Tucker, the famous author of *Cui Bono*.³ I

¹ Colonel Digby.

² Samuel Halifax, 1733-90, Bishop of Gloucester, 1781-89.

³ Josiah Tucker, D.D., 1712-99. His *Cui Bono*, 1781, condemned the war with America.

2 years 4 months

15

16

was very glad to see him: he is past eighty, and has a most shrewd and keen old face.

I went afterwards to tea with the D'Oyleys and Miss Palmer, and Mr. Seward again accompanied us. Miss Palmer brought me home in Sir John's carriage, making it drive as near as possible to the house.

But just before we quitted the walks I was run after by a quick female step:—"Miss Burney, don't you know me?—have you forgot Spotty?"—and I saw Miss Ogle.¹ She told me she had longed to come and see me, but did not know if she might. She is here with her mother and two younger sisters. I promised to wait on them. Mrs. Ogle² was daughter to the late Bishop of Winchester,³ who was a preceptor of the King's: I knew, therefore, I might promise with approbation.

Monday, July 21.—I was very much disappointed this morning to see Colonel Gwynn come again alone to breakfast, and to hear from him that his poor colleague was still confined.

The royal party all went at ten o'clock to Tewkesbury.

About noon, while I was writing a folio letter to my dear father, of our proceedings, Mr. Alberts, the Queen's page, came into my little parlour, and said, "If you are at leisure, ma'am, Mr. Fairly begs leave to ask you how you do."

I was all amazement, for I had concluded his confinement irremediable for the present.

I was quite happy to receive him; he looked very ill, and his face is still violently swelled. He had a handkerchief held to it, and was muffled up

¹ One of the Miss Ogles, Esther Jane ("Spotty"), became, in April 1795, the second wife of Sheridan.

² Mrs. Ogle was the wife of Dr. Burney's musical friend, Dr. Newton Ogle, Dean of Winchester.

³ John Thomas, 1696-1781, Bishop of Winchester, 1761-81.

in a great-coat ; and indeed he seemed unfit enough for coming out.

He apologised for interrupting me. I assured him I should have ample time for my letter. "What a letter!" cried he, looking at its size; "it is just such a one as I should like to receive, and not——"

"Read," cried I.

"No, no!—and not answer!"

He then sat down, and I saw by his manner he came with design to make a sociable visit to me. He was serious almost to sadness, but with a gentleness that could not but raise in whomsoever he had addressed an implicit sympathy.

He led almost immediately to those subjects on which he loves to dwell—Death and Immortality, and the assured misery of all stations and all seasons in this vain and restless world.

I ventured not to contradict him with my happier sentiments, lest I should awaken some fresh pain. I heard him, therefore, in quiet and meditative silence, or made but such general answers as could hazard no allusions. Yet, should I ever see him in better spirits, I shall not scruple to discuss, in such a way as I can, this point, and to vindicate as well as I am able my opposite opinion.

He told me he had heard a fifth week was to be now added to this excursion, and he confessed a most anxious solicitude to be gone before that time. He dropped something, unexplained, yet very striking, of a peculiar wish to be away ere some approaching period.

I felt his meaning, though I had no key to it; I felt that he coveted to spend in quiet the anniversary of the day on which he lost his lady.¹

You may believe I could say nothing to it; the idea was too tender for discussion; nor can I divine

¹ *i.e.* August 16, 1787 (see *ante*, vol. iii. p. 311).

whether or not he wishes to open more on this subject, or is better pleased by my constant silence to his own allusions. I know not, indeed, whether he thinks I even understand them.

We then talked over Cheltenham and our way of life, and then ran into discourse upon Courts and Court life in general. I frankly said I liked them not, and that, if I had the direction of any young person's destination, I would never risk them into such a mode of living; for, though vices might be as well avoided there as anywhere, and in this Court particularly, there were mischiefs of a smaller kind, extremely pernicious to all nobleness of character, to which this Court, with all its really bright examples, was as liable as any other,—the mischiefs of jealousy, narrowness, and selfishness.

He did not see, he said, when there was a place of settled income and appropriated business, why it might not be filled both with integrity and content in a Court as well as elsewhere.¹ Ambition, the desire of rising, those, he said, were the motives to that envy which set such little passions in motion. One situation, however, there was, he said, which he looked upon as truly dangerous, and as almost certain to pervert the fairest disposition; it was one in which he would not place any person for whom he had the smallest regard, as he looked upon it to be the greatest hazard a character could run. This was, being maid of honour.²

Tuesday, July 22.—To-day, at noon, I had a surprise with which I was very much pleased. His Majesty opened the door of my little parlour, called out, "Come, come in," and was followed by Major Price.

He was just arrived from his little farm in

¹ This suggests that Colonel Digby had studied the "imperial sage, purest of men, Marcus Aurelius."

² Yet his second wife, Miss Charlotte Gunning, was a maid of honour.

Herefordshire, and will stay here some days. It is particularly fortunate just now, when another gentleman was really required to assist in attendance upon the royal party.

Mr. Seward, with a good-humoured note, sent me the *Magazine* with Baretto's strictures on Mrs. Thrale.¹ Good heaven, how abusive! It can hardly hurt her—it is so palpably meant to do it. I could not have suspected him, with all his violence, of a bitterness of invective so cruel, so ferocious.

I well remember his saying to me, when first I saw him after the discovery of *Evelina*, "I see what is it you can do, you little witch—it is, that you can hang us all up for laughing-stocks; but hear me this one thing—don't meddle with me. I see what they are, your powers; but remember, when you provoke an Italian you run a dagger into your own breast!"

I half shuddered at the fearful caution from him, because the dagger was a word of unfortunate recollection: but, good heaven! it could only be a half shudder when the caution was against an offence I could sooner die than commit, and which, I may truly say, if personal attack was what he meant, never even in sport entered my mind, and was ever, in earnest, a thing I have held in the deepest abhorrence.

I must do, however, the justice to his candour to add that upon a nearer acquaintance with me, which immediately followed, he never repeated his admonition; and when *Cecilia* came out, and he hastened to me with every species of extravagant encomium, he never hinted at any similar idea, and it seemed evident he concluded me, by that time,

¹ The *European Magazine* (see *ante*, p. 20). At this date Baretto had only published the first and second of his strictures "On Signora Piozzi's Publication of Dr. Johnson's Letters."

incapable of meriting such a suspicion ; though, to judge by his own conduct, a proceeding of this sort may to him appear in a very different light. He thinks, at least, a spirit of revenge may authorise any attack, any insult. How unhappy and how strange ! to join to so much real good nature as this man possesses when pleased, a disposition so savagely vindictive when offended.

Thursday, July 24. — “Pray, Miss Burney,” cried Colonel Gwynn, “do you think Mr. Fairly will ever marry again ?”

“I think it very doubtful,” I answered, “but I hope he will, for, whether he is happy or not in marrying, I am sure he will be wretched in single-ness ; the whole turn of his mind is so social and domestic. He is by no means formed for going always abroad for the relief of society ; he requires it more at hand.”

“And what do you think of Miss Fuzilier ?”

“That he is wholly disengaged with her and with everybody.”

“Well, I think it will be, for I know they correspond ; and what should he correspond with her for else ?”

“Because, I suppose, he has done it long before this could be suggested as the motive. And, indeed, the very quickness of the report makes me discredit it ; 'tis so utterly impossible for a man whose feelings are so delicate to have taken any steps towards a second connection at so early a period.”

“Why, I know he's very romantic ; but I should like to know your opinion.”

“I have given it you,” cried I, “very exactly.”

Not long after, when all the party was broke up from my little parlour, though not yet set out for Gloucester, who should again surprise me by entering but Mr. Fairly !

I was quite rejoiced by his sight. He was better, though not well. His face is almost reduced to its natural size. He had a letter for Her Majesty from Lord Aylesbury,¹ and had determined to venture bringing it himself.

He said he would carry it in to the Queen, and then return to my parlour, if I would give him some breakfast. You may suppose I answered "No!" But, afterwards, fearing he might be detained and fatigued, he asked me to present it for him, and only say he was waiting in my room for commands.

I was forced to say "Yes," though I had rather not.

Her Majesty was much surprised to hear he was again out so unexpectedly, and asked if he thought of going to Gloucester?

"No," I said, "I believed he was not equal to that."

She bid me tell him she would see him before she went.

I returned with this message, and would then have ordered him fresh breakfast; but he declared if I was fidgety he should have no comfort, and insisted on my sitting quietly down, while he drew a chair by my side, and made his own cold tea, and drank it weak and vapid, and ate up all the miserable scraps, without suffering me to call for plate, knife, bread, butter, or anything for replenishment. And when he had done, and I would have made some apology, he affected me for him a good deal by gravely saying, "Believe me, this is the pleasantest breakfast I have made these six days."

He then went on speaking of his late confinement, and its comfortless circumstances, in very strong terms, dwelling on its solitude and its

¹ The Earl of Ailesbury was the Queen's Lord Chamberlain.

uselessness, as if those only formed its disagreeability, and the pain went for nothing. Social and kind is his heart, and finely touched to the most exquisite sensations of sympathy; and, as I told Colonel Gwynn, I must needs wish he may yet find some second gentle partner fitted to alleviate his sorrows, by giving to him an object whose happiness would become his first study.

He brought me back the few books I had procured him; but I had no fresh supply. He spoke again of the favourite *Letters*, and said he felt so sure I should be pleased with them, that he was desirous I should look at them, adding, "There is no person into whose hands I would not put them, not even my daughter's."

It was now impossible to avoid saying I should be glad to see them: it would seem else to doubt either his taste or his delicacy, while I have the highest opinion of both.

In talking them over he told me he believed them to be genuine; "But the woman," he said, "throughout the whole correspondence, is too much the superior. She leaves the man far behind. She is so collected, so composed, so constantly mistress of herself, so unbiassed by her passions, so rational, and so dignified, that I would even recommend her as an example to any young woman in similar circumstances to follow."

He was summoned to Her Majesty, in the dining-parlour. But when they were all set out on the Gloucester expedition,¹ he returned to my little parlour, and stayed with me a considerable time.

Grave he came back—grave quite to solemnity, and almost wholly immersed in deep and sad reflections. He spoke little, and that little with a voice

¹ "On Thursday last [July 24] the King, the Queen, and the three Princesses visited the City of Gloucester" (*European Magazine*, xiv. 77).

so melancholy, yet so gentle, that it filled me with commiseration.

At length, after much silence and many pauses, which I never attempted to interrupt or to dissipate, continuing my work as if not heeding him, he led himself—distantly, yet intelligibly—to open upon the immediate state of his mind.

I now found that the King's staying on at Cheltenham a fifth week was scarcely supportable to him; that the 16th of next month was the mournful anniversary of his loss, and that he had planned to dedicate it in some peculiar manner to her memory, with his four children. Nothing of this was positively said; for

He feels the chastity of silent woe!¹

But all of it was indubitably comprised in the various short but pointed sentences which fell from him.

“To a certain extent,” he said, “we can all go, and support and sustain ourselves with firmness; but beyond it we falter. And where once the mind is made up to wait to a certain period for its relief—or, perhaps, I should say indulgence—it can bear anything during that time of probation without sinking, and without repining; but that denied or disappointed, it can bear nothing. Take from it that promised staff—that purposed term of ease—and all is over.”

I was so much affected for him I could scarce forbear offering to represent his situation to Her Majesty; but when I considered he had access to her at his pleasure, from his so much higher office, I feared it might seem unseasonable and officious, and therefore I was deterred.

He told me he had already, however, gone so far as to beg leave to decline being present at the

¹ See *ante*, p. 18.

ball, which was to be given on the 19th, at Windsor. And, afterwards, with a heartfelt sigh, he found, he said, that we were to travel on the 16th.

Well might he sigh! What a day for him to go through such fatigue, such public parade, such requisite and unavoidable exertion!

“And to dine,” he added, “at Nuneham, all the party, at Lord Harcourt’s”: and to this, with a yet deeper sigh, he acknowledged himself wholly unequal.

He then walked about the room in total silence for some minutes; after which, repeating that he could not go through with it, he uttered almost to himself, “Her Majesty must know what the 16th is to me.” And then, almost immediately, he wished me good morning, and went away; leaving me so much touched by the mournful state of his excellent mind, and so gratefully impressed by the kind confidence he seemed to feel that he spoke to a safe and a sympathising well-wisher, that I could not, for the whole day through, turn my thoughts to any other subject.

I would I could tell whether it is his wish I should openly enter into his affairs and situation, with that frank and avowed friendship to which all his conduct seems to lead, and which my high opinion of his character disposes me to meet half way; or whether he is better satisfied, and more relieved, by thus breaking out occasionally and incidentally into such communication only as arises from time to time, from the impulse of the moment, with no other stimulus than a general disposition to think well of the person who hears him.

This is just the point on which I would wish to consult my two beloved friends. I sometimes fear, by my continued silence and backwardness, to seem

insensible—at least insipid; and yet I prefer even that to the risk of coming forward, without a greater certainty it might prove to him some consolation. Oh no, I cannot give him that; some relief would be sufficient for me. No two casuists in the world, perhaps, would judge so properly in a point of such minute delicacy; but I am so cruelly in arrears in all accounts, that I shall never know your opinions till all occasion for them is past, except the constant pleasure to myself of hearing them, and comparing notes.

I must be guided, meanwhile, as I can, by what strikes at the moment.

Friday, July 25.—Again, to a very late breakfast came Mr. Fairly, which again he made for himself, when the rest were dispersed, of all the odd remnants, eatable and drinkable.

He was much better, and less melancholy. He said he should be well enough to join the royal party to-morrow, who were to dine and spend the whole day at Lord Coventry's, at Coombe.¹

I had, afterwards, a letter from Mrs. Hawkins,² written in the name of all the "Burnean System" in these parts, to inquire if I could not join their party, if I accompanied the Royal group to the Worcester music meeting. I have great hope I shall be able to arrange this.

In the afternoon, while Miss Planta and myself were sitting over our dessert, a gentle rap at the parlour-door preceded Mr. Fairly. How we both started!

He was muffled up in a greatcoat, and said he came quite *incog.*, as he was not well enough to dine anywhere but in his private apartment, nor to attend the Royals to the walks, whither they go

¹ George William, sixth Earl of Coventry (1722-1809), whose first wife had been the beautiful Maria Gunning. The family seat is Croome (not Coombe) Court, Severn Stoke, Worcestershire.

² Anne or "Nancy" Burney of Worcester, Fanny's cousin.

every evening. He had only strolled out for a walk by himself.

I could not persuade him to sit down; he said he must be gone immediately, lest he should be seen, and the King, not aware of his unfitness, should order his attendance.

Miss Planta, presently, was obliged to go to the Princesses, and wait with them till the promenade took place.

Quietly, then, he drew a chair to the table, and I saw he had something to say; but, after a little general talk, he rose and was going: when, hearing by the dogs the Royal Family were just in motion, he pulled off his greatcoat and seated himself again.

And then he took from his pocket a small volume, which he said he had taken this opportunity to bring me.

You will be sure it was the *Original Letters*.¹

I took them, and thanked him: he charged me with a very grave air to keep them safe, and I put them into my work-box—my dear Fredy's work-box—which here is my universal repository of small goods and chattels, and useful past all thanks.

By the time they were set off, however, we were entered into conversation, and he said he would venture to stay tea; "though, as I tell you," he added, "what I do not tell everybody, I must confess I have upon me some certain symptoms that make me a little suspect these Cheltenham waters are going to bring me to a fit of the gout."

And then he told me that that dreadful disorder had been frequently and dangerously in his family, though he had himself never had it but once, which was after a very bad fall from his horse when hunting with the King.

¹ See *ante*, p. 24.

Miss Planta now joined us, looking not a little surprised to find Mr. Fairly still here, and I ordered tea.

After it was over, she went to take her usual evening exercise ; and then Mr. Fairly, pointing to my work-box, said, " Shall I read a little to you ? "

Certainly, I said, if it would not too much fatigue him ; and then, with the greatest pleasure in renewing again a mode in which I had taken so much delight, I got my work and gave him his book.

Unluckily, however, it was the second volume ;¹ the first, having read, he had left in town.

" It is quite, however," he said, " immaterial whether you begin with the first volume or the second ; the story is nothing ; the language and the sentiments are all you can care for."

I did not quite agree in this, but would not say so, lest he should think of me as Colonel Gwynn does of him, " that I am very romantic " ; which, however, I am not, though I never like to anticipate an end ere I know a beginning.

Indeed, he had not praised them too highly, nor raised my expectations beyond what could answer them. They are full of beauties—moral, elegant, feeling, and rational.

He seemed most unusually gratified by seeing me so much pleased with them. " I am so glad," he cried, " you like them, for I thought you would ! " But we began so late that he could only get through two letters, when the time of my retiring arrived. I was sorry also to have him out so late after his long confinement ; but he wrapped himself up in his greatcoat, and did not seem to think he should suffer from it.

Miss Planta came to my room upstairs, to inquire how long Mr. Fairly had stayed, and I was

¹ See *ante*, p. 24.

quite happy to appease her astonishment that he should come without sending in to the King, by assuring her he was only nursing for the next day, when he meant to attend the Coombe party.

I thought it so absolutely right to mention his visit to the Queen, lest, hearing of it from the Princesses through Miss Planta, she should wonder yet more, that I put aside the disagreeable feel of exciting that wonder myself, and told her he had drank tea here, when I attended her at night.

She seemed much more surprised than pleased, till I added that he was preparing and hardening himself for the Coombe expedition the next day, and then she was quite satisfied.

Saturday, July 26.—The Royal party were to be out the whole day, and I had Her Majesty's permission to go to the play at night with Miss P—— and her friends, and to introduce Miss Planta to them for the same purpose.

The breakfast was at seven o'clock; we were all up at half after five. How sorry was I to see Colonel Gwynn enter alone, and to hear that Mr. Fairly was again ill!

Soon after the King came into the room and said, "So, no Mr. Fairly again?"

"No, sir; he's very bad this morning."

"What's the matter? His face?"

"No, sir; he has got the gout. These waters, he thinks, have brought it on."

"What, in his foot?"

"Yes, sir; he is quite lame; his foot is swelled prodigiously."

"So he's quite knocked up! Can't he come out?"

"No, sir; he's obliged to order a gouty shoe and stay at home and nurse."

The King declared the Cheltenham waters were admirable friends to the constitution, by bringing

disorders out of the habit. Mr. Fairly, he said, had not been well some time, and a smart fit of the gout might set him all to rights again.

Alas, thought I, a smart fit of the gout in a lonely lodging at a water-drinking place!

They all presently set off; and so fatigued was my poor little frame, I was glad to go and lie down; but I never can sleep when I try for it in the daytime; the moment I cease all employment, my thoughts take such an ascendance over my morphetic faculty, that the attempt always ends in a deep and most wakeful meditation.

About twelve o'clock I was reading in my private loan book, when, hearing the step of Miss Planta on the stairs, I put it back in my work-box, and was just taking thence some other employment, when her voice struck my ear almost in a scream—"Is it possible? Mr. Fairly!"

My own with difficulty refrained echoing it when I heard his voice answer her; and in a few minutes they parted, and he rapped at the door and entered my little parlour.

He came in hobbling, leaning on a stick, and with a large cloth shoe over one of his feet, which was double the size of the other.

We sat down together, and he soon inquired what I had done with his little book.

I had only, I answered, read two more letters.

"Have you read two?" he cried, in a voice rather disappointed; and I found he was actually come to devote the morning, which he knew to be unappropriated on my part, to reading it on to me himself. Then he took up the book and read on from the fifth letter. But he read at first with evident uneasiness, throwing down the book at every noise, and stopping to listen at every sound. At last he asked me if anybody was likely to come?

Not a soul, I said, that I knew or expected.

He laughed a little at his question and apparent anxiety; but with an openness that singularly marks his character, he frankly added, "I must put the book away, pure as it is, if any one comes; or, without knowing a word of the contents, they will run away with the title alone, exclaiming, 'Mr. Fairly reading love-letters to Miss Burney!' A fine story that would make!"

'Pon honour, thought I, I would not hear such a tale for the world. However, he now pursued his reading more at his ease.

I will not tell you what we said of them in talking them over. Our praise I have chiefly given—our criticism must wait till you have read them yourselves. They are well worth your seeking. I am greatly mistaken if you do not read them with delight.

In the course of the discussion he glided, I know not how, upon the writings of another person, saying he never yet had talked them over with me.

"It is much kinder not!" cried I hastily.

"How much," said he, "you must hear of them!"

"Too much!" cried I, "for I had ever rather not!"

"But here," said he, "now, in this quiet way."

Very fidgety, as he calls it, I made a search in my work-box, and spoke of something else.

"Well, but," cried he, laughing, "may I find a fault? Will you hear a criticism, if nothing of another sort?"

I was forced to accede to this.

He told me, then, there was one thing he wholly disallowed and wished to dispute, which was, Cecilia's refusing to be married on account of the anonymous prohibition to the ceremony.¹ He

¹ *Cecilia*, book vii. chap. vii.

could not, he said, think such an implied distrust of Delvile, after consenting to be his, was fair or generous.

“To that,” cried I, “I cannot judge what a man may think, but I will own it is what most precisely and indubitably I could not have resisted doing myself. An interruption so mysterious and so shocking I could never have had the courage to pass over.”

This answer rather silenced him from politeness than convinced him from reason, for I found he thought the woman who had given her promise was already married, and ought to run every risk rather than show the smallest want of confidence in the man of her choice.

I could have said more upon the peculiar situation of the already reluctant and distressed Cecilia, but I feared he might think I defended rather the composition than the circumstance; and to have repaid the frankness of his objection by a tenacious justification might have prevented similar fair dealing from him in future.

The subject, however, being always embarrassing to me except taken *en passant*, I silenced it away; for with Mr. Fairly, as with every high-bred character, that is a method infallible.

Columb now soon came in to inquire what time I should dine, but a ghost could not have made him stare more than Mr. Fairly, whose confinement with the gout had been spread all over the house by Colonel Gwynn.

I ordered an early dinner on account of the play.

“Will you invite me,” cried Mr. Fairly, laughing, “to dine with you?”

“Oh yes!” I cried, “with the greatest pleasure”; and he said he would go to his home and dress, and return to my hour.

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As he was at leisure, I had bespoke the Queen's hair-dresser, on account of the play; but Miss Planta came to inform me that she could not be of that party, as she had received a letter from Lady Charlotte Finch,¹ concerning Princess Mary, that she must stay to deliver herself.

I told her she would have a beau at dinner. "Well," she exclaimed, "'tis the oddest thing in the world he should come so when the King and Queen are away! I am sure, if I was you, I would not mention it."

"Oh yes, I shall," cried I; "I receive no visitors in private; and I am sure if I did, Mr. Fairly is the last who would condescend to make one of them."

Such was my proud, but true speech, for him and for myself.

At dinner we all three met; Mr. Fairly in much better spirits than I have yet seen him at Cheltenham. He attacks Miss Planta upon all her little prejudices, and rallies her into a defence of them, in a manner so sportive 'tis impossible to hurt her, yet so nearly sarcastic that she is frequently perplexed whether to take it in good or ill part. But his intentions are so decidedly averse to giving pain, that even when she is most alarmed at finding the laugh raised against her, some suddenly good-humoured or obliging turn sets all to rights, and secures any sting from remaining, even where the bee has been most menacing to fix itself.

I believe Mr. Fairly to possess from nature high animal spirits, though now curbed by misfortune; and a fine vein of satire, though constantly kept in order by genuine benevolence. He is still, in mixed company, gay, shrewd, and arch; foremost in *badinage*, and readiest for whatever may promote general entertainment. But in chosen society

¹ See *ante*, vol. ii. p. 373.

his spirits do not rise above cheerfulness; he delights in moral discourse, on grave and instructive subjects, and though always ready to be led to the politics or business of the day, in which he is constantly well versed and informing, I never observe him to lead but to themes of religion, literature, or moral life.

When dinner and a very sociable dessert were over, we proposed going to the King's dining-parlour, while the servants removed the things, etc., against tea. But the weather was so very fine we were tempted by the open door to go out into the air. Miss Planta said she would take a walk; Mr. Fairly could not, but all without was so beautiful he would not go into the parlour, and rather risked the fatigue of standing, as he leant against the porch, to losing the lovely prospect or sweet air.

And here, for near two hours, on the steps of Fauconberg Hall, we remained;¹ and they were two hours of such pure serenity, without and within, as I think, except in Norbury Park, with its loved inhabitants and my Susan, I scarce ever remember to have spent. Higher gaiety and greater happiness many and many periods of my life have at different times afforded me; but a tranquillity more perfect has only, I think, been lent to me in Norbury Park, where, added to all else that could soothe and attract, every affection of my heart could be expanded and indulged.

But what have I to do with a comparison no longer cherished but by memory!

The time I have mentioned being passed, Miss Planta returned from her walk, and we adjourned to the little parlour, where I made tea, and then I equipped myself for the play.

The sweet Miss P—— received me with her usual kind joy, and introduced me to her friends,

¹ See annexed illustration, where the steps are plainly shown.

who are Mr. Delabere, the master of the house, and chief magistrate of Cheltenham, and his family.¹ 21

We all proceeded to the play-house, which is a very pretty little theatre.² Mrs. Jordan played the *Country Girl*³ most admirably; but the play is so disagreeable in its whole plot and tendency, that all the merit of her performance was insufficient to ward off disgust. My principal end, however, was wholly answered, in spending the evening with my poor M——.⁴

Lady Harcourt is come to take the place of Lady Weymouth, whose waiting is over; and Lord Harcourt will lodge in the town of Cheltenham. We have no room here for double accommodations. 22

I have had two or three little visits, in my little parlour, from Lady Weymouth. She is a sensible, plain, unaffected woman, but hard and unpleasant in her manners, and so inferior to her charming mother, the late Duchess of Portland, who was all courtesy and grace and dignity in her demeanour, without a shadow of pride or self-importance, that I cannot see her without surprise as well as disappointment.

Sunday, July 27.—This morning in my first attendance I seized a moment to tell Her Majesty of yesterday's dinner. "So I hear!" she cried; and I was sorry any one had anticipated my information, nor can I imagine who it might be.

"But pray, ma'am," very gravely, "how did it happen? I understood Mr. Fairly was confined by the gout."

¹ Mr. Delabere's property was afterwards purchased by Henry Thompson, Esq., and became the site of the Montpellier Pump Room. 21

² It was a temporary building in Portland Passage (afterwards Pittville Street), turning out of the High Street.

³ *The Country Girl*, 1766, was an alteration, by Garrick, of Wycherley's Country Wife. It was revived for Mrs. Jordan.

⁴ Mary Ann Port.

“He grew better, ma'am, and hoped by exercise to prevent a serious fit.”

She said no more, but did not seem pleased. The fatigues of a Court attendance are so little comprehended, that persons known to be able to quit their room and their bed are instantly concluded to be qualified for all the duties of their office.

We were again very early, as their Majesties meant to go to the cathedral at Gloucester, where the Bishop of Gloucester, Dr. Halifax, was to preach to them. But I was particularly glad, before our breakfast was over, to see Mr. Fairly enter my little parlour. He was still in his gouty shoe, and assisted by a stick, but he had not suffered from his yesterday's exertion. He was, however, quite unfit for any attendance; but as Lord Salisbury¹ was here, and joined the suite, he was the less wanted.

Before the things were removed, a page opened the door, and all the Royal Family—King, Queen, and three Princesses—came into the room to see Mr. Fairly and inquire how he did.

I hardly know with which of the five he is most in favour, or by which most respected, and they all expressed their concern for this second attack, in the kindest terms.

The King, however, who has a flow of spirits at this time quite unequalled, would fain have turned the whole into ridicule, and have persuaded him he was only fanciful.

“Fanciful, sir?” he repeated, a little displeas'd; and the good King perceiving it, graciously and good-humouredly drew back his words, by saying, “Why, I should wonder indeed if you were to be that!”

¹ James, seventh Earl (1748-1823), afterwards created Marquess of Salisbury. He was Lord Chamberlain from 1783 to 1804.

When they all decamped I prepared for church. I had appointed to go with Miss P——, and to meet her on the road.

Mr. Fairly said, if I would give him leave, he would stay and write letters in my little parlour. I supplied him with materials, and emptied my Queen's writing-box for a desk, as we possess nothing here but a low dining-table. So away went journals, letters, memorandums, etc. etc., into the red portfolio given me by my dear father.

As soon as I presented him with this, not at all aware of the goods and chattels removed for the occasion, he said it was so very comfortable he should now write all his letters here, for at his lodgings he had such a miserable low table he had been forced to prop it up by brickbats! He writes very much, and his first pleasure seems receiving and answering his letters. Here it may well have such precedence.

We went on to the church, which is large and commodious enough. Mr. Boulby, father of Lady Courtown,¹ received us into his daughter's pew.

*Mr. & Mrs. B.
promised by
Lady Courtown*

Mr. Fairly sealed and made up his dispatches, and then said he would stroll a little out to put his foot in motion. "And what," he asked, "shall you do?"

I had a great mind to say, Why, stroll with you; for that, I think, was the meaning of his question; but I feared it might prevent my being dressed against the return of the Queen, and I do not think she would have thought it an adequate excuse!

The Royals came home to an exceeding late dinner. The gouty shoe being readily admitted,

¹ Lady Courtown's mother, Mary, the younger daughter of George, third Earl of Cardigan, had married, for the second time, Thomas Bowlby, of Durham, a Commissioner of Excise, and a member of the Dilettanti Society. Reynolds painted him in 1766.

Mr. Fairly resumed his seat at the King's table.

24^e On the walks we met Miss Palmer, Miss Ogle, etc., and a multitude of new-comers—starers rather—but all perfectly well behaved and quiet. The King and Queen stopped to speak to Mrs. Granville¹ and Miss P—— very graciously.

Monday, July 28.—Miss Ogle acquainted me that this was the last day of her remaining at Cheltenham, and I promised to drink tea with her in the afternoon; and the Queen honoured me with a commission to bring Mrs. Ogle on the walks, as His Majesty wished again to see her.

Mr. Fairly very slowly amending, came again late to breakfast, but was not well enough to ride out with the Royal party. He remained some time with me when they were gone, but almost entirely silent, leaving me to pursue my work, of which, I assure you, I have plenty, while he pursued his reflections. Melancholy ones they seemed, and sad the mind whence they flowed.

It became quite painful to me to refrain from proposing to assist him, in all that now could alleviate his suffering, which was, obtaining him leave of absence previous to our general departure; but the fear of officiousness forced me to be quiet.

25^f I recollected some letters I had been shown formerly by Mr. Astle, a collector, antiquary, etc.,² through the means of Mrs. Thrale, in which a part of Mr. Fairly's family were much concerned. They were copies, and all addressed to Sir Charles Hanbury Williams.³ Some were from the Duke of Newcastle, when in the late King's ministry; others

¹ Miss Port's aunt, with whom she was living.

² Thomas Astle, 1735-1803, the palæographer, author of the *Origin and Progress of Writing*, 1784. He figures in the *Court Register* for 1787 as

“Receiver of the Civil List Deductions from all salaries exceeding £50.”

³ Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, 1708-59, the statesman and wit.

from Lord Essex and Lord Holland ; but the chief of the collection were from Lord —.

“Could you allow,” I cried, “to be asked anything by halves, where previously told that you must make no inquiries after the whole?”

“Yes,” cried he, a little smiling, “’tis what I wish.”

I then asked him what relation to himself that Lord — might be, and gave him a little account of the letters, but told him I could not inform him who was their possessor, nor how I came to see them, as I was intrusted secretly.

It was possible, he said, it might be his eldest brother, who was many years older than himself ; or, perhaps, his grandfather, the late Lord. His own father died before he came to the title.

I related to him a character given, in these letters, of the late Mr. Pitt, which, I remember, finished with these words, after much of praise and much of censure—“He is inflexible, impracticable, invincible!”

This led to a little talk of his family, in which he named his mother with the most filial reverence. He told me she had left him her executor, and that then all the letters and papers of his father and grandfather were in his possession ; but as he conceived they might turn to some possible mischief, by falling into incautious or evil hands, he had burned them all, and now forgot even what they were.

I found Mrs. Ogle and her daughters all civility and good humour. Poor Mrs. Ogle has lately (by what means I do not know) wholly lost her eyesight ; but she is perfectly resigned to this calamity, and from motives just such as suit a Bishop’s daughter. When I told her who desired her to be on the walks, she was extremely gratified.

Spotty is a complete rebel,¹ according to the principles of her republican father, and protested it would only be a folly and fuss to go, for *their* notice! The younger sisters are bred rebels too; but the thought of guiding their mother, when such royal distinction was intended her, flattered and fluctuated them. There was another lady with them, who told me that Dr. Warton of Winchester² had desired her to make acquaintance with me; but I have forgotten her name, and have no time to refresh my memory with it.

To the walks we went, the good and pious Mrs. Ogle between her two young daughters, and Spotty and I together. Spotty begged me to go to the ball with her, but I had neither licence nor inclination.

The Queen immediately espied Mrs. Ogle, by seeing me, as I heard her say to the King; and they approached the spot where we stood, in the most gracious manner. The King spoke with such kindness to Mrs. Ogle, and with such great regard of her late father, that the good lady was most deeply affected with pleasure. I believe they stayed half an hour with her, talking over old scenes and circumstances. Spotty kept pulling me all the time, to decamp; but I kept "invincible,"—not quite like Mr. Pitt, yet "invincible." At last the King spoke to her: this confused her so much, between the pleasure of the notice, and the shame of feeling that pleasure, that she knew not what she either did or said, answered everything wrong, and got out of the line, and stood with her back to the Queen, and turned about she knew not why, and behaved like one who had lost her wits.

When they left us, Mrs. Ogle expressed her grateful sense of the honour done her, almost with

¹ See *ante*, p. 29.

² Joseph Warton (see *ante*, vol. i. p. 196).

tears; the two young ones said they had never conceived the King and Queen could be such sweet people; and poor Spotty was so affected and so constrained in denying them praise, and persisting that she thought it "all a bore," that I saw the republican heart was gone, though the tongue held its ground.

A second time, after a few more turns, the same gracious party approached, with fresh recollections and fresh questions concerning interesting family matters. This was more than could be withstood; Mrs. Ogle was almost overpowered by their condescension; the young ones protested they should never bear to hear anything but praise of them all their lives to come; and poor Spotty was quite dumb! She could not, for shame, join the chorus of praise, and to resist it she had no longer any power.

We did not, however, stop here; for still a third time they advanced, and another conference ensued, in which Mrs. Ogle's sons were inquired for, and their way of life, and designs and characters.

This ended and completed the whole; Mrs. Ogle no longer restrained the tears of pleasure from flowing; her little daughters declared, aloud, the King and Queen were the two most sweet persons in the whole world, and they would say so as long as they lived; and poor Spotty, colouring and conscious, said—"But I hope I did not behave so bad this time as the first?"

Nay, so wholly was she conquered, that, losing her stubbornness more and more by reflection, she would not let me take leave till she obliged me to promise I would either call the next morning, before their departure, or write her a little note, to say if they found out or mentioned her ungraciousness.

I was too well pleased in the convert to refuse her this satisfaction; and so full was her mind of

her new loyalty, that when she found me steady in declining to go with her to the ball, she gave it up herself, and said she would go home with her mother and sisters, to talk matters over.

I was very much pleased, indeed, with this whole business.

Tuesday, July 29.—Our breakfast this morning was again in the original style. Mr. Fairly came at the usual hour, eight o'clock, with Colonel Gwynn, and afterwards attended His Majesty on horseback. His gout has ended without a serious fit; though I am sorry to find he seems to think his general health would more have benefited by its quitting him less abruptly.

Wednesday, July 30.—In the afternoon I went again to the play, with Miss P—— and the Delaberes and the Granvilles. It was *Sir Harry Wildair*, and Mrs. Jordan¹ performed it extremely well, but very little to my satisfaction. It is a very disagreeable play, and wholly abounding in all that can do violence to innocence and morality; but it gave me an evening with that sweet young friend, and we neither of us cared much for the stage, while both had so much to communicate and to hear, of nearer interest.

It was for the benefit of Mrs. Jordan; and all our household had taken tickets, at the request of Mrs. Milbanke, a lady here who patronises all the players.

Thursday, July 31.—Mr. Fairly joined Miss Planta and me at tea. "And here," cried he, "after all the toils and bustle of the day, here we meet, to finish with our quiet dish of tea the last, and not, to me, least pleasant part of the day's business."

¹ See *ante*, vol. iiii. p. 385. *Sir Harry Wildair* is by George Farquhar. Mrs. Woffington was the most popular exponent of its leading character.

269

We talked much upon letter-writing, perfectly agreeing in holding it the first of all enjoyments, in the absence of those first in our affections. He has many correspondents, for he has many friends, and loves to keep up a constant intercourse with them. 'Tis a rule with him to destroy his letters almost as soon as they are answered. Here, certainly, we agreed not so perfectly.

"You do not," cried he, "burn your letters?"

I was too fairly detected for evasion, but I assured him I kept none dishonourably—none that I was bid to destroy.

He then said he thought it a bad and dangerous custom to keep them.

"But what fortitude," cried I, "does it not require to burn them, when they are written by those we wish to write them!"

"And what," cried he, "is to become of yours, if anything happens? Think but how they will be seized; everybody will try to get some of them; what an outcry there will be! Have you seen Miss Burney's letters? Have you got any? I have a bit! and I have another! and I! and I! will be the cry all round."

No, no; I assured him I was not quite so inconsiderate of consequences. All my papers would fall into the hands of one of the most honourable characters in the world, though a pretty near relation of mine,—a certain sister, in whose discretion and delicacy I had a reliance the most perfect; and I was sure, I said, I might depend upon the Queen that they should be safely transmitted to her; I could not, therefore, conceive there could be either danger or crime, so situated, in retaining them.

He did not, however, quite acquit me: his sincerity is proof against everything, but the fullest conviction; and he told me it was commonly a

mere visionary notion, that of reading over letters in future times; those times brought their own letters and avocations, and all such hoards were as generally useless as they were frequently hazardous.

Oh, could he see my hoards, what a conflagration would he make for me! However, he has really, by his reasoning, wrought upon me a resolution to take a general review of my manuscript possessions, and to make a few gentle flames, though not to set fire to the whole.

26
Miss Planta said the Duke of York was expected the next day. This led to much discourse on the Princes, in which Mr. Fairly, with his usual but most uncommon openness, protested there was something in the violence of their animal spirits that would make him accept no post and no pay to live with them. Their very voices, he said, had a loudness and force that wore him.

Immediately after he made a little attack—a gentle one, indeed—upon me, for the contrary extreme, of hardly speaking, among strangers at least, so as to be heard. “And why,” cried he, “do you speak so low? I used formerly not to catch above a word in a sentence from you.”

This is a fault it is high time to conquer; but—but, whenever embarrassment comes voice goes! and what can I do? Amend, however, I will, as fast as I can. How would Mr. Cambridge have delighted in hearing this mentioned to me! he has so often murmured upon the subject.

In talking on about the Princes, he asked me how I managed with them.

Not at all, I said, for since I had resided under the Royal roof they were rarely there, and I had merely seen them two or three times.

He congratulated me that I had not been in the

family in earlier days, when they all lived together ; and Miss Planta enumerated various of their riots, and the distresses and difficulties they caused in the household.

I was very glad, I said, to be out of the way, though I did not doubt but I might have kept clear of them had I been even then a resident.

“Oh no, no,” cried Mr. Fairly ; “they would have come to you, I promise you ; and what could you have done—what would have become of you ? —with Prince William in particular ? Do you not think, Miss Planta, the Prince of Wales and Prince William¹ would have been quite enough for Miss Burney ? Why, she would have been quite subdued !”

275
283
29

I assured him I had not a fear but I might always have avoided them.

“Impossible ! They would have come to your tea-room.”

“I would have given up tea.”

“Then they would have followed you—called for you—sent for you—the Prince of Wales would have called about him, ‘Here ! where’s Miss Burney ?’”

“Oh no, no, no !” cried I ; “I would have kept wholly out of the way, and then they would never have thought about me.”

“Oh, ho !” cried he, laughing, “never think of seeing Miss Burney ! Prince William, too ! what say you to that, Miss Planta ?”

She agreed there was no probability of such escape.

I was only the more glad to have arrived in later times.

Here a page came to call Mr. Fairly to backgammon with His Majesty.

And here ends July, 1788.

¹ The Duke of Clarence, afterwards William IV.

PART XXXIV

1788

Fondness of George III. for the Duke of York—Mr. Bunbury the caricaturist—Plays and players—Mrs. Jordan—Royal Family at a country theatre—Royal visit to the Bishop of Worcester—Churchill—Hastings' trial—Excursion to Worcester—Bishop Hurd—The Bishop's Palace—Worcester music meeting—Dr. Langhorn—Mr. Mason—Mrs. Montagu—Horace Walpole—The Bishop of Worcester—Loyal addresses—Music meeting—Return to Cheltenham—The Princess Elizabeth—Conversation with the Queen—The Cheltenham Theatre—Lord Mountmorris—The Princess Daschkau—Return to Windsor—An old acquaintance—Court routine—Dr. Shepherd—M. de Lalande, the astronomer—Dr. Maskelyne—Royal birthday—The Prince of Wales at Windsor—Return to Kew—Westminster election—Graciousness of the Queen to her attendants—D'Alembert's *Éloges*.

Friday, August 1.—This was a very busy day; the Duke of York was expected, and his fond father had caused a portable wooden house¹ to be moved from the further end of Cheltenham Town up to join to Falconberg Hall. The task had employed twenty or thirty men almost ever since our arrival, and so laborious, slow, difficult, and all but impracticable had it proved, that it was barely accomplished before it was wanted. There was no room, however, in the King's actual dwelling, and

¹ It was carried up entire on July 28, after having been put together in the town. It was afterwards removed to the site of Sadler's Wells House, and is now no longer in existence (Griffith's *Cheltenham*, 1826, 20 and note).

he could not endure not to accommodate his son immediately next himself.

His joy upon his arrival was such joy as I have only seen here when he arrived first from Germany; I do not mean it was equally violent, or, alas! equally unmixed, but yet it was next and nearest to that which had been most perfect.

Mr. Bunbury¹ attended his Royal Highness. We had all dispersed from breakfast, but the King came in, and desired me to make him some. Mr. Fairly had brought him to my little parlour, and, having called Columb, and assisted in arranging a new breakfast, he left us, glad, I suppose, of a morning to himself, for His Majesty was wholly engrossed by the Duke. h.

We talked over his usual theme—plays and players—and he languished to go to the theatre and see Mrs. Jordan. Nor did he languish in vain: his Royal Master, the Duke, imbibed his wishes, and conveyed them to the King; and no sooner were they known than an order was hastily sent to the play-house, to prepare a royal box.

The Queen was so gracious as to order Miss Planta and myself to have the same entertainment. We went into a box near the stage, which is always appropriated for Mr. Delabere,² as chief magistrate, whenever he chooses to make use of it.

Very vexatiously, however, my message arrived so late, that my dear Miss P—— and her aunt, etc., were out. Mr. Delabere and the sweet little Anne Dewes accompanied us to their box. 29 d -

The delight of the people that their King and Queen should visit this country theatre was the most disinterested I ever witnessed; for though they had not even a glance of their Royal countenances, they shouted, huzzaed, and clapped, for many minutes. The managers had prepared the

¹ See *ante*, vol. iii. p. 304.

² See *ante*, p. 47.

front boxes for their reception, and therefore the galleries were over them. They made a very full and respectable appearance in this village theatre. The King, Queen, Duke of York, and three Princesses, were all accommodated with front seats; Lord Harcourt stood behind the King, Lady Harcourt and Mr. Fairly behind the Queen; Lord and Lady Courtown and Lady Pembroke behind the Princesses; and, at the back, Colonel Gwynn and Mr. Bunbury; Mr. Boulby and Lady Mary¹ were also in the back group.

I was somewhat taken up in observing a lady who sat opposite to me, Miss W——.² My Susanna will remember that extraordinary young lady at Bath, whose conduct and conversation I have either written or repeated to her.

I could not see her again without being much struck by another recollection, of more recent and vexatious date. Mrs. Thrale, in one of the letters she has published,³ and which was written just after I had communicated to her my singular rencontre with this lady, says to Dr. Johnson, "Burney has picked up an infidel, and recommended to her to read *Rasselas*."

This has a strange sound, but when its circumstances are known, its strangeness ceases; it meant Miss W——, and I greatly fear, from the date and the book, she cannot but know the "infidel" and herself are one. I was truly concerned in reading it, and I now felt almost ashamed as well as concerned in facing her, though her infidelity, at that time, was of her own public avowal. Mr. Bunbury is particularly intimate with her, and admires her beyond all women.

The Duke of York, so long expected, declared he could stay but one night; he was forced to be

¹ See *ante*, p. 49.

² See *ante*, vol. i. p. 394.

³ *Letters to and from Dr. Samuel Johnson*, etc., 1788, ii. 129.

in town on Sunday, by military business;¹ but he would travel all Saturday night, that he might defer his setting off till the day was over.

"I wonder," cried Mr. Fairly very gravely, "how these Princes, who are thus forced to steal even their travelling from their sleep, find time to say their prayers!"

You may imagine, nobody stopped to make out how that might be managed.

Notwithstanding, however, this violent fatigue, the Duke agreed to attend their Majesties on the Saturday to Hartlebury, beyond Worcester, whither they had graciously engaged themselves to the Bishop of Worcester, Dr. Hurd.

When they were gone, Miss Planta and myself, by the Queen's direction, went in a chaise to see Tewkesbury. We were carried to several very beautiful points of view, all terminating with the noble hills of Malvern; and we visited the cathedral, which is very ancient, and contains many of the unhappy warriors in the battles of the Two Roses;—Lord Warwick, the Duke of Clarence, etc. The pews of this cathedral seem the most unsafe, strange, and irregular that were ever constructed; they are mounted up, story after story, without any order, now large, now small, now projecting out wide, now almost indented in back, nearly to the very roof of the building. They look as if, ready made, they had been thrown up, and stuck wherever they could, entirely by chance.

We returned home just in time to be hastily dressed before the Royals came back. I was a little, however, distressed on being told, as I descended to dinner, that Mr. Richard Burney²

¹ Those who desire information as to the Duke's military exploits will do well to study the *Correspondence* of Charles, first Marquis Cornwallis, 1859, 3 vols.

² Richard Burney, second son of Richard Burney of Worcester, Fanny's uncle.

30.

v. 77 ?

was in my parlour. The strict discipline observed here, in receiving no visits, made this a very awkward circumstance, for I as much feared hurting him by such a hint, as concurring in an impropriety by detaining him. Miss Planta suffers not a soul to approach her to this house ; and Lady Harcourt has herself told me she thinks it would be wrong to receive even her sisters, Miss Vernons, so much all-together is now the house and household !

My difficulty was still increased, when, upon entering the parlour, I found him in boots, a riding dress, and hair wholly without curl or dressing. Innocently, and very naturally, he had called upon me in his travelling garb, never suspecting that in visiting me he was at all in danger of seeing or being seen by any one else. Had that indeed been the case, I should have been very glad to see him ; but I knew, now, his appearance must prove every way to his disadvantage, and I felt an added anxiety to acquaint him with my situation.

Miss Planta looked all amazement ; but he was himself all ease and sprightly unconsciousness.

We were obliged to sit down to dinner ; he had dined. I was quite in a panic the whole time, lest any of the Royals should come in before I could speak ; but, after he had partaken of our dessert, as much *en badinage* as I could, I asked him if he felt stout enough to meet the King ? and then explained to him, as concisely as I had power, that I had here no room whatsoever at my own disposal, in such a manner as to enable my having the happiness to receive any of my private friends ; even Miss P——, though known to all the Royal Family, I could never venture to invite, except when they were abroad : such being, at present, the universal practice and forbearance of all the attendants in this tour.

He heard me with much surprise, and much laughter at his own elegant equipment for such encounters as those to which he now found himself liable; but he immediately proposed decamping, and I could not object.

Yet, to soften this disagreeable explanation, I kept him a few minutes longer, settling concerning our further meeting at the concerts at Worcester, and, in this little interval, we were startled by a rap at my door.

He laughed, and started back; and I, alarmed, also retreated. Miss Planta opened the door, and called out—"Tis Mr. Fairly."

I saw him in amaze at sight of a gentleman; and he was himself immediately retiring, concluding, I suppose, that nothing less than business very urgent could have induced me to break through rules so rigidly observed by himself and all others. I would not, however, let him go; but as I continued talking with Richard about the music meeting and my cousins, he walked up to the window with Miss Planta.

I now kept Richard as long as I well could, to help off his own embarrassment at this interruption; at length he went.

Hearing now the barking of the dogs, I knew the Royals must be going forth to their promenade; but I found Mr. Fairly either did not hear or did not heed them; for, upon my having asked some question about Hartlebury, he said, "If you'll give me leave I'll sit down and tell you the whole of the expedition."

He then gave a most interesting narration of the excursion of their Majesties, and of their delighted reception by the county of Worcester. So immense and so respectful a crowd Mr. Fairly declared he had never seen, and confessed he had been extremely affected by their loyal joy, though now

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accustomed to such scenes. Their extreme good behaviour had induced him, occasionally, to hang a little back from the Royal group, in order to satisfy the curiosity he heard them expressing, of knowing who was who; and he declared he never saw people so obliged as they all showed themselves, that one of the "uniforms" would come among them, to point out one princess from another, and tell the names of the whole party.

While I expected him every moment to recollect himself, and hasten to the walks, he quietly said, "They are all gone but me. I shall venture, to-night, to shirk;—though the King will soon miss me. But what will follow? He will say—'Fairly is tired! How shabby!' Well! let him say so; I *am* tired!"

Miss Planta went off, soon after, to her walk.

He then said, "Have you done with my little book?"

"Oh yes!" I cried, "and this morning I have sent home the map of Gloucester you were so good as to send us. Though, I believe, I have kept both so long, you will not again be in any haste to lend me either a map of the land, or a poem of the sea!"

I then gave him back the *Shipwreck*.

"Shall I tell you," cried I, "a design I have been forming upon you?"

"A design upon me?"

"Yes; and I may as well own it, for I shall be quite as near success as if I disguise it."

I then went to my little drawer and took out "Akenside."¹

"Here," I cried, "I intended to have had this fall in your way, by pure accident, on the evening you were called to the conjurer, and I have planned the same ingenious project every evening since, but it has never taken, and so now I produce it fairly!"

¹ See *ante*, p. 16.

"That," cried he, taking it, with a very pleased smile, "is the only way in all things!"

He then began reading *The Pleasures of the Imagination*,¹ and I took some work, for which I was much in haste, and my imagination was amply gratified.

How sweet a poem, in parts, it is! I rejoiced never to have read it sooner, unless, indeed, I had read it with my Susan or Fredy. But anything highly beautiful I have almost an aversion to reading alone.

He only looked out for favourite passages, as he has the poem almost by heart, and he read them with a feeling and energy that showed his whole soul penetrated with their force and merit.

After the first hour, however, he grew uneasy; he asked me when I expected the King and Queen from their walk, and whether they were likely to come into my room?

"All," I said, "was uncertain."

"Can nobody," he cried, "let you know when they are coming?"

"Nobody," I answered, "would know till they were actually arrived."

"But," cried he, "can you not bid somebody watch?"

'Twas rather an awkward commission, but I felt it would be an awkwardness still less pleasant to me to decline it, and therefore I called Columb, and desired he would let me know when the Queen returned.

He was then easier, and laughed a little, while he explained himself, "Should they come in and find me reading here before I could put away my book, they would say we were two blue stockings!"

I am always ready enough to enter into any caution to save that pedantic charge, and therefore

¹ See *ants*, p. 16.

we were perfectly agreed. And perhaps he was a little the more anxious not to be surprised to-night, lest his being too tired for walking should be imputed to his literary preference of reading to a *blue*.

At tea Miss Planta again joined us, and instantly behind him went the book. He was very right; for nobody would have thought it more odd—or more blue.

During this repast they returned home, but all went straight upstairs, the Duke wholly occupying the King; and Mr. Bunbury went to the play. When Miss Planta, therefore, took her evening stroll, Akenside again came forth, and with more security.

“There is one ode here,” he cried, “that I wish to read to you, and now I think I can.”

I told him I did not in general like Akenside’s odes, at least what I had chanced to read, for I thought they were too inflated, and filled with “liberty cant.” “But this, however,” cried he, “I must read to you, it is so pretty, though it is upon love!”

’Tis addressed to Olympia:¹ I daresay my dearest Fredy recollects it. It is, indeed, most feelingly written; but we had only got through the first stanza when the door suddenly opened, and enter Mr. Bunbury.

After all the precautions taken, to have him thus appear at the very worst moment! Vexed as I was, I could really have laughed; but Mr. Fairly was ill disposed to take it so merrily. He started, threw the book forcibly behind him, and instantly took up his hat, as if decamping.

¹ In Akenside’s *Works* it is headed “On Love—To a Friend,” and ends—

Fool that I was!—And now, even now,
While thus I preach the Stoic strain,
Unless I shun *Olympia’s* View, etc.

I really believe he was afraid Mr. Bunbury would caricature us! "The sentimental readers!" or what would he have called us?

Luckily this confusion passed unnoticed. Mr. Bunbury had run away from the play to see after the horses, etc., for his Duke, and was fearful of coming too late.

Plays and players now took up all the discourse, with Miss W——, till the Duke was ready to go.

They then left me together, Mr. Fairly smiling drolly enough in departing, and looking at "Aken-side" with a very arch shrug, as who should say, "What a scrape you had nearly drawn me into, Mr. Akenside!"

Sunday, August 3.—This morning I was so violently oppressed by a cold, which turns out to be the influenza, it was with the utmost difficulty I could dress myself. I did indeed now want some assistant most woefully.

The Princess Royal has already been some days disturbed with this influenza. When the Queen perceived it in me she told His Majesty, who came into the room just as she was going to breakfast. Without making any answer, he himself went immediately to call Mr. Clerk, the apothecary, who was then with the Princess Royal.

"Now, Mr. Clerk," cried he, "here's another patient for you."

Mr. Clerk, a modest, sensible man, concluded, by the King himself having called him, that it was the Queen he had now to attend, and he stood bowing profoundly before her; but soon observing she did not notice him, he turned in some confusion to the Princess Augusta, who was now in the group.

"No, no! it's not me, Mr. Clerk, thank God!" cried the gay Princess Augusta.

Still more confused, the poor man advanced to Princess Elizabeth.

“No, no ; it’s not her !” cried the King.

I had held back, having scarce power to open my eyes, from a vehement headache, and not, indeed, wishing to go through my examination till there were fewer witnesses. But His Majesty now drew me out. “Here, Mr. Clerk,” he cried, “this is your new patient !”

He then came bowing up to me, the King standing close by, and the rest pretty near.

“You—you are not well, ma’am ?” he cried in the greatest embarrassment.

“No, sir, not quite,” I answered in ditto.

“Oh, Mr. Clerk will cure you !” cried the King.

“Are—are you feverish, ma’am ?”

“Yes, sir, a little.”

“I—I will send you a saline draught, ma’am.”

“If you please.”

And then he bowed and decamped.

Did you ever hear a more perfectly satisfactory examination ? The poor modest man was overpowered by such Royal listeners and spectators, and I could not possibly relieve him, for I was little better myself.

I went down to breakfast, but was so exceedingly oppressed I could not hold up my head ; and as soon as I could escape I went to my own room, and laid down till my noon attendance, which I performed with so much difficulty I was obliged to return to the same indulgence the moment I was at liberty.

Down at last I went, slow and wrapped up. I found Mr. Fairly alone in the parlour, reading letters with such intentness that he did not raise his head, and with an air of the deepest dejection.

I remained wholly unnoticed a considerable time; but at last he looked up, and with some surprise, but a voice of extreme sadness, he said, "Is that Miss Burney? I thought it had been Miss Planta."

I begged him to read on, and not mind me; and I called for tea.

When we had done tea, "See, ma'am," he cried, "I have brought you Carr;¹ and here is a sermon upon the text I mean, when I preach, to choose:— 'Keep innocency, and take heed to the thing that is right; for that will bring a man peace at the last.'"

Sincerely I commended his choice; and we had a most solemn discussion of happiness, not such as coincides with gaiety here, but hope of salvation hereafter. His mind has so religious a propensity, that it seems to me, whenever he leaves it to its natural bent, to incline immediately and instinctively to subjects of that holy nature.

Humility, he said, in conclusion, humility was all in all for tranquillity of mind; with that, little was expected and much was borne, and the smallest good was a call for gratitude and content.

How could this man be a soldier? Might one not think he was bred in the cloisters?

"Well," cried he, again taking up the volume of Carr, "I will just sit and read this sermon, and then quietly go home."

He did so, feelingly, forcibly, solemnly; it is an excellent sermon; yet so read—he so sad, and myself so ill—it was almost too much for me, and I had some difficulty to behave with proper propriety.

To him subjects of this sort, ill or well, bring nothing, I believe, but strength as well as comfort.

¹ Perhaps George Carr, 1704-76, a fifth edition of whose sermons was issued in 1784. Beattie praised him as a preacher.

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The voice of dejection with which he began changed to one of firmness ere he had read three pages.

Something he saw of unusual sinking, notwithstanding what I hid; and, with a very kind concern, when he had finished the sermon, he said, "Is there anything upon your spirits?"

"No," I assured him, "but I was not well; and mind and body seemed to go together sometimes, when they did not."

"But they do go together," cried he, "and will."

However, he took no further notice: he is like me, for myself, in that—that whatever he thinks only bodily is little worth attention; and I did not care to risk explaining to his strong and virtuous mind the many fears and mixed sensations of mine, when brought to a close disquisition of awaiting eternity.

I never, but with Mrs. Delany and Dr. Johnson, have entered so fully and so frequently upon this awful subject as with Mr. Fairly. My dear and most revered Mrs. Delany dwelt upon it continually, with joy, and pure, yet humble hope. My ever-honoured Dr. Johnson recurred to it perpetually, with a veneration compounded of diffidence and terror, and an incessant, yet unavailing plan, of amending all errors, and rising into perfection. Mr. Fairly leans upon it as the staff of his strength—the trust, the hope, the rest of his soul—too big for satisfaction in aught this world has given, or can reserve for him.

He did not, however, "go quietly home" when he had finished the sermon; on the contrary, he revived in his spirits, and animated in his discourse, and stayed on.

In speaking of the King he suddenly recollected some very fine lines of Churchill, made on his

accession to the throne.¹ I wish I could transcribe them, they are so applicable to that good king, from that moment of promise to the present of performance. But I know not in what part of Churchill's works they may be found.

Finding me unacquainted with his poems, he then repeated several passages, all admirably chosen; but among them his memory called forth some that were written upon Lord H——,² which were of the bitterest severity I ever heard:—whether deserved or not, Heaven knows; but Mr. Fairly said he would repeat them, for the merit of the composition. There was no examining his opinion of their veracity, and he made no comments; but this Lord H—— was the famous man so often in the House of Commons accused of expending, or retaining, unaccounted millions!

Having run through all he could immediately recollect, he said, with a very droll smile, "Come, now I'll finish our ode," and went to my drawer for "Akenside."

¹ Churchill's lines were ll. 131-138 of *Night*, 1761 :

But if, in searching round the world, we find
Some gen'rous youth, the friend of all mankind,
Whose anger, like the bolt of Jove, is sped
In terrors only at the guilty head,
Whose mercies, like heav'n's dew, refreshing fall
In gen'ral love and charity to all,
Pleas'd we behold such worth on any throne,
And doubly pleas'd we find it on our own.

In *The Conference*, 1763, ll. 359-360, he wrote—

Whilst George is king, I cannot fear endure;
Not to be guilty, is to be secure.

And in *The Ghost*, 1762, bk. ii. ll. 145-6, he says that Truth is—

Sure to be found a welcome guest
In George's and in Charlotte's breast.

² Henry Fox, first Lord Holland, 1705-74, paymaster-general of the forces under Bute from 1757 to 1765. Owing to alleged inaccuracies in his accounts while holding this office, he was stigmatised as "the defaulter of unaccounted millions."

While Bute remains in power, whilst Holland lives,
Can satire want a subject?—

writes Churchill in the *Epistle to Hogarth*, 1763, ll. 208-9. But the special lines referred to by Miss Burney are probably those in *The Conference*, 1763, beginning with l. 301: "'Tis not the title," etc.

His fears of surprise, however, again came upon him so strongly while reading it, that he flung away the book in the utmost commotion at every sound, lest any one was entering, always saying in excuse, "We must not be called two blue stockings"; and, "They are so glad to laugh; the world is so always on the watch for ridicule."

I know not by what means, but after this we talked over Mr. Hastings' trial. I find he is very much acquainted with Mr. Wyndham, and I surprised him not a little, I saw, by what I told him of part of my conferences with that gentleman.

This matter having led us from our serious subjects, he took up "Akenside" once more, and read to me the first book throughout. What a very, very charming poem is *The Pleasures of the Imagination*! He stayed to the last moment, and left me all the better for the time he thus rescued from feverish lassitude and suffering.

Tuesday, August 5.—This morning at breakfast I was much vexed to hear Mr. Fairly, during the whole repast, speaking with that unguarded openness which requires the most perfect understanding of his character, before one who heard all with a literal acceptation, and concluded him next to a rebel, though he is, perhaps, one of the most zealously devoted of rational subjects. But neither his zeal nor his devotion blind him; nor do I think they ever could to any object under heaven,—so clear seems his perception of good and ill, so unbiassed his mind by either partiality or prejudice.

He sat with us some minutes, giving an account of the route we were to take, and what was worth our looking for, and various other useful, though local matters. We were to travel in the evening on account of the heat; we should pass through much beautiful scenery, and there were some parts

for which he bid us look, in which he desired us, "not to let a blade of grass pass unnoticed."

Miss Planta and I followed, as usual, in the last royal coach, the two wardrobe-women joining us.

The journey to Worcester was very pleasant, and the country through which we passed extremely luxuriant and pretty. We did not go in by the Barborne Road; but all the road, and all avenues leading to it, were lined with people, and when we arrived at the city we could see nothing but faces; they lined the windows from top to bottom, and the pavement from end to end.

We drove all through the city to come to the palace of Bishop Hurd, at which we were to reside. Upon stopping there, the King had an huzza that seemed to vibrate through the whole town; the Princess Royal's carriage had a second, and the Equerries a third; the mob then, as ours drew on in succession, seemed to deliberate whether or not we also should have a cheer: but one of them soon decided the matter by calling out, "These are the Maids of Honour!" and immediately they gave us an huzza that made us quite ashamed, considering its vicinity.

Mr. Fairly and Colonel Goldsworthy having performed the royal attendance, waited to hand us out of the carriage; and then the former said he believed he should not be wanted, and would go and make a visit in the town. I should have much liked walking off also, and going to my cousins at Barborne Lodge; but I was no free agent, and obliged to wait for commands.

The Bishop received the Royal Family and all the suite; but lodged himself out of the house, the better to accommodate them.

The house is old and large; part of it looks to the Severn; but the celebrated "Fair Sabrina"

was so thick and muddy, that at this time her vicinity added but little to the beauty of the situation.

The utmost care and attention was paid by the good Bishop to the convenience and comfort of his royal guests, and all their people. Our party in this mansion consists of all the Royals, Lady Harcourt, Miss Planta, and myself, with pages, etc. Lady Pembroke,¹ Lord and Lady Courtown, Mr. Fairly, Colonels Goldsworthy and Gwynn, are all lodged in the town. Lord Coventry, as Recorder of Worcester,² is here to receive the King, and Lord Oxford is come as Lord in Waiting.

My bedroom is pleasant, with a view of the distant country and the Severn beneath it; but it is through that of the Princess Royal; which is an inconvenience her Royal Highness submits to with a grace that would make me ashamed to call it one to myself. The parlour for our eating is large and dark, and old-fashioned. I made tea in it to-night for Lord Courtown and the two Colonels, and Miss Planta, and was so much the better for my journey, that I felt the influenza nearly conquered.

Wednesday, August 6.—I had the pleasure to arrange going to the music meeting with my own family. Notes were immediately interchanged from and to Barborne Lodge, and the Queen was very well pleased that I should have this opportunity of joining my friends. Mr. and Mrs. Hawkins and Betsy called for me at the Bishop's. I was heartily glad to see Betsy and Mrs. Hawkins; I introduced Miss Planta to them, who was of our party. We sat in what are called the Stewards' places, immediately under their Majesties. The performance was very long, and tolerably

¹ Lady Pembroke (see *ante*, vol. i. p. 283) was a Lady of the Queen's Bedchamber.

² See *ante*, p. 38.

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tedious, consisting of Handel's gravest pieces and fullest choruses,¹ and concluding with a sermon concerning the institution of the charity, preached by Dr. Langhorne. I was, however, so glad to be with my cousins, that the morning was very comfortable and pleasant to me. Richard and James joined us occasionally; the rest of the family are at Shrewsbury.

It was over very late, and we then went about the church, to see King John's tomb, etc. They were very earnest with me to go to Barborne; but it was impossible. I promised, however, to accompany them to the concert at night, and be of their party to all the morning meetings at the cathedral.

My parlour at the Bishop's afforded me a good deal of entertainment, from observing the prodigious concourse of people from all the tops of houses, and looking over the walls to watch His Majesty's entrance into the courtyard. Poor Lord Courtown, on account of his star, was continually taken for the King, and received so many huzzas and shouts, that he hardly dared show himself except when in attendance.

I was looking at the window after dinner when his Lordship was forced to come out with the other gentlemen, to wait for the King, whom they were all going to attend to the china and other manufactories. Mr. Fairly saw me, and instantly came up to the window, to inquire how I did, and what was become of my influenza? The rest followed, and among them Lord Oxford, and they all stayed, chatting upon Worcester, etc., till His Majesty appeared. The Queen then came also to peep in and see how I was accommodated. The perfect

¹ "At eleven the Cathedral service began, at which was introduced, the Overture in Esther, Handel's Dettingen Te Deum, and Coronation Anthem" (*European Magazine*, xiv. 150).

good humour and graciousness of all the Royal Family in these excursions there is no describing. The Princess Royal regularly, during this Worcester visit, parted the orgeat given her for her own influenza, and with her own fair hands placed half of it by my bedside, where I always found it at night. Could anything be more sweetly condescending?

My cousins called in the evening, and we accompanied them to the concert, where I was much more pleased than in the morning, but obliged to come away at the end of the first act, as it was already ten o'clock; so late did they begin the performance.

When we came home I found my parlour filled with the gentlemen; the crowd had pressed so hard upon the Royal Family in their walk to the manufactories, that they had been obliged to order carriages and return home. It was merely eagerness to see them, for all was perfectly civil and loyal.

Thursday, August 7.—This afternoon I could have contrived to go to Barborne Lodge, as all the party attended their Majesties in an expedition to see sights; but my cousins themselves were at the concert, and I would not keep them away.

Poor Lady Harcourt had now the influenza with great severity, and was confined to the house, and till the evening, to her room, which was immediately within my parlour. When she found all were out except myself (for even Miss Planta was gone off shopping and walking), she sent to propose spending the evening with me. I could not but accept the honour, and she came, muffled up in cloaks and nightcaps, and stayed with me, *tête-à-tête*, three hours—that is, till I was summoned to the Queen.

We talked over Mr. Mason, Mrs. Montagu, and Mr. Walpole, all of whom she happened to know

had admitted me of their acquaintance. She was very courteous indeed, but the native stiffness of her character and deportment never wears away, and its effect upon me was, I am afraid, sympathetic. How long may a *tête-à-tête* seem, and how short! Time never goes so quick or so slow as in such duettos.

I had several little conferences with the Bishop of Worcester in the course of the day, which were extremely pleasant to me. He made me sundry little visits, while in waiting at different times for their Majesties.

Friday, August 8.—The Recorder of Worcester, Lord Coventry, and the Mayor and Aldermen, etc., arrived early this morning to conduct the King to the Town Hall, which he had settled to see. His Majesty came to the Queen while I was with her, to desire her to look at the procession from the window. She graciously bid me look also; and the King proposed bringing in Mr. Fairly, who had, I believe, some business with her. He came to my window to look on; and when the procession was passed I left the room and went down to a cold breakfast, Miss Planta having had hers; for we were here in more confusion as to meals, times, dressings, and meetings, than anywhere.

My cousins came at the usual time, and we all went again to the cathedral. Mara¹ sung very finely, but she is not a favourite singer of my heart's; I had not, therefore, any very exquisite delight, for I am sure there was no other chance for it. 34 + 21

¹ Gertrude Elizabeth Mara, *née* Schmelling, 1749-1833, a German vocalist. She sang in Handel's music. She had first come to England in 1784, and chiefly resided here until 1802, apparently with profit to herself:—"How we are ruined!" says the *Times* for February 16, 1793—"Bruni, the new singer, has 1400 guineas, Mara 1000, and a benefit, and Millerd, 1000 for the present Opera season."

In the evening the Royal Family determined to gratify the Worcester City by appearing at the concert. We were all to attend it also, and obliged to make up caps, forsooth, on the occasion, there having yet been none that required any dress without a hat.

Of course I went with my cousins. Miss Planta joined a lady of her acquaintance, Mrs. Fountain.

The box for the Royals was prepared upstairs, and made very handsome; but there was no sort of resting-place considered for their attendants, who were forced to stand perpendicular the whole time.

Mrs. Hawkins, Betsy, and myself, had places immediately behind the Royal box. The King, Queen, and Princesses had very handsome large chairs; their poor standing attendants were Lady Harcourt, Lord Oxford, Mr. Fairly, and the two Colonels to fill up; for in form and order the Equerries are never admitted into the Royal box, but in the country this etiquette is cast aside. Lord Oxford is in waiting as Lord of the Bedchamber.¹

I was so near them as occasionally to speak with them all, and even to receive from Colonel Goldsworthy one of the royal books of the words of the concert.

Poor Lady Harcourt was so weakened by her influenza that she was ready to drop, and after the first act was forced to entreat permission to resign her place to Lady Pembroke, who was in the gallery, and, being another Lady of the Bedchamber, was equally proper for it.

The concert was very Handelian, though not exclusively.

Saturday, August 9.—Her Majesty this morning a little surprised me by gravely asking me what

¹ See *ante*, p. 74.

were Mr. Fairly's designs with regard to his going away? I could not tell her I did not know what I was really acquainted with; yet I feared it might seem odd to her that I should be better informed than herself, and it was truly unpleasant to me to relate anything he had told me without his leave. Her question, therefore, gave me a painful sensation; but it was spoken with an air so strongly denoting a belief that I had power to answer it, that I felt no choice in making a plain reply. Simply, then, "I understand, ma'am," I said, "that he means to go to-morrow morning early."

"Will he stay on to-night, then, at Worcester?"

"N—o, ma'am, I believe not."

"I thought he meant to leave us to-day? He said so."

"He—intended it, ma'am,—he would else not have said it."

"I know I understood so, though he has not spoke to me of his designs this great while."

I saw an air bordering upon displeasure as this was said; and how sorry I felt!—and how ashamed of being concluded the person better informed! Yet, as he had really related to me his plan, and I knew it to be what he had thought most respectful to herself, I concluded it best, thus catechised, to speak it all, and therefore, after some hesitation uninterrupted by her, I said, "I believe, ma'am, Mr. Fairly had intended fully to begin his journey to-day, but, as your Majesty is to go to the play to-night, he thinks it his duty to defer setting out till to-morrow, that he may have the honour to attend your Majesty as usual."

This, which was the exact truth, evidently pleased her.

Here the inquiry dropped; but I was very uneasy to relate it to Mr. Fairly, that the sacrifice I knew he meant to make of another day might

not lose all its grace by wanting to be properly revealed.

Our journey back to Cheltenham was much more quiet than it had been to Worcester, for the royal party took another route to see Malvern Hills, and we went straight forward.

Miss Planta having now caught the influenza, suffered very much all the way, and I persuaded her immediately to lie down when we got to Falconberg Hall. She could not come down to dinner, which I had alone. The Princess Elizabeth came to me after it, with Her Majesty's permission that I might go to the play with my usual party; but I declined it, that I might make some tea for poor Miss Planta, as she had no maid, nor any creature to help her. The Princess told me they were all going first upon the walks, to *promener* till the play time.

I sat down to make my solitary tea, and had just sent up a basin to Miss Planta when, to my equal surprise and pleasure, Mr. Fairly entered the room. "I come now," he said, "to take my leave."

They were all, he added, gone to the walks, whither he must in a few minutes follow them, and thence attend to the play, and the next morning, by five o'clock, be ready for his postchaise.

Seeing me, however, already making tea, with his usual and invariable sociability he said he would venture to stay and partake, though he was only come, he gravely repeated, to take his leave.

"And I must not say," cried I, "that I am sorry you are going, because I know so well you wish to be gone that it makes me wish it for you myself."

"No," answered he, "you must not be sorry ;

when our friends are going to any joy we must think of them, and be glad to part with them."

Readily entering into the same tone, with similar plainness of truth I answered, "No, I will not be sorry you go, though miss you at Cheltenham I certainly must."

"Yes," was his unreserved assent, "you will miss me here, because I have spent my evenings with you; but you will not long remain at Cheltenham."

Oimè! thought I, you little think how much worse will be the quitting it. He owned that the bustle and fatigue of this life were too much both for his health and his spirits.

I told him I wished it might be a gratification to him, in his toils, to hear how the Queen always spoke of him; with what evident and constant complacency and distinction. "And you may credit her sincerity," I added, "since it is to so little a person as me she does this, and when no one else is present."

He was not insensible to this, though he passed it over without much answer. He showed me a letter from his second son, very affectionate and natural. I congratulated him, most sincerely, on his approaching happiness in collecting them all together. "Yes," he answered, "my group will increase, like a snowball, as I roll along, and they will soon all four be as happy as four little things know how to be."

This drew him on into some reflections upon affection and upon happiness. "There is no happiness," he said, "without participation; no participation without affection. There is, indeed, in affection a charm that leaves all things behind it, and renders even every calamity that does not interfere with it inconsequential; and there is no difficulty, no toil, no labour, no exertion, that

will not be endured where there is a view of reaping it."

My concurrence was too perfect to require many words.

"And affection there sometimes is," he continued, "even in this weak world, so pure, so free from alloy, that one is tempted to wonder, without deeply considering, why it should not be permanent, and why it should be vain."

Here I did not quite comprehend his conclusion ; but it was a sort of subject I could not probe, for various reasons. Besides, he was altogether rather obscure.

He ruminated some time, and then told me of a sermon he had heard preached some months ago, sensibly demonstrating the total vanity and insufficiency, even for this world, of all our best affections, and proving their fallibility from our most infirm humanity.

My concurrence did not here continue : I cannot hold this doctrine to be right, and I am most sure it is not desirable. Our best affections, I must and do believe, were given us for the best purposes, for every stimulation to good, and every solace in evil.

But this was not a time for argument. I said nothing, while he, melancholy and moralising, continued in this style as long as he could venture to stay.

He then rose and took his hat, saying, "Well, so much for the day ; what may come to-morrow I know not ; but, be it what it may, I stand prepared."

I hoped, I told him, that his little snowball would be all he could wish it, and I was heartily glad he would so soon collect it.

"We will say," cried he, "nothing of any regrets," and bowed, and was hastening off.

The "we," however, had an openness and

simplicity that drew from me an equally open and simple reply. "No," I cried, "but I will say—for that you will have pleasure in hearing—that you have lightened my time here in a manner that no one else could have done, of this party."

To be sure this was rather a circumscribed compliment, those he left considered; but it was strict and exact truth, and therefore like his own dealing.

He said not a word of answer, but bowed, and went away, leaving me firmly impressed with a belief that I shall find in him a true, an honourable, and even an affectionate friend, for life.

Soon after I went up to poor Miss Planta, and sat with her great part of the evening; and the rest was passed in a visit from Lady Harcourt, who had not been well enough for the play.

Sunday, Aug. 10.—Major Price¹ was of the breakfast party this morning, to my great contentment. I heartily wish he was again in the King's household, he is so truly attached to His Majesty, and he so earnestly himself wishes for a restoration, not to the Equerryship, which is too laborious an office, but to any attendance upon the King's person of less fatigue.

He opened to me very much upon his situation and wishes. He has settled himself in a small farm near the house of his eldest brother, but I could see too plainly he has not found there the contentment that satisfies him. He sighs for society; he owns books are insufficient for everything, and his evenings begin already to grow wearisome. He does not wish it to be talked of publicly, but he is solicitous to return to the King, in any place attached to his person, of but mild duty. Not only the King, he said, he loved, but all his society, and the way of life in general; and he had no tie whatsoever to Herefordshire that would make him

¹ See *ante*, vol. ii. p. 385.

hesitate a moment in quitting it, if any other place could be made adequate to his fortune. His income was quite too small for any absence from his home of more than a few weeks, in its present plight; and therefore it could alone be by some post under government that he must flatter himself with ever returning to the scenes he had left.

How rarely does a plan of retirement answer the expectations upon which it is raised! He fears having this suspected, and therefore keeps the matter to himself; but I believe he so much opened it to me, in the hope I might have an opportunity to make it known where it might be efficacious; for he told me, at the same time, he apprehended His Majesty had a notion his fondness for Herefordshire, not his inability to continue Equerry, had occasioned his resignation.

I shall certainly make it my business to hint this to the Queen. So faithful and attached a servant ought not to be thrown aside, and, after nine years' service, left unrewarded, and seem considered as if superannuated.

When I came from Her Majesty, just before she went down to dinner, I was met by a servant who delivered me a letter, which he told me was just come by express. I took it in some alarm, fearing that ill news alone could bring it by such haste, but, before I could open it, he said, "'Tis from Mr. Fairly, ma'am."

I hastened to read, and will now copy it:—

“MISS BURNEY, FALCONBERG HALL

“NORTHLEACH, Aug. 10, 1788.

“Her Majesty may possibly not have heard that Mr. Edmund Waller died on Thursday night. He

was Master of St. Catherine's,¹ which is in Her Majesty's gift. It may be useful to her to have this early intelligence of this circumstance, and you will have the goodness to mention it to her. Mr. W. was at a house upon his own estate within a mile and a half of this place.—Very truly and sincerely yours,
S. FAIRLY."

How to communicate this news, however, was a real distress to me. I know Her Majesty is rather scrupulous that all messages immediately to herself should be conveyed by the highest channels, and I feared she would think this ought to have been sent through her Lady then in waiting, Lady Harcourt. Mr. Fairly, too, however superior to such small matters for himself, is most punctiliously attentive to them for her. I could attribute this only to haste. But my difficulty was not alone to have received the intelligence—the conclusion of the note I was sure would surprise her. The rest, as a message to herself, being without any beginning, would not strike her; but the words "very truly and sincerely yours," come out with such an abrupt plainness, and to her, who knows not with what intimacy of intercourse we have lived together so much during this last month, I felt quite ashamed to show them.

While wavering how to manage, a fortunate circumstance seemed to come in to my relief; the Princess Elizabeth ran up hastily to her room, which is just opposite to mine, before she followed the Queen down to dinner; I flew after her, and told her I had just heard of the death of Mr. Waller, the Master of St. Catherine's, and I begged her to communicate it to Her Majesty.

¹ St. Katherine's by the Tower, removed in 1825 to the north-east corner of Regent's Park. The office of Master is in the gift of the Queen Consort or Dowager of England (see p. 87, and *post*, under January 21, 1789).

She undertook it, with her usual readiness to oblige, and I was quite delighted to have been so speedy without producing my note, which I determined now not even to mention unless called upon, and even then not to produce; for now, as I should not have the first telling, it might easily be evaded by not having it in my pocket.

The moment, however, that the dinner was over, Princess Elizabeth came to summon me to the Queen. This was very unexpected, as I thought I should not see her till night; but I locked up my note and followed.

She was only with the Princesses. I found the place was of importance, by the interest she took about it. She asked me several questions relative to Mr. Waller. I answered her all I could collect from my note, for further never did I hear; but the moment I was obliged to stop she said, "Pray have you known him long?"

"I never knew him at all, ma'am."

"No? Why, then, how came you to receive the news about his death?"

Was not this agreeable? I was forced to say, "I heard of it only from Mr. Fairly, ma'am."

Nothing could exceed the surprise with which she now lifted up her eyes to look at me. "From Mr. Fairly?—Why did he not tell it me?"

Oh, worse and worse! I was now compelled to answer, "He did not know it when he was here, ma'am; he heard it at Northleach, and, thinking it might be of use to your Majesty to have the account immediately, he sent it over express."

A dead silence so uncomfortable ensued, that I thought it best presently to go on further, though unasked.

"Mr. Fairly, ma'am, wrote the news to me, on such small paper, and in such haste, that it is

hardly fit to be shown to your Majesty; but I have the note upstairs."

No answer; again all silent; and then Princess Augusta said, "Mamma, Miss Burney says she has the note upstairs."

"If your Majesty pleases to see it——"

She looked up again, much more pleasantly, and said, "I shall be glad to see it," with a little bow.

Out I went for it, half regretting I had not burned it, to make the producing it impossible.

When I brought it to her, she received it with the most gracious smile, and immediately read it aloud, with great complacency, till she came to the end; and then, with a lowered and somewhat altered tone, the "very truly and sincerely yours," which she seemed to look at for a moment with some doubt if it were not a mistake, but in returning it she bowed again, and simply said, "I am very much obliged to Mr. Fairly."

You will be sure how much I was pleased during this last week to hear that the place of the Master of St. Catherine's was given by Her Majesty to Mr. Fairly. It is reckoned the best in her gift, as a sinecure. What is the income I know not: reports differ from £400 to £800 per annum.

The night before we left Cheltenham we all went to the play. Miss P—— and myself had far rather have passed the evening together; but it was concluded we should be pleased to go to the theatre, and declining intended kindness is always an ungrateful task.

I was introduced in the box, by his desire, to Lord Mountmorris,¹ who sat behind me, chatting all the night with the freedom of a long acquaintance. He is clever and agreeable, but not very reserved or diffident.

One thing surprised me from him very much.

¹ Harvey Redmond Morres, second Viscount Mountmorres, 1746?-97.

When all was over he offered to hand me out, but as I had a chair bespoke, without a servant, Columbus being already set out for Windsor, I wished to decline troubling him, that I might keep back to the last moment with Miss P——. He would not, however, be excused, taking the hand I did not hold out, and when I said I must have my chair called first, "Oh," he cried, "I know your chair!" and then, with a most audible voice, he pronounced, "Here, number twenty-four!" and instantly a chair appeared, which I knew to be right.

How he had got at this number is odd enough. Perhaps, indeed, he had tried to bespeak it for himself, and so might hear how it was engaged. He has declared a violent resolution for making this acquaintance some time; and he certainly determined the opportunity should not be thrown away. Yet he is not an ill-bred, though a bold man; on the contrary, he is really polite for a character of that sort.

Lord Mountmorris told me some very curious anecdotes of Mrs. Vesey and her *coterie* in former days, particularly of the Russian Princess Daschkoff, who, he assured me, was meant by O'Keeffe for the Princess Rusty Fusty, in the *Agreeable Surprise!*"¹

Saturday, August 16.—We left Cheltenham early this morning. Major Price breakfasted with us, and was so melancholy at the King's departure he could hardly speak a word. All Cheltenham was drawn out into the High Street, the gentles on

¹ *The Agreeable Surprise* was a musical farce by John O'Keeffe, first played at the Haymarket in 1781, with John Edwin, the elder, in the character of Lingo, the schoolmaster. There is a print of him in this rôle by Hodges after John Alefounder. Catherina Romanova, Princess Daschkof or Daschkaw, 1744-1810, was an extraordinary and eccentric woman, who had been instrumental in the deposition of Peter III., and was at this time Director of the Academy of Arts and Science at St. Petersburg, and President of the Russian Academy. She was in London in 1780. Her *Memoirs*, edited by her friend, Mrs. W. Bradford, were published in 1840.

one side and the commons on the other, and a band, and "God Save the King," playing and singing.

My dear Miss P——, with all her friends, was there for a last look, and a sorrowful one we interchanged; Mr. Seward also, whom again I am not likely to meet for another two years at least.

The journey was quite without accident or adventure.

And thus ends the Cheltenham episode. May I not justly call it so, different as it is to all the mode of life I have hitherto lived here, or alas! am in a way to live henceforward?

Melancholy—most melancholy—was the return to Windsor; destitute of all that could solace, compose, or delight; replete with whatever could fatigue, harass, and depress! Ease, leisure, elegant society, and interesting communication, were now to give place to arrogant manners, contentious disputation, and 'arbitrary ignorance! O Heaven! my dearest friends, what scales could have held and have weighed the heart of your F. B. as she drove past the door of her revered, lost comforter, to enter the apartment inhabited by such qualities!

But before I quit this journey let me tell one very pleasant anecdote. When we stopped to change horses at Burford I alighted and went into the inn, to meet Mrs. Gast, to whom I had sent by Mrs. Frodsham¹ a request to be there as we passed through the town.

I rejoiced indeed to see again the sister of our first and wisest friend. My Susanna, who knows her too enthusiastic character, will easily suppose my reception. I was folded in her arms, and bathed in her tears all my little stay, and my own, from reflected tenderness for her ever-honoured, loved, and lamented brother,² would not be kept quite back; 'twas a species of sorrowful joy—painful,

¹ See *ante*, p. 4.

² Samuel Crisp, *d.* 1783.

yet pleasing—that seemed like a fresh tribute to his memory and my affection, and made the meeting excite an emotion that occupied my mind and reflections almost all the rest of my journey.

She inquired most kindly after my dear father and my Susanna, and separately and with interest of all the rest of the family; but her surprise to see me now, by this most unexpected journey, when she had concluded me inevitably shut up from her sight for the remainder of her life, joined to the natural warmth of her disposition, seemed almost to suffocate her. I was very sorry to leave her, but my time was unavoidably short and hurried. I inquired after Chessington, and heard very good accounts.

Windsor, Sunday, August 17.—This day, after our arrival, began precisely the same as every day preceding our journey. The “Sleeping Beauty in the Wood” could not awake more completely to the same scene; yet I neither have been asleep, nor am *quite* a beauty! Oh! I wish I were as near to the latter as the former at this minute!

We had all the set assembled to congratulate His Majesty on his return—Generals and Colonels without end. I was very glad while the large party lasted, its diminution into a solitary pair ending in worse than piquet—a *tête-à-tête*!—and such a one, too! after being so spoiled!

Monday, August 18.—Well, now I have a new personage to introduce to you, and no small one; ask else the stars, moon, and planets! While I was surrounded with handboxes, and unpacking, Dr. Shepherd¹ was announced. Eager to make his compliments on the safe return, he forced a passage through the back avenues and stairs, for he told me he did not like being seen coming to me at the front door, as it might create some

¹ See *ante*, vol. iii. p. 316.

jealousies amongst the other Canons! A very commendable circumspection! but whether for my sake or his own he did not particularise.

M. de Lalande, he said, the famous astronomer,¹ was just arrived in England, and now at Windsor, and he had expressed a desire to be introduced to me.

Well, while he was talking this over, and I was wondering and evading, entered Mr. Turbulent. What a surprise at sight of the reverend Canon! The reverend Canon, also, was interrupted and confused, fearing, possibly, the high honour he did me might now transpire amongst his brethren, notwithstanding his generous efforts to spare them its knowledge.

Mr. Turbulent, who looked big with heroics, was quite provoked to see he had no chance of giving them vent. They each outstayed the patience of the other, and at last both went off together.

Some hours after, however, while I was dressing, the Canon returned. I could not admit him, and bid Goter tell him at the door I was not visible. He desired he might wait till I was ready, as he had business of importance. I would not let him into the next room, but said he might stay in the eating-parlour.

When I was dressed I sent Goter to bring him in. She came back, grinning and colouring: she had not found him, she said, but only Mrs. Schwollenberg, who was there alone, and had called her in to know what she wanted. She answered she came to see for a gentleman.

"There's no gentleman," she cried, "to come into my parlour! it is not permit. When he comes I will have it locked up."

¹ Joseph-Jérôme le Français de Lalande, 1732-1807, Professor of Astronomy in the Collège de France, and author of the *Traité d'Astronomie*, 1764.

Oh ho, my poor careful Canon! thought I. However, soon after a tap again at my door introduced him. He said he had been waiting below in the passage, as he saw Madame Schwellenberg in the parlour, and did not care to have her know him; but his business was to settle bringing M. de Lalande to see me in the evening.

I told him I was much honoured, and so forth, but that I received no evening company, as I was officially engaged.

He had made the appointment, he said, and could not break it without affronting him; besides, he gave me to understand it would be an honour to me for ever to be visited by so great an astronomer.

I agreed as to that, and was forced, moreover, to agree to all the rest, no resource remaining.

I mentioned to Her Majesty the state of the case. She thought the Canon very officious, and disapproved the arrangement, but saw it was unavoidable.

But when the dinner came I was asked by the *présidente*, "What for send you gentlemen to my parlour?"

"I was dressing, ma'am, and could not possibly receive company in mine, and thought the other empty."

"Empty or full is the same! I won't have it. I will lock up the room when it is done so. No, no, I won't have no gentlemen here; it is not permit, perticklere when they won't not speak to me!"

I then heard that "a large man, what you call," had entered that sacred domain, and seeing there a lady, had quitted it "bob short!"

I immediately explained all that had passed, for I had no other way to save myself from an imputation of favouring the visits and indiscretion of this most gallant Canon.

“Vell, when he comes so often he might like you. For what won't you not marry him?”

This was coming to the point, and so seriously, I found myself obliged to be serious in answer, to avoid misconstruction, and to assure her, that were he Archbishop of Canterbury, and actually at my feet, I would not become Archbishopess.

“Vell, you been right when you don't not like him; I don't not like the men neither: not one from them!”

So this settled us very amicably till tea-time, and in the midst of that, with a room full of people, I was called out by Westerhaults to Dr. Shepherd!

Mrs. Schwollenberg herself actually *te-he'd* at this, and I could not possibly help laughing myself, but I hurried into the next room, where I found him with his friend, M. de Lalande. What a reception awaited me! how unexpected a one from a famed and great astronomer! M. de Lalande advanced to meet me—I will not be quite positive it was on tiptoe, but certainly with a mixture of jerk and strut that could not be quite flat-footed. He kissed his hand with the air of a *petit-maitre*, and then broke forth into such an harangue of *Éloges*, so solemn with regard to its own weight and importance, and so *fade* with respect to the little personage addressed, that I could not help thinking it lucky for the planets, stars, and sun, they were not bound to hear his comments, though obliged to undergo his calculations.

On my part sundry profound reverences, with now and then an “*Oh, monsieur!*” or “*c'est trop d'honneur,*” acquitted me so well, that the first harangue being finished, on the score of general and grand reputation, *Éloge* the second began, on the excellency with which “*cette célèbre demoiselle*” spoke French!

This may surprise you, my dear friends; but you must consider M. de Lalande is a great *discoverer*.

Well, but had you seen Dr. Shepherd! he looked lost in sleek delight and wonder, that a person to whom he had introduced M. de Lalande should be an object for such fine speeches.

This gentleman's figure, meanwhile, corresponds no better with his discourse than his scientific profession, for he is an ugly little wrinkled old man, with a fine showy waistcoat, rich lace ruffles, and the grimaces of a dentist. I believe he chose to display that a Frenchman of science could be also a man of gallantry.

I was seated between them, but the good doctor made no greater interruption to the florid professor than I did myself: he only grinned applause, with placid, but ineffable satisfaction.

Nothing therefore intervening, *Éloge the third* followed, after a pause no longer than might be necessary for due admiration of *Éloge the second*. This had for *sujet* the fair female sex; how the ladies were now all improved; how they could write, and read, and spell; how a man nowadays might talk with them and be understood, and how delightful it was to see such pretty creatures turned rational!

And all this, of course, interspersed with particular observations and most pointed applications; nor was there in the whole string of compliments which made up the three *bouquets*, one single one amongst them that might have disgraced any *petit-mâitre* to utter, or any *petite-mâîtresse* to hear.

The third being ended, a rather longer pause ensued. I believe he was dry, but I offered him no tea. I would not voluntarily be accessory to detaining such great personages from higher

avocations. I wished him next to go and study the stars: from the moon he seemed so lately arrived there was little occasion for another journey.

I flatter myself he was of the same opinion, for the fourth *Éloge* was all upon his unhappiness in tearing himself away from so much merit, and ended in as many bows as had accompanied his entrance.

I suppose, in going, he said, with a shrug, to the Canon, "*M. le Docteur, c'est bien gênant, mais il faut dire des jolies choses aux dames!*"

He was going the next day to see Dr. Maskelyne's observatory.¹ Well! I have had him first in mine!

I was obliged on my return to the tea-room to undergo much dull raillery from my fair companion, and much of wonder that "since the Canon had soch good preferment" I did not "marry him at once," for he "would not come so often if he did not want it."

Tuesday, August 18.—The Duke of York's birthday was kept this day, instead of Saturday, that Sunday morning might not interfere with the ball.

The Prince of Wales arrived early, while I was yet with the Queen. He kissed her hand, and she sent for the Princesses. Only Princess Elizabeth and Princess Sophia were dressed. Her Majesty went into the next room with Mrs. Sandys, to have her shoes put on, with which she always finishes. The Prince and Princesses then chatted away most fluently. Princess Elizabeth frequently addressed me with great sweetness; but the Prince only with curious eyes. Do not, however, understand that his looks were either haughty or impertinent; far from it; they were curious, however, in the extreme.

¹ Dr. Nevil Maskelyne, 1732-1811, Astronomer-Royal from 1765.

The rest of the day was almost all devoted to dressing and attendance, except a dinner, an afternoon, a tea, and an evening *tête-à-tête*!

I had a most restless and feverish night, attempting to lie down at twelve o'clock and rising at four. The Queen came home from the Castle, where the ball and supper were given, about five; and at six I again laid down till near eight.

We returned to Kew; and in the evening I received my good Mr. Cambridge, who was all kindness and cordiality. I was truly happy in his company, and gave him the history of our journey very fully. His excellent daughter was at Lavant, with both her brothers.

We proceeded to Windsor without Mrs. Schwollenberg, who was unwell, and went to town for advice.

Poor Madame la Fite was my first visitor, and I made her as welcome as possible, to console her a little for the accident that happened to her poor son, at a place where she might reasonably expect nothing but good—dear Norbury.

For the remainder of this month we had General Budé, Colonel Manners, and Mr. Bunbury, on visits most of the time, to aid the Equerry in Waiting, General Goldsworthy.

Colonel Manners made me laugh as if I had been at a farce, by his history of the late Westminster election, in which Lord John Townshend conquered Lord Hood. Colonel Manners is a most eager and active partisan on the side of the Government, but so indiscreet, that he almost regularly gets his head broke at every contested election; and he relates it as a thing of course.

I inquired if he pursued his musical studies, so happily begun with Colonel Welbred? "Why," answered he, "not much, because of the election;

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but the thing is, to get an ear : however, I think I have got one, because I know a tune when I hear it, if it's one that I've heard before a good many times ; so I think that's a proof. But I can never get asked to a concert, and that keeps me a little behind."

"Perhaps," cried I, "your friends conclude you have music enough in your three months' waiting to satisfy you for all the year?"

"Oh, ma'am, as to that, I'd just as lief hear so many pots and pans rattled together ; one noise is just as well as another to me."

I asked him whether his electioneering with so much activity did not make his mother, Lady Robert,¹ a little uneasy?—*N.B.* She is a Methodist.

"Oh, it does her a great deal of good," cried he ; "for I could never get her to meddle before ; but when I'd had my head broke, it provoked her so, she went about herself canvassing among the good people, and she got us twenty votes."

"So then," cried Colonel Goldsworthy, "there are twenty good people in the world? That's your calculation, is it?"

Mr. Fisher, who just then came in, and knew nothing of what had passed, starting the election, said to Colonel Manners, "So, sir, you have been beat, I hear!"

He meant only his party ; but his person having shared the same fate, occasioned a violent shout among the rest at this innocent speech, and its innocent answer ; for Colonel Manners, looking only a little surprised, simply said, "Yes, I was beat, a little."

"A little, sir?" exclaimed Mr. Fisher, "no, a great deal ; you were shamefully beat—thrashed thoroughly."

¹ See *post*, under March 18, 1789.

In the midst of a violent second shout, Colonel Manners only said, "Well, I always hated all that party, and now I hate them worse than ever."

"Ay, that I'll be bound for you," cried Colonel Goldsworthy.

"Yes, for having been so drubbed by them," cried Mr. Fisher.

As I now, through all his good humour, saw Colonel Manners colour a little, I said in a low voice to Mr. Fisher, "Pray is it in innocence, or in malice, that you use these terms?"

I saw his innocence by his surprise, and I whispered him the literal state of all he said; he was quite shocked, and coloured in his turn, apologising instantly to Colonel Manners, and protesting he had never heard of his personal ill-usage, but only meant the defeat of his party.

Everybody was full of Mr. Fairly's appointment, and spoke of it with pleasure. General Budé had seen him in town, where he had remained some days to take the oaths, I believe, necessary for his place. General Budé has long been intimate with him, and spoke of his character exactly as it has appeared to me; and Colonel Goldsworthy, who was at Westminster with him, declared he believed a better man did not exist. "This, in particular," cried General Budé, "I must say of Fairly: whatever he thinks right he pursues straightforward; and I believe there is not a sacrifice upon earth that he would not make, rather than turn a moment out of the path that he had an opinion it was his duty to keep in."

They talked a good deal of his late lady; none of them knew her but very slightly, as she was remarkably reserved. "More than reserved," cried General Budé, "she was quite cold. Yet she loved London and public life, and Fairly never

had any taste for them; in that they were very *mal assortie*, but in all things very happy."

"Yes," cried Colonel Goldsworthy, "and how shall we give praise enough to a man that would be happy himself, and make his wife so too, for all that difference of opinion? for it was all his management, and good address, and good temper. I hardly know such another man."

General Budé then related many circumstances of his most exemplary conduct during the illness of his poor suffering wife, and after her loss; everybody, indeed, upon the occasion of this new appointment, has broke forth to do justice to his deserving it. Mrs. Ariana Egerton, who came twice to drink tea with me on my being *senza Cerbera*, told me that her brother-in-law, Colonel Masters, who had served with him at Gibraltar, protested there was not an officer in the army of a nobler and higher character, both professional and personal.

She asked me a thousand questions of what I thought about Miss Fuzilier? She dislikes her so very much, she cannot bear to think of her becoming Mrs. Fairly. She has met with some marks of contempt from her in their official meetings at St. James's, that cannot be pardoned. Miss Fuzilier, indeed, seemed to me formerly, when I used to meet her in company, to have an uncertainty of disposition that made her like two persons; now haughty, silent, and supercilious—and then gentle, composed, and interesting. She is, however, very little liked, the worst being always what most spreads abroad.

The Queen was all graciousness, unmixed, to me, during this recess of *La Compagne*; whenever she did not attend the early prayers she almost regularly gave to me their time, coming to my

room, and there staying till the King returned. She lent me books, talked them over, and opened upon a thousand confidential topics; and the excellence of her understanding and acuteness of her observation never fail to make all discourse with her lively and informing.

I saw all I could see of my poor Mrs. Astley, who is settled, by way of keeping the house, in the loved mansion of the most venerable and perfect of human beings—human now no longer—but perfect, I trust, with a perfection above our comprehension! Nothing, however, is yet arranged as to her pension, etc., which grieves and distresses me beyond measure.

Lady Courtown has had a new place not merely given, but created for her. She was so useful and pleasant to the Queen at Cheltenham, that she has been appointed Lady in Waiting in the Country; by which means she will now regularly attend Her Majesty in all country excursions, and during all residences at Windsor and Kew. I am very glad of it, for she is constantly cheerful and obliging, and seems invariably in good humour and good spirits.

46 I have been reading a volume of D'Alembert's Éloges,¹ with very great pleasure; the accounts of Massillon, Boileau, Fénelon, De la Motte, and many others, were highly interesting to me, though I cannot but think of what Mr. Fairly said when he borrowed this volume at Cheltenham, in the mere desperation of having no other reading. "I do not like," he said, "these Éloges; they contain

49
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¹ Jean le Rond d'Alembert, the encyclopædist, 1717-83. "His extraordinarily careful and polished Éloges, or obituary notices"—says Professor Saintsbury—"remain among the finest examples of critical appreciation of a certain kind to be found in literature" (Short History of French Literature, 1882, 460). Dr. John Aikin translated a selection of them, in two volumes, in 1799.

what one modest man never could say to another —nor of another.” However, I fancy he had read some other author’s *Éloges*, for these are by no means so adulatory: far otherwise; indeed, they are full of criticism, and, I think, candid strictures.

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PART XXXV

1788

Baron Trenck—His adventures and character—Drawing-room at St. James's—Return to Kew—Royal birthday—Toil and toilette—A dinner party—A family meeting—St. James's and Windsor—Dr. Herschel—Dr. Hunter—Illness of the King—Sir George Baker—The King grows worse—Alarm and agitation—Return to Windsor—Conference with the King during his illness—Mental character of his disorder—Affecting scene with the King in the Queen's apartments—A melancholy birthday—Grief of the Queen—The King grows worse—Confirmed insanity of the King—Newspaper reports—Confusion and dismay of the household—Arrival of the Prince of Wales—The Palace closed against all visitors—Paroxysm of the King at dinner—Conduct of the Queen—The King's account of his own case—Piety of the Queen—Lady Carmarthen—Arrival of Dr. Warren—The King refuses to admit him—The Princesses—Perplexity of the Queen—Conduct of the Prince of Wales—The Queen's kindness and consideration for her attendants—Details of the new mode of life at Windsor consequent on the King's illness—All entrance to the Palace interdicted by the Prince—The Duke of York—The King grows worse—The Prince assumes the government of the Palace.

September 1.—Peace to the manes of the poor slaughtered partridges!

I finished this morning the *Memoirs of the Baron Trenck*,¹ which have given a great deal of entertainment; I mean in the first volume, the

¹ Two translations of the *Memoirs of Baron Frederick Trenck*, 1787, afterwards guillotined in 1794, were published at this time. One, by Thomas Holcroft, was in three volumes; the other in two volumes was "by an Officer of the Royal Artillery." Miss Burney must have read the latter.

second containing not more matter than might fill four pages. But the singular hardiness, gallantry, ferocity, and ingenuity of this copy of the knights of ancient times, who has happened to be born since his proper epoch, have wonderfully drawn me on, and I could not rest without finishing his adventures. They are reported to be chiefly of his own invention; but I really find an air of self-belief in his relations, that inclines me to think he has but narrated what he had persuaded himself was true. His ill-usage is such as to raise the utmost indignation in every reader;¹ and if it really affected his memory and imagination, and became thence the parent of some few embellishments and episodes, I can neither wonder nor feel the interest of his narrative diminished.

Mrs. Ariana Egerton and her mother drank tea with me. I like them on these occasions, when I want lady assistants in doing tea honours.

September 2.—To-day I went to Kew, with the usual three, Mr. Turbulent, Mr. de Luc, and Miss Planta.

Mr. Turbulent was in high rage that I was utterly invisible since my return from Cheltenham; he protested he had called seven times at my door without gaining admission, and never was able to get in but when "Dr. Shepherd had led the way."

He next began a mysterious attack upon the proceedings of Cheltenham. He had heard, he said, strange stories of flirtations there. I could not doubt what he meant, but I would not seem to understand him: first, because I know not from whom he has been picking up this food for his busy spirit, since no one there appeared collecting it for him; and secondly, because I would not

¹ He was imprisoned in the fortress of Magdeburg for ten years by Frederick the Great.

degrade an acquaintance which I must hope will prove as permanent as it is honourable, by conceiving the word flirtation to be possibly connected with it.

By every opportunity, in the course of the day, he renewed this obscure raillery; but I never would second it, either by question or retort, and therefore it cannot but die away unmeaningly as it was born. Some effect, however, it seems to have had upon him, who has withdrawn all his own heroics, while endeavouring to develop what I have received elsewhere.

September 4.—To-day there was a drawing-room, and I had the blessing of my dearest father while it lasted; but not *solus*—he was accompanied by my mother; and my dear Esther and her little innocent Sophy spent part of the time with us. I am to be godmother to the two little ones, Esther's and James's. Heaven bless them!

We returned to Kew to a late dinner; and, indeed, I had one of the severest evenings I ever passed, where my heart took no share in unkindness and injustice. I was wearied in the extreme, as I always am on these drawing-room days, which begin with full hair-dressing at six o'clock in the morning, and hardly ever allow any breakfast time, and certainly only standing, except while frizzing, till the drawing-room commences; and then two journeys in that decked condition—and then another dressing, with three dressing attendances—and a dinner at near seven o'clock.

Yet, not having power to be very amusing after all this, I was sternly asked by Mrs. Schwellenberg, "For what I did not talk?" I answered simply, "Because I was tired."

"You tired!—what have you done? when I used to do so much more—you tired! what have you to do but to be happy?—have you the laces to

buy? have you the wardrobe to part? have you—you tired? Vell, what will become next, when you have every happiness!—you might not be tired. No, I can't bear it."

This, and so much more than it would be possible to write, all uttered with a haughtiness and contempt that the lowest servant could not have brooked receiving, awoke me pretty completely, though before I was scarce able to keep my eyelids a moment open; but so sick I turned, that indeed it was neither patience nor effort that enabled me to hear her; I had literally hardly strength, mental or bodily, to have answered her. Every happiness mine!—O gracious heaven! thought I, and is this the companion of my leisure—the associate of my life! Ah, my dear friends, I will not now go on—I turn sick again.

I kept on no more journal till my most loved friends arrived, the 10th of this month, and departed, the 16th. Oh, they will here see, by those last few words, how seasonable was their sweet visit; how necessary to cheer the mournful murmurings of such a livelong life.

Mr. Turbulent is very quiet, and begins, therefore, to grow such an addition to the party—such a life to it, indeed—as his abilities and intelligence must always render him when his flights do not interfere. One little fit of the old style was just beginning, upon my remaining alone in the parlour at Kew; but on my rising to go to my room upstairs—for I am not at Kew, as at Windsor, forced to keep in the same accessible apartment—he protested he would be perfectly lamb-like if I would stay.

"With all my heart," I answered, "on that condition; for I had great pleasure in thinking you grown quite tame and good."

“So I am,” cried he, “and so you shall find me.”

He was as good as his word, and I sat still all the evening, working. His talk was all general, and full of observation and entertainment. Something, however, has occurred, but what I know not, to determine him on keeping a strict guard over himself. I rejoice, be it what it may. He gave me some hints to this purpose, but I could not comprehend them, and did not choose to ask, or let him know I thought any caution or guard necessary; for now, indeed, I flatter myself, not only our scenes of violence and rhodomontading are over, but that his volatile temper will soon lead him to forget they ever passed. He may then prove a truly pleasant acquaintance to me, and a most able relief to the mental monotony of our internal society.

September 22.—This day was all dressing again, to commemorate the Coronation.¹ I hate the parade and trouble of these days, but must surely bear it, for a memorial of the period that gave us such a King—so good he is, so benevolent, so disinterested, so amiable.

All are in preparation for Princess Royal, whose birthday concludes this month; that is, keeping it one day, and resting from it another.

September 27.—Mrs. Schwellenberg not being well enough to come down to tea, I invited Madame de la Fite, as I knew there would be a larger party to be ready for Monday's birthday. And, accordingly, added to Colonel Goldsworthy, who has now his three months' waiting, were General Budé, Mr. Blomberg,² and Colonel Welbred.

It quite lightened me to see this last, and he was more lively and animated than usual. He took his old seat, Mr. Turbulent not being present,

¹ September 22, 1761.

² See *ante*, vol. iii. p. 60.

and gave me a full history how he had passed his summer; which, as usual, was in following up beautiful prospects, and bringing home their principal points.

He had been also, he said, to Cheltenham, since our departure: "And there I was very happy to see how beautiful a view you had from your room upstairs."

I laughed heartily, and asked "How he should know my room?"

"I know both your rooms," he cried.

"It would be hard to say which was least worth your knowing," cried I, "for one was a garret, the other a store-room."

"Yes, I was sorry for your parlour, but above-stairs the view might compensate for the smallness of the apartment."

He told me the house was now shown to all travellers, with the names of every inhabitant during the Royal visit.

September 29.—The birthday of our lovely eldest Princess. It happens to be also the birthday of Miss Goldsworthy; and her Majesty, in a sportive humour, bid me, as soon as she was dressed, go and bring down the two "Michaelmas geese." I told the message to the Princess Augusta, who repeated it in its proper words. I attended them to the Queen's dressing-room, and there had the pleasure to see the *cadeaux* presentations. The birthdays in this house are made extremely interesting at the moment, by the reciprocations of presents and congratulations in this affectionate family. Were they but attended with less of toil (I hate to add *-ette*, for I am sure it is not little toil), I should like them amazingly.

At noon I received a note from Mrs. Majendie, begging a hint how to come dressed, as Mrs. Schwollenberg had invited her to dinner.

Mrs. Schwollenberg being too much indisposed to come downstairs, I could not but marvel at her not acquainting me she had invited company to the table of which, perforce, I must be deputy-receiver. However, the marvel rested not here; for when dinner was called, and I opened my door to be ready to follow Mrs. Majendie, as she descended from making her compliments upstairs to Mrs. Schwollenberg—not Mrs. Majendie alone had I to follow—Mr. and Mrs. Majendie, Miss Goldsworthy, Madame la Fite, Mr. and Mrs. Fisher, Miss Mawr, Mr. Turbulent, and Mdlle. Montmollin.

I disguised my surprise at this great group as well as I could, lest to them it should prove as awkward as to me; and I passed them, to take my seat, with all the ease I could assume. But I think it was a tolerable stroke of power, to invite such a party to a table at which another must preside, without the slightest hint of her purpose.

The dinner, however, was cheerful and lively: they were all intimate with one another, and none pretended to be saddened at the absence.

September 30.—This month concluded with a very singular confidence. I had a private visit from Miss Mawr: she came to borrow a book to while away some of the time she spent in waiting till Mrs. Schwollenberg could receive her, who always summoned her some time before she was ready. But she besought me not to mention she had called; "For, to tell you the truth," she said, "I should never be forgiven if it was known I called for a moment!"

I could not doubt the truth of this, though its plainness surprised me; but she said, relying on my honour, she must tell me something more, that had struck her with such an indignation for me she could not conceal it. The day before, when all her company was assembled upstairs, before dinner, she

publicly asked Miss Goldsworthy to do the honours of her table, as she was not well enough to do them herself!

"I was quite glad," she added, "that you knew nothing of it, and so passed on so innocently to your proper place; and I'm sure they were all glad, for everybody stared. But I must beg you never so much as to say I ever called upon you, for she can't bear it! she's so jealous. And now I must go; for if she should hear me here she'll never forgive it, and she's always listening what voices she can hear in your room."

She then confessed she often thought me strangely used in many ways, and slighted, and contradicted, and dealt with very rudely, but it was all from jealousy, and so must be passed over. Yet she owned, for herself, it was a life not to be endured; that the greatest penance she ever suffered was making these visits, which, also, she never consented to till she had refused as often as she dared.

Something there is, I know not what, of unhappy obligation to her, that compels this intercourse; but she assured me, were it of a sort to last, she should break it, to live on bread and water in preference! and she pitied me, with a good-nature that quite made me friends with her, for so sad a lot as falling into such hands.

To live upon bread and water—ah! were that my only difficulty!

I am glad, however, I did not know this intended affront; it would highly have embarrassed me how to act, and I was embarrassed enough without it. Two years ago I should have rejoiced at any proposition that took from me the presidency of the table; but now after two years keeping it, whenever its first claimant was absent, it would have been a disgrace in the eyes of the whole house to have

had it thus suddenly taken away ; and such was its palpable meaning.

After we all came downstairs, except Miss Mawr, she inquired whether Miss Goldsworthy had sat at the head of the table. Miss Mawr was afraid to answer, and she asked Westerhaults, who said No ; and she expressed great anger and displeasure that her commands were thus disregarded at her own table !

She felt, however, too strongly, that she here attempted an exertion of caprice and power beyond her right, to venture at speaking of it to me ; she knew it was a trial of tyranny as unauthorised as it was unprovoked, and that it could not stand the test of resistance even from the person whom she thinks an object for her to trample upon. She has become, however, both colder and fiercer ever since : I cannot now even meet her eyes—they are almost terrifying.

Nothing upon earth having passed between us, nor the most remote subject of offence having occurred, I have only one thing on which to rest my conjectures, for the cause of this newly awakened evil spirit, and this is from the gentlemen. They had all of late been so wearied that they could not submit even for a quarter of an hour to her society : they had swallowed a dish of tea and quitted the room all in five minutes, and Colonel Goldsworthy in particular, when without any companion in his waiting, had actually always fallen asleep, even during that short interval, or at least shut his eyes, to save himself the toil of speaking.

This she brooked very ill, but I was esteemed innocent, and therefore made, occasionally, the confidant of her complaints. But lately, that she has been ill, and kept upstairs every night, she has always desired me to come to her as soon as tea was over, which she observed, “ need not keep me

five minutes." On the contrary, however, the tea is now at least an hour, and often more.

I have been constantly received with reproaches for not coming sooner, and compelled to declare I had not been sooner at liberty. This has occasioned a deep and visible resentment, all against them, yet vented upon me, not in acknowledged displeasure—pride there interfered—but in constant ill-humour, ill-breeding, and ill-will.

At length, however, she has broken out into one inquiry, which, if favourably answered, might have appeased all; but truth was too strongly in the way. A few evenings after her confinement she very gravely said, "Colonel Goldsworthy always sleeps with me! sleeps he with you the same?"

In the midst of all my irksome discomfort, it was with difficulty I could keep my countenance at this question, which I was forced to negative.

The next evening she repeated it. "Vell, sleeps he yet with you—Colonel Goldsworthy?"

"Not yet, ma'am," I hesitatingly answered.

"Oh! ver vell! he will sleep with nobody but me! Oh, I von't come down."

And a little after she added, "I believe he vill marry you!"

"I believe not, ma'am," I answered.

And then, very gravely, she proposed him to me, saying he only wanted a little encouragement, for he was always declaring he wished for a wife, and yet wanted no fortune—"so for what won't you not have him?"

I assured her we were both perfectly well satisfied apart, and equally free from any thoughts of each other.

"Then for what," she cried, "won't you have Dr. Shepherd?"

She is now in the utmost haste to dispose of me!

and then she added she had been told that Dr. Shepherd would marry me!

She is an amazing woman. Alas, I might have told her I knew too well what it was to be tied to a companion ill-assorted and unbeloved, where I could not help myself, to make any such experiment as a volunteer!

If she asks me any more about Colonel Goldsworthy and his sleeping, I think I will answer I am too near-sighted to be sure if he is awake or not!

However, I cannot but take this stroke concerning the table extremely ill; for though amongst things of the very least consequence in itself, it is more openly designed as an affront than any step that has been taken with me yet.

I have given the Colonel a hint, however,—that he may keep awake in future.

Perhaps a part of this increased ill-will may arise from my having been of the Cheltenham party, where she could not go, from want of room for her four servants. And however little I may have to do with these regulations, I am quite the most convenient person to receive the ill fruits of her disappointments.

Well, the month is past, however, and here ends its recital.

October 2.—What a sweet noon had I this day—my beloved father, my tender Susanna, my little darling Fanny!—How should I love the drawing-room days, with all their toil, had they more frequently such cheers. Dearest, dearest Susanna! Oh, how my heart dwelt upon the little sight all the rest of the softened day! And I had leisure for repose to the poor mind, since I returned to *Kew senza Cerbera*.

Mrs. Schwellenberg, very ill indeed, took leave of the Queen at St. James's, to set off for Wey-

mouth, in company with Mrs. Hastings. I was really very sorry for her; she was truly in a situation of suffering, from bodily pain, the most pitiable. I thought, as I looked at her, that if the ill-humours I so often experience could relieve her, I would consent to bear them unrepining, in preference to seeing or knowing her so ill. But it is just the contrary; spleen and ill-temper only aggravate disease, and while they involve others in temporary participation of their misery, twine it around themselves in bandages almost stationary. She was civil, too, poor woman. I suppose when absent she could not well tell why she had ever been otherwise.

October 3.—We returned to Windsor at noon. Mrs. de Luc sent me a most pressing invitation to tea, and to hear a little music. Two young ladies, Misses S——, were to perform at her house in a little concert.

I am always happy to see this excellent woman, and I could make myself much comfort from her kindness, which is of the very warmest sort; but she also fears to show it, lest it involve Mr. de Luc in ill-consequences. She therefore only comes to me by stealth, making all her public visits above-stairs, and then gliding softly down, as carefully, though not quite so terrified, as Miss Mawr.

The Misses S—— I had seen formerly at Bright-helmstone, and their mother, who came to remind me of having there met her.

Dr. Herschel was there, and accompanied them very sweetly on the violin: his new-married wife¹ was with him, and his sister. His wife seems good-natured: she was rich too! and astronomers are as able as other men to discern that gold can glitter as well as stars.

¹ Mrs. Pitt (*née* Mary Baldwin), a widow, to whom Herschel had been married, May 8, 1788.

Dr. Hunter was also there, who has lately written a biographical commentary on the Bible,¹ but I had no conversation with him.

This little visit was not quite so well understood as I had expected, so I shall take the same step no more—that's all!

October 6.—General Grenville is now stationed here, his own regiment being quartered at Windsor. I begin to find I shall like him better; his extreme *ennui* and shy indolence do him injustice: there seem worth and good-humour, and even a disposition to sport, veiled under this listless mist.

October 9.—I go on now pretty well; and I am so much acquainted with my party, that when no strangers are added, I begin to mind nothing but the first *entrée* of my male visitants. My royal mistress is all sweetness to me; Miss Planta is most kind and friendly; General Budé is ever the same, and ever what I do not wish to alter; Colonel Goldsworthy seems coming round to good-humour; and even General Grenville begins to grow sociable. He has quitted the corner into which he used to cast his long figure, merely to yawn and lounge; and though yawn and lounge he does still, and must, I believe, to the end of the chapter, he yet does it in society, and mixes between it loud sudden laughter at what is occasionally said, and even here and there a question relative to what is going forward. Nay—yesterday he even seated himself at the tea-table, and amused himself by playing with my work-box, and making sundry inquiries about its contents.

So now, I believe, I am entered into good-fellowship with them all. I have also a good deal of leisure, and it is quiet and uncontrolled. So,

¹ Henry Hunter, D.D., 1741-1802, author, *inter alia*, of *Sacred Biography*, 1783-1802.

altogether, things have never been smoother, though serenity cannot well have less of interest in it. Serenity, however, it is, and gratefully I welcome it.

October 10.—This evening, most unwittingly, I put my new neighbour's good-humour somewhat to the test. He asked me whether I had walked out in the morning? Yes, I answered, I always walked. "And in the Little Park?" cried he. Yes, I said, and to Old Windsor, and round the park wall, and along the banks of the Thames, and almost to Beaumont Lodge,¹ and in the avenue of the Great Park, and in short, in all the vicinage of Windsor. "But in the Little Park?" he cried.

Still I did not understand him, but plainly answered, "Yes, this morning; and indeed many mornings."

"But did you see nothing—remark nothing there?"

"No, not that I recollect, except some soldiers drilling."

You never heard such a laugh as now broke forth from all—for, alas for my poor eyes, there had been in the Little Park General Grenville's whole regiment,² with all his officers, and himself at their head!

Fortunately it is reckoned one of the finest in the King's service: this I mentioned, adding that else I could never again appear before him.

He affected to be vehemently affronted, but hardly knew how, even in joke, to appear so; and all the rest helped the matter on, by saying they should know now how to distinguish his regiment, which henceforth must always be called "the drill."

The truth is, as soon as I perceived a few red-

¹ The seat of Warren Hastings, Old Windsor.

² The Welsh Fusiliers (see *post*, under November 2, 1788).

coats I had turned the other way, to avoid being marched at, and therefore their number and splendour had all been thrown away upon me.

Sunday, 12.—At the cathedral¹ this morning the good Madlle. Montmollin told me she had just got thirteen Swiss friends who were come to Windsor to see her, and they all would like to see me. I made my excuse pretty honestly, but she urged me to do it with a simplicity very amusing, crying, “Oh, if you won’t know my friends, you don’t love me! my dear Miss Burney! and that is very a little ingrate, for I love you so moch! ’pon m’honneur, my dear Miss Burney!”

Still I assured her I could not encounter so many strangers. “Well, look then, now, and they will see you a littel!” I told her I could not distinguish them across the cathedral.

“Oh,” she said, “you have such short eyes!”

I have made Madame la Fite very happy by inviting her for next Friday evening to tea, to meet Mr. Fairly. He is the only person of the establishment that she thinks has any merit beyond the chase; and she can never forget his having said of her, just before we went to Cheltenham, “Why, what have you done to Madame la Fite? she used to be so prim! and now she is foremost in conversation.” She is charmed to have a change remarked that she is always addressing to me as a compliment, and she says, in return, *que ce M. Fairly a le même goût, puisque* she never remembered him so full of discourse.

Tuesday 14.—This evening I had again one of my old newspaper vexations. I observed my beaux communicating something one from the other, but softly, just as they were retiring to the concert-room Colonel Goldsworthy marched up to my tea-table, and hastily saying, “There, ma’am,” he put

¹ St. George’s Chapel (see *ante*, vol. iii. p. 84).

a newspaper on the table, and hurried out of the room with the greatest speed.

I read this paragraph :—“The literary silence of Miss Burney at present is much to be regretted. No novelist of the present time has a title to such public commendation as that lady ; her characters are drawn with originality of design and strength of colouring, and her morality is of the purest and most elevated sort.”

You will say, perhaps, Why be vexed ? Why, my dearest friends, because every mention alarms me ; I know not what may follow ; and the original repugnance to being known returns with every panic. Indeed the more and the longer I look around me, the greater appears the danger of all public notice ! Panegyric is as near to envy as abuse is to disgrace.

Friday, October 17.—Our return to Windsor is postponed till to-morrow. The King is not well ; he has not been quite well some time, yet nothing I hope alarming, though there is an uncertainty as to his complaint not very satisfactory ; so precious, too, is his health.

Miss Cambridge spent the whole morning with me, in kindness and confidence. My true value for her makes me always tenderly rejoice to see her.

I passed much of the day with the sweet Queen, who is now reading Hunter's Lectures¹ with me. They are very good, though not very striking.

Saturday, Oct. 18.—The King was this morning better. My royal mistress told me Sir George Baker was to settle whether we returned to Windsor to-day or to-morrow.

Sunday, Oct. 19.—The Windsor journey is again postponed, and the King is but very indifferent.

¹ See *ante*, p. 114.

Heaven preserve him! there is something unspeakably alarming in his smallest indisposition.

I am very much with the Queen, who, I see, is very uneasy, but she talks not of it. She reads Hunter's *Discourses*, and talks chiefly upon them.

I showed her to-day an excellent and very original letter I have received from good Mr. Hutton; but he concludes it, "I am, dear Miss, your affectionate humble servant."

"Affectionate?" she repeated, "I did not know he was so tender."

We are to stay here some time longer, and so unprepared were we for more than a day or two, that our distresses are prodigious, even for clothes to wear; and as to books, there are not three amongst us; and for company, only Mr. de Luc and Miss Planta; and so, in mere desperation for employment, I have just begun a tragedy.¹ We are now in so spiritless a situation that my mind would bend to nothing less sad, even in fiction. But I am very glad something of this kind has occurred to me; it may while away the tediousness of this unsettled, unoccupied, unpleasant period.

Monday, Oct. 20.—The King was taken very ill in the night, and we have all been cruelly frightened; but it went off, and, thank Heaven! he is now better.

I had all my morning devoted to receiving inquiring visits. Lady Effingham, Sir George Howard, Lady Frances Howard, all came from Stoke to obtain news of the King; his least illness spreads in a moment. Lady Frances Douglas came also. She is wife of the Archibald Douglas²

¹ This is the first we hear of the tragedy (see *post*, p. 155).

² Archibald James Edward Douglas, 1748-1827, afterwards first Baron Douglas of Douglas. Under the title of *Lady Jean: The Romance of the Great Douglas Cause*, Mr. Percy Fitzgerald has recently (1904) published a book on this subject. (See also vol. i. p. 301 n.)

who caused the famous Hamilton trial in the House of Peers, for his claim to the Douglas name. She is fat and clunch¹ and heavy and ugly; otherwise, they say, agreeable enough.

Mr. Turbulent has been sent for, and he enlivens the scene somewhat. He is now all he should be, and so altered! scarce a flight left. He has opened his mind to me very much with regard to his affairs, etc., and this is a species of confidence I encourage to the utmost: it has that style of friendliness that interests with propriety, and it gives safe yet animating matter for *tête-à-têtes*, and those are unavoidable at times, situated as we now are.

Tuesday, Oct. 21.—The good and excellent King is again better, and we expect to remove to Windsor in a day or two.

Thursday, Oct. 23.—The King continues to mend, thank God! Saturday we hope to return to Windsor. Had not this composition fit seized me, societyless, and bookless, and viewless as I am, I know not how I could have whiled away my being; but my tragedy goes on, and fills up all vacancies.

Saturday, Oct. 25.—Yesterday was so much the same, I have not marked it; not so to-day. The King was so much better that our Windsor journey at length took place, with permission of Sir George Baker, the only physician His Majesty will admit. Miss Cambridge was with me to the last moment.

I have been hanging up a darling remembrance of my revered, incomparable Mrs. Delany. Her Sacharissa is now over my chimney.² I could not at first bear it, but now I look at it, and call her back to my mind's eye perpetually. This, like the tragedy I have set about, suits the turn of things in this habitation.

¹ See *ante*, vol. iii. p. 280.

² See *ante*, vol. iii. p. 487.

I had a sort of conference with His Majesty, or rather I was the object to whom he spoke, with a manner so uncommon, that a high fever alone could account for it; a rapidity, a hoarseness of voice, a volubility, an earnestness—a vehemence, rather—it startled me inexpressibly; yet with a graciousness exceeding even all I ever met with before—it was almost kindness!

Heaven—Heaven preserve him! The Queen grows more and more uneasy. She alarms me sometimes for herself, at other times she has a sedateness that wonders me still more.

I commune now with my dearest friends every morning, upon the affairs of the preceding day. Alas! how little can I commune with them in any other way!

Sunday, Oct. 26.—The King was prevailed upon not to go to chapel this morning. I met him in the passage from the Queen's room; he stopped me, and conversed upon his health near half-an-hour, still with that extreme quickness of speech and manner that belongs to fever; and he hardly sleeps, he tells me, one minute all night; indeed, if he recovers not his rest, a most delirious fever seems to threaten him. He is all agitation, all emotion, yet all benevolence and goodness, even to a degree that makes it touching to hear him speak. He assures everybody of his health; he seems only fearful to give uneasiness to others, yet certainly he is better than last night. Nobody speaks of his illness, nor what they think of it.

The Bishop of Peterborough¹ is made Dean of Durham, and I am glad, for old acquaintance' sake.

Oct. 29.—The dear and good King again gains ground, and the Queen becomes easier.

¹ Dr. John Hinchcliffe, 1731-94 (see *ante*, vol. i. p. 372). He had offended the Government by liberal speeches in the House of Lords, and was made Dean of Durham on condition that he resigned the mastership of Trinity College.

To-day Miss Planta told me she heard Mr. Fairly was confined at Sir R—— F——'s,¹ and therefore she would now lay any wager he was to marry Miss F——.

In the evening I inquired what news of him of General Budé: he told me he was still confined at a friend's house, but avoided naming where—probably from suggesting that, however little truth there may yet have been in the report, more may belong to it from this particular intercourse.

Saturday, Nov. 1.—Our King does not advance in amendment; he grows so weak that he walks like a gouty man, yet has such spirits that he has talked away his voice, and is so hoarse it is painful to hear him. The Queen is evidently in great uneasiness. God send him better!

She read to me to-day a lecture of Hunter's.² I have named that work, I believe: it is a biographical commentary on the Old Testament, extremely well done with respect to orthodox principles and moral inferences, and in pleasing and alluring language; a book worth much commendation, but of no genius; there is nothing original in the statement of facts, or in the reflections they produce. I would not recommend it to Mr. Locke, but I read it without murmuring at loss of time myself, and I would heartily recommend it to my Freddy, for her own little congregation, as it is all good, and *there* would not be all obvious.

During the reading this morning, twice, at pathetic passages, my poor Queen shed tears. "How nervous I am!" she cried; "I am quite a fool! Don't you think so?"

"No, ma'am!" was all I dared answer.

She revived, however, finished the lecture, and

¹ Sir Robert Gunning, father of Miss Gunning ("Miss Fuzilier").

² See *ante*, p. 117.

went upstairs and played upon the Princess Augusta's harpsichord.

The King was hunting. Her anxiety for his return was greater than ever. The moment he arrived he sent a page to desire to have coffee and take his bark in the Queen's dressing-room. She said she would pour it out herself, and sent to inquire how he drank it.

The King is very sensible of the great change there is in himself, and of her disturbance at it. It seems, but Heaven avert it! a threat of a total breaking up of the constitution. This, too, seems his own idea. I was present at his first seeing Lady Effingham on his return to Windsor this last time. "My dear Effy," he cried, "you see me, all at once, an old man."

I was so much affected by this exclamation, that I wished to run out of the room. Yet I could not but recover when Lady Effingham, in her well-meaning but literal way, composedly answered, "We must all grow old, sir; I am sure I do."

He then produced a walking-stick which he had just ordered. "He could not," he said, "get on without it; his strength seemed diminishing hourly."

He took the bark, he said; "but the *Queen*," he cried, "is my physician, and no man need have a better; she is my *Friend*, and no man *can* have a better."

How the Queen commanded herself I cannot conceive; but there was something so touching in this speech, from his hoarse voice and altered countenance, that it overset me very much.

Nor can I ever forget him in what passed this night. When I came to the Queen's dressing-room he was still with her. He constantly conducts her to it before he retires to his own. He

was begging her not to speak to him when he got to his room, that he might fall asleep, as he felt great want of that refreshment. He repeated this desire, I believe, at least a hundred times, though, far enough from needing it, the poor Queen never uttered one syllable! He then applied to me, saying he was really very well, except in that one particular, that he could not sleep.

The kindness and benevolence of his manner all this time was most penetrating: he seemed to have no anxiety but to set the Queen at rest, and no wish but to quiet and give pleasure to all around him. To me he never yet spoke with such excess of benignity; he appeared even solicitous to satisfy me that he should do well, and to spare all alarm; but there was a hurry in his manner and voice that indicated sleep to be indeed wanted. Nor could I, all night, forbear foreseeing "He sleeps now, or to-morrow he will be surely delirious!"

Sunday, November 2.—The King was better, and prevailed upon to give up going to the early prayers. The Queen and Princesses went. After they were gone, and I was following towards my room, the King called after me, and he kept me in discourse a full half hour; nearly all the time they were away.

It was all to the same purport; that he was well, but wanted more rest; yet he said he had slept the last night like a child. But his manner, still, was so touchingly kind, so softly gracious, that it doubled my concern to see him so far from well.

I invited Miss Ariana Egerton this evening, to assist me with my officers; General Sir William Fawcett¹ being added to Generals Grenville and

¹ General Sir William Fawcett, K.B., 1728-1804.

will

Budé, and Colonel Goldsworthy. We all do mighty well, and General Grenville is now the most social amongst them! Having once thrown aside his disposition to be *loup-garou*, he seems to enjoy the change himself, and very pleasantly makes it enjoyed by us all. He comes regularly to my tea-table, though tea he holds bad for his nerves, and never drinks; he examines whatever I am about, and amuses himself with questions and comments, extremely dry and ridiculous. Yesterday, in a fit of *nonchalance*, he took my Fredy's work-box, which is my repository for all public stores, and fairly untied the lid and opened it; and then began taking up its contents, one by one, and looking into its several compartments, not aware, I believe, of what he was doing, till Colonel Goldsworthy exclaimed. "Pray who gave you leave to do that?—upon my word—very familiar!"

He laughed very heartily, but shut it up; taking, the next minute, a threaded needle from my work, and beginning to sew his own fingers.

"Look you there, now!" cried the Colonel, "Oh, poor gentleman, far gone indeed!—he is sewing his own fingers!"

"'Tis only a little *galanterie*," cried he, "to have something to carry about me of Miss Burney's."

"And you'll take care," cried General Budé, "Miss Burney shall have something to remember you by, without a memorandum, for you have put all her work into confusion."

He is now waiting for the King to review his regiment, the Welsh Fusileers, which I so unfortunately took for a few soldiers drilling! But the King has not yet been well enough to fix a day.

Monday, November 3.—The birthday of the

Princess Sophia. I had received the beautiful birthday offering yesterday from my Fredy, and this morning I carried it to the Lower Lodge, where it was very prettily welcomed.

I have exerted myself to do the honours a little in the establishment on Saturday next the 8th, for the Princess Augusta's birthday. I have invited Miss Gomme and Mdle. Montmollin to dinner, and poor Madame la Fite, who is also to stay the evening. For me, this is being very grand; but the truth is, I find it wholly expected amongst the household on the elder birthdays.

However, we are all here in a most uneasy state. The King is better and worse so frequently, and changes so, daily, backwards and forwards, that everything is to be apprehended, if his nerves are not some way quieted. I dreadfully fear he is on the eve of some severe fever. The Queen is almost overpowered with some secret terror. I am affected beyond all expression in her presence, to see what struggles she makes to support serenity. To-day she gave up the conflict when I was alone with her, and burst into a violent fit of tears. It was very, very terrible to see! How did I wish her a Susan or a Fredy! To unburthen her loaded mind would be to relieve it from all but inevitable affliction. Oh, may Heaven in its mercy never, never drive me to that solitary anguish more!—I have tried what it would do; I speak from bitter recollection of past melancholy experience.

Sometimes she walks up and down the room without uttering a word, but shaking her head frequently, and in evident distress and irresolution. She is often closeted with Miss Goldsworthy, of whom, I believe, she makes inquiry how her brother has found the King, from time to time.

The Princes both came to Kew, in several visits to the King. The Duke of York has also been

here, and his fond father could hardly bear the pleasure of thinking him anxious for his health. "So good," he says, "is Frederick!"

To-night, indeed, at tea-time, I felt a great shock, in hearing, from General Budé, that Dr. Heberden¹ had been called in. It is true more assistance seemed much wanting, yet the King's rooted aversion to physicians makes any newcomer tremendous. They said, too, it was merely for counsel, not that His Majesty was worse.

Ah, my dearest friends! I have no more fair running journal: I kept not now even a memorandum for some time, but I made them by recollection afterwards, and very fully, for not a circumstance could escape a memory that seems now to retain nothing but present events.

I will copy the sad period, however, for my Susan and Fredy will wish to know how it passed; and, though the very prospect of the task involuntarily dejects me, a thousand things are connected with it that must make all that can follow unintelligible without it.

Tuesday, November 4.—Passed much the same as the days preceding it; the Queen in deep distress, the King in a state almost incomprehensible, and all the house uneasy and alarmed. The drawing-room was again put off, and a steady residence seemed fixed at Windsor.

Wednesday, November 5.—Oh, dreadful day! My very heart has so sickened in looking over my memorandums, that I was forced to go to other employments. I will not, however, omit its narration. 'Tis too interesting ever to escape my own memory, and my dear friends have never yet had the beginning of the thread which led to all

¹ Dr. William Heberden, 1710-1801, the physician of Cowper and Johnson. (See *ante*, vol. ii. p. 421.)

the terrible scenes of which they have variously heard.

I found my poor Royal Mistress, in the morning, sad and sadder still; something horrible seemed impending, and I saw her whole resource was in religion. We had talked lately much upon solemn subjects, and she appeared already preparing herself to be resigned for whatever might happen.

I was still wholly unsuspecting of the greatness of the cause she had for dread. Illness, a breaking up of the constitution, the payment of sudden infirmity and premature old age for the waste of unguarded health and strength,—these seemed to me the threats awaiting her; and great and grievous enough, yet how short of the fact!

I had given up my walks some days; I was too uneasy to quit the house while the Queen remained at home, and she now never left it. Even Lady Effingham, the last two days, could not obtain admission; she could only hear from a page how the Royal Family went on.

At noon the King went out in his chaise, with the Princess Royal, for an airing. I looked from my window to see him; he was all smiling benignity, but gave so many orders to the postillions, and got in and out of the carriage twice, with such agitation, that again my fear of a great fever hanging over him grew more and more powerful. Alas! how little did I imagine I should see him no more for so long—so black a period!

When I went to my poor Queen, still worse and worse I found her spirits. She had been greatly offended by some anecdote in a newspaper—the *Morning Herald*—relative to the King's indisposition. She declared the printer should be called to account. She bid me burn the paper, and ruminated upon who could be employed to represent to the editor that he must answer at his

peril any further such treasonable paragraphs. I named to her Mr. Fairly, her own servant, and one so peculiarly fitted for any office requiring honour and discretion. "Is he here, then?" she cried. "No," I answered, but he was expected in a few days.

I saw her concurrence with this proposal. The Princess Royal soon returned. She came in cheerfully, and gave, in German, a history of the airing, and one that seemed comforting.

Soon after, suddenly arrived the Prince of Wales. He came into the room. He had just quitted Brighthelmstone. Something passing within seemed to render this meeting awfully distant on both sides. She asked if he should not return to Brighthelmstone? He answered yes, the next day. He desired to speak with her; they retired together.

I had but just reached my own room, deeply musing on the state of things, when a chaise stopped at the rails; and I saw Mr. Fairly and his son Charles alight, and enter the house. He walked lamely, and seemed not yet recovered from his late attack.

Though most happy to see him at this alarming time when I knew he could be most useful, as there is no one to whom the Queen opens so confidentially upon her affairs, I had yet a fresh start to see, by his anticipated arrival, though still lame, that he must have been sent for, and hurried hither.

Only Miss Planta dined with me. We were both nearly silent: I was shocked at I scarcely knew what, and she seemed to know too much for speech. She stayed with me till six o'clock, but nothing passed, beyond general solicitude that the King might get better.

To keep my promise with Madame la Fite, I

made Columb go and watch her coming to Princess Elizabeth, and invite her for tea.

Meanwhile, a stillness the most uncommon reigned over the whole house. Nobody stirred; not a voice was heard; not a step, not a motion. I could do nothing but watch, without knowing for what: there seemed a strangeness in the house most extraordinary.

At seven o'clock Columb came to tell me that the music was all forbid, and the musicians ordered away!

This was the last step to be expected, so fond as His Majesty is of his Concert, and I thought it might have rather soothed him: I could not understand the prohibition; all seemed stranger and stranger.

At eight o'clock Madame la Fite came. She had just left the Princess Elizabeth, and left her very miserable, but knew not why. The Queen, too, she said, was ill. She was herself in the dark, or thought it necessary so to seem.

Very late came General Budé. He looked extremely uncomfortable. I could have made inquiries of him with ease, as to the order about the Court; but he loves not to open before poor Madame la Fite.

Later still came Colonel Goldsworthy: his countenance all gloom, and his voice scarce articulating no or yes. General Grenville was gone to town.

General Budé asked me if I had seen Mr. Fairly; and last of all, at length he also entered.

How grave he looked! how shut up in himself! A silent bow was his only salutation; how changed I thought it,—and how fearful a meeting, so long expected as a solace!

Scarce a word was spoken, except by poor Madame la Fite, who made some few attempts

to renew her acquaintance with her favourite, but they were vain. He was all absorbed in distant gravity.

Colonel Goldsworthy was called away: I heard his voice whispering some time in the passage, but he did not return.

Various small speeches now dropped, by which I found the house was all in disturbance, and the King in some strange way worse, and the Queen taken ill!

Poor Madame la Fite, disappointed of a long-promised pleasant evening, and much disturbed by the general face of things, when she had drank her tea, rose to go. I could not oppose, and Mr. Fairly hastened to help her on with her cloak, and to open the door.

A little less guardedly now, the two gentlemen spoke of the state of the house, but in terms so alarming, I had not courage to demand an explanation; I dreadfully awaited to catch their meaning, gradually, as I could, unasked.

At length, General Budé said he would go and see if any one was in the music-room. Mr. Fairly said he thought he had better not accompany him, for as he had not yet been seen, his appearance might excite fresh emotion. The General agreed, and went.

We were now alone. But I could not speak: neither did Mr. Fairly; I worked—I had begun a hassock for my Fredy. A long and serious pause made me almost turn sick with anxious wonder and fear, and an inward trembling totally disabled me from asking the actual situation of things; if I had not had my work, to employ my eyes and hands, I must have left the room to quiet myself.

I fancy he penetrated into all this, though, at first, he had concluded me informed of everything; but he now, finding me silent, began an inquiry

whether I was yet acquainted how bad all was become, and how ill the King?

I really had no utterance for very alarm, but my look was probably sufficient; he kindly saved me any questions, and related to me the whole of the mysterious horror!

Oh, my dear friends, what a history! The King, at dinner, had broken forth into positive delirium, which long had been menacing all who saw him most closely; and the Queen was so overpowered as to fall into violent hysterics. All the Princesses were in misery, and the Prince of Wales had burst into tears.¹ No one knew what was to follow—no one could conjecture the event.

He spoke of the poor Queen, in terms of the most tender compassion; he pitied her, he said, from the bottom of his soul; and all her sweet daughters, the lovely Princesses—there was no knowing to what we might look forward for them all!

I was an almost silent listener; but, having expressed himself very warmly for all the principal sufferers, he kindly, and with interest, examined me. "How," he cried, "are you? Are you strong? are you stout? can you go through such scenes as these? you do not look much fitted for them."

"I shall do very well," I cried, "for, at a time such as this, I shall surely forget myself utterly. The Queen will be all to me. I shall hardly, I think, feel myself at liberty to be unhappy!"

He was not yet well himself; he had had an

¹ According to the Prince's own after-account at Lord Jersey's table, His Majesty, under some sudden impatience of control, had seized him by the collar, and thrust him violently against the wall. Other versions of the story add that the heir to the throne, never remarkable for nerve ("I thank Heaven there is but one of my children that wants courage," said King George), was greatly alarmed by the paternal attack. His sisters had to rub his temples with Hungary water, to prevent his fainting; and he was "blooded."

*? Sunday
Heart had
to be taken*

attack of gout upon the road. He had quitted his sister, and, in a visit in the journey back, he was seized. He had the advantage, there, of very good medical help. He got on to town as soon as it was possible, and meant there to have nursed himself well by Saturday, had not the ill accounts from Windsor hastened him hither at once.

He stayed with me all the evening, during which we heard no voice, no sound! all was deadly still! At ten o'clock I said, "I must go to my own room, to be in waiting." He determined upon remaining downstairs, in the Equerries' apartment, there to wait some intelligence. We parted in mutual expectation of dreadful tidings. In separating, he took my hand, and earnestly recommended me to keep myself stout and firm.

If this beginning of the night was affecting, what did it not grow afterwards! Two long hours I waited—alone, in silence, in ignorance, in dread! I thought they would never be over; at twelve o'clock I seemed to have spent two whole days in waiting. I then opened my door, to listen, in the passage, if anything seemed stirring. Not a sound could I hear. My apartment seemed wholly separated from life and motion. Whoever was in the house kept at the other end, and not even a servant crossed the stairs or passage by my rooms.

I would fain have crept on myself, anywhere in the world, for some inquiry, or to see but a face, and hear a voice, but I did not dare risk losing a sudden summons.

I re-entered my room and there passed another endless hour, in conjectures too horrible to relate.

A little after one, I heard a step—my door opened—and a page said I must come to the Queen.

I could hardly get along—hardly force myself into the room; dizzy I felt, almost to falling. But,

the first shock passed, I became more collected. Useful, indeed, proved the previous lesson of the evening: it had stilled, if not fortified my mind, which had else, in a scene such as this, been all tumult and emotion.

My poor Royal Mistress! never can I forget her countenance—pale, ghastly pale she looked; she was seated to be undressed, and attended by Lady Elizabeth Waldegrave and Miss Goldsworthy; her whole frame was disordered, yet she was still and quiet.

These two ladies assisted me to undress her, or rather I assisted them, for they were firmer, from being longer present; my shaking hands and blinded eyes could scarce be of any use.

I gave her some camphor julep, which had been ordered her by Sir George Baker. "How cold I am!" she cried, and put her hand on mine; marble it felt! and went to my heart's core!

The King, at the instance of Sir George Baker, had consented to sleep in the next apartment, as the Queen was ill. For himself, he would listen to nothing. Accordingly, a bed was put up for him, by his own order, in the Queen's second dressing-room, immediately adjoining to the bedroom. He would not be further removed. Miss Goldsworthy was to sit up with her, by the King's direction.

I would fain have remained in the little dressing-room, on the other side the bedroom, but she would not permit it. She ordered Sandys, her wardrobe-woman, in the place of Mrs. Thielky, to sit up there. Lady Elizabeth also pressed to stay; but we were desired to go to our own rooms.

How reluctantly did I come away! how hardly to myself leave her! Yet I went to bed, determined to preserve my strength to the utmost of my ability, for the service of my unhappy mistress.

I could not, however, sleep. I do not suppose an eye was closed in the house all night.

Thursday, November 6.—I rose at six, dressed in haste by candle-light, and unable to wait for my summons in a suspense so awful, I stole along the passage in the dark, a thick fog intercepting all faint light, to see if I could meet with Sandys, or any one, to tell me how the night had passed.

When I came to the little dressing-room, I stopped, irresolute what to do. I heard men's voices; I was seized with the most cruel alarm at such a sound in Her Majesty's dressing-room. I waited some time, and then the door opened, and I saw Colonel Goldsworthy and Mr. Batterscomb. I was relieved from my first apprehension, yet shocked enough to see them there at this early hour. They had both sat up there all night, as well as Sandys. Every page, both of the King and Queen, had also sat up, dispersed in the passages and ante-rooms! and oh what horror in every face I met!

I waited here, amongst them, till Sandys was ordered by the Queen to carry her a pair of gloves. I could not resist the opportunity to venture myself before her. I glided into the room, but stopped at the door: she was in bed, sitting up; Miss Goldsworthy was on a stool by her side!

I feared approaching without permission, yet could not prevail with myself to retreat. She was looking down, and did not see me. Miss Goldsworthy, turning round, said, "'Tis Miss Burney, ma'am."

She leaned her head forward, and in a most soft manner, said, "Miss Burney, how are you?"

Deeply affected, I hastened up to her, but, in trying to speak, burst into an irresistible torrent of tears.

My dearest friends, I do it at this moment

again, and can hardly write for them; yet I wish you to know all this piercing history right.

She looked like death—colourless and wan; but nature is infectious; the tears gushed from her own eyes, and a perfect agony of weeping ensued, which, once begun, she could not stop; she did not, indeed, try; for when it subsided, and she wiped her eyes, she said, "I thank you, Miss Burney—you have made me cry—it is a great relief to me—I had not been able to cry before, all this night long."

Oh what a scene followed! what a scene was related! The King, in the middle of the night, had insisted upon seeing if his Queen was not removed from the house; and he had come into her room, with a candle in his hand, opened the bed-curtains, and satisfied himself she was there, and Miss Goldsworthy by her side. This observance of his directions had much soothed him; but he stayed a full half hour, and the depth of terror during that time no words can paint. The fear of such another entrance was now so strongly upon the nerves of the poor Queen, that she could hardly support herself.

The King—the Royal sufferer—was still in the next room, attended by Sir George Baker and Dr. Heberden, and his pages, with Colonel Goldsworthy occasionally, and as he called for him. He kept talking unceasingly;¹ his voice was so lost in hoarseness and weakness, it was rendered almost inarticulate; but its tone was still all benevolence—all kindness—all touching graciousness.

It was thought advisable the Queen should not rise, lest the King should be offended that she did not go to him; at present he was content, because he conceived her to be nursing for her illness.

¹ It is stated in the *Auckland Correspondence*, 1861-2, ii. 244, that upon one occasion he "talked unceasingly for sixteen hours."

But what a situation for her! She would not let me leave her now; she made me remain in the room, and ordered me to sit down. I was too trembling to refuse. Lady Elizabeth soon joined us. We all three stayed with her; she frequently bid me listen, to hear what the King was saying or doing. I did, and carried the best accounts I could manage, without deviating from truth, except by some omissions. Nothing could be so afflicting as this task; even now, it brings fresh to my ear his poor exhausted voice. "I am nervous," he cried; "I am not ill, but I am nervous: if you would know what is the matter with me, I am nervous. But I love you both very well; if you would tell me truth: I love Dr. Heberden best, for he has not told me a lie: Sir George has told me a lie—a white lie, he says, but I hate a white lie! If you will tell me a lie, let it be a black lie!"

This was what he kept saying almost constantly, mixed in with other matter, but always returning, and in a voice that truly will never cease vibrating in my recollection.

The Queen permitted me to make her breakfast and attend her, and was so affectingly kind and gentle in her distress, that I felt a tenderness of sorrow for her that almost devoted my whole mind to her alone!

Miss Goldsworthy was a fixture at her side; I, therefore, provided her breakfast also.

Lady Elizabeth was sent out on inquiries of Colonel Goldsworthy, and Mr. Batterscomb, and the pages, every ten minutes; while I, at the same intervals, was ordered to listen to what passed in the room, and give warning if anything seemed to threaten another entrance.

The behaviour of Lady Elizabeth was a pattern of propriety for her situation. She was quiet,

gentle, serene, full of respect and attention, and kind concern.

She got some breakfast, standing, in the little dressing-room, while waiting for an answer to one of her messages; she wished me to do the same, but I could not eat. She afterwards told the Queen I had had nothing, and I was then ordered to go and make reparation in my room.

The Queen bid me bring the Prayer-Book and read the morning service to her. I could hardly do it, the poor voice from the next room was so perpetually in my ears.

You may suppose a thousand things to be said and to pass that I never would write; all I have put down was known to other witnesses.

When I came to my room, about twelve o'clock, for some breakfast, I found a letter from Lady Carmarthen.¹ It was an answer to my congratulation upon her marriage, and written with honest happiness and delight. She frankly calls herself the luckiest of all God's creatures; and this, if not elegant, is sincere, and I hope will be permanently her opinion. h

While swallowing my breakfast, standing and in haste, and the door ajar, I heard Mr. Fairly's voice, saying, "Is Miss Burney there? is she alone?" and then he sent in Columb, to inquire if he might come and ask me how I did.

I received him with as much gladness as I could then feel, but it was a melancholy reception. I consulted with him upon many points in which I wanted counsel: he is quick and deep at once in expedients where anything is to be done, and simple and clear in explaining himself where he thinks it is best to do nothing. Miss Goldsworthy

¹ Miss Catherine Anguish, eldest daughter of Thomas Anguish, Accountant-General of the Court of Chancery, recently married (October) to Francis Osborne, Marquis of Carmarthen, and later fifth Duke of Leeds, 1751-99. 60

herself had once stolen out to consult with him. He became, indeed, for all who belonged to the Queen, from this moment the oracle.

Dr. Warren¹ had been sent for express, in the middle of the night, at the desire of Sir George Baker, because he had been taken ill himself, and felt unequal to the whole toil.

I returned speedily to the room of woe. The arrival of the physicians was there grievously awaited, for Dr. Heberden and Sir George would now decide upon nothing till Dr. Warren came. The poor Queen wanted something very positive to pass, relative to her keeping away, which seemed thought essential at this time, though the courage to assert it was wanting in everybody.

The Princesses sent to ask leave to come to their mother. She burst into tears, and declared she could neither see them, nor pray, while in this dreadful situation, expecting every moment to be broken in upon, and quite uncertain in what manner, yet determined not to desert her apartment, except by express direction from the physicians. Who could tell to what height the delirium might rise? There was no constraint, no power: all feared the worst, yet none dared take any measures for security.

The Princes also sent word they were at Her Majesty's command, but she shrunk still more from this interview: it filled her with a thousand dreadful sensations, too obvious to be wholly hid.

At length news was brought that Dr. Warren was arrived. I never felt so rejoiced; I could have run out to welcome him with rapture.

With what cruel impatience did we then wait to hear his sentence! An impatience how fruitless!

¹ Dr. Richard Warren, 1731-1797, Physician to the Prince of Wales. During the events to come, he was devoted to the Prince's interests.

It ended in information that he had not seen the King, who refused him admittance.

This was terrible. But the King was never so despotical; no one dared oppose him. He would not listen to a word, though, when unopposed, he was still all gentleness and benignity to every one around him.

Dr. Warren was then planted where he could hear his voice, and all that passed, and receive intelligence concerning his pulse, etc., from Sir George Baker.

We now expected every moment Dr. Warren would bring Her Majesty his opinion; but he neither came nor sent. She waited in dread incessant. She sent for Sir George—he would not speak alone: she sent for Mr. Hawkins,¹ the household surgeon; but all referred to Dr. Warren.

Lady Elizabeth and Miss Goldsworthy earnestly pressed her to remove to a more distant apartment, where she might not hear the unceasing voice of the unhappy King; but she would only rise and go to the little dressing-room, there to wait in her night-clothes Dr. Warren's determination what step she should take.

At length Lady Elizabeth learnt among the pages that Dr. Warren had quitted his post of watching.

The poor Queen now, in a torrent of tears, prepared herself for seeing him.

He came not.

All astonished and impatient, Lady Elizabeth was sent out on inquiries.

She returned, and said Dr. Warren was gone.

"Run! stop him!" was the Queen's next order.

"Let him but let me know what I am to do."

Poor, poor Queen! how I wept to hear those words!

¹ Mr. Charles Hawkins (see *post*, p. 166).

Abashed and distressed, poor Lady Elizabeth returned. She had seen Colonel Goldsworthy, and heard Dr. Warren, with the other two physicians, had left the house too far to be recalled ; they were gone over to the Castle, to the Prince of Wales.

I think a deeper blow I have never witnessed. Already to become but second, even for the King ! The tears were now wiped ; indignation arose, with pain, the severest pain, of every species.

In about a quarter of an hour Colonel Goldsworthy sent in to beg an audience. It was granted, a long cloak only being thrown over the Queen.

He now brought the opinion of all the physicians in consultation, "That Her Majesty would remove to a more distant apartment, since the King would undoubtedly be worse from the agitation of seeing her, and there could be no possibility to prevent it while she remained so near."

She instantly agreed, but with what bitter anguish ! Lady Elizabeth, Miss Goldsworthy, and myself attended her ; she went to an apartment in the same row, but to which there was no entrance except by its own door. It consisted of only two rooms, a bed-chamber and a dressing-room. They are appropriated to the lady-in-waiting, when she is here.

At the entrance into this new habitation the poor wretched Queen once more gave way to a perfect agony of grief and affliction ; while the words, "What will become of me ! What will become of me !" uttered with the most piercing lamentation, struck deep and hard into all our hearts. Never can I forget their desponding sound ; they implied such complicated apprehensions.

Instantly now the Princesses were sent for. The three elder hastened down. Oh, what a meeting ! They all, from a habit that is become a second

nature, struggling to repress all outward grief, though the Queen herself, wholly overcome, wept even aloud.

They all went into the bedroom, and the Queen made a slight dressing, but only wore a close gauze cap, and her long dressing-gown, which is a dimity chemise.

I was then sent back to the little dressing-room, for something that was left ; as I opened the door, I almost ran against a gentleman close to it in the passage.

“ Is the Queen here ? ” he cried, and I then saw the Prince of Wales.

“ Yes,” I answered, shuddering at this new scene for her ; “ should I tell Her Majesty your Royal Highness is here ? ”

This I said lest he should surprise her. But he did not intend that : he was profoundly respectful, and consented to wait at the door while I went in, but called me back, as I turned away, to add, “ You will be so good to say I am come by her orders.”

She wept a deluge of tears when I delivered my commission, but instantly admitted him.

I then retreated. The other two ladies went to Lady Elizabeth's room, which is next the Queen's new apartments.

In the passage I was again stopped ; it was by Mr. Fairly. I would have hurried on, scarce able to speak, but he desired to know how the Queen did. “ Very bad ” was all I could say, and on I hastened to my own room, which, the next minute, I would as eagerly have hastened to quit, from its distance from all that was going forward ; but now once the Prince had entered the Queen's rooms, I could go thither no more unsummoned.

Miserable, lonely, and filled with dreadful conjectures, I remained here till a very late dinner

brought Miss Planta to the dining-parlour, where I joined her.

After a short and dismal meal we immediately parted: she to wait in the apartments of the Princesses above-stairs, in case of being wanted; I to my own solitary parlour.

The Prince of Wales and Duke of York stayed here all the day, and were so often in and out of the Queen's rooms that no one could enter them but by order. The same etiquette is observed when the Princes are with the Queen as when the King is there—no interruption whatever is made. I now, therefore, lost my only consolation at this calamitous time, that of attending my poor Royal Mistress.

Alone wholly, without seeing a human being, or gathering any, the smallest intelligence of what was going forwards, I remained till tea-time.

Impatient then for information, I planted myself in the eating-parlour; but no one came. Every minute seemed an hour. I grew as anxious for the tea society as heretofore I had been anxious to escape it; but so late it grew, and so hopeless, that Columb came to propose bringing the water.

No; for I could swallow nothing voluntarily.

In a few minutes he came again, and with the compliments of Mr. Fairly, who desired him to tell me he would wait upon me to tea whenever I pleased.

A little surprised at this single message, but most truly rejoiced, I returned my compliments, with an assurance that all time was the same to me.

He came directly, and indeed his very sight, at this season of still horror and silent suspense, was a repose to my poor aching eyes.

“You will see,” he said, “nobody else. The physicians being now here, Colonel Goldsworthy thought it right to order tea for the whole party

in the music-room, which we have now agreed to make the general waiting-room for us all. It is near the King, and we ought always to be at hand."

Our tea was very sad. He gave me no hope of a short seizure; he saw it, in perspective, as long as it was dreadful: perhaps even worse than long, he thought it—but that he said not. He related to me the whole of the day's transactions, but my most dear and most honourable friends will be the first to forgive me when I promise that I shall commit nothing to paper on this terrible event that is told me in confidence.

He did not stay long; he did not think it right to leave his waiting friends for any time, nor could I wish it, valued as I know he is by them all, and much as they need his able counsel.

He left me plunged in a deep gloom, yet he was not gloomy himself; he sees evils as things of course, and bears them, therefore, as things expected. But he was tenderly touched for the poor Queen and the Princesses.

Not till one in the morning did I see another face, and then I attended my poor unhappy Queen. She was now fixed in her new apartments, bedroom and dressing-room, and stirred not a step but from one to the other. Fortunately all are upon the ground-floor, both for King and Queen; so are the two Lady Waldegraves' and mine; the Princesses and Miss Planta, as usual, are upstairs, and the gentlemen lodge above them.

Miss Goldsworthy had now a bed put up in the Queen's new bedroom. She had by no means health to go on sitting up, and it had been the poor King's own direction that she should remain with the Queen. It was settled that Mrs. Sandys and Miss Macenton¹ should alternately sit up in the dressing-room.

¹ See *ante*, p. 14, and vol. iii. p. 101.

The Queen would not permit me to take that office, though most gladly I would have taken any that would have kept me about her. But she does not think my strength sufficient. She allowed me however to stay with her till she was in bed, which I had never done till now; I never, indeed, had even seen her in her bedroom till the day before. She has always had the kindness and delicacy to dismiss me from her dressing-room as soon as I have assisted her with her night-clothes; the wardrobe-woman then was summoned, and I regularly made my courtesy. It was a satisfaction to me, however, now to leave her the last, and to come to her the first.

Her present dressing-room is also her dining-room, her drawing-room, her sitting-room; she has nothing else but her bedroom!

I left her with my fervent prayers for better times, and saw her nearer to composure than I had believed possible in such a calamity. She called to her aid her religion, and without it what, indeed, must have become of her? It was near two in the morning when I quitted her.

In passing through the dressing-room to come away, I found Miss Goldsworthy in some distress how to execute a commission of the Queen's: it was to her brother, who was to sit up in a room adjoining to the King's; and she was undressed, and knew not how to go to him, as the Princes were to and fro everywhere. I offered to call him to her; she thankfully accepted the proposal. I cared not, just then, whom I encountered, so I could make myself of any use.

When I gently opened the door of the apartment to which I was directed, I found it was quite filled with gentlemen and attendants, arranged round it on chairs and sofas, in dead silence.

It was a dreadful start with which I retreated ; for anything more alarming and shocking could not be conceived : the poor King within another door, unconscious any one was near him, and thus watched, by dread necessity, at such an hour of the night ! I pronounced the words " Colonel Goldsworthy," however, before I drew back, though I could not distinguish one gentleman from another, except the two Princes, by their stars.

I waited in the next room ; but instead of Colonel Goldsworthy, my call was answered by Mr. Fairly. I acquainted him with my errand. He told me he had himself insisted that Colonel Goldsworthy should go to bed, as he had sat up all the preceding night, and he had undertaken to supply his place.

I went back to Miss Goldsworthy with this account. She begged me to entreat Mr. Fairly would come to her, as she must now make the commission devolve on him, and could less than ever appear herself, as they were all assembled in such a party.

Mr. Fairly most considerably had remained in this quiet room, to see if anything more might be wanted, which spared me the distress of again intruding into the public room.

I begged him to follow, and we were proceeding to the dressing-room, when I was stopped by a gentleman, who said, " Does the Queen want anybody ? "

It was the Prince of Wales. " Not the Queen, sir," I answered, " but Miss Goldsworthy, has desired to see Mr. Fairly."

He let me pass, but stopped Mr. Fairly ; and, as he seemed inclined to detain him some time, I only told Miss Goldsworthy what had retarded him, and made off to my own room, and soon after two o'clock, I believe, I was in bed.

Friday, November 7.—I was now arrived at a sort of settled regularity of life more melancholy than can possibly be described. I rose at six, dressed, and hastened to the Queen's apartments, uncalled, and there waited in silence and in the dark till I heard her move or speak with Miss Goldsworthy, and then presented myself to the sad bedside of the unhappy Queen. She sent Miss Goldsworthy early every morning, to make inquiry what sort of night His Majesty had passed; and in the middle of the night she commonly also sent for news by the wardrobe-woman, or Miss Macenton, whichever sat up.

She dismissed Miss Goldsworthy, on my arrival, to dress herself. Lady Elizabeth Waldegrave accommodated her with her own room for that purpose.

I had then a long conference with this most patient sufferer; and equal forbearance and quietness during a period of suspensive unhappiness never have I seen, never could I have imagined.

At noon now I never saw her, which I greatly regretted; but she kept on her dressing-gown all day, and the Princes were continually about the passages, so that no one unsummoned dared approach the Queen's apartments.

It was only therefore at night and morning I could see her; but my heart was with her the livelong day. And how long, good Heaven! how long that day became! Endless I used to think it, for nothing could I do—to wait and to watch—starting at every sound, yet revived by every noise.

While I was yet with my poor Royal sufferer this morning the Prince of Wales came hastily into the room. He apologised for his intrusion, and then gave a very energetic history of the preceding night. It had been indeed most affectingly

dreadful! The King had risen in the middle of the night, and would take no denial to walking into the next room. There he saw the large congress I have mentioned: amazed and in consternation, he demanded what they did there? Much followed that I have heard since, particularly the warmest *éloge* on his dear son Frederick, his favourite, his friend. "Yes," he cried, "Frederick is my friend!"—and this son was then present amongst the rest, but not seen!

Sir George Baker was there, and was privately exhorted by the gentlemen to lead the King back to his room; but he had not courage: he attempted only to speak, and the King penned him in a corner, told him he was a mere old woman—that he wondered he had ever followed his advice, for he knew nothing of his complaint, which was only nervous!

The Prince of Wales, by signs and whispers, would have urged others to have drawn him away, but no one dared approach him, and he remained there a considerable time, "Nor do I know when he would have been got back," continued the Prince, "if at last Mr. Fairly had not undertaken him. I am extremely obliged to Mr. Fairly indeed. He came boldly up to him, and took him by the arm, and begged him to go to bed, and then drew him along, and said he must go. Then he said he would not, and cried, 'Who are you?' 'I am Mr. Fairly, sir,' he answered, 'and your Majesty has been very good to me often, and now I am going to be very good to you, for you must come to bed, sir: it is necessary to your life.' And then he was so surprised, that he let himself be drawn along just like a child; and so they got him to bed. I believe else he would have stayed all night!"

Mr. Fairly has had some melancholy experience

in a case of this sort, with a very near connection of his own. How fortunate he was present !

At noon I had the most sad pleasure of receiving Mr. and Mrs. Smelt. They had heard in York of the illness of the King, and had travelled post to Windsor. Poor worthy, excellent couple !—ill and infirm, what did they not suffer from an attack like this—so wonderfully unexpected upon a patron so adored !

They wished the Queen to be acquainted with their arrival, yet would not let me risk meeting the Princes in carrying the news. Mr. Smelt I saw languished to see his King : he was persuaded he might now repay a part of former benefits, and he wished to be made his page during his illness, that he might watch and attend him hourly.

The good Mrs. Smelt was even anxious to part with him for this purpose ; and I had not a doubt, myself, he would perform it better than anybody, his personal tenderness for the King being aided by so intimate a knowledge of his character and sentiments.

They determined to wait till the last, in hopes some accident would occasion my being summoned.

Poor Mr. de Luc soon joined us : he has forgot all his own complaints ; his very heart and soul are consigned to the King, and have room for nought beside.

Mr. Smelt, seeing Dr. Warren pass my window, hastened out to confer with him ; and, just after, a rap at my door produced Mr. Fairly.

I never gave him a better welcome. I had heard, I told him, what he had done, and if he could instigate others to such methods I should call him our nation's guardian.

He had a long story, he said, for me ; but from slightness of acquaintance with Mrs. Smelt, he for-

bore at present to enter into particulars, and only—Cheltenham fashion—asked me to lend him pen and ink to write a note. We left him to that, and pursued our discourse.

I had had a message in the morning by Mr. Gorton, the clerk of the kitchen, to tell me the Prince of Wales wished our dining-parlour to be appropriated to the physicians, both for their dinner and their consultations. I was therefore obliged to order dinner for Miss Planta and myself in my own sitting-parlour, which was now immaterial, as the Equerries did not come to tea, but continued altogether in the music-room.

Mr. Fairly had, I believe, forgot this new regulation, for the moment he had written his note he hastened away, saying, "In the evening I shall come to tea, of course."

I stopped him then to explain the loss of the tea-room, but added, if he found any time, I should be most happy to receive him in my own.

As I had no summons I contrived to speak to Mr. Alberts, the Queen's page, and begged him to acquaint Her Majesty Mr. and Mrs. Smelt were here.

He did ; but no message followed, and therefore at three o'clock, with bleeding hearts, they left this miserable house.

In the evening, of course, came Mr. Fairly, but it was only to let me know it would be of course no longer. He then rang the bell for my tea-urn, finding I had waited, though he declined drinking tea with me ; but he sat down, and stayed half an hour, telling me the long story he had promised, which was a full detail of the terrible preceding night. The transactions of the day also he related to me, and the designs for the future. How alarming were they all ! yet many particulars, he said, he

omitted, merely because they were yet more affecting, and could be dwelt upon to no purpose.

Saturday, November 8.—This was, if possible, the saddest day yet passed: it was the birthday of Princess Augusta, and Mrs. Siddons had been invited to read a play, and a large party of company to form the audience. What a contrast from such an intention was the event!

When I went, before seven o'clock in the morning, to my most unhappy Royal Mistress, the Princes were both in the room. I retreated to the next apartment till they had finished their conference. The Prince of Wales upon these occasions has always been extremely well-bred and condescending in his manner, which, in a situation such as mine, is no immaterial circumstance.

The poor Queen then spoke to me of the birthday present she had designed for her most amiable daughter. She hesitated a little whether or not to produce it, but at length meekly said, "Yes, go to Miss Planta and bring it. Do you think there can be any harm in giving it now?"

"Oh, no!" I said, happy to encourage whatever was a little less gloomy, and upstairs I flew. I was met by all the poor Princesses and the Duke of York, who inquired if he might go again to the Queen. I begged leave first to execute my commission. I did; but so engrossed was my mind with the whole of this living tragedy, that I so little noticed what it was I carried as to be now unable to recollect it. I gave it, however, to the Queen, who then sent for the Princesses, and carried her gift to her daughter, weeping, who received it with a silent courtesy, kissing and wetting with her gentle tears the hand of her afflicted mother.

During my mournful breakfast poor Mr. Smelt arrived from Kew, where he had now settled him-

self. Mr. de Luc also joined us, and they could neither prevail upon themselves to go away all the morning.

Mr. Smelt had some thoughts of taking up his abode in Windsor till the state of things should be more decisive. The accounts of the preceding night had been most cruel, and to quit the spot was scarce supportable to him. Yet he feared the Princes might disapprove his stay, and he well knew his influence and welcome at court was all confined to the sick-room : thence, there could now issue no mandate.

Yet I encouraged him to stay ; so did Mr. de Luc ; and while he was still wavering he saw Dr. Warren in the court-yard, and again hastened to speak with him. Before he returned the Prince of Wales went out and met him ; and you may imagine how much I was pleased to observe from the window that he took him by the arm, and walked up and down with him.¹

When he came to us he said the Prince had told him he had better stay, that he might see the Queen. He determined, therefore, to send off an express to Mrs. Smelt, and go and secure an apartment at the inn.

This was very soothing to me, who so much needed just such consolation as he could bestow ; and I begged he would come back to dinner, and spend the whole day in my room, during his stay.

What, however, was my concern and amaze, when, soon after, hastily returning, he desired to speak to me alone, and, as Mr. de Luc moved off, told me he was going back immediately to Kew ! He spoke with a tremor that alarmed me. I entreated to know why such a change ? He then informed me that the porter, Mr. Humphreys, had

¹ Mr. Smelt—it will be remembered—had been Deputy-Governor to the Prince of Wales, when Bishop Hurd was Preceptor.

refused him re-entrance, and sent him his great-coat! He had resented this impertinence, and was told it was by the express order of the Prince! In utter astonishment he then only desired admittance for one moment to my room, and having acquainted me with this circumstance, he hurried off, in a state of distress and indignation that left me penetrated with both.

He made Mr. de Luc promise to write to him, as he knew I had received injunctions to send no accounts from the house; but he said he would come no more.

And, after such an unmerited—a wanton affront, who could ask him? I can make no comments.

From this time, as the poor King grew worse, general hope seemed universally to abate; and the Prince of Wales now took the government of the house into his own hands. Nothing was done but by his orders, and he was applied to in every difficulty. The Queen interfered not in anything; she lived entirely in her two new rooms, and spent the whole day in patient sorrow and retirement with her daughters.

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end
9/12/1788

PART XXXVI

1788

Total seclusion of the Royal Family—Dr. Warren—Public prayers for the King's recovery—The Archbishop of Canterbury—The King grows worse—The Bishop of Worcester—The Prince of Wales at Windsor—Hopes of recovery—Sir Lucas Pepys—The Duke of York—The King's conduct during his illness—Bad accounts of the King—His desire to see his children—His conduct to his equerries—The Queen—New regulations respecting the King's treatment—The King's dread of being removed to Kew—Total seclusion—Dr. Stillingfleet called in—Excitement of the people respecting the King's illness—Threatening letters to the Physicians—Sir George Baker stopped by the mob—The Queen and the Chancellor—The Physicians before the Privy Council—Conduct of Pitt—The King's dread of removal—Preparations for leaving Windsor—The Queen's departure for Kew—The Princesses—Suspense—Removal of the King to Kew—Description of the arrangements—Prospect of a regency.

THE next news that reached me, through Mr. de Luc, was, that the Prince had sent his commands to the porter, to admit only four persons into the house on any pretence whatever: these were Mr. Majendie,¹ Mr. Turbulent, General Harcourt, and Mr. de Luc himself; and these were ordered to repair immediately to the Equerry-room below-stairs, while no one whatsoever was to be allowed to go to any other apartment.

From this time commenced a total banishment

¹ See *ante*, vol. iii. p. 136.

from all intercourse out of the house, and an unremitting confinement within its walls.

Poor Mr. de Luc, however, could not forgo coming to my room. He determined to risk that, since he was upon the list of those who might enter the house.

I was glad, because he is a truly good man, and our sentiments upon this whole melancholy business were the same. But otherwise, the weariness of a great length of visit daily from a person so slow and methodical in discourse, so explanatory of everything and of nothing, at this agitating period, was truly painful to endure. He has often talked to me till my poor burthened head has seemed lost to all understanding.

I had now, all tea-meetings being over, no means of gaining any particulars of what was passing, which added so much to the horror of the situation, that by the evening I was almost petrified. Imagine, then, alike my surprise and satisfaction at a visit from Mr. Fairly. He had never come to me so unexpectedly. I eagerly begged an account of what was going on, and, with his usual readiness and accuracy, he gave it me in full detail. And nothing could be more tragic than all the particulars; every species of evil seemed now hanging over this unhappy family.

He had had his son with him in his room upstairs; "And I had a good mind," he said, "to have brought him to visit you."

I assured him he would have been a very welcome guest; and when he added that he could no longer have him at the Equerry table to dinner, as the Prince of Wales now presided there, I invited him for the next day to mine.

He not only instantly accepted the proposal, but cried, with great vivacity, "I wish—you would invite me too."

I thought he was laughing, but said, "Certainly, if such a thing might be allowed"; and then, to my almost speechless surprise, he declared, if I would give him permission, he would dine with me next day.

He then proceeded to say that the hurry, and fatigue, and violent animal spirits of the other table quite overpowered him, and a respite of such a quiet sort would be of essential service to him. Yet he paused a little afterwards, upon the propriety of leaving the Prince of Wales's table, and said, "He would first consult with General Budé, and hear his opinion."

Sunday, November 9.—No one went to church; not a creature now quits the house: but I believe devotion never less required the aid and influence of public worship. For me, I know, I spent almost my whole time between prayer and watching. Even my melancholy resource, my tragedy,¹ was now thrown aside; misery so actual, living, and present, was knit too closely around me to allow my depressed imagination to fancy any woe beyond what my heart felt.

In coming early from the Queen's apartment this morning I was addressed by a gentleman who inquired how I did, by my name; but my bewilderment made him obliged to tell his own before I could recollect him. It was Dr. Warren.²

I eagerly expressed my hopes and satisfaction in his attendance upon the poor King, but he would not enter upon that subject. I suppose he feared, from my zeal, some indiscreet questions concerning his opinion of the case; for he passed by all I could start, to answer only with speeches relative to myself—of his disappointment in never meeting me, though residing under the same roof; his surprise

¹ Perhaps *Edwy and Elgiva*. But see *ante*, p. 118, and *post*, under August 1790.

² See *ante*, vol. ii. p. 278.

in not dining with me when told he was to dine in my room, and the strangeness of never seeing me when so frequently he heard my name.

I could not bring myself to ask him to my apartment, when I saw, by his whole manner, he held it imprudent to speak with me about the only subject on which I wished to talk—the King; and just then seeing the Duke of York advancing, I hastily retreated.

While I was dressing, Mr. Fairly rapped at my door. I sent out Goter, who brought me his compliments, and, if it would not be inconvenient to me, he and his son would have the pleasure of dining with me.

I answered, I should be very glad of their company, as would Miss Planta.

Miss Goldsworthy had now arranged herself with the Lady Waldegraves.

Our dinner was as pleasant as a dinner at such a season could be. Mr. Fairly holds cheerfulness as a duty in the midst of every affliction that can admit it; and, therefore, whenever his animal spirits have a tendency to rise, he encourages and sustains them. So fond, too, is he of his son,¹ that his very sight is a cordial to him; and that mild, feeling, amiable boy quite idolises his father, looking up to him, hanging on his arm, and watching his eye to smile and be smiled upon, with a fondness like that of an infant to its maternal nurse.

Repeatedly Mr. Fairly exclaimed, “What a relief is this, to dine thus quietly!”

What a relief should I, too, have found it, but for a little circumstance, which I will soon relate.

We were still at table, with the dessert, when Columb entered and announced the sudden return from Weymouth of Mrs. Schwollenberg.

Up we all started; Miss Planta flew out to

¹ See *ante*, vol. iii. p. 502.

receive her, and state the situation of the house; Mr. Fairly, expecting, I believe, she was coming into my room, hastily made his exit without a word; his son eagerly scampered after him, and I followed Miss Planta upstairs.

My reception, however, was such as to make me deem it most proper to again return to my room.

What an addition this to the gloom of all! and to begin at once with harshness and rudeness! I could hardly tell how to bear it.

Monday, November 10.—This was a most dismal day. The dear and most suffering King was extremely ill, the Queen very wretched, poor Mrs. Schwollenberg all spasm and horror, Miss Planta all restlessness, the house all mystery, and my only informant and comforter distanced.

Not a word, the whole day through, did I hear of what was passing or intending. Our dinner was worse than an almost famished fasting; we parted after it, and met no more. Mrs. Schwollenberg, who never drinks tea herself, hearing the general party was given up, and never surmising there had ever been any particular one, neither desired me to come to her, nor proposed returning to me. She took possession of the poor Queen's former dressing-room, and between that and the adjoining apartments she spent all the day, except during dinner.

This was my only little satisfaction, that my solitude had not the evening's interruption I expected. Alas! I now found even its dreariness acceptable, in preference to such a companion as must have dispelled it. But what a day! how endless every hour!

Tuesday, November 11.—This day passed like the preceding; I only saw Her Majesty in the morning, and not another human being from that hour till Mrs. Schwollenberg and Miss Planta came

to dinner. Nor could I then gather any information of the present state of things, as Mrs. Schwellenberg announced that nothing must be talked of.

To give any idea of the dismal horror of passing so many hours in utter ignorance, where every interest of the mind was sighing for intelligence, would not be easy : the experiment alone could give it its full force ; and from that, Heaven ever guard my loved readers !

Wednesday, November 12. — To-day a little brightened upon us ; some change appeared in the loved Royal sufferer, and though it was not actually for the better in itself, yet any change was pronounced to be salutary, as, for some days past, there had been a monotonous continuation of the same bad symptoms, that had doubly depressed us all.

My spirits rose immediately ; indeed, I thank God, I never desponded, though many times I stood nearly alone in my hopes.

In the passage, in the morning, I encountered Colonel Gwynn. I had but just time to inform him I yet thought all would do well, ere the Princes appeared. All the Equerries are now here except Major Garth, who is ill ; and they have all ample employment in watching and waiting. From time to time they have all interviews ; but it is only because the poor King will not be denied seeing them ; it is not thought right. But I must enter into nothing of this sort—it is all too closely connected with private domestic concerns for paper.

After dinner, my chief guest, *la Présidente*, told me, “ If my room was not so warm, she would stay a littel with me.” I felt this would be rather too superlative an obligation ; and therefore I simply answered that “ I was too chilly to sit in a cold room ” ; and I confess I took no pains to temper it according to this hint.

Finding there was now no danger of disagreeable interviews, Mr. Fairly renewed his visits as usual. He came early this evening, and narrated the state of things; and then, with a laugh, he inquired what I had done with my head companion, and how I got rid of her?

I fairly told him my malice about the tempera-
ture.

He could not help laughing, though he instantly remonstrated against an expedient that might prove prejudicial to my health. "You had better not," he cried, "try any experiments of this sort: if you hurt your nerves, it may prove a permanent evil; this other can only be temporary."

He took up the *Task* again; but he opened, by ill luck, upon nothing striking or good; and soon, with distaste, flung the book down, and committed himself wholly to conversation.

He told me he wished much he had been able to consult with me on the preceding morning, when he had the Queen's orders to write, in Her Majesty's name, to the Archbishop of Canterbury, to issue out public prayers for the poor King, for all the churches.

I assured him I fancied it might do very well without my aid. There was to be a privy council summoned, in consequence of the letter, to settle the mode of compliance.

How right a step in my ever-right Royal Mistress is this! If you hear less of her now, my dearest friends, and of the internal transactions, it is only because I now rarely saw her but alone, and all that passed, therefore, was in promised confidence. And, for the rest, the whole of my information concerning the Princes, and the plans and the proceedings of the house, was told me in perfect reliance on my secrecy and honour.

I know this is saying enough to the most honourable of all confidants and friends to whom I am writing. All that passes with regard to myself is laid completely before them.

Thursday, November 13.—This was the fairest day we have passed since the first seizure of the most beloved of monarchs. He was considerably better. Oh what a ray of joy lightened us, and how mildly did my poor Queen receive it!

Friday, 14.—Still all was greatly amended, and better spirits reigned throughout the house.

Mr. Fairly—I can write of no one else, for no one else did I see—called early, to tell me he had received an answer relative to the prayer for His Majesty's recovery, in consequence of which he had the Queen's commands for going to town the next day, to see the Archbishop.¹

This was an employment so suited to the religious cast of his character, that I rejoiced to see it fall into his hands.

62
He came again in the evening, and said he had now got the prayer. He did not entirely approve it, nor think it sufficiently warm and animated. I petitioned to hear it, and he readily complied, and read it with great reverence, but very unaffectedly and quietly. I was very, very much touched by it; yet not, I own, quite so much as once before by another, which was read to me by Mr. Cambridge, and composed by his son, for the sufferings of his excellent daughter Catherine. It was at once so devout, yet so concise—so fervent, yet so simple, and the many tender relations concerned in it—father, brother, sister—so powerfully affected me, that I had no command over the feelings then excited, even though Mr. Cambridge almost reproved me for want of fortitude; but there was

¹ John Moore, 1730-1805, Archbishop of Canterbury from 1783 until his death.

something so tender in a prayer of a brother for a sister.

Here, however, I was under better control; for though my whole heart was filled with the calamitous state of this unhappy monarch, and with deepest affliction for all his family, I yet knew so well my reader was one to severely censure all failure in calmness and firmness, that I struggled, and not ineffectually, to hear him with a steadiness like his own. But, fortunately for the relief of this force, he left the room for a few minutes to see if he was wanted, and I made use of his absence to give a little vent to those tears which I had painfully restrained in his presence.

When he returned we had one of the best (on his part) conversations in which I have ever been engaged, upon the highest and most solemn of all subjects, prayers and supplications to heaven. He asked my opinion with earnestness, and gave his own with unbounded openness.

Saturday, November 15.—This morning my poor Royal Mistress herself presented me with one of the prayers for the King. I shall always keep it; how—how fervently did I use it!¹

Whilst I was at breakfast Mr. Fairly once more called before he set off for town; and he brought me also a copy of the prayer. He had received a large packet of them from the Archbishop, Dr. Moore, to distribute in the house.

The whole day the King continued amended.

Sunday, November 16.—This morning I ventured out to church. I did not like to appear abroad, but yet I had a most irresistible earnestness to join the public congregation in the prayer for the King. Indeed nothing could be more deeply moving: the very sound of the cathedral service,

¹ The Prayer for the King is printed in the *European Magazine* for November 1788, p. 388.

performed in his own chapel, overset me at once ; and every prayer in the service in which he was mentioned brought torrents of tears from all the suppliants that joined in them. I could scarcely keep my place, scarce command my voice from audible sobs. To come to the House of prayer from such a house of woe ! I ran away when the service was over, to avoid inquiries. Mrs. Kennedy ran after me, with swollen eyes ; I could not refuse her a hasty answer, but I ran the faster after it, to avoid any more.

The King was worse. His night had been very bad ; all the fair promise of amendment was shaken ; he had now some symptoms even dangerous to his life. Oh, good Heaven, what a day did this prove ! I saw not a human face, save at dinner ; and then, what faces ! gloom and despair in all, and silence to every species of intelligence.

The good Bishop of Worcester came, but he could only see the Queen ; overwhelmed with grief for the situation of his unhappy King and patron, he could bear no interview he had power to shun.

Mr. Smelt came to Windsor, and, by means of certain management, dined here, but hastened to Kew immediately afterwards. In how many ways had I reason to repine at his most ungrateful treatment !

So full of horror was my mind that I could not even read ; books of devotion excepted, I found it impossible even to try to read, for I had not courage to take anything in hand. At the cathedral a sort of hymn had occurred to me, and that I wrote down on my return ; and that alone could divide my attention with listening for footsteps at the door. No footsteps, however, approached : my only friend and intelligencer gone, not another in the house could even dream of the profound ignorance in which, during his absence, I

was kept. My morning attendance upon the Queen, indeed, was informing, as far as it was *tête-à-tête*, but after that I saw her no more till night, and then never alone.

It was melancholy to see the crowds of former welcome visitors who were now denied access. The Prince reiterated his former orders; and I perceived from my window those who had ventured to the door returning back in deluges of tears. Amongst them to-day I perceived poor Lady Effingham, the Duchess of Ancaster, and Mr. Bryant; the last sent me in, afterwards, a mournful little letter, to which he desired no answer. Indeed I was not at liberty to write a word.

Wednesday, November 19.—The account of the dear King this morning was rather better.

Sir Lucas Pepys was now called in, and added to Dr. Warren, Dr. Heberden, and Sir George Baker. I earnestly wished to see him, and I found my poor Royal Mistress was secretly anxious to know his opinion. I sent to beg to speak with him, as soon as the consultation was over; determined, however, to make that request no more if he was as shy of giving information as Dr. Warren.

Poor Mr. de Luc was with me when he came; but it was necessary I should see Sir Lucas alone, that I might have a better claim upon his discretion: nevertheless I feared he would have left me, without the smallest intelligence, before I was able to make my worthy, but most slow companion comprehend the necessity of his absence.

The moment we were alone, Sir Lucas opened upon the subject in the most comfortable manner. He assured me there was nothing desponding in the case, and that his Royal Patient would certainly recover, though not immediately.

Whilst I was in the midst of the almost speechless joy with which I heard this said, and ready to kiss the very feet of Sir Lucas for words of such delight, a rap at my door made me open it to Mr. Fairly, who entered, saying, "I must come to ask you how you do, though I have no good news to bring you ; but——"

He then, with the utmost amaze, perceived Sir Lucas. In so very many visits he had constantly found me alone, that I really believe he had hardly thought it possible he should see me in any other way.

They then talked over the poor King's situation, and Sir Lucas was very open and comforting. How many sad meetings have I had with him heretofore ; first in the alarming attacks of poor Mr. Thrale, and next in the agonising fluctuations of his unhappy widow !

Ah, my dearest friends, whom shall we pity so much as those who neglect to habituate those imperious assaulters of all virtue and all self-denial, *The Passions*, to the control of Patience? For that, I begin to think, is more properly their Superior than Reason, which, in many cases, finds it hard not to join with them.

Sir Lucas wished to speak with me alone, as he had something he wanted, through me, to communicate to the Queen ; but as he saw Mr. Fairly not disposed to retire first, by his manner of saying, "Sir Lucas, you will find all the breakfast ready below-stairs," he made his bow, and said he would see me again.

Mr. Fairly then informed me he was quite uneasy at the recluse life led by the Queen and the Princesses, and that he was anxious to prevail with them to take a little air, which must be absolutely necessary to their health. He was projecting a scheme for this purpose, which

required the assistance of the Duke of York, and he left me, to confer upon it with His Royal Highness, promising to return and tell its success.

Sir Lucas soon came back, and then gave me such unequivocal assurances of the King's recovery, that the moment he left me I flew to demand a private audience of the Queen, that I might relate such delightful prognostics.

The Duke of York was with her. I waited in the passage, where I met Lady Charlotte Finch, and tried what I could to instil into her mind the hopes I entertained: this, however, was not possible; a general despondency prevailed throughout the house, and Lady Charlotte was infected by it very deeply.

Lady Elizabeth Waldegrave then passed, and made me go and wait in her room with her sister till the Duke left the Queen. Nothing can deserve more commendation than the steady good conduct and propriety of Lady Elizabeth Waldegrave, who seems more uniformly to do precisely what is right, and neither more nor less, than almost any character I have met.

At length I gained admission and gave my account, which was most meekly received by the most patient of sorrowers.

At night came Mr. Fairly again; but, before he entered into any narrations, he asked, "Do you expect Sir Lucas?"

"No," I said, "he had been already."

"I saw him rise early from table," he added, "and I thought he was coming to you."

He has taken no fancy to poor Sir Lucas, and would rather, apparently, avoid meeting him. However, it is to me so essential a comfort to hear his opinions, that I have earnestly entreated to see him by every opportunity.

The Equerries now had their own table as usual,

to which the physicians were regularly invited, downstairs, and our eating-parlour was restored. The Princes established a table of their own at the Castle, to which they gave daily invitations to such as they chose, from time to time, to select from the Lodge.

The noise of so large a party just under the apartment of the Queen occasioned this new regulation, which took place by Her Majesty's own direction.

Thursday, November 20.—Poor Miss Goldsworthy was now quite ill, and forced to retire and nurse. No wonder, for she had suffered the worst sort of fatigue, that of fearing to sleep, from the apprehension the Queen might speak, and want her; for, though the Queen was all graciousness and consideration, the situation could not admit of ease and repose.

Lady Elizabeth Waldegrave now took her place of sleeping in the Queen's room, but the office of going for early intelligence how His Majesty had passed the night devolved upon me.

Exactly at seven o'clock I now went to the Queen's apartment; Lady Elizabeth then rose and went to her own room to dress, and I received the Queen's commands for my inquiries.

I could not, however, go myself into the room where they assembled, which Miss Goldsworthy, who always applied to her brother, had very properly done: I sent in a message to beg to speak with General Budé, or whoever could bring an account.

Mr. Charles Hawkins came;¹ he had sat up. Oh, how terrible a narrative did he drily give of the night!—short, abrupt, peremptorily bad, and indubitably hopeless!

I did not dare alter, but I greatly softened this

¹ See *ante*, p. 139.

relation, in giving it to my poor Queen. I had been, indeed, too much shocked by the hard way in which I had been told it, to deliver it in the same manner; neither did I, in my own heart, despair.

I saw Sir Lucas afterwards, who encouraged all my more sanguine opinions. He told me many new regulations had been made. His Majesty was to be kept as quiet as possible, and see only physicians, except for a short and stated period in every day, during which he might summon such among his gentlemen as he pleased.

Mr. Fairly came also early, and wrote and read letters of great consequence relative to the situation of affairs; and he told me he was then to go to the King, who had refused his assent to the new plan, and insisted upon seeing him when he came in from his ride, which, to keep him a little longer quiet, they had made him believe he was then taking. The gentlemen had agreed to be within call alternately, and he meant to have his own turn always in the forenoon, that his evenings might have some chance for quiet.

The rest of the day was comfortless; my coadjutrix was now grown so fretful and affronting that, though we only met at dinner, it was hard to support her most unprovoked harshness.

At night, while I was just sealing a short note to my dear Miss Cambridge, who had an anxiety like that of my own Susan and Fredy lest I should suffer from my present fatigues, I heard the softest tap at my door, which, before I could either put down my letter or speak, was suddenly but most gently opened.

I turned about and saw a figure wrapt up in a greatcoat, with boots and a hat on, who cautiously entered, and instantly closed the door.

I stared, and looked very hard, but the face was

much hid by the muffling of the high collar to the greatcoat. I wondered, and could not conceive who it could be. The figure then took off his hat and bowed, but he did not advance, and the light was away from him. I courtesied, and wondered more, and then a surprised voice exclaimed, "Don't you know me?" and I found it was Mr. Fairly.

"I cannot," he said, "stop now, but I will come again; however, you know it, perhaps, already?"

"Know what?"

"Why—the—news."

"What news?"

"Why—that the King is much better, and——"

"Yes, Sir Lucas said so, but I have seen nobody since."

"No? And have you heard nothing more?"

"Nothing at all; I cannot guess what you mean."

"What, then, have not you heard—how much the King has talked? And—and, have not you heard the charge?"

"No; I have heard not a word of any charge."

"Why, then, I'll tell you."

A long preamble, uttered very rapidly, of "how much the King had been talking," seemed less necessary to introduce his intelligence than to give him time to arrange it; and I was so much struck with this, that I could not even listen to him, from impatience to have him proceed.

Suddenly, however, breaking off, evidently from not knowing how to go on, he exclaimed, "Well, I shall tell it you all by and by; you come in for your share!"

Almost breathless now with amaze, I could hardly cry, "Do I?"

"Yes, I'll tell you," cried he; but again he

stopped, and hesitatingly said, "You—you won't be angry?"

"No," I answered, still more amazed, and even almost terrified, at what I had now to expect.

"Well, then," cried he, instantly resuming his first gay and rapid manner, "the King has been calling them all to order for staying so long away from him. 'All the Equerries and gentlemen here,' he said, 'lost their whole time at the table, by drinking so much wine and sitting so long over their bottle, which constantly made them all so slow in returning to their waiting, that when he wanted them in the afternoon they were never ready; and—and—and Mr. Fairly,' says he, 'is as bad as any of them; not that he stays so long at table, or is so fond of wine, but yet he's just as late as the rest, for he's so fond of the company of learned ladies, that he gets to the tea-table with Miss Burney, and there he spends his whole time.'"

He spoke all this like the velocity of lightning; but, had it been with the most prosing slowness, I had surely never interrupted him, so vexed I was, so surprised, so completely disconcerted.

Finding me silent, he began again, and as rapidly as ever; "I know exactly," he cried, "what it all means—what the King has in his head—exactly what has given rise to the idea—'tis Miss Fuzilier."

Now, indeed, I stared afresh, little expecting to hear her named by him. He went on in too much hurry for me to recollect his precise words, but he spoke of her very highly, and mentioned her learning, her education, and her acquirements, with great praise, yet with that sort of general commendation that disclaims all peculiar interest; and then, with some degree of displeasure mixed in his voice, he mentioned the report that had been spread concerning them, and its having reached the ears of the King before his illness. He then lightly

added something I could not completely hear, of its utter falsehood, in a way that seemed to hold even a disavowal too important for it, and then concluded with saying, "And this in the present confused state of his mind is altogether, I know, what he means by the learned ladies."

When he had done he looked earnestly for my answer, but finding I made none, he said, with some concern, "You won't think any more of it?"

"No," I answered rather faintly.

In a lighter manner then, as if to treat the whole as too light for a thought, he said, as he was leaving the room to change his dress, "Well, since I have now got the character of being fond of such company, I shall certainly"—he stopped short, evidently at a loss how to go on; but quickly after, with a laugh, he hastily added, "come and drink tea with you very often"; and then, with another laugh, which he had all to himself, he hurried away.

He left me, however, enough to think upon; and the predominant thought was an immediate doubt whether or not, since his visits had reached the King, His Majesty's observation upon them ought to stop their continuance?

Upon the whole, however, when I summed up all, I found not cause sufficient for any change of system. No raillery had passed upon me; and, for him, he had stoutly evinced a determined contempt of it. Nothing of flirtation had been mentioned for either; I had merely been called a learned lady, and he had merely been accused of liking such company. I had no other social comfort left me but Mr. Fairly, and I had discomforts past all description or suggestion. Should I drive him from me, what would pay me, and how had he deserved it? and which way could it be worth

while? His friendship offered me a solace without hazard; it was held out to me when all else was denied me; banished from every friend, confined almost to a state of captivity, harrowed to the very soul with surrounding afflictions, and without a glimpse of light as to when or how all might terminate, it seemed to me, in this situation, that Providence had benignly sent in my way a character of so much worth and excellence, to soften the rigour of my condition, by kind sympathy and most honourable confidence.

This idea was sufficient; and I thence determined to follow as he led, in disdaining any further notice, or even remembrance, if possible, of this learned accusation.

Friday, November 21.—All went better and better to-day, and I received from the King's room a more cheering account to carry to my poor Queen. We had now hopes of a speedy restoration: the King held long conferences with all his gentlemen, and, though far from composed, was so frequently rational as to make any resistance to his will nearly impossible. Innumerable difficulties attended this state, but the general promise it gave of a complete recovery recompensed them all.

Sir Lucas Pepys came to me in the morning, and acquainted me with the rising hopes of amendment. But he disapproved the admission of so many gentlemen, and would have limited the licence to only the Equerry in waiting, Colonel Goldsworthy, and Mr. Fairly, who was now principal throughout the house, in universal trust for his superior judgment.

The King, Sir Lucas said, now talked of everybody and everything he could recollect or suggest.

So I have heard, thought I.

And, presently after, he added, "No one escapes; you will have your turn."

Frightened lest he knew I had had it, I eagerly exclaimed, "Oh no; I hope not."

"And why?" cried he, good-humouredly; "what need you care? He can say no harm of you."

I ventured then to ask if yet I had been named? He believed not yet.

This doubled my curiosity to know to whom the "learned ladies" had been mentioned, and whether to Mr. Fairly himself, or to some one who related it; I think the latter, but there is no way to inquire.

Very early in the evening I heard a rap at my door. I was in my inner room, and called out, "Who's there?" The door opened and Mr. Fairly appeared.

He had been so long in attendance this morning with our poor sick monarch, that he was too much fatigued to join the dinner-party. He had stood five hours running, besides the concomitant circumstances of attention. He had instantly laid down when he procured his dismissal, and had only risen to eat some cold chicken before he came to my room. During that repast he had again been demanded, but he charged the gentlemen to make his excuse, as he could go through nothing further.

I hope the King did not conclude him again with the learned.

This was the most serene, and even cheerful evening I had passed since the poor King's first seizure.

Saturday, November 22.—When I went for my morning inquiries, Colonel Manners came out to me. He could give me no precise account, as the sitters-up had not yet left the King, but he feared the night had been bad. We mutually bewailed the mournful state of the house. He is a very good creature at heart, though as unformed as if he had just left Eton or Westminster. But he

loves his Master with a true and faithful heart, and is almost as ready to die as to live for him, if any service of that risk was proposed to him.

While the Queen's hair was dressing, though only for a close cap, I was sent again. Colonel Manners came out to me, and begged I would enter the music-room, as Mr. Keate, the surgeon,¹ had now just left the King, and was waiting to give me an account before he laid down.

I found him in his night-cap: he took me up to a window, and gave me but a dismal history: the night had been very unfavourable, and the late amendment very transient.

I heard nothing further till the evening, when my constant companion came to me. All, he said, was bad: he had been summoned and detained nearly all the morning, and had then rode to St. Leonard's to get a little rest, as he would not return till after dinner.

He had but just begun his tea when his name was called aloud in the passage: up he started, seized his hat, and with a hasty bow, decamped.

I fancy it was one of the Princes; and the more, as he did not come back.

Sunday, November 23.—A sad day this! I was sent as usual for the night account, which I had given to me by Mr. Fairly, and a very dismal one indeed. Yet I never, upon this point, yield implicitly to his opinion, as I see him frequently of the despairing side, and as for myself, I thank God, my hopes never wholly fail. A certain faith in his final recovery has uniformly supported my spirits from the beginning.

I ventured once more to the cathedral, to join in the public prayer. There I was seen by poor Madame la Fite, who lamented her banishment

¹ Thomas Keate, 1745-1821, Surgeon to the Prince of Wales, and afterwards Surgeon of St. George's Hospital.

from the house, in bitter complaints. I could but tell her it was universal. "But, my chère Madame," cried she, "do you see *moch ce* Mr. *si digne*, *ce* Mr. Fairly?"

"Yes," I answered, "when he had any spare time." And promised, in happier days, she also should see him; to her great content.

Dr. Duval¹ preached a sermon, from Job, very applicable and very well, all exhorting to trust in God, however hopeless in man.

Sir Lucas came to me on my return, and was still very comfortable. How much I owe him for his cheer at such a season! There now remained no other on the side of hope; all were dispirited, and the King undoubtedly worse.

In the evening, a small tap at my door, with "Here I am again," ushered in Mr. Fairly. He seemed much hurried and disturbed, and innately uncomfortable; and very soon he entered into a detail of the situation of affairs that saddened me in the extreme. The poor King was very ill indeed, and so little aware of his own condition, that he would submit to no rule, and chose to have company with him from morning till night, sending out for the gentlemen one after another without intermission, and chiefly for Mr. Fairly, who, conscious it was hurtful to His Majesty, and nearly worn out himself, had now no chance of respite or escape but by leaving the house and riding out.

Seeing me much depressed, he began to cheer himself; and, asking for my book, declared we must dwell on the sad subject no longer. "Let us do," he cried, "all we can; and that done, turn to other objects, and not suffer ourselves to sink."

¹ The Rev. Dr. Philip Duval, F.R.S., was Secretary to the Dukes of Cumberland and Gloucester, and Treasurer to the latter. He was also a Canon of Windsor.

My book was *Ogden*.¹ I begged him to let me choose him a sermon, and gave him the second, on Belief. It is one of the most spirited and pointedly to the matter I have ever read. But his mind was too much preoccupied to enter into its merits; he read on rapidly, though in general he is a very slow reader, and evidently sought to lead my thoughts into a new channel, without the power of diverting his own.

I have never seen him so wearied, or so vexed, I know not which. "How shall I rejoice," he cried, "when all this is over, and I can turn my back to this scene."

I should rejoice, I said, for him when he could make his escape; but his use here, in the whole round, is infinite; almost nothing is done without consulting him.

"I wish," he cried, while he was making some memorandums, "I could live without sleep; I know not now how to spare my night."

He then explained to me various miscellaneous matters of occupation, and confessed himself forced to break from the confused scene of action as much as possible, where the tumult and bustle were as overpowering, as the affliction, in the more quiet apartments, was dejecting. Then, by implication, what credit did he not give to my poor still room, which he made me understand was his only refuge and consolation in this miserable house!

This could not but be a gratification to me; and the whole of his confidential discourse was in so openly friendly and unaffected a style, that it was a gratification without any drawback.

He soon put down the book, acknowledging he could not command any attention. "But I hope," he cried, "in a few days to see you more comfortably."

¹ See *ante*, vol. iii. p. 133.

How sincerely did I join in that hope!

He then hurried off to execute some business for Her Majesty.

About ten o'clock, however, he came back, accompanied by Lady Charlotte Finch, and each of them begging a million of pardons, but telling me they had a commission to execute for the Queen, and no place not crowded with Princes, physicians, or pages, in which they could utter a word undisturbed.

I rejoiced to make my apartment of any use at such a period, and hastened into my bedroom, though they would have me remain still. But I had no claim upon the confidence of Lady Charlotte; and I was sure, if I stayed, Mr. Fairly would forget I had none also upon his. I took, therefore, a book and a candle, and left them.

When they had finished their consultation Lady Charlotte came for me, and Mr. Fairly went away. We then talked over affairs in general, but without any comfort. She is no hoper; she sees nothing before us but despair and horror. I believe myself, indeed, the only regular hoper of any one resident in the house. Mr. Fairly himself now evidently leans to the darker side, though he avoids saying so.

Monday, November 24.—Very bad again was the night's account,¹ which I received at seven o'clock this morning from Mr. Dundas. I returned with it to my poor Royal Mistress, who heard it with her usual patience.

While I was still with her, Lady Elizabeth came with a request from Mr. Fairly, for an audience before Her Majesty's breakfast. As soon as she was ready she ordered me to tell Lady Elizabeth to bring him.

¹ The physicians' report was: "24.—His Majesty has had a restless night, and is no better."

Soon after, with a hasty rap, came Mr. Fairly. He brought his writing to my table, where I was trying to take off impressions of plants. I saw he meant to read me his letter; but before he had finished it Lady Charlotte Finch came in search of him. It was not for the Queen, but herself; she wished to speak and consult with him upon the King's seeing his children, which was now his vehement demand.

He was writing for one of the King's messengers, and could not stop till he had done. Poor Lady Charlotte, overcome with tenderness and compassion, wept the whole time he was at his pen; and when he had put it down, earnestly remonstrated on the cruelty of the present regulations, which debarred His Majesty the sight of the Princesses.

I joined with her, though more firmly, believe me; my tears I suppress for my solitude. I have enough of that to give them vent, and, with all my suppression, my poor aching eyes can frequently scarce see one object from another.

When Mr. Fairly left off writing he entered very deeply into argument with Lady Charlotte. He was averse to her request; he explained the absolute necessity of strong measures, and of the denial of dangerous indulgences, while the poor King was in this wretched state. The disease, he said, was augmented by every agitation, and the discipline of forced quiet was necessary till he was capable of some reflection. At present he spoke everything that occurred to him, and in a manner so wild, unreasonable, and dangerous, with regard to future constructions, that there could be no kindness so great to him as to suffer him only to see those who were his requisite attendants.

He then enumerated many instances very forcibly, in which he showed how much more

properly His Majesty might have been treated, by greater strength of steadiness in his management. He told various facts which neither of us had heard; and, at last, in speaking of the most recent occurrences, he fell into a narrative relating to himself.

The King, he said, had almost continually demanded him of late, and with the most extreme agitation; he had been as much with him as it was possible for his health to bear. "Five hours," continued he, "I spent with him on Friday, and four on Saturday, and three and a half yesterday; yet the moment I went to him last night, he accused me of never coming near him. He said I gave him up entirely; that I was always going out, always dining out, always going to Mrs. Harcourt's—riding to St. Leonard's; but he knew why—'twas to meet Miss Fuzilier."

Lady Charlotte stared, surprised, I saw, at his naming that lady, and in a voice and manner so entirely disclaiming the King's imputation. I had heard him before, and my surprise, therefore, was over.

"Then," continued he, "he raved about my little boy, whom he said I loved better than him; and—and—so he went on in that sort of way for a considerable time, quite enraged."

Poor Lady Charlotte was answered, and, looking extremely sorry, went away.

He then read me his messenger's letter. 'Twas upon a very delicate affair, relative to the Prince of Wales, in whose service, he told me, he first began his court preferment.

When he had made up his packet he returned to the subject of the King's rage, with still greater openness. He had attacked him, he said, more violently than ever about Miss Fuzilier; which, certainly, as there had been such a report,¹ was

¹ See *ante*, pp. 33 and 169.

very unpleasant. "And when I seriously assured him," he added, "that there was nothing in it, he said, 'I had made him the happiest of men.'"

I found the Queen at night very much disturbed, and all I could learn assured me how complicate were her reasons for disturbance; though I heard no particulars, as I did not see Mr. Fairly again at night.

Tuesday, November 25.—My morning account was from General Budé, and a very despairing one. He has not a ray of hope for better days.

My poor Queen was so much pleased with a sort of hymn for the King, which she had been reading in the newspapers, that I scrupled not to tell her of one in manuscript, which, of course, she desired to read; but I stipulated for its return, though I could not possibly stay in the room while she looked at it. I would copy it here for my dear readers, who will exclaim and declaim against me that I do not; but, in truth, at this moment in which I am writing, I know not where to find it.

When the Queen had finished her short dressing, and a long conference, she sent me for Lady Charlotte Finch. I found her in the music-room with Colonel Welbred, whom I had not before met. He looked very sallow and ill; these night-watches, and this close attendance, disagree with them all. Lady Charlotte went, but Colonel Welbred stopped me for a little conversation. We condoled upon the state of things: I found him wholly destitute of all hope, and persuaded the malady was a seizure for life.

How happy for me that I am made of more sanguine materials! I could not think as they think, and be able to wade through the labours of my office.

In the evening Mr. Fairly came, entering with a most gently civil exclamation of, "How long it is since I have seen you!"

I could not answer, it was only one evening missed; for, in truth, a day at this time seems literally a week, and a very slow one too. He had been to town, suddenly sent by the Queen last night, and had returned only at noon.

He gave me a full account of all that was passing and projecting; and awfully critical everything seemed. "He should now soon," he said, "quit the tragic scene, and go to relax and recruit, with his children, in the country. He regarded his services here as nearly over, since an entirely new regulation was planning, in which the poor King was no longer to be allowed the sight of any of his gentlemen. His continual long conversations with them were judged utterly improper, and he was only to be attended by the medical people and his pages."

He then gave into my hands the office of hinting to the Queen his intention, if he could be dispensed with by Her Majesty, to go into the country on the 12th of next month (December), with his boy Charles, who then left Eton for the Christmas holidays.

I knew this would be unwelcome intelligence; but I wished to forward his departure, and would not refuse the commission.

When this was settled he said he would go and take a circuit, and see how matters stood; and then, if he could get away after showing himself, return—if I would give him leave to drink his tea with me.

He had not been gone ten minutes before Lady Charlotte came in search of him. She had been told, she said, that he was with me. I laughed, but could not forbear asking if I passed for his

keeper, since whenever he was missing I was always called to account for him. Again, however, he came and drank his tea, and stayed an hour, in most confidential discourse.

When the new regulation is established, only one gentleman is to remain—which will be the Equerry-in-waiting. This is now Colonel Goldsworthy. The rest will disperse.

Wednesday, 26.—My seven o'clock account this morning was given me by Mr. Fairly; and a very gloomy one.¹ He made me come into the waiting-room to hear it by the fire, for it was very cold, and he was there alone; and, indeed, he had as many questions to ask as to answer, for he thought me unwell myself: but I got on, nervous and feverish now and then, but never, thank Heaven, confined; and at this time, nothing short of that would, by any other whom I now see, be perceived.

The new plan of operations being settled, my poor Queen was again very calm. She gave me back my verses with very gracious thanks, but desired a copy. I shall trust to the times and their fulness for her forgetting this request.

Mr. Fairly returned and gave me his usual narrative. I found we were all speedily to remove to Kew. This was to be kept profoundly secret till almost the moment of departure. The King will never consent to quit Windsor; and to allure him away by some stratagem occupies all the physicians, who have proposed and enforced this measure. Mr. Fairly is averse to it: the King's repugnance he thinks insurmountable, and that it ought not to be opposed. But the Princes take part with the physicians.

¹ "26.—His Majesty appears to have had sufficient sleep last night, but does not seem to be relieved by it" (Physicians' Report).

He left me to ride out, but more cordial and with greater simplicity of kindness than ever, he smilingly said in going, "Well, good-bye, and God bless you."

"Amen," quoth I, after he had shut the door.

In the afternoon I had a short visit from Sir Lucas, who still sustained the language of hope.

Thursday, 27.—This morning and whole day were dreadful! My early account was given me by Mr. Charles Hawkins,¹ and with such determined decision of incurability, that I left him quite in horror.

All that I dared, I softened to my poor Queen, who was now harassed to death with state affairs, and impending storms of state dissensions. I would have given the world to have spent the whole day by her side, and poured in what balm of hope I could, since it appeared but too visibly she scarce received a ray from any other.

Universal despondence now pervaded the whole house. Sir Lucas, indeed, sustained his original good opinion, but he was nearly overpowered by standing alone, and was forced to let the stream take its course with but little opposition.

Even poor Mr. de Luc was silenced; Miss Planta easily yields to fear; and Mrs. Schwollenberg—who thinks it treason to say the King is ever at all indisposed—not being able to say all was quite well, forbade a single word being uttered upon the subject!

The dinners, therefore, became a time of extremest pain—all was ignorance, mystery, and trembling expectation of evil.

In the evening, thank Heaven! came again my sole relief, Mr. Fairly. He brought his son, and they entered with such serene aspects, that I soon

¹ "27.—There has been little or no alteration in His Majesty since yesterday" (Physicians' Report).

shook off a little of my gloom ; and I heard there was no new cause, for though all was bad, nothing was worse.

We talked over everything ; and that always opens the mind, and softens the bitterness of sorrow.

The prospect before us, with respect to Kew, is indeed terrible. There is to be a total seclusion from all but those within the walls, and those are to be contracted to merely necessary attendants. Mr. Fairly disapproved the scheme, though a gainer by it of leisure and liberty. Only the Equerry-in-waiting is to have a room in the house ; the rest of the gentlemen are to take their leave. He meant, therefore, himself, to go into the country with all speed.

Friday, 28.—How woful—how bitter a day, in every part, was this !

My early account was from the King's page, Mr. Stillingfleet, and the night had been extremely bad.¹

I dared not sink the truth to my poor Queen, though I mixed in it whatever I could devise of cheer and hope ; and she bore it with the most wonderful calmness, and kept me with her a full half hour after breakfast was called, talking over Hunter's *Lectures*, and other religious books, with some other more confidential matters.

Dr. Addington was now called in : a very old physician,² but peculiarly experienced in disorders such as afflicted our poor King, though not professedly a practitioner in them.

Sir Lucas made me a visit, and informed me of all the medical proceedings ; and told me, in confidence, we were to go to Kew to-morrow, though the Queen herself had not yet concurred in the

¹ "Nov. 28.—After four hours' sleep, calm and collected," is the Physicians' Report.

² Anthony Addington, 1713-90. He had attended Lord Chatham in 1767.

measure ; but the physicians joined to desire it, and they were supported by the Princes. The difficulty how to get the King away from his favourite abode was all that rested. If they even attempted force, they had not a doubt but his smallest resistance would call up the whole country to his fancied rescue ! Yet how, at such a time, prevail by persuasion ?

He moved me even to tears, by telling me that none of their own lives would be safe if the King did not recover, so prodigiously high ran the tide of affection and loyalty. All the physicians received threatening letters daily, to answer for the safety of their monarch with their lives ! Sir George Baker had already been stopped in his carriage by the mob, to give an account of the King ; and when he said it was a bad one, they had furiously exclaimed, "The more shame for you !"

After he left me, a privy council was held at the Castle, with the Prince of Wales ; the Chancellor,¹ Mr. Pitt, and all the officers of state were summoned, to sign a permission for the King's removal. The poor Queen gave an audience to the Chancellor—it was necessary to sanctify their proceedings. The Princess Royal and Lady Courtown attended her. It was a tragedy the most dismal !

The Queen's knowledge of the King's aversion to Kew made her consent to this measure with the extremest reluctance ; yet it was not to be opposed : it was stated as much the best for him, on account of the garden : as here there is none but what is public to spectators from the terrace, or tops of houses. I believe they were perfectly right, though the removal was so tremendous.

The physicians were summoned to the Privy

¹ Lord Thurlow.

Council, to give their opinions, upon oath, that this step was necessary.

Inexpressible was the alarm of every one, lest the King, if he recovered, should bear a lasting resentment against the authors and promoters of this journey. To give it, therefore, every possible sanction, it was decreed that he should be seen, both by the Chancellor and Mr. Pitt.

The Chancellor went into his presence with a tremor such as, before, he had been only accustomed to inspire; and when he came out, he was so extremely affected by the state in which he saw his Royal Master and Patron that the tears ran down his cheeks, and his feet had difficulty to support him.

Mr. Pitt was more composed, but expressed his grief with so much respect and attachment, that it added new weight to the universal admiration with which he is here beheld.

All these circumstances, with various others, of equal sadness, which I must not relate, came to my knowledge through Sir Lucas, Mr. de Luc, and my noon attendance upon Her Majesty, who was compelled to dress for her audience of the Chancellor. And, altogether, with the horror of the next day's removal, and the gloom of the ensuing Kew residence, I was so powerfully depressed, that when Mr. Fairly came in the evening, not all my earnestness to support my firmness could re-animate me, and I gave him a most solemn reception, and made the tea directly, and almost in silence.

He endeavoured, at first, to revive me by enlivening discourse, but finding that fail, he had recourse to more serious means. He began his former favourite topic—the miseries of life—the inherent miseries, he thinks them, to which we are so universally born and bred, that it was as much

consonant with our reason to expect as with our duty to support them.

I heard him with that respect his subject and his character alike merited; but I could not answer—my heart was sunk—my spirits were all exhausted: I knew not what to expect next, nor how I might be enabled to wade through the dreadful winter.

He proceeded, however, with one of the best discourses I ever heard upon religious fortitude and cheerful resignation; and his own high practice of those virtues in all his personal misfortunes rendered their recommendation not merely proper, but affecting from him.

Once, attempting a little smile, he said, "If you might choose what frame of mind to be in for a constancy—a gay and lively one, full of buoyant hope and vivacity, or one wholly serious and solemn—which would you take?"

I knew which frame he thought best—the serious; but I know which I prefer—the buoyant: however, I could not argue, and simply said, "You must not question me to-night, Mr. Fairly, for to-night I feel afraid of you!"

"I think," cried he, "that when the nature of our small earthly happiness is considered, and the danger we are in, while it lasts, of forgetting what most we ought to reflect upon—I think, upon the whole, that a melancholy humour, such as you and I are in just now, is to be preferred. Gaiety has such an aptitude to run into levity, that it can little be relied upon with any security."

I could have said much upon this subject at another time, but here I had no force. I could only forbear to concur. In this point, indeed, I am wholly dissentient. I am very sorry he harbours opinions so gloomy. They are not consonant to my ideas of that true religion of which I believe him so pure a disciple.

He had not, I saw, one ray of hope to offer me of better times, yet he recommended me to cheer myself; but not by more sanguine expectations—simply and solely by religion. To submit, he said, to pray and to submit, were all we had to do.

He inquired how long I should remain in my parlour? I told him, till summoned to Her Majesty—now, commonly, at twelve o'clock. I saw he purposed calling again. But in going, he said, with a smile, he would give me a text for a sermon, "Expect little, be humble, and pray." This, he said, was his own text in the adversities of fortune, and he recommended to me to make a sermon upon it, which he assured me would be very useful.

I agreed to the excellence of the text; but as to making a sermon, Heaven knows how much more I was a subject for being taught than for teaching!

The voice of the Prince of Wales, in the passage, carried him away. They remained together, in deep conference, all the rest of the evening, consulting upon measures for facilitating the King's removal, and obtaining his consent.

I went very late to the Queen, and found her in deep sorrow; but nothing confidential passed: I found her not alone, nor alone did I leave her. But I knew what was passing in her mind—the removing the King!—its difficulty and danger at present, and the dread of his permanent indignation hereafter.

Saturday, November 29.—Shall I ever forget the varied emotions of this dreadful day!

I rose with the heaviest of hearts, and found my poor Royal Mistress in the deepest dejection: she told me now of our intended expedition to Kew. Lady Elizabeth hastened away to dress, and I was alone with her for some time.

Her mind, she said, quite misgave her about Kew: the King's dislike was terrible to think of, and she could not foresee in what it might end. She would have resisted the measure herself, but that she had determined not to have upon her own mind any opposition to the opinion of the physicians.

The account of the night was still more and more discouraging: it was related to me by one of the pages, Mr. Brawan;¹ and though a little I softened or omitted particulars, I yet most sorrowfully conveyed it to the Queen.

Terrible was the morning!—uninterruptedly terrible! all spent in hasty packing up, preparing for we knew not what, nor for how long, nor with what circumstances, nor scarcely with what view! We *seemed* preparing for captivity, without having committed any offence; and for banishment, without the least conjecture when we might be recalled from it.

The poor Queen was to get off in private: the plan settled, between the Princes and the physicians, was that Her Majesty and the Princesses should go away quietly, and then that the King should be told that they were gone, which was the sole method they could devise to prevail with him to follow. He was then to be allured by a promise of seeing them at Kew; and, as they knew he would doubt their assertion, he was to go through the rooms and examine the house himself.

I believe it was about ten o'clock when Her Majesty departed: drowned in tears, she glided along the passage, and got softly into her carriage, with two weeping Princesses, and Lady Courtown, who was to be her Lady-in-waiting during this dreadful residence.

Then followed the third Princess, with Lady

¹ Perhaps Mr. T. Braund, page to the Princes Ernest and Augustus.

Charlotte Finch. They went off without any state or parade, and a more melancholy scene cannot be imagined. There was not a dry eye in the house. The footmen, the house-maids, the porter, the sentinels—all cried even bitterly as they looked on.

The three younger Princesses were to wait till the event was known. Lady Elizabeth Waldegrave and Miss Goldsworthy had their Royal Highnesses in charge.

It was settled the King was to be attended by three of his gentlemen, in the carriage, and to be followed by the physicians, and preceded by his pages. But all were to depart on his arrival at Kew, except his own Equerry-in-waiting.

It was not very pleasant to these gentlemen to attend His Majesty at such a time, and upon such a plan, so adverse to his inclination, without any power of assistance: however, they would rather have died than refused, and it was certain the King would no other way travel but by compulsion, which no human being dared even mention.

Miss Planta and I were to go as soon as the packages could be ready, with some of the Queen's things. Mrs. Schwellenberg was to remain behind, for one day, in order to make arrangements about the jewels.

Mr. de Luc called to take leave of us, in extreme wretchedness. He, Mr. Turbulent, and Madame la Fite, were left at large.

In what a confusion was the house! Princes, Equerries, Physicians, Pages—all conferring, whispering, plotting, and caballing, how to induce the King to set off!

At length we found an opportunity to glide through the passage to the coach; Miss Planta and myself, with her maid and Goter.¹ But the

¹ Goter was Miss Burney's little maid (see *post*, under July 3, 1791).

heaviness of heart with which we began this journey, and the dreadful prognostics of the duration of misery to which it led us—who can tell?

We were almost wholly silent all the way.

When we arrived at Kew, we found the suspense with which the King was awaited truly terrible. Her Majesty had determined to return to Windsor at night, if he came not. We were all to forbear unpacking in the meanwhile.

The house¹ was all now regulated by express order of the Prince of Wales, who rode over first, and arranged all the apartments, and writ, with chalk, the names of the destined inhabitants on each door.

My own room he had given to Lady Courtown; and for me, he had fixed on one immediately adjoining to Mrs. Schwellenberg's; a very pleasant room, and looking into the garden, but by everybody avoided, because the partition is so thin of the next apartment, that not a word can be spoken in either that is not heard in both.

While I was surveying this new habitation, the Princess Royal came into it, and, with a cheered countenance, told me that the Queen had just received intelligence that the King was rather better, and would come directly, and therefore I was commissioned to issue orders to Columb to keep out of sight, and to see that none of the servants were in the way when the King passed.

Eagerly, and enlivened, downstairs I hastened, to speak to Columb. I flew to the parlour, to ring the bell for him, as in my new room I had no bell for either man or maid; but judge my surprise, when, upon opening the door, and almost rushing in, I perceived a Windsor uniform! I was retreat-

¹ See *ante*, vol. ii. p. 434. This was the now non-existent Queen's Lodge, sometimes called Kew House and the White House. It was also known as Kew Palace and Kew Lodge.

ing with equal haste, when the figure before me started, in so theatric an attitude of astonishment, that it forced me to look again. The arms were then wide opened, while the figure fell back, in tragic paces.

Much at a loss, and unable to distinguish the face, I was again retiring, when the figure advanced, but in such measured steps as might have suited a march upon the stage.

I now suspected it was Mr. Fairly; yet so unlikely I thought it, I could not believe it without speech. "Surely," I cried, "it is not—it is not——" I stopped, afraid to make a mistake.

With arms yet more sublimed, he only advanced, in silence and dumb heroics. I now ventured to look more steadily at the face, and then to exclaim—"Is it Mr. Fairly?"

The laugh now betrayed him: he could hardly believe I had really not known him. I explained that my very little expectation of seeing him at Kew had assisted my near-sightedness to perplex me.

But I was glad to see him so sportive, which I found was owing to the good spirits of bringing good news; he had mounted his horse as soon as he had heard the King had consented to the journey, and he had galloped to Kew, to acquaint Her Majesty with the welcome tidings.

I rang, and gave my orders to Columb; and he then begged me not to hurry away, and to give him leave to wait, in this parlour, the King's arrival. He then explained to me the whole of the intended proceedings and arrangements, with details innumerable and most interesting.

He meant to go almost immediately into the country—all was settled with the Queen. I told him I was most cordially glad his recruit was so near at hand.

“I shall, however,” he said, “be in town a few days longer, and come hither constantly to pay you all a little visit. You’ll let me come to you?”

I stared, a little at a loss from surprise.

“Where is your sitting-room?”

“I—I have none!” cried I.

“But where shall you be? Where can I find you to ask how you do?”

I assured him I had nothing but this very parlour, which was Mrs. Schwollenberg’s much more than mine.

He exclaimed, with some energy, he hoped she would not come.

Miss Planta then appeared. A more general conversation now took place, though in its course Mr. Fairly had the malice to give me a start I little expected from him. We were talking of our poor King, and wondering at the delay of his arrival, when Mr. Fairly said, “The King now, Miss Planta, mentions everybody and everything that he knows or has heard mentioned in his whole life. Pray does he know any of your secrets? he’ll surely tell them if he does!”

“So I hear,” cried she; “but I’m sure he can’t tell anything of me! But I wonder what he says of everybody?”

“Why, everything!” cried he. “Have you not heard of yourself?”

“Dear, no! Dear me, Mr. Fairly!”

“And, dear, Miss Planta! why should not you have your share? Have you not heard he spares nobody?”

“Yes, I have; but I can’t think what he says of them!”

Fearful of anything more, I arose and looked at the window, to see if any sign of approach appeared, but he dropped the subject without coming any nearer, and Miss Planta dropped it too.

I believe he wished to discover if she had heard of his "learned ladies!"

Dinner went on, and still no King. We now began to grow very anxious, when Miss Planta exclaimed that she thought she heard a carriage. We all listened. "I hope!" I cried. "I see you do!" cried he; "you have a very face of hope at this moment!"—and it was not disappointed. The sound came nearer, and presently a carriage drove into the front court. I could see nothing, it was so dark; but I presently heard the much-respected voice of the dear unhappy King, speaking rapidly to the porter, as he alighted from the coach. Mr. Fairly flew instantly upstairs, to acquaint the Queen with the welcome tidings.

The poor King had been prevailed upon to quit Windsor with the utmost difficulty: he was accompanied by General Harcourt, his aide-de-camp, and Colonels Goldsworthy and Welbred—no one else! He had passed all the rest with apparent composure, to come to his carriage, for they lined the passage, eager to see him once more! and almost all Windsor was collected round the rails, etc., to witness the mournful spectacle of his departure, which left them in the deepest despondence, with scarce a ray of hope ever to see him again.

The bribery, however, which brought, was denied him!—he was by no means to see the Queen!

When I went to her at night she was all graciousness, and kept me till very late. I had not seen her alone so long, except for a few minutes in the morning, that I had a thousand things I wished to say to her. You may be sure they were all, as far as they went, consolatory.

Princess Augusta had a small tent-bed put up in the Queen's bed-chamber: I called her Royal Highness when the Queen dismissed me. She undressed in an adjoining apartment.

I must now tell you how the house is disposed. The whole of the ground-floor that looks towards the garden is appropriated to the King, though he is not indulged with its range. In the side wing is a room for the physicians, destined to their consultations ; adjoining to that is the Equerry's dining-room. Mrs. Schwellenberg's parlours, which are in the front of the house, one for dining, the other for coffee and tea, are still allowed us. The other front rooms below are for the pages to dine, and the rest of the more detached buildings are for the servants of various sorts.

All the rooms immediately over those which are actually occupied by the King are locked up ; Her Majesty relinquishes them, that he may never be tantalised by footsteps overhead. She has retained only the bedroom, the drawing-room, which joins to it, and the gallery, in which she eats. Beyond this gallery are the apartments of the three elder Princesses, in one of which rooms Miss Planta sleeps. There is nothing more on the first floor.

On the second a very large room for Mrs. Schwellenberg, and a very pleasant one for myself, are over the Queen's rooms. Farther on are three bedrooms, one for the surgeon or apothecary-in-waiting, the next for the Equerry, and the third, lately mine, for the Queen's lady—all written thus with chalk by the Prince.

The inhabitants at present are Mr. Charles Hawkins, Colonel Goldsworthy, and Lady Courtown.

Then follows a very long dark passage, with little bedrooms on each side for the maids, viz. the two Misses Macenton,¹ wardrobe-women to the Princesses, their own maid, Lady Courtown's, Miss Planta's, Mrs. Schwellenberg's two maids, Mrs. Lovel and Arline, and Mr. Chamberlayne, one of

¹ Query, Mackenthun.

the pages. These look like so many little cells of a convent.

Mrs. Sandys has a room nearer the Queen's, and Goter has one nearer to mine.

At the end of this passage there is a larger room, formerly appropriated to Mr. de Luc, but now chalked "The Physicians'."

One Physician, one Equerry, and one Surgeon or Apothecary, are regularly to sleep in the house.

This is the general arrangement.

The Prince very properly has also ordered that one of His Majesty's Grooms of the Bedchamber should be in constant waiting; he is to reside in the Prince's House, over the way,¹ which is also fitting up for some others. This gentleman is to receive all inquiries about the King's health. The same regulation had taken place at Windsor, in the Castle, where the gentlemen waited in turn. Though, as the physicians send their account to St. James's, this is now become an almost useless ceremony, for everybody goes thither to read the bulletin.

The three young Princesses are to be in a house belonging to the King on Kew Green, commonly called Princess Elizabeth's, as Her Royal Highness has long inhabited it in her illness.² There will lodge Miss Goldsworthy, Madlle. Montmollin, and Miss Gomm. Lady Charlotte Finch is to be at the Prince of Wales's.

I could not sleep all night—I thought I heard the poor King. He was under the same range of apartments, though far distant, but his indignant disappointment haunted me. The Queen, too, was very angry at having promises made in her name

¹ This house "over the way" was the so-called Dutch House, known first as the Royal Nursery, and then as the Prince's House. It is now Kew Palace. It had been purchased for Queen Charlotte in 1761. As already stated, Kew House stood opposite to it. See vol. ii. p. 434, and *post*, p. 254.

² See *ante*, vol. iii. p. 86.

which could not be kept. What a day altogether was this!

Sunday, November 30.—Here, in all its dread colours, dark as its darkest prognostics, began the Kew campaign. I went to my poor Queen at seven o'clock: the Princess Augusta arose and went away to dress, and I received Her Majesty's commands to go down for inquiries. She had herself passed a wretched night and already lamented leaving Windsor.

I waited very long in the cold dark passages below, before I could find any one of whom to ask intelligence. The parlours were without fires, and washing. I gave directions afterwards to have a fire in one of them by seven o'clock every morning.

At length I procured the speech of one of the pages, and heard that the night had been the most violently bad of any yet passed!—and no wonder!¹

I hardly knew how to creep upstairs, frozen both within and without, to tell such news; but it was not received as if unexpected, and I omitted whatever was not essential to be known.

Afterwards arrived Mrs. Schwellenberg, so oppressed between her spasms and the house's horrors, that the oppression she inflicted ought perhaps to be pardoned. It was, however, difficult enough to bear! Harshness, tyranny, dissension, and even insult, seemed personified. I cut short details upon this subject—they would but make you sick.

I longed to see Sir Lucas Pepys, and hear if any comfort might yet be gathered from his opinion. I went downstairs to wait in the parlour, and watch his entrance or exit; but I saw Colonel Goldsworthy in it, doing the honours to the

¹ The Physicians' Report simply says: "Nov. 30.—Yesterday His Majesty arrived at this place [Kew] from Windsor, and bore the journey extremely well."

Howards and some others, who had come with earnest inquiries. He could not take them to the Equerry-room, as it was through that of the physicians.

I believe they were none of them strangers to me, but I had not spirits to encounter such a party, and hastily ran back.

My dear Miss Cambridge sent to me immediately. I saw she had a secret hope she might come and sit with me now and then in this confinement. It would have been my greatest possible solace in this dreary abode: but I hastened to acquaint her of the absolute seclusion, and even to beg she would not send her servant to the house; for I found it was much desired to keep off all who might carry away any intelligence.

We could write, however, by Mr. Dundas the apothecary,¹ who was now in alternate waiting with Mr. Battiscombe, Mr. Charles Hawkins, and Mr. Keate.

She is ever most reasonable, and never thenceforward hinted upon the subject. But she wrote continually long letters, and filled with news and anecdotes of much interest, relating to anything she could gather of *out-house proceedings*, which now became very important—the length of the malady threatening a REGENCY!—a word which I have not yet been able to articulate.

Mr. and Mrs. Smelt, though so near, came not! The Master of the house was not its owner!—they presumed not to enter its doors!

¹ See *ante*, vol. ii. p. 402. “*Kew*, Friday, Dec. 5, 1788, $\frac{1}{2}$ past 10 o'clock. Hurst, the hobby groom, is this moment sent as fast as possible to bring Mr. Dundas (the medical gentleman attending His Majesty) from Richmond” (*London Chronicle*, December 7, 1788). The “hobby” was a horse of rough or hardy breed kept in the royal stables for odd jobs.

PART XXXVII

1788

Kew Diary for December—Alarming accounts—Interviews with the Queen—Her grief and resignation—The Prince of Wales—Mrs. Harcourt—News from home—Personal kindness of the Queen—Moir's Sermons—Dr. Willis and his son called in—His first interview with the King—Gives strong hopes of recovery—Cross-examination—The regency question—Marked improvement of the King under Dr. Willis's treatment—Its effect on the Regency Bill—Dr. Willis's plans obstructed—He contemplates resigning his charge—Conclusion of the year.

Kew, Monday, December 1.—Mournful was the opening of the month! My account of the night from Gezewell, the page, was very alarming, and my poor Royal Mistress began to sink more than I had ever yet seen. No wonder; the length of the malady so uncertain, the steps which seemed now requisite so shocking: for new advice, and such as suited only disorders that physicians in general relinquish, was now proposed, and compliance or refusal were almost equally tremendous.

I had half-an-hour with her alone before she summoned the wardrobe-woman, and after poor Princess Augusta retired to another room to dress. Again, too, at noon, she sent for me before her other attendants, and much of melancholy confidence ensued.

In sadness I returned from her, and, moping and unoccupied, I was walking up and down my

room, when Columb came to say Mr. Fairly desired to know if I could see him.

Certainly, I said, I would come to him in the parlour.

He was not at all well, nor did he seem at all comfortable. He had undertaken, by his own desire, to purchase small carpets for the Princesses, for the house is in a state of cold and discomfort past all imagination. It has never been a winter residence, and there was nothing prepared for its becoming one. He could not, he told me, look at the rooms of their Royal Highnesses without shuddering for them; and he longed, he said, to cover all the naked, cold boards, to render them more habitable. He had obtained permission to execute this as a commission: for so miserable is the house at present that no general orders to the proper people are either given or thought about; and every one is so absorbed in the general calamity, that they would individually sooner perish than offer up complaint or petition. I should never end were I to explain the reasons there are for both.

Mr. Fairly's confidential favour with all the Royal Family enables him to let the benevolence of his character come forth in a thousand little acts and proposals at this cruel period, which, from any other, would be regarded as a liberty or impropriety.

What he must next, he said, effect, was supplying them with sand-bags for windows and doors, which he intended to bring and to place himself. The wind which blew in upon those lovely Princesses, he declared, was enough to destroy them.

When he had informed me of these kind offices, he began an inquiry into how I was lodged. Well enough, I said; but he would not accept so general an answer. He insisted upon knowing what was

my furniture, and in particular if I had any carpet ; and when I owned I had none, he smiled, and said he would bring six, though his commission only extended to three.

We talked over our Royal Mistress, and all the scenes of distress, passed, passing, and expected. How sad, sad a discourse ! He meant to see Her Majesty before he left Kew, but he had been begged to see Colonels Goldsworthy and Welbred first, who had some inquiry to make, which they had no means to do but by Mr. Fairly. Colonel Welbred has had a room appointed him here, as well as the Equerry-in-waiting. Neither of them were just then visible.

He did not at all like the parlour, which, indeed, is wretchedly cold and miserable : he wished to bring it a carpet, and new fit it up with warm winter accommodations. He reminded me of my dearest Fredy, when she brought me a decanter of barley-water and a bright tin saucepan, under her hoop. I could not tell him that history in detail, but I rewarded his good-nature by hinting at the resemblance it bore, in its active zeal, to my sweet Mrs. Locke.

This day was far less rigid than the preceding one, as my coadjutrix began to recover a little more good-humour, and as I was called down in the evening to Sir Lucas Pepys, who still supports hope for the end, and again to Mr. Dundas, who gave me a good account of my dear Miss Cambridge, whom he attends, and who had made him promise her that he would actually see me, in order to satisfy her I was really living and looking well. She had suspected I was ill, and her kind heart had taken an alarm which my own letters could not remove.

Tuesday, December 2. — This morning I was blessed with a better account of my poor King,

which I received from Mr. Dundas, than I have had for six days past. With what eager joy did I fly with it to my Queen! and I obtained her leave for carrying it on to the Princesses, who otherwise might not have known it till the general breakfast, at nine o'clock.

I took this fair opportunity to propose stepping out to call upon Mr. and Mrs. Smelt, as they would not come to the house, and I had received a most melting note from both, expressive of their deep unhappiness. I produced it: it drew tears from the poor Queen—easily now drawn! and she assented to my proposition. I hastened therefore to them, and met the kindest but most melancholy reception: yet I cheered them with my better news, and would have stayed all my short morning to enjoy their valuable society, but that Mrs. Harcourt entered, which, as it stopped our confidential openness, enabled me to depart. Yet she made herself a welcome, for she brought me a deer *alive* from my sisters. It had arrived after our departure from Windsor, and she had called at the Queen's Lodge to see the little Princesses.

I had also a short interview in the parlour with Sir Lucas, but a comfortable one.

The Queen afterwards presented me with a very pretty little new carpet; only a bedside slip, but very warm. She knew not how much I was acquainted with its history, but I found she had settled for them all six. She gave another to Mrs. Schwellenberg.

Wednesday, December 3.—Worse again to-day was the poor King: the little fair gleam, how soon did it pass away!

I was beginning to grow ill myself, from the added fatigue of disturbance in the night, unavoidably occasioned by my neighbourhood to an invalid who summoned her maids at all hours;

and my Royal Mistress, who knew this to have been the case with my predecessor, Mrs. Haggerdorn, spoke to me about it herself; and, fearing I might suffer essentially, she graciously issued orders for a removal to take place.

In consequence of this there were obliged to be two or three other changes. The physician-in-waiting was removed, and his room made over to me; while that which I had at first occupied was deemed impracticable for a sleeping-room to any one.

My new apartment is at the end of the long dark passage I have mentioned, with bedroom cells on each side it. It is a very comfortable room, carpeted all over, with one window looking to the front of the house and two into a courtyard. It is the most distant from the Queen, but in all other respects is very desirable. I have made it as neat as I could, and its furniture is far better than that of my own natural apartment, which my Fredy thought so succinct!

I must now relate briefly a new piece of cruelty. I happened to mention to *la première présidente* my waiting for a page to bring the morning accounts.

“And where do you wait?”

“In the parlour, ma’am.”

“In my parlour? Oh, ver well! I will see to that!”

“There is no other place, ma’am, but the cold passages, which, at that time in the morning, are commonly wet as well as dark.”

“Oh, ver well! When everybody goes to my room I might keep an inn—what you call hotel.”

All good-humour now again vanished; and this morning, when I made my seven o’clock inquiry, I found the parlour doors both locked!

I returned so shivering to my Queen, that she demanded the cause, which I simply related; foreseeing inevitable destruction from continuing to run such a hazard. She instantly protested there should be a new arrangement.

Thursday, December 4.—No opportunity offered yesterday for my better security, and therefore I was again exposed this morning to the cold dark damp of the miserable passage. The account was tolerable, but a threat of sore-throat accelerated the reform.

It was now settled that the dining-parlour should be made over for the officers of state who came upon business to the house, and who hitherto had waited in the hall; and the room which was next to Mrs. Schwellenberg's, and which had first been mine, was now made our *salle à manger*.

By this means, the parlour being taken away for other people, and by command relinquished, I obtained once again the freedom of entering it, to gather my account for Her Majesty. But the excess of ill-will awakened by my obtaining this little privilege, which was actually necessary to my very life, was so great, that more of personal offence and harshness could not have been shown to the most guilty of culprits.

One of the pages acquainted me His Majesty was not worse, and the night had been as usual. As usual, too, was my day; sad and solitary all the morning—not solitary, but worse during dinner and coffee.

Just after it, however, came the good and sweet Mr. Smelt. The Prince of Wales sent for him, and condescended to apologise for the Windsor transaction, and to order he might regain admission.¹

How this was brought about I am not clear: I only know it is agreed by all parties that the

¹ See *ante*, p. 151.

Prince has the faculty of making his peace, where he wishes it, with the most captivating grace in the world.

It was softening to these rigid days to see Mr. Smelt again, even in ungenial company. But it was only softening to my sight: I was bowed down once more from all strength of effort, and only sat silent and rejoiced he was there.

Between seven and eight o'clock I stole away. I was of no use, and Mr. Smelt being with Mrs. Schwollenberg, I could no way be missed; and I wished to keep up the custom lately begun at Windsor, of rescuing a part, at least, of my evenings for myself. Hitherto, however, as I could not leave her alone, I had not left her at all.

66 Mr. Fairly told me this evening that Dr. Willis, a physician of Lincoln,¹ of peculiar skill and practice in intellectual maladies, had been sent for by express. The poor Queen had most painfully concurred in a measure which seemed to fix the nature of the King's attack in the face of the world; but the necessity and strong advice had prevailed over her repugnance.

Saturday, December 6.—The accounts now of the poor King vary but slightly; neither the better nor the worse are long enough either for permanent joy, or, thank God! alarm.

The Queen told me afterwards that Mr. Fairly had been recommending Moir's Sermons² to her; and she desired me to ask him for a full direction where they were to be had. I readily undertook the little commission, much pleased to see by it her approbation of our conferences. For well do I know, had she disapproved them, even slightly, the last thing in the world she would have done would

¹ Francis Willis, 1718-1807, Rector of St. John's, Wapping. He was also a physician, with special experience in the treatment of the insane; and he had a private asylum in his native county, Lincolnshire.

² Probably John Moir's *XXII Sermons*, 1784, 8vo.

have been authorising them by a message from one to the other.

As he had told me he should go to town to-day, I was upon the point of sending Columb to him with a message concerning Moir, when, fortunately, he came to me, to borrow pen and ink for a few memorandums.

Notwithstanding much haste, he could not, he said, go till he had acquainted me with the opening of Dr. Willis with his Royal Patient. I told him there was nothing I more anxiously wished to hear.

He then gave me the full narration, interesting, curious, extraordinary; full of promise and hope. He is extremely pleased both with the doctor and his son, Dr. John. He says they are fine, lively, natural, independent characters. I quite long to see them. But my accounts are always now from the pages or the apothecaries, Mr. Battiscomb and Mr. Dundas.

This little history gave me a spirit that supported me through the day; and at night, though I had no society, I retired to a little quiet reading. Good Mr. Smelt comes regularly every evening, and takes my place at the card-table.

Sunday, December 7.—Very bad was this morning's account, and very mournful all the day, except one half-hour, at my breakfast, in which I had the most pleasant surprise of a visit from Mr. Smelt. Mrs. Schwellenberg was not visible, and therefore he ventured to come on to my room, and beg some news. I promised he should always have it if he would always come, which he assured me would be most useful to the peace of his mind. He would not take any breakfast, as Mrs. Smelt was anxiously waiting his return.

Sir Lucas now comes every third day, and I then regularly have a conference with him in Dr.

67

Willis's parlour, as it is now called, which has always been empty.

Lady Charlotte Finch read prayers to the Queen and Princesses, and Lady Courtown, and the rest for themselves. Mr. Fairly wishes Her Majesty would summon a chaplain, and let the house join in congregation. I think he is right, as far as the house extends to those who are still admitted into Her Majesty's presence.

Monday, December 8.—The accounts began mending considerably, and hope broke in upon all.

Tuesday, December 9.—All gets now into a better channel, and the dear Royal Invalid gives every symptom of amendment. God be praised!

Mr. Smelt now calls every morning at breakfast-time, and I have the infinite comfort of his reviving society for a regular half-hour; and this is as unknown to *la Présidente* as the visits of my other consoler: she would be quite outrageous to hear of either.

Mr. Smelt could not stay this evening, and therefore, as soon as I had made my tea, I returned to Mrs. Schwellenberg, as she was alone, and more civil, and requested it.

Wednesday, December 10.—Still amending, in all but my evenings; which again, except one hour under pretence of drinking tea, are falling into their old train.

Thursday, December 11.—To-day we have had the fairest hopes; the King took his first walk in Kew garden! There have been impediments to this trial hitherto, that have been thought insurmountable, though, in fact, they were most frivolous. The walk seemed to do him good, and we are all in better spirits about him than for this many and many a long day past.

Friday, December 12.—This day passed in much the same manner. Late in the evening, after Mr.

Smelt was gone, Mrs. Schwellenberg began talking about Mr. Fairly, and giving free vent to all her strong innate aversion to him. She went back to the old history of the "newseepaper," and gave to his naming it every unheard-of motive of spite, disloyalty, and calumny!—three qualities which I believe equally and utterly unknown to him. He was also, she said, "very *onfeeling*, for she had heard him laugh prodigious with the Lady Waldegraves, *pertificateer* with Lady Carlisle, what you call Lady Elizabeth her sister; and this in the King's illness." And, in fine, she could not bear him.

68

Such gross injustice I could not hear quietly. I began a warm defence, protesting I knew no one whose heart was more feelingly devoted to the Royal Family, except, perhaps, Mr. Smelt; and that as to his laughing, it must have been at something of passing and accidental amusement, since he was grave even to melancholy, except when he exerted his spirits for the relief or entertainment of others.

Equally amazed and provoked, she disdainfully asked me what I knew of him?

I made no answer. I was not quite prepared for the interrogatory, and feared she might next inquire when and where I had seen him.

My silence was regarded as self-conviction of error, and she added, "I know you can't not know him; I know he had never seen you two year and half ago; when you came here he had not heard your name."

"Two years and a half," I answered coolly, "I did not regard as a short time for forming a judgment of any one's character."

"When you don't not see them? You have never seen him, I am sure, but once, or what you call twice."

I did not dare let this pass, it was so very wide

from the truth; but calmly said I had seen him much oftener than once or twice.

“And where? when have you seen him?”

“Many times; and at Cheltenham constantly; but never to observe in him anything but honour and goodness.”

“O ver well! you don't not know him like me; you can't not know him; he is not from your acquaintance—I know that ver well!”

She presently went on by herself. “You could not know such a person—he told me the same himself: he told me he had not never seen you when you first came. You might see him at Cheltenham, that is true; but nothing others, I am sure. At Windsor there was no tea, not wonce, so you can't not have seen him, only at Cheltenham.”

I hardly knew whether to laugh or be frightened at this width of error; nor, indeed, whether it was not all some artifice to draw me out, from pique, into some recital: at all events I thought it best to say nothing, for she was too affronting to deserve to be set right.

She went on to the same purpose some time, more than insinuating that a person such as Mr. Fairly could never let himself down to be acquainted with me; till, finding me too much offended to think her assertions worth answering, she started, at last, another subject. I then forced myself to talk much as usual. But how did I rejoice when the clock struck ten—how wish it had been twelve!

Saturday, December 13.—Accounts are now very tolerable, and the sentiments of Sir Lucas Pepys upon the prospects before us are most encouraging; and I have the happiness to convey them to my Royal Mistress upon every visit he makes here. But I have never yet seen Dr.

Willis. I never go downstairs but at seven o'clock in the morning, to speak to the page or apothecary who has sat up with the King.

I had been seized this morning with a bad cold, and therefore I left Mrs. Schwollenberg in the evening, before my usual hour, eight o'clock, to get my tea. Mr. Smelt was with her. I had been, however, but a short time in my room when Mr. Fairly came. He is still here, detained, I suppose, by business of Her Majesty. I made tea, and he made talk, till, some time after tea was over, we heard a rap at the door.

"Who's there?" I called out, concluding it some one for Mr. Fairly.

There was no answer, but another rap.

"Come in!" cried Mr. Fairly, hastily; and then apologising, he begged pardon, and asked if he might say so.

Still no answer, and still another rap.

I then went to the door and opened it. Who should be there but Mr. Smelt!

He was prevailed upon to sit down and enter into conversation, but I did not much assist; I left them to entertain each other, and worked almost silently.

They did very well, however, though not very naturally, for both seemed under some constraint. But the general great subject—the King—supplied them with copious materials for discussion; and indeed they are so well fitted for conversing together, that I should have been quite regaled by their meeting and their discourse, had not the opening of the interview been so disagreeable.

But afterwards, when Mr. Smelt asked some question concerning the physicians, which Mr. Fairly either could not or did not choose to answer, he took the opportunity to say, "This, sir, is a point which I do not inquire about: on

the contrary, I am glad to get a little out of the way."

They came next to the Parliament, and that opened a most ample field for conjecture and discussion; till at last, Mr. Fairly, turning to me for the first time since the entrance of Mr. Smelt, said, "This is not quite fair, Miss Burney, to work on so hard, and take no part in the conversation."

"I only seem to take no part," cried I, "but I take, in fact, a very essential one—that of hearer!"

He pressed the matter no farther; and they talked on till Mr. Smelt rose to go. Mr. Fairly instantly rising at the same time, said he should now return to the Equerry-room, and see what was doing there.

Sunday, December 14.—The day passed much as usual, with no sensible change in the King.

Monday, December 15.—This whole day was passed in great internal agitation throughout the house, as the great and important business of the Regency was to be discussed to-morrow in Parliament. All is now too painful and intricate for writing a word. I begin to confine my memorandums almost wholly to my own personal proceedings.

Tuesday, December 16.—Whatsoever might pass in the House on this momentous subject, it sat so late that no news could arrive. Sweeter and better news, however, was immediately at hand than any the whole senate could transmit; the account from the pages was truly cheering. With what joy did I hasten with it to the Queen, who immediately ordered me to be its welcome messenger to the three Princesses. And when Mr. Smelt came to my breakfast, with what rapture did he receive it! seizing and kissing my hand, while his eyes ran over, and joy seemed quite to bewitch him. He flew away in a very

few minutes, to share his happiness with his faithful partner.

After breakfast I had a long conference in the parlour with Sir Lucas Pepys, who justly gloried in the advancement of his original prediction; but there had been much dissension amongst the physicians, concerning the bulletin to go to St. James's, no two agreeing in the degree of *better* to be announced to the world.¹

Dr. Willis came in while we were conversing, but instantly retreated, to leave us undisturbed. He looks a very fine old man. I wish to be introduced to him. Mr. Smelt and Mr. Fairly are both quite enchanted with all the family; for another son now, a clergyman, Mr. Thomas Willis, has joined their forces. 69

Wednesday, December 17.—My account this morning was most afflictive once more: it was given by Mr. Hawkins, and was cruelly subversive of all our rising hopes. I carried it to the Queen in trembling; but she bore it most mildly. What resignation is hers!

Miss Planta tells me the Queen has given her commands that no one shall bring her any account of the night but me. She has been teased, I fancy, with erroneous relations, or unnecessarily wounded with cruel particulars. Be this as it may, I can hardly, when my narration is bad, get out the words to tell it; and I come upon the worst parts, if of a nature to be indispensably told, with as much difficulty as if I had been author of them. But her patience in hearing and bearing them is truly edifying.

Mr. Hawkins to-day, after a recital of some

¹ The words sent to St. James's were—"Passed yesterday in a quiet manner, and had a very good night, having slept six hours." There was a notable disagreement on Friday, January 2, 1789, when Dr. Willis desired to report amendment and Dr. Warren did not (*Report from Committee*, 1789, pp. 18, 30).

particulars extremely shocking, said, "But you need not tell that to the Queen."

"I could not, sir," was my true, though dry answer. Yet I never omit anything essential to be known. Detail is rarely of that character.

Monday, December 22.—With what joy did I carry, this morning, an exceeding good account of the King to my Royal Mistress! It was trebly welcome, as much might depend upon it in the resolutions of the House concerning the Regency, which was of to-day's discussion.

Mr. Fairly took leave, for a week, he said, wishing me my health, while I expressed my own wishes for his good journey.

But, in looking forward to a friendship the most permanent, I saw the eligibility of rendering it the most open. I therefore went back to Mrs. Schwellenberg; and the moment I received a reproach for staying so long, I calmly answered, "Mr. Fairly had made me a visit, to take leave before he went into the country."

Amazement was perhaps never more indignant. Mr. Fairly to take leave of me! while not once he even called upon her! This offence swallowed up all other comments upon the communication.

I seemed not to understand it; but we had a terrible two hours and a half. Yet to such, now, I may look forward without any mixture, any alleviation, for evening after evening in this sad abode.

[*N.B.*—My own separate adventures for this month, and year, concluded upon this day. I shall comprise the rest in a page or two.]

At the same time that I lost my acknowledged friend, I also lost Mr. Smelt, who was so much alarmed by an illness of his excellent wife, that he quitted her in no part of the day except the morn-

ing, when he came, he said, for "his daily support," to my little apartment. He came, he declared, for food, just as instinctively as my birds; for I have formed a small receptacle for those sweet little creatures, which I provide with food, that allures them in this hard weather to visit me in troops. And they are so tame, by finding themselves always supplied and never disturbed, that I am not a moment wholly deserted by them till sunset.

Mrs. Smelt, however, thank Heaven, was much recovered before the year was ended.

Another fortunate, though far less important incident also happened: Mrs. Schwollenberg took a very great fancy to Madlle. Montmollin, and invited her to play at cards almost every evening; and this enabled me to lengthen my absence till ten o'clock, when I took the place of Madlle. Montmollin, who returned to the house in which she lives, with the younger Princesses, called Princess Elizabeth's House.¹

The King went on now better, now worse, in a most fearful manner; but Sir Lucas Pepys never lost sight of hope, and the management of Dr. Willis and his two sons was most wonderfully acute and successful. Yet so much were they perplexed and tormented by the interruptions given to their plans and methods, that they were frequently almost tempted to resign the undertaking from anger and confusion.

¹ See *ante*, vol. iii. p. 86.

PART XXXVIII

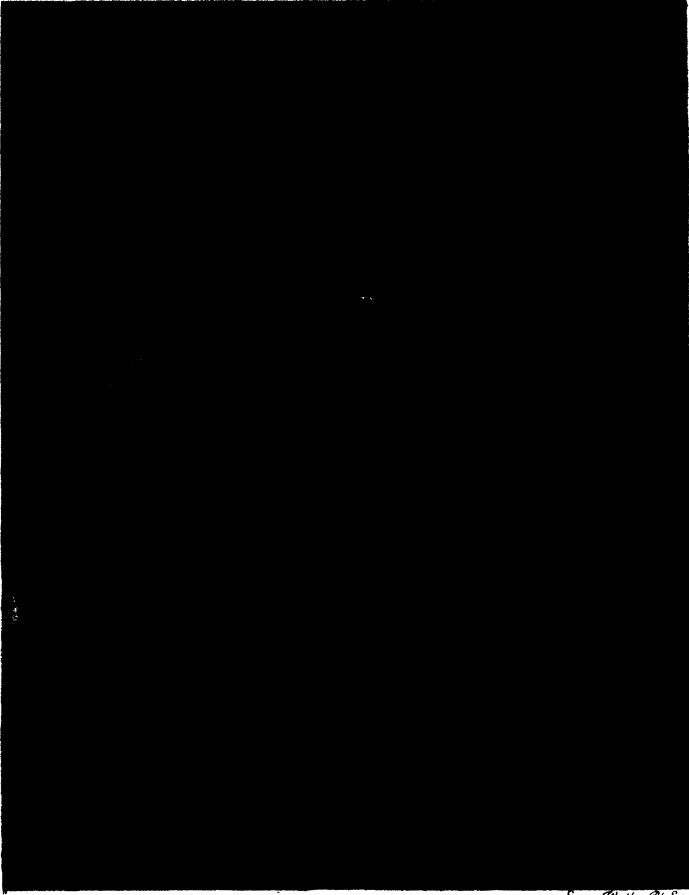
1789

Diary continued—Improvement in the King's health—Dr. Willis and his sons—Relapse of the King—Letter from Miss Burney to Mrs. Francis—Proceedings in Parliament on the state of the King—Learning in women—The Opposition and the Regency—Conversation with the Queen—A sad birthday—The King insists on seeing the Queen and Princesses—Improvement in the King's health—Character of the Willises—Conversation with the Queen—Further improvement in the King's health—Address to the Queen.

Kew Palace, Thursday, January 1.—The year opened with an account the most promising of our beloved King. I saw Dr. Willis, and he told me the night had been very tranquil; and he sent for his son, Dr. John Willis, to give me a history of the morning. Dr. John's narration was in many parts very affecting: the dear and excellent King had been praying for his own restoration! Both the doctors told me that such strong symptoms of true piety had scarce ever been discernible through so dreadful a malady.

How I hastened to my Queen!—and with what alacrity I besought permission to run next to the Princesses! It was so sweet, so soothing, to open a new year with the solace of anticipated good!

Oh how did I, afterwards, delight Mr. Smelt! He came, as usual, at my breakfast, but he could hardly get away. Joy in the beginning of a year that succeeds a year of sorrow is so truly buoyant



Emery Walker Ph.D.

*King George III
after Allan Ramsay.*





that the heart seems to jump with every breath. When, however, he recollected that each instant of his present enjoyment was an instant lost to his valuable partner, he hastened to that his best participation.

At noon he came back again, and brought Mr. de Luc, who had permission to enter the walls, with a new year's good wishes. I told the two Dr. Willises that they had given to the whole nation a new year's gift.

Friday, 2.—All still amends in the great, great point. Were I to speak of smaller matters, I could not use so fair a phrase. Let the King, however, recover; and then, between the partial and the general joy, I shall revive.

Saturday, 3.—I have the great pleasure, now, of a change in my morning's historiographers; I have made acquaintance with Dr. Willis and his son, and they have desired me to summon one of them constantly for my information.

I am extremely struck with both these physicians. Dr. Willis is a man of ten thousand; open, honest, dauntless, light-hearted, innocent, and high-minded: I see him impressed with the most animated reverence and affection for his royal patient; but it is wholly for his character,—not a whit for his rank.

Dr. John, his eldest son, is extremely handsome, and inherits, in a milder degree, all the qualities of his father; but living more in the general world, and having his fame and fortune still to settle, he has not yet acquired the same courage, nor is he, by nature, quite so sanguine in his opinions. The manners of both are extremely pleasing, and they both proceed completely their own way, not merely unacquainted with court etiquette, but wholly, and most artlessly, unambitious to form any such acquaintance.

Friday, 9.—I might write enough, were I to enter upon the adventures of to-day; but as they all consisted in almost unheard-of indignities, from a person who cannot fabricate a provocation in the world beyond that of declining to spend with her every moment not spent in legal attendance,—why I will not give the sickening relation: I will only confess, the treatment these last two days has been of so insulting a nature, that I should have thought meanly, not meekly, of myself, for consenting to return to her table or her room, had I not considered the apparent selfishness there would seem in any open rupture at a time of such material distress. I bear it, therefore, and will bear it while this misery lasts; but I think that must change, or I must change, if I bear it longer.

So completely overset had I been with secret ruminations of what there was to recompense endurance of such usage, that when Mr. Smelt came in, after coffee, he kindly inquired if I was taken ill, and what had made me so pale and thin all at once.

I saw her struck—with shame, and, I really believe, a little remorse; for she grew more civil directly, offered me some of her supper, and asked why I did not sometimes go out.

When I went away, however, for my tea, I thought my least resentment might authorise my returning no more; but at nine o'clock she sent me a message, with her compliments, and she was quite alone, if I would be so good to come: so there was no help for going. A little concession from a proud mind is a great pain; and it therefore appeases accordingly.

I proposed piquet: I had not yet regained voice enough for talking. It was gladly accepted.

I can give no other interpretation to the insulting mode of present behaviour, except the incapacity

of bearing with patience the gloomy confinement inflicted on all the house; which renders a temper, naturally irascible, fierce and furious even to savageness.

How often do I not wish I might but be allowed to see my good Miss Cambridge! She is so near—so eager to come—so kindly affectionate; what a lightener, and how innocent a one, would it not be, to this burthening period!

Saturday, 10.—The King is again not so well; and new evidences are called for in the house, relative to his state. My poor Royal Mistress now droops. I grieve—grieve to see her!—but her own name and conduct called in question!—who can wonder she is shocked and shaken? Was there not enough before, firmly as she supported it?

But it is evident, my dear friends, throughout the world, misfortune is better endured than insult; even though the one be permanent, and the other transient.

During my hour's respite of this evening, while I was reading Hunter's *Lectures*,—which were lent me by the Queen, and must be read ere returned,—a rap at my door made me suppose Mr. Smelt had followed me, as Mrs. Schwellenberg had talked of going to the Queen. "Who's there?" I called out; but the voice that answered was Mr. Fairly's, who, in slowly opening it, mildly said, "May a friend come in, and ask Miss Burney how she does?"

When he had made me shake hands with him across my table, he hastened to peep at my book. He is just like Dr. Johnson in that particular; he cannot rest till he reads the title, when once he has seen a binding.

He had been sent for express, by Her Majesty. In these perilous times, I wonder not she could dispense with his services no longer; wise,

good, undaunted, vigorous — who has she like him ?

He gave me a little history of his tour and his time. He had just been keeping the birthday of his eldest nephew in the mere quiet society of their own family, the melancholy of the times prohibiting any further celebration.

You may imagine subjects were not wanting for conversation : all I knew, and all I was ignorant of from his absence, was now fully discussed. He read me various passages from many interesting letters, and renewed his confidential communications with the same trusting openness as before his journey.

But he told me his present plan was to live entirely in town during the rest of the winter, and only to come hither by particular calls from Her Majesty. When he was here, he said, the whole day, so many of its hours were passed in a manner wholly useless to others, as well as comfortless to himself, from the bustle, fatigue, cabal, and restraint of the house, that he wished to settle himself upon a new plan. He had mentioned this already to Lady Charlotte Finch, and he now made it known to me, that each of us, if opportunity should offer, might speak of it to Her Majesty.

I told him I should be happy to be of the least use to him, and especially for a release I could so well understand his coveting ; but I advised him, meanwhile, to rather seek an opportunity of mentioning it for himself, by a public and positive request.

He then said he wished he had a room here, in the Lodge,¹ that when he did stay he might be more comfortable. He was miserably off, he added, at the Prince of Wales's, as his room was but half furnished. He had many friends in town with

¹ i. e. the Queen's Lodge (see *ante*, vol. ii. p. 434).

whom he could associate cheerfully and pleasantly, particularly Lady Harriet Ackland, who seems his first favourite. 70.

I did not go to Mrs. Schwollenberg : it was late. I expected questions and reproaches : my mind was too full to encounter them. I knew she could but tell the Queen of my absence, and her surmises ; and I had no desire, no intention, to keep either secret from Her Majesty. I resolved to speak myself, as usual, of my visitor ; and if by her any objections were made, to intimate them at once to Mr. Fairly himself, without scruple or reserve. My mind is every way too little happy to run the smallest risk of the disapprobation of my Royal Mistress.

I had some difficulty to seize a moment for my communication : the Queen did not appear surprised, though rather thoughtful. She asked some general questions concerning him, and then spoke of other things.

Sunday, 11.—This morning Dr. John gave me but a bad account of the poor King. His amendment is not progressive ; it fails, and goes back, and disappoints most grievously ; yet it would be nothing were the case and its circumstances less discussed, and were expectation more reasonable.

When Mr. Smelt came for his account at my breakfast, and had joined in my lamentation that it was not more favourable, he talked kindly of my absence ; yet, drearily as I know he must pass his subsequent *tête-à-têtes*, I see him frequently shocked inexpressibly, though silently, at the altered person he meets in the afternoon, from that with which he parts in a morning. When he enters that baleful presence after an attack, the depression which regularly succeeds to my resentment of an affront affects him even visibly. He is truly amiable, and so good that he bears with this eternal sacrifice of

his own time, purely in gratitude for some past little favours and obligations which have been received through those haughty hands. I pity with all my heart whoever has been obliged by those they cannot love.

There is not even the smallest possible provocation to these affronts, except from envy that Sir Lucas Pepys gives to me the fair hopes I distribute to the Queen and Princesses. Yet how give them to her, whom he has never even seen? And perhaps the visits of Mr. Fairly may help to irritate, if she knows their frequency.

MISS BURNEY TO MRS. FRANCIS, AYLSHAM,
NORFOLK

Kew Palace, *January 11, 1789.*

MY VERY DEAR CHARLOTTE—Nothing but the extreme disturbance of my late and present life could make me possibly deserve your pardon for not immediately answering your sweet letter, though I am sure I should obtain it from your ever ready kindness had I a much less powerful plea.

The painful and gloomy time that all have passed here you will have known by every public channel; and all private ones have been closed, except for merely public purposes. But how shall I thank you, and your excellent partner, for so kind a proposition: I have not been unfeeling, though silent; and indeed such a mark of your affection, little as I wanted any mark to convince me of its warmth, has been amongst the things the most soothing to my mind in this truly calamitous period.

Nevertheless, were my own share in it ten times more saddening than it is, and were that possible,

I could not elude it. What am I, in such circumstances? and how could I set about thinking of myself when such sufferers surround me? We are all creatures of comparison and of habit; every comparison here sinks me and my distress into nothing; and the force of habit is such that I now pass whole weeks in this gloom better than, ere thus initiated, I could have passed a single day.

I am satisfied that not even the £20,000 prize in the lottery could, at this time, draw me from this melancholy scene. My wishes, therefore, were never more limited, for no turn of fortune could make a change in my situation. To leave my Royal and suffering Mistress at such a time would be truly barbarous, since, however little comfort or use she may find in me when present, she would feel it a great additional wretchedness to be now attended by a stranger.

Heaven be praised, however, all hope is before us of the most favourable conclusion to this tragedy; and when the catastrophe is happy, my dear Charlotte knows the intermediate distresses may be supported with patience.

An example of patience is before us here, such as indeed I have never seen till now, and scarcely thought in existence. Such an influence naturally spreads itself all around, and no one dreams of repining or murmuring, while all are stimulated by one common pity and admiration for the chief sufferer.

Do not be uneasy for me, my kind Charlotte; I keep very well, and take infinite care of myself, since here to be ill and useless would be truly terrible.

We see no one—not a soul but of the household, and of those only such as are in attendance.

Poor Mr. Hastings! I think very often what he must feel and fear at this alarming and critical

time. Heaven send his most upright master may be restored before his arduous trial recommences.

From your ever truly most affectionate and faithful
F. B.

Monday, 12.—A melancholy day: news bad both at home and abroad. At home the dear unhappy King still worse—abroad new examinations voted of the physicians!¹ Good Heaven! what an insult does this seem from parliamentary power, to investigate and bring forth to the world every circumstance of such a malady as is ever held sacred to secrecy in the most private families! How indignant we all feel here no words can say.

Tuesday, January 13.—The two younger Willises, Dr. John and Mr. Thomas, came upstairs in the afternoon, to make a visit to Mrs. Schwellenberg. I took the opportunity to decamp to my own room, where I found Mr. Fairly in waiting.

In the course of conversation that followed, Mrs. Carter was named: Mr. Smelt is seriously of opinion her ode² is the best in our language. I spoke of her very highly, for indeed I reverence her.

Learning in women was then our theme: I rather wished to hear than to declaim upon this subject, yet I never seek to disguise that I think it has no recommendation of sufficient value to compensate its evil excitement of envy and satire.

He spoke with very uncommon liberality on

¹ Dr. Richard Warren, Sir Lucas Pepys, the Rev. Dr. Francis Willis, Sir George Baker, Dr. H. R. Reynolds, and Dr. Thomas Gisborne were examined by Committee between the 7th and the 13th January 1789.

² No doubt the *Ode to Wisdom*, which, while still in manuscript, Richardson had inserted in the second volume of *Clarissa*, in order that his heroine might set part of it to her harpsichord. It begins—

The solitary bird of night
Through the thick shades now wings his flight,
And quits the time-shook tow'r;
Where shelter'd from the blaze of day,
In philosophic gloom he lay,
Beneath his ivy bow'r.

the female powers and intellects, and protested he had never, in his commerce with the world, been able to discern any other inferiority in their parts than what resulted from their pursuits;—and yet, with all this, he doubted much whether he had ever seen any woman who might not have been rather better without than with the learned languages, one only excepted.

He was some time silent, and I could not but suppose he meant his correspondent, Miss Fuzilier; but, with a very tender sigh, he said, “And she was my mother,—who neglected nothing else, while she cultivated Latin, and who knew it very well, and would have known it very superiorly, but that her brother disliked her studying, and one day burnt all her books!”

This anecdote led to one in return, from myself. I told him briefly the history of Dr. Johnson’s most kind condescension, in desiring to make me his pupil, and beginning to give me regular lessons of the Latin language, and I proceeded to the speedy conclusion—my great apprehension, *conviction* rather, that what I learnt of so great a man could never be *private*, and that he himself would contemn concealment, if any progress should be made; which to me was sufficient motive for relinquishing the scheme, and declining the honour, highly as I valued it, of obtaining such a master.—“And this,” I added, “though difficult to be done without offending, was yet the better effected, as my father himself likes and approves all accomplishments for women better than the dead languages.”

He made afterwards many inquiries concerning my own present mode of going on.

“What a situation,” he once cried, “it is, to live pent up thus, day after day, in this forlorn apartment!—confinement!—attendance!—

seclusion!—uncertain, for months to come, how long it may last.”

I could not command philosophy adequate for treating this subject as I felt upon it; I therefore had recourse to a letter I had just received from my affectionate Charlotte, telling me she seriously feared I should be quite *killed* by living such a life, and supplicating me most earnestly to give it up, and to let Mr. Francis apply to my father to obtain his permission for me to resign, and then to propose to me a constant residence in their house, to be only broken in upon by my going to my father himself, and to another, to whom she would always yield—my Susanna.

’Tis a most sweetly kind intention, and urged with the most innocent artlessness of its impracticability.

He inquired her name and abode, etc., but most promptly agreed her scheme, though truly sisterly, was out of all question.

He then inquired if I knew anything, of late, of Mr. Wyndham, concerning whom he has heretofore heard me very lavish of praise, and with whom he is well acquainted. “No,” I answered, “I had done with the whole set at present: their present behaviour relating to the King and the Regency demolished, with me, all pleasure in their talents.”

“And I,” cried he, “go now no more to a house where I used to meet him: I keep out of the way of all oppositionists. ’Tis now a cause of *humanity*, not of *party*, and I will not herd with those who think otherwise.”

I showed him a little paragraph I had received in a letter from Miss C——,¹ in which she says that “Lady Willoughby de Broke had mentioned her concern that such a man as Mr. Wyndham should

¹ *Query*, Cambridge.

submit to party trammels": for, continues her Ladyship, "so singularly pleasing is he, that it is quite a treat to hear him speak a common sentence."

Some time after, he examined a little book-shelf in my room. Mr. Smelt had lent me Pope's works. I gave him a volume, and he read the epitaph—

Go, fair example of untainted youth,
Of modest wisdom, and pacific truth, etc.¹

He would not, however, allow to Pope's panegyric the weight I thought it deserved; he said, "There was nothing in it that formed a great character—nothing beyond the common line of duty, though it might surpass the common line of practice."

"Surely," cried I, "it is no common and no small praise to say of a man,

He knew no wish but what the world might hear.

"That," cried he, "is saying *nothing*, because it is asserting more than any man living can say of another. I think all praise absolutely nugatory that cannot be *proved* to be just. What man shall pretend, in sober truth, to say that he knows another man who has not a wish to conceal? Even if it were true," he added, "the praise rises not into greatness of character; for where there is nothing to conceal, there is nothing to struggle with, and such a character is only good, as he is short or tall, because he is made so. Is not that a nobler character who has wishes he suppresses, and desires he combats and *conquers*?"

He then looked over the rest of Pope's works, praising, commenting, and inquiring my opinion, as he came from one to another, till he opened the epistle of Eloisa, and then, suddenly shutting up

¹ *On the Monument of the Hon. Robert Digby and of his sister Mary, in Sherborne Church, Dorsetshire.*

the volume, he laughed, and said, "Mind, I don't ask you how you like that!—I only know myself 'tis but too beautiful, and that is its greatest fault."

He then took the *Essay on Man*, and read various charming passages till the clock struck ten.

Wednesday, 14.—I must now mention a rather singular conversation. I had no opportunity last night to name, as usual, my visitor; but I have done it so often, so constantly indeed, that I was not uneasy in the omission.

But this morning, while her hair was dressing, my royal mistress suddenly said, "Did you see anybody yesterday?"

I could not but be sure of her meaning, and though vexed to be anticipated in my avowal, which had but waited the departure of the wardrobe-woman, Sandys, I instantly answered, "Yes, ma'am; Mr. Smelt in the morning, and Mr. Fairly in the evening."

"Oh! Mr. Fairly was here, then?"

I was now doubly sorry she should know this only from me! He had mentioned being just come from town, but I had concluded Lady Charlotte Finch, as usual, knew of his arrival, and had made it known to Her Majesty.

A little while after,—“Did he go away from you early?” she said.

“No, ma'am,” I immediately answered, “not early; he drank tea with me, as he generally does, I believe, when he is here for the night.”

“Perhaps,” cried she after a pause, “the gentlemen below do not drink tea.”

“I cannot tell, ma'am, I never heard him say; I only know he asked me if I would give him some, and I told him yes, with great pleasure.”

Never did I feel so happy in unblushing con-

sciousness of internal liberty as in this little catechism!

However, I soon found I had mistaken the motive of the catechism: it was not on account of Mr. Fairly and his visit—it was all for Mrs. Schwollenberg and her no visits; for she soon dropped something of “poor Mrs. Schwollenberg” and her miserable state, that opened her whole meaning.

Here, indeed, I was not, am not so ready. Treated with such truly unprovoked indignity as at present, I can suffer no interference to make me relinquish my evening retreat, which is very rarely for more than one poor hour, except when I leave her engaged with Mr. Smelt or Mdlle. Montmollin. And I almost constantly return at last, and stay till we go to the Queen, which is hardly ever till past 12 o'clock, and which always seems not till 3 in the morning.

It is palpable she has lodged some complaint against my absences. The discovery made me not only silent, but comfortless. I cannot endure to retaliate; I am bent against making any serious charge to discredit an old servant, who, with all her faults, has an attachment for her mistress that merits her protection. And this, too, is the last time to take for either attack or defence. It would be distressing; it would be unfeeling. I know myself now peculiarly useful: many things pass that I am bound not to write; and it might seem taking a mean advantage of the present circumstances to offer any defensive appeal just now.

Sunday, 18.—The public birthday of my poor royal mistress. How sadly did she pass it; and how was I filled with sorrow for her reflections upon this its first anniversary for these last twenty-eight years in which the King and the nation have

not united in its celebration! All now was passed over in silence and obscurity; all observance of the day was prohibited, both abroad and at home.

The poor King, whose attention to times and dates is unremittingly exact, knew the day,¹ and insisted upon seeing the Queen and three of the Princesses; but—it was not a good day.

Kew, Monday, 19.—This morning the news was very cheering, and I have begun now a great friendship with Dr. Willis and Dr. John. They are most delightful people; all originality, openness, and goodness.

When I saw, afterwards, Sir Lucas Pepys, he told me he plainly saw I was on the verge of an illness myself, and recommended air and exercise as essentially requisite to save me from this menace. I obeyed his injunctions the moment I could name them to the Queen, for my health is now amongst my first duties, as far as it may depend upon my own care.

I took, therefore, a safe opportunity, and strolled a little while in Richmond Gardens.

Wednesday, 21.—I had nothing at all to write yesterday. My dearest readers will soon, perhaps, wish I had nothing to write of to-day.

This evening my tea rap was unusually early, and Mrs. Schwellenberg asked me to stay, and play at cards with her till Mdle. Montmollin arrived. I make a point of never refusing her when she is civil: down therefore I sat, and stayed to play out a game, and till Mr. and Mrs. Smelt both entered.

I then came to my room; and there, in my own corner, sat poor Mr. Fairly, looking a little forlorn, and telling me he had been there near an

¹ “The poor king the other night, after Dr. Willis had read prayers to him, prayed aloud for himself. On the 17th he said to the page, ‘Remember that to-morrow is the queen’s birthday, and I insist upon having a new coat’” (Hannah More’s *Memoirs*, 1834, ii. 141).

hour. I made every apology that could mark in the strongest manner how little I thought his patience worth such exertion.

He took up a volume of Metastasio, and asked, gravely, if I would object to tell him which of his dramas I most approved ?

I told him I had already praised the *Olimpiade* to him at Cheltenham, and he had given it no quarter.

That, he said, was only relative to the false heroism of the principal character ; “and my knowledge of Italian,” he added, “is so trifling, that my opinion is immaterial: the beauties of the language, which, in Metastasio, I understand to be the chief merit, are wholly thrown away upon me ; or, at least, very incompletely enjoyed.”

“But the sentiments,” cried I, “are equal, I believe, to the language.”

“Those, also, lose great part of their energy by so incompetent an acquaintance with the force of their words.”

“The characters, too,” I cried, “in all his best operas, are strikingly noble.”

“In . . . which ?” he cried.

“Oh,” quoth I, laughing, “I must read them over again before I name them, in remembrance of the *Olimpiade* !”

What a look again he gave me !—it implied an idea that I was the most distrustful person breathing ! But he did not say so ; and I was not bound to answer to his countenance !

He then added, that he did not merely desire to have Metastasio’s best operas recommended, but also—to read them with—somebody who knew the language better than himself.

I did not choose to accept this as pointed, for certainly I know it too little to read it with any person whatsoever—except *Alfieri* or *Baretti* !

He next took from his pocket-book two little papers which I had begged from him ; they were two characters of our beloved King, in verse ; one drawn by Churchill,

Strip of her gaudy plumes and vain disguise, etc.¹

The other from Cowper :—

O bright occasions of dispensing good, etc.²

72
These extracts he has deemed very fitting to be read and re-read at this afflictive time, to keep up the loyal zeal of the poor King's friends. He had told me of them some time ago. I had then petitioned for a copy of each, printed as they were for the newspapers : he told me he did not choose to be known as their publisher, and I perfectly agreed with him that all good was best done that was done most quietly.

He suffered me to go on ; and made me laugh not a little himself, by asking me how much ribbon I had in my bonnet ? He takes amazing notice always of my bonnets and my gowns ; and I believe all men do much more than is suspected, of all dress, though we conclude it an attention pretty much confined to frivolous characters.

A graver subject soon followed—the calamities of human life. He believed them, he said, always salutary, if considered in a religious light, for they meliorated and softened the heart, while uninterrupted happiness had a great tendency to harden it.

“I believe it but too true in general,” I answered, “yet I am personally acquainted with an exception, in the only person I intimately know that has escaped misfortune, and she, though in the full and unbroken career of unmixed felicity, has a compassion for even the smallest distress in another,

¹ *Night*, 1761, ll. 123-138. See *ante*, p. 71.

² *Table Talk*, 1780, ll. 63-82.

which seems all the stronger for the grateful and humble contrast she draws with her own happiness, which she chiefly enjoys by endeavouring benevolently to spread and to share it all around her."

He looked an inquiry, and I answered it.

"I was sure of that!" cried he, smiling, "I knew you were there!"

"Yes,—there, indeed!—for she is all made up of pity and softness, though she has never, I believe, tasted real calamity in her life."

He spoke then himself of Mr. William Locke, whose countenance, in the drawing-room, had prepossessed him in his favour so strongly, that he has conceived quite an interest in his character.

This led, once again, to another picture of my loved United States of Norbury and Mickleham. He inquired precisely into their situations, and nearest towns.

He was going to spend the next day at St. Leonard's, where he was to meet his son; and he portrayed to me the character of Mrs. Harcourt so fairly and favourably, that her flightiness sunk away on the rise of her good qualities.

He spoke of his chapel of St. Catherine's, its emoluments, chaplain, brothers, sisters, and full establishment.¹

Finding I entered into nothing, he took up a fan which lay on my table, and began playing off various imitative airs with it, exclaiming, "How thoroughly useless a toy!"

"No," I said; "on the contrary, taken as an ornament, it was the most useful ornament of any belonging to full dress; occupying the hands, giving the eyes something to look at, and taking

¹ "The hospital now (1891) provides residences and annuities for a master, three brothers and three sisters, allowances to non-resident sisters, nurses, bedesmen and bedeswomen; and clothes and educates 36 boys and 24 girls" (Wheatley and Cunningham's *London*, 1891, ii. 322).

away stiffness and formality from the figure and deportment."

"Men have no fans," cried he, "and how do they do?"

"Worse," quoth I, plumply.

He laughed quite out, saying, "That's ingenuous, however; and, indeed, I must confess they are reduced, from time to time, to shift their hands from one pocket to another."

"Not to speak of lounging about in their chairs from one side to another."

"But the real use of a fan," cried he, "if there is any, is it not—to hide a particular blush that ought not to appear?"

"Oh no; it would rather make it the sooner noticed."

"Not at all; it may be done under pretence of absence—rubbing the cheek, or nose—putting it up accidentally to the eye—in a thousand ways."

He went through all these evolutions comically enough; and then, putting aside his toy, came back to graver matters.

Sunday, 25.—The two last days were wholly eventless; but this morning I had so fair an account of our beloved monarch, that I drew up a bulletin myself; not, indeed, for St. James's, but where it was certain of a flourishing reception. Mr. Smelt was going to town, and could not call; he sent me a note of inquiry, which arrived while I was still listening to Dr. John Willis, in our late little parlour, and hearing every interesting particular of the night and early morning. I answered Mr. Smelt's note thus:—

Kew Palace, *Sunday Morning, January 25, 1789.*

"His Majesty has passed a very good night, and is perfectly composed and collected this morning.

"(Signed) JOHN WILLIS.

"(Witnessed) FRANCES BURNEY."

The young doctor gave me his name very willingly; and with this bulletin Mr. Smelt went and gladdened the hearts of every good subject of his acquaintance in town.

These Willises are most incomparable people. They take a pleasure, that brightens every particle of their countenances, in communicating what is good, and they soften all that is bad with the most sedulous kindness.

In running this morning, at seven o'clock, along my dark passage, I nearly fell over a pail, carelessly left in the way by a housemaid, and broke my shin very painfully. Unable, therefore, to walk, yet so strongly enjoined to take the air, I could not escape accompanying Mrs. Schwellenberg in a little tour round Brentford, which, that we might see a little of the world, was the postillion's drive. But the ill humour of my companion during this rural ride was of so affronting a cast, that I wished myself a thousand times hopping with my broken shin over the worst ploughed land in England, rather than so to be seated in a royal vehicle.

I have not mentioned a singular present which has been sent me from Germany this month: it is an almanac, in German, containing for its recreative part an abridgment of *Cecilia*, in that language;¹ and every month opens with a cut from some part of her history. It is sent me by M. Henouvre, a gentleman in some office in the King's establishment at Hanover. I wish I could read it—but I have only written it!

Monday, 26.—In the evening Mr. Fairly came to tea. He was grave, and my reception did not make him gayer.

¹ The *Konigl. Grosbritannischer Historischer Genealogischer Calender für* 1789. Lauenburg, 16mo. There were twelve copperplates by the "Berlin Hogarth," Daniel Chodowiecki.

General discourse took place till Mrs. Dickenson happened to be named. He knew her very well as Miss Hamilton. Her conjugal conduct, in displaying her superior power over her husband, was our particular theme, till in the midst of it he exclaimed, "How well you will be trained in by Mrs. Schwellenberg—if you come to trial!"

Ah! thought I, the more I suffer through her, the less and less do I feel disposed to run any new and more lasting risk. But I said not this, I only protested I was much less her humble servant than might be supposed.

"How can that be," cried he, "when you never contest any one point with her?"

Not, I said, in positive wrangling, which could never answer its horrible pain; but still I refused undue obedience when exacted with indignity, and always hastened to retire when offended and affronted.

75 He took up Mrs. Smith's *Emmeline*,¹ which is just lent me by the Queen; but he found it not *piquant*, and putting it down, begged me to choose him a *Rambler*.²

I had a good deal of difficulty in my decision, as he had already seen almost all I could particularly wish to recommend; and, when he saw me turn over leaf after leaf with some hesitation, he began a serious reproach to me of inflexible reserve. And then away he went.

I hastened immediately to Mrs. Schwellenberg, and found all in a tumult. She had been, she said, alone all the evening, and was going to have sent

¹ *Emmeline, the Orphan of the Castle*, a Novel, by Charlotte Smith, 4 vols., Cadell, 1788. Scott speaks of it as "a tale of love and passion, happily conceived, and told in a most interesting manner" (*Ballantyne's Novelist's Library*).

² Mr. Edmund Gosse has the good fortune to possess a folio *Rambler* (1751) which later belonged to Mme. D'Arblay. Its inscription, in a very old faded hand, is, "The Gift of Dr. Cha^s. Burney Jun^r to A. & F. D'Arblay."

for me, but found I had my company. She sent for Mlle. Montmollin—but she had a cold; for Miss Gomme, but she could not come because of the snow; for Miss Planta—but she was ill with a fever, “what you call headache”: she had then “sent to Princess Royal, who had been to her, and pitied her ver moch, for Princess Royal was really sensible.”

And all this was communicated with a look of accusation, and a tone of menace, that might have suited an attack upon some hardened felon.

And this complaint of the absence of two hours to one treated when present as if too highly honoured in being suffered in the same apartment!

I never yet found this more hard to bear—to be denied the common forms of common civility when I stayed, yet to have the whole house apprised of my retreat, as an act of barbarity!

I made no sort of apology; nor any other answer than that I had had the honour of Mr. Fairly's company to tea, which was always a pleasure to me.

I believe something like consciousness whispered her here, that it might really be possible his society was as pleasant as I had found hers, for she then dropped her lamentation, and said she thanked God she wanted nobody, not one; she could always amuse herself, and was glad enough to be alone.

Were it but true!

I offered cards; she refused, because it was too late, though we yet remained together near two hours.

If this a little disordered me, you will not think what followed was matter of composure. While the Queen's hair was rolling up, by the wardrobe-woman, at night, Mrs. Schwellenberg happened to leave the room, and almost instantly Her Majesty,

in a rather abrupt manner, said, "Is Mr. Fairly here to-night?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"When did he come back?"

I could not recollect.

"I did not know he was here!"

This thunderstruck me; that he should come again, or stay, at least, without apprising his Royal Mistress, startled me inwardly, and distressed me outwardly.

"I knew, indeed," she then added, "he was here in the morning, but I understood he went away afterwards."

The idea of connivance now struck me with a real disdain, that brought back my courage and recollection in full force, and I answered, "I remember, ma'am, he told me he had rode over to Richmond Park at noon, and returned here to dinner with Colonel Welbred, and in the evening he drank tea with me, and said he should sup with General Harcourt."

All this, spoken with an openness that rather invited than shunned further investigation, seemed to give an immediate satisfaction; the tone of voice changed to its usual complacency, and she inquired various things concerning the Stuart family, and then spoke upon more common topics.

I concluded it now all over; but soon after Mrs. Sandys went away, and then, very unexpectedly, the Queen renewed the subject. "The reason," she said, "that I asked about Mr. Fairly was that the Schwellenberg sent to ask Miss Planta to come to her, because Mr. Fairly was—no, not with her—he never goes to her."

She stopped; but I was wholly silent. I felt instantly with how little propriety I could undertake either to defend or to excuse Mr. Fairly, whom I determined to consider as a visitor, over whom,

having no particular influence, I could be charged with no particular responsibility.

After waiting a few minutes,—“With you,” she said, “Mr. Fairly was; and the Schwellenberg was alone.”

My spirits quite panted at this moment to make a full confession of the usage I had endured from the person thus compassionated; but I had so frequently resolved, in moments of cool deliberation, not even to risk doing mischief to a favourite old servant, however personally provoked, that I withstood the impulse; but the inward conflict silenced me from saying anything else.

I believe she was surprised; but she added, after a long pause, “I believe—he comes to you every evening when here?”

“I do not know, ma'am, always, when he is here or away; but I am always very glad to see him, for indeed his visits make all the little variety that——”

I hastily stopped, lest she should think me discontented with this strict confinement during this dreadful season; and that I can never be, when it is not accompanied by tyranny and injustice.

She immediately took up the word, but without the slightest displeasure. “Why here there might be more variety than anywhere, from the nearness to town, except for——”

“The present situation of things,” I eagerly interrupted her to say, and went on:—“Indeed, ma'am, I have scarce a wish to break into the present arrangement, by seeing anybody while the house is in this state; nor have I, from last October, seen one human being that does not live here, except Mr. Smelt, Mr. Fairly, and Sir Lucas Pepys; and they all come upon their own calls, and not for me.”

“The only objection,” she gently answered, “to

seeing anybody, is that every one who comes carries some sort of information away with them."

I assured her I was perfectly content to wait for better times.

Here the matter dropped; she appeared satisfied with what I said, and became soft and serene as before the little attack.

Tuesday, 27.—The intelligence this morning was not very pleasant. I had a conference afterwards with Sir Lucas Pepys, who keeps up undiminished hope. We held our council in the physicians' room, which chanced to be empty; but before it broke up Colonel Welbred entered. It was a pleasure to me to see him, though somewhat an embarrassment to hear him immediately lament that we never met, and add that he knew not in what manner to procure himself that pleasure.

I joined in the lamentation, and its cause, which confined us all to our cells. Sir Lucas declared my confinement menaced my health, and charged me to walk out, and take air and exercise very sedulously, if I would avoid an illness.

Colonel Welbred instantly offered me a key of Richmond Gardens, which opened into them by a nearer door than what was used in common.

I accepted his kindness, and took an hour's walk,—for the first time since last October; ten minutes in Kew Gardens are all I have spent without doors since the middle of that month.

Kew Lodge, Wednesday, 28.—The excellent Dr. Willis gave me a most reviving account of our beloved King this morning, and with a glee so genuine, that I think even the opposition must have sympathised in it. Afterwards the same pleasant tidings were confirmed by his son, Dr. John, who is a truly amiable and lively character, with admirable good sense and no pretensions.

Mr. Smelt, all delight, came to me, at noon, with the debates of the Commons on the Regency.

Thursday, 29.—Still good news from the two good doctors. All else bad,—Cerbera dreadful!—more rough and harsh than I have words to tell. She has done, palpably, what was possible to procure a censure from the Magnolia;¹ but the Magnolia cannot enjoin an injustice—though she may wish me more subservient. But I will not enter upon these matters here.

Friday, 30.—To-day my poor Royal Mistress received the address of the Lords and Commons, of condolence, etc., upon His Majesty's illness. What a painful, but necessary ceremony! It was most properly presented by but few members, and those almost all chosen from the household: a great propriety.

Not long after came Mr. Fairly, looking harassed. "May I," he cried, "come in?—and—for an hour? Can you allow me entrance and room for that time?"

Much surprised, for already it was three o'clock, I assented: he then told me he had something to copy for Her Majesty, which was of the highest importance, and said he could find no quiet room in the house but mine for such a business.

I gave him every accommodation in my power.

When he had written a few lines, he asked if I was very busy, or could help him? Most readily I offered my services; and then I read to him the original, sentence by sentence, to facilitate his copying; receiving his assurances of my "great assistance" every two lines.

In the midst of this occupation, a tap at my door made me precipitately put down the paper to receive—Lady Charlotte Finch!

¹ Queen Charlotte.

“Can you,” she cried, “have the goodness to tell me anything of Mr. Fairly?”

The screen had hidden him; but, gently,—though I believe ill enough pleased,—he called out himself, “Here is Mr. Fairly.”

She flew up to him, crying, “Oh, Mr. Fairly, what a search has there been for you, by the Queen’s orders! She has wanted you extremely, and no one knew where to find you. They have been to the waiting-room, to the equerries’, all over the garden, to the Prince’s House, in your own room, and could find you nowhere, and at last they thought you were gone back to town.”

He calmly answered, while he still wrote on, he was sorry they had had so much trouble, for he had only been executing Her Majesty’s commands.

She then hesitated a little, almost to stammering, in adding, “So—at last—I said—that perhaps—you might be here!”

He now raised his head from the paper, and bowing it towards me, “Yes,” he cried, “Miss Burney is so good as to give me leave, and there is no other room in the house in which I can be at rest.”

“So I told Her Majesty,” answered Lady Charlotte, “though she said she was sure you could not be here; but I said there was really no room of quiet here for any business, and so then I came to see.”

“Miss Burney,” he rejoined, “has the goodness also to help me—she has taken the trouble to read as I go on, which forwards me very much.”

Lady Charlotte stared, and I felt sorry at this confession of a confidence she could not but think too much, and I believe he half repented it, for he added, “This, however, you need not perhaps mention, though I know where I trust!”

He proceeded again with his writing, and she

then recollected her errand. She told him that what he was copying was to be carried to town by Lord Aylesbury,¹ but that the Queen desired to see it first.

She then returned to Her Majesty.

She soon, however, returned again. She brought the Queen's seal, and leave that he might make up the packet, and give it to Lord Aylesbury, without showing it first to Her Majesty, who was just gone to dinner.

With her customary good-humour and good-breeding, she then chatted with me some time, and again departed.

We then went to work with all our might, reading and copying. The original was extremely curious—I am sorry I must make it equally secret.

¹ Her Majesty's Lord Chamberlain.

Hand to
Lord Aylesbury
to send part
of the
edition

PART XXXIX

1789

Extraordinary scene between the King and Miss Burney in Kew Gardens—Miss Burney relates her adventure to the Queen—Court curiosity—Continued improvement of the King—The Regency Bill—Distress of the Queen—Conference with the Queen—Cross-questioning—Two lunatics in the Royal Palace—Progress of the Regency Bill—Further improvement of the King—The Regency Bill postponed—Devotion of the Royal Family to the King—Interview between the King and the Lord Chancellor—The King and Queen walk out together—New arrangements at the Palace—Mr. Wyndham—Critical state of the times—The Regency Bill abandoned—Interview of Miss Burney with the King—Conclusion.

Kew Palace, Monday, February 2.—What an adventure had I this morning! one that has occasioned me the severest personal terror I ever experienced in my life.

Sir Lucas Pepys still persisting that exercise and air were absolutely necessary to save me from illness, I have continued my walks, varying my gardens from Richmond to Kew, according to the accounts I received of the movements of the King. For this I had Her Majesty's permission, on the representation of Sir Lucas.

This morning, when I received my intelligence of the King from Dr. John Willis, I begged to know where I might walk in safety. "In Kew Gardens," he said, "as the King would be in Richmond."

“Should any unfortunate circumstance,” I cried, “at any time, occasion my being seen by His Majesty, do not mention my name, but let me run off without call or notice.”

This he promised. Everybody, indeed, is ordered to keep out of sight.

Taking, therefore, the time I had most at command, I strolled into the gardens. I had proceeded, in my quick way, nearly half the round, when I suddenly perceived, through some trees, two or three figures. Relying on the instructions of Dr. John, I concluded them to be workmen and gardeners; yet tried to look sharp, and in so doing, as they were less shaded, I thought I saw the person of His Majesty!

Alarmed past all possible expression, I waited not to know more, but turning back, ran off with all my might. But what was my terror to hear myself pursued!—to hear the voice of the King himself loudly and hoarsely calling after me, “Miss Burney! Miss Burney!”

I protest I was ready to die. I knew not in what state he might be at the time; I only knew the orders to keep out of his way were universal; that the Queen would highly disapprove any unauthorised meeting, and that the very action of my running away might deeply, in his present irritable state, offend him. Nevertheless, on I ran, too terrified to stop, and in search of some short passage, for the garden is full of little labyrinths, by which I might escape.

The steps still pursued me, and still the poor hoarse and altered voice rang in my ears:—more and more footsteps resounded frightfully behind me,—the attendants all running, to catch their eager master, and the voices of the two Dr. Willises loudly exhorting him not to heat himself so unmercifully.

Heavens, how I ran! I do not think I should have felt the hot lava from Vesuvius—at least not the hot cinders—had I so run during its eruption. My feet were not sensible that they even touched the ground.

Soon after, I heard other voices, shriller, though less nervous, call out, “Stop! stop! stop!”

I could by no means consent: I knew not what was purposed, but I recollected fully my agreement with Dr. John that very morning, that I should decamp if surprised, and not be named.

My own fears and repugnance, also, after a flight and disobedience like this, were doubled in the thought of not escaping; I knew not to what I might be exposed, should the malady be then high, and take the turn of resentment. Still, therefore, on I flew; and such was my speed, so almost incredible to relate or recollect, that I fairly believe no one of the whole party could have overtaken me, if these words, from one of the attendants, had not reached me, “Dr. Willis begs you to stop!”

“I cannot! I cannot!” I answered, still flying on, when he called out, “You must, ma’am; it hurts the King to run.”

Then, indeed, I stopped—in a state of fear really amounting to agony. I turned round, I saw the two Doctors had got the King between them, and three attendants of Dr. Willis’s were hovering about. They all slackened their pace, as they saw me stand still; but such was the excess of my alarm, that I was wholly insensible to the effects of a race which, at any other time, would have required an hour’s recruit.

As they approached, some little presence of mind happily came to my command: it occurred to me that, to appease the wrath of my flight, I must now show some confidence: I therefore faced

them as undauntedly as I was able, only charging the nearest of the attendants to stand by my side.

When they were within a few yards of me, the King called out, "Why did you run away?"

Shocked at a question impossible to answer, yet a little assured by the mild tone of his voice, I instantly forced myself forward, to meet him, though the internal sensation which satisfied me this was a step the most proper, to appease his suspicions and displeasure, was so violently combated by the tremor of my nerves, that I fairly think I may reckon it the greatest effort of personal courage I have ever made.

The effort answered: I looked up, and met all his wonted benignity of countenance, though something still of wildness in his eyes. Think, however, of my surprise, to feel him put both his hands round my two shoulders, and then kiss my cheek!

I wonder I did not really sink, so exquisite was my affright when I saw him spread out his arms! Involuntarily, I concluded he meant to crush me: but the Willises, who have never seen him till this fatal illness, not knowing how very extraordinary an action this was from him, simply smiled and looked pleased, supposing, perhaps, it was his customary salutation!

I believe, however, it was but the joy of a heart unbridled, now, by the forms and proprieties of established custom and sober reason. To see any of his household thus by accident, seemed such a near approach to liberty and recovery, that who can wonder it should serve rather to elate than lessen what yet remains of his disorder!

He now spoke in such terms of his pleasure in seeing me, that I soon lost the whole of my terror; astonishment to find him so nearly well, and gratification to see him so pleased, removed every uneasy feeling, and the joy that succeeded, in my

conviction of his recovery, made me ready to throw myself at his feet to express it.

What a conversation followed! When he saw me fearless, he grew more and more alive, and made me walk close by his side, away from the attendants, and even the Willises themselves, who, to indulge him, retreated. I own myself not completely composed, but alarm I could entertain no more.

Everything that came uppermost in his mind he mentioned; he seemed to have just such remains of his flightiness as heated his imagination without deranging his reason, and robbed him of all control over his speech, though nearly in his perfect state of mind as to his opinions.

What did he not say!—He opened his whole heart to me,—expounded all his sentiments, and acquainted me with all his intentions.

The heads of his discourse I must give you briefly, as I am sure you will be highly curious to hear them, and as no accident can render of much consequence what a man says in such a state of physical intoxication.

He assured me he was quite well—as well as he had ever been in his life; and then inquired how I did, and how I went on? and whether I was more comfortable?

If these questions, in their implication, surprised me, imagine how that surprise must increase when he proceeded to explain them! He asked after the coadjutrix, laughing, and saying, “Never mind her!—don’t be oppressed—I am your friend! don’t let her cast you down!—I know you have a hard time of it—but don’t mind her!”

Almost thunderstruck with astonishment, I merely curtsied to his kind “I am your friend,” and said nothing.

Then presently he added, “Stick to your father

—stick to your own family—let them be your objects.”

How readily I assented!

Again he repeated all I have just written, nearly in the same words, but ended it more seriously: he suddenly stopped, and held me to stop too, and putting his hand on his breast, in the most solemn manner, he gravely and slowly said, “I will protect you!—I promise you that—and therefore depend upon me!”

I thanked him; and the Willises, thinking him rather too elevated, came to propose my walking on. “No, no, no!” he cried, a hundred times in a breath; and their good-humour prevailed, and they let him again walk on with his new companion.

He then gave me a history of his pages, animating almost into a rage, as he related his subjects of displeasure with them, particularly with Mr. Ernst, who he told me had been brought up by himself. I hope his ideas upon these men are the result of the mistakes of his malady.

Then he asked me some questions that very greatly distressed me, relating to information given him in his illness, from various motives, but which he suspected to be false, and which I knew he had reason to suspect: yet was it most dangerous to set anything right, as I was not aware what might be the views of their having been stated wrong. I was as discreet as I knew how to be, and I hope I did no mischief; but this was the worst part of the dialogue.

He next talked to me a great deal of my dear father, and made a thousand inquiries concerning his *History of Music*.¹ This brought him to his favourite theme, Handel; and he told me

¹ The concluding volumes of Dr. Burney's *magnum opus*, being the third and fourth, were published in 1789, and are reviewed in the *Annual Register* for that year.

innumerable anecdotes of him, and particularly that celebrated tale of Handel's saying of himself, when a boy, "While that boy lives, my music will never want a protector." And this, he said, I might relate to my father.

Then he ran over most of his oratorios, attempting to sing the subjects of several airs and choruses, but so dreadfully hoarse that the sound was terrible.

Dr. Willis, quite alarmed at this exertion, feared he would do himself harm, and again proposed a separation. "No! no! no!" he exclaimed, "not yet; I have something I must just mention first."

Dr. Willis, delighted to comply, even when uneasy at compliance, again gave way.

The good King then greatly affected me. He began upon my revered old friend, Mrs. Delany; and he spoke of her with such warmth—such kindness! "She was my friend!" he cried, "and I loved her as a friend! I have made a memorandum when I lost her—I will show it you."

He pulled out a pocket-book, and rummaged some time, but to no purpose.

The tears stood in his eyes—he wiped them, and Dr. Willis again became very anxious. "Come, sir," he cried, "now do you come in and let the lady go on her walk,—come, now you have talked a long while,—so we'll go in,—if your Majesty pleases."

"No, no!" he cried, "I want to ask her a few questions;—I have lived so long out of the world, I know nothing!"

This touched me to the heart. We walked on together, and he inquired after various persons, particularly Mrs. Boscawen, because she was Mrs. Delany's friend! Then, for the same reason, after Mr. Frederick Montagu,¹ of whom he kindly said,

¹ Frederick Montagu. He retired from public life in 1790. See *ante*, vol. iii. p. 416.

"I know he has a great regard for me, for all he joined the opposition." Lord Grey de Wilton, Sir Watkin Wynn, the Duke of Beaufort, and various others, followed.

He then told me he was very much dissatisfied with several of his state officers, and meant to form an entire new establishment. He took a paper out of his pocket-book, and showed me his new list.

This was the wildest thing that passed; and Dr. John Willis now seriously urged our separating; but he would not consent; he had only three more words to say, he declared, and again he conquered.

He now spoke of my father, with still more kindness, and told me he ought to have had the post of Master of the Band, and not that little poor musician Parsons,¹ who was not fit for it. "But Lord Salisbury," he cried, "used your father very ill in that business, and so he did me! However, I have dashed out his name, and I shall put your father's in,—as soon as I get loose again!"

This again—how affecting was this!

"And what," cried he, "has your father got, at last? nothing but that poor thing at Chelsea? Oh fie! fie! fie! But never mind! I will take care of him! I will do it myself!"

Then presently he added, "As to Lord Salisbury, he is out already, as this memorandum will show you, and so are many more. I shall be much better served; and when once I get away, I shall rule with a rod of iron!"

This was very unlike himself, and startled the two good doctors, who could not bear to cross him, and were exulting at my seeing his great amendment, but yet grew quite uneasy at his earnestness and volubility.

Finding we now must part, he stopped to take leave, and renewed again his charges about the

¹ See *ante*, vol. ii, p. 360.

coadjutrix. "Never mind her!" he cried, "depend upon me! I will be your friend as long as I live!—I here pledge myself to be your friend!" And then he saluted me again just as at the meeting, and suffered me to go on.

What a scene! how variously was I affected by it! but, upon the whole, how inexpressibly thankful to see him so nearly himself—so little removed from recovery!¹

I went very soon after to the Queen, to whom I was most eager to avow the meeting, and how little I could help it. Her astonishment, and her earnestness to hear every particular, were very great. I told her almost all. Some few things relating to the distressing questions I could not repeat; nor many things said of Mrs. Schwollenberg, which would much, and very needlessly, have hurt her.

This interview, and the circumstances belonging to it, excited general curiosity, and all the house watched for opportunities to beg a relation of it. How delighted was I to tell them all my happy prognostics!

But the first to hasten to hear of it was Mr. Smelt; eager and enchanted was the countenance and attention of that truly loyal and most affectionate adherent to his old master. Yet he saw me so extremely shaken by the various exertions of the morning, that I could with difficulty persuade him they would not make me ill: never, I assured him, where the result was well, did any agitation essentially hurt me. He wished me to see Lady Harcourt and the General, and to make them a brief relation of this extraordinary rencounter: but for that I had not effort enough left.

¹ This exciting interview had no evil results. The report from Kew Palace next day (3rd February) was—"His Majesty passed yesterday quietly, has had a good night, and is much as usual this morning."

I did what I could, however, to gratify the curiosity of Colonel Welbred, which I never saw equally excited. I was passing him on the stairs, and he followed me, to say he had heard what had happened—I imagine from the Willises. I told him, with the highest satisfaction, the general effect produced upon my mind by the accident, that the King seemed so nearly himself, that patience itself could have but little longer trial.

He wanted to hear more particulars: I fancy the Willises had vaguely related some. "Did he not," he cried, "promise to—do something for you?—take care of you?" I only laughed, and answered, "Oh yes! if you want anything, apply to me;—now is my time!"

Tuesday, 3.—I had the great happiness to be assured this morning, by both the Dr. Willises, that His Majesty was by no means the worse for our long conference. Those good men are inexpressibly happy themselves in the delightful conviction given me, and by me spread about, of the near recovery of their royal patient.

While I was dressing came Mr. Fairly: I could not admit him, but he said he would try again in the evening. I heard by the tone of his voice a peculiar eagerness, and doubted not he was apprised of my adventure.

He came early, before I could leave my fair companion, and sent on Goter. I found him reading a new pamphlet of Horne Tooke. "How long," he cried, "it is since I have been here!"

I was not flippantly disposed, or I would have said I had thought the time he spent away always short, by his avowed eagerness to decamp.

He made so many inquiries of how I had gone on and what I had done since I saw him, that I was soon satisfied he was not uninformed of yesterday's transaction. I told him so; he could

not deny it, but wished to hear the whole from myself.

I most readily complied. He listened with the most eager, nay, anxious attention, scarce breathing: he repeatedly exclaimed, when I had finished, "How I wish I had been there!—how I should have liked to have seen you!"

I assured him he would not wish that, if he knew the terror I had suffered. He was quite elated with the charges against Cerberic tyranny, and expressed himself gratified by the promises of favour and protection.

Friday, 6.—These last three days have been spent very unpleasantly indeed: all goes hardly and difficultly with my poor Royal Mistress.

Yet His Majesty is now, thank Heaven, so much better, that he generally sees his gentlemen in some part of the evening; and Mr. Fairly, having no particular taste for being kept in waiting whole hours for this satisfaction of a few minutes, yet finding himself, if in the house, indispensably required to attend with the rest, has changed his Kew visits from nights to mornings.

He brought me the "Regency Bill!"—I shuddered to hear it named. It was just printed, and he read it to me, with comments and explanations, which took up all our time, and in a manner, at present, the most deeply interesting in which it could be occupied.

'Tis indeed a dread event!—and how it may terminate who can say? My poor Royal Mistress is much disturbed. Her daughters behave like angels; they seem content to reside in this gloomy solitude for ever, if it prove of comfort to their mother, or mark their duteous affection for their father.

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Monday, 9.—I now walk on the roadside, along the park wall, every fair morning, as I shall venture no more into either of the gardens. In returning this morning, I was overtaken by Mr. Fairly, who rode up to me, and, dismounting, gave his horse to his groom, to walk on with me.

About two hours after I was, however, surprised by a visit from him in my own room. He came, he said, only to ask me a second time how I did, as he should be here now less and less, the King's amendment rendering his services of smaller and smaller importance.

He brought me a new political parody of Pope's *Eloisa to Abelard*, from Mr. Eden - to Lord Hawkesbury. It is a most daring, though very clever imitation. It introduces many of the present household. Mrs. Schwellenberg is now in eternal abuse from all these scribblers;¹ Lady Harcourt, and many others, less notorious to their attacks, are here brought forward. How infinitely licentious!

See also
1718. E. L. L. L.

Tuesday, 10.—The amendment of the King is progressive, and without any reasonable fear, though not without some few drawbacks. The Willis family were surely sent by Heaven to restore peace, and health, and prosperity to this miserable house!

Lady Charlotte Finch called upon me two days ago, almost purposely, to inquire concerning the report of my young friend's marriage; and she made me promise to acquaint her when I received any further news: at noon, therefore, I went to her apartment at the Prince of Wales's, with this information. Mr. Fairly, I knew, was with the equerries in our lodge.

¹ "Peter Pindar" (John Wolcot) devoted an entire Ode to her in this year exhorting her and all "the snuff and di'mond crew" to return to Germany and never come back (*Works*, iii. 52). He frequently makes ribald reference to this much-abused lady.

Lady Charlotte had the Duchess of Beaufort and all the Fieldings with her, and therefore I only left a message, by no means feeling spirits for encountering any stranger.

At noon, when I attended Her Majesty, she inquired if I had walked?—Yes.—Where?—In Richmond Gardens.¹—And nowhere else?—No.

She looked thoughtful,—and presently I recollected my intended visit to Lady Charlotte, and mentioned it. She cleared up, and said, “Oh!—you went to Lady Charlotte?”

“Yes, ma’am,” I answered, thinking her very absent,—which I thought with sorrow, as that is so small a part of her character, that I know not I ever saw any symptom of it before. Nor, in fact, as I found afterwards, did I see it now. It was soon explained. Miss Gomme, Madlle. Montmollin, and Miss Planta, all dined with Mrs. Schwollenberg to-day. The moment I joined them, Mrs. Schwollenberg called out,—“Pray, Miss Berner, for what visit you the gentlemen?”

“Me?”

“Yes, you,—and for what, I say?”

Amazed, I declared I did not know what she meant.

“Oh!” cried she, scoffingly, “that won’t not do!—we all saw you,—Princess Royal the same!—so don’t not say that!”

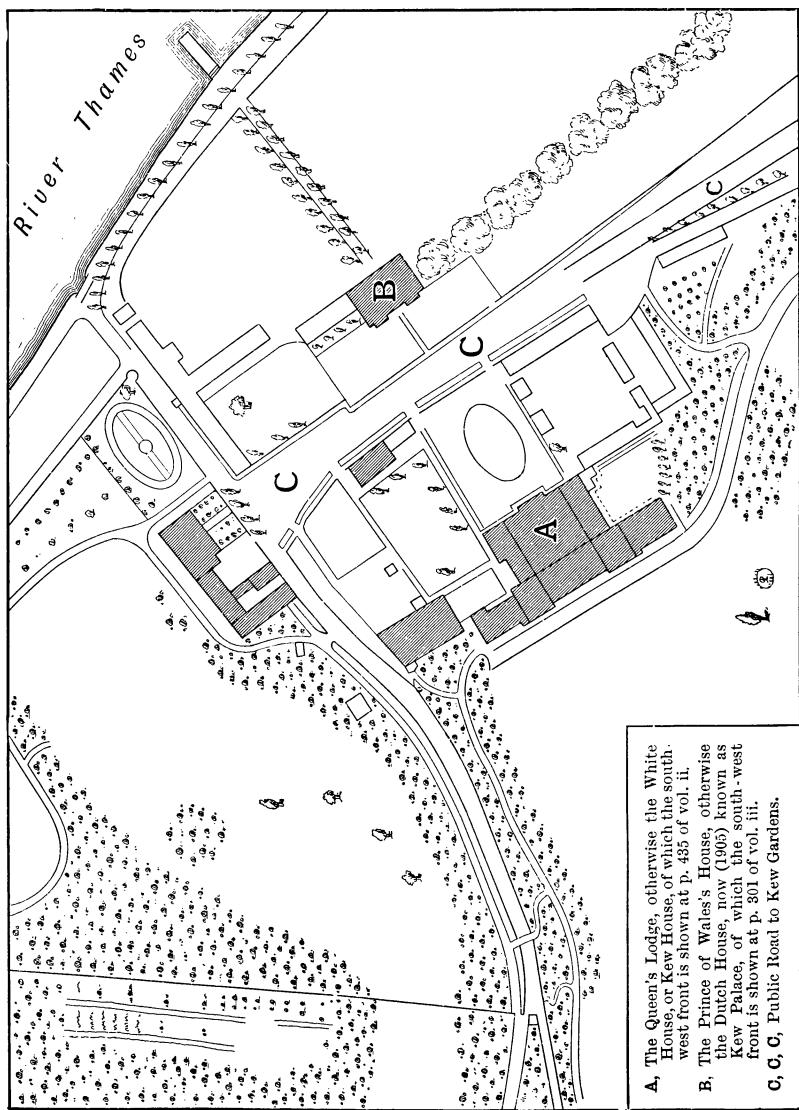
I stared,—and Miss Gomme burst out in laughter, and then Mrs. Schwollenberg added,—“For what go you over to the Prince of Wales his house?²—nobody lives there but the gentlemen,—nobody others.”

I laughed too, now, and told her the fact.

“Oh,” cried she, “Lady Charlotte!—ver true. I had forgot Lady Charlotte!”

¹ This appears to contradict the statement on the preceding page.

² See *ante*, p. 195.



Emery Walker sc.

- A, The Queen's Lodge, otherwise the White House, or Kew House, of which the south-west front is shown at p. 435 of vol. ii.
- B, The Prince of Wales's House, otherwise the Dutch House, now (1905) known as Kew Palace, of which the south-west front is shown at p. 301 of vol. iii.
- C, C, C, Public Road to Kew Gardens.

PLAN OF THE ROYAL BUILDINGS AT KEW GARDENS IN 1785





“Oh, very well, ma'am,” cried I,—“so only the gentlemen were remembered!”

I then found this had been related to the Queen; and Madlle. Montmollin said she supposed the visit had been to General Gordon!—He is the groom now in waiting.

“In good time!” as Mrs. Piozzi says;—I know not even his face! But I laughed, without further affirmation.

Miss Gomme told me she had not been so much diverted since the poor King's illness as by hearing this attack upon my character.

Then followed an open raillery from Madlle. Montmollin of Mr. Fairly's visits; but I stood it very well, assuring her I should never seek to get rid of my two prison-visitors, Mr. Smelt and Mr. Fairly, till I could replace them by better, or go abroad for others!

Friday, 13.—This morning there was a great alarm in the house, by the appearance of two madmen. I heard it from Columb. Mr. Smelt was so engaged in consultation about them, that he did not even come upstairs; and I remained in the most anxious uncertainty till noon, when my ever ready and kind informant, Mr. Fairly, found his way to me.

“I am come,” he cried, “only for a moment, to acquaint you with the state of things below.” He then repeated all the particulars: but as the adventure was local, I shall not write more of it than that one of these men, after a long examination by all the gentlemen, was dismissed, and the other sent to the office of Lord Sydney, Secretary of State.¹

Nothing so strange as the eternal rage of these unhappy lunatics to pursue the Royal Family!

¹ Thomas Townshend, Baron Sydney, 1733-1800, Home Secretary, 1783-89.

He then gave me the particulars of the progress of the Regency Bill, which direful topic lasted while he stayed. Oh how dreadful will be the day when that unhappy bill takes place! I cannot approve the plan of it;—the King is too well to make such a step right. It will break his spirits, if not his heart, when he hears and understands such a deposition.

Saturday, 14.—The King is infinitely better. Oh that there were patience in the land! and this Regency Bill postponed!

Two of the Princesses regularly, and in turn, attend their royal mother in her evening visits to the King. Some of those who stay behind now and then spend the time in Mrs. Schwollenberg's room. They all long for their turn of going to the King, and count the hours till it returns. Their dutiful affection is truly beautiful to behold.

This evening the Princesses Elizabeth and Mary came into Mrs. Schwollenberg's room while I was yet there. They sang songs in two parts all the evening, and very prettily in point of voice. Their good-humour, however, and inherent condescension and sweetness of manners, would make a much worse performance pleasing.

February 16.¹—All well, and the King is preparing for an interview with the Chancellor! Dr. Willis now confides in me all his schemes and notions: we are growing the best of friends; and

¹ Under this date, Hannah More writes to her sister (*Memoirs*, 1834, ii. 142): "Even Dr. Warren confesses that his royal patient is recovering. I believe he is the first person whose character was ever raised by the loss of his reason; but almost everything that escapes him, has either good nature or humanity or piety in it. The following specimen has good sense too; walking in the garden, (which he does to the extent of seven or eight miles a day) with Dr. Willis, the latter descried two or three of the workmen, and ordered them to withdraw; 'Willis (said the king) you do not know your own business, let the men come back again; you ought to accustom me to see people by degrees, that I may be prepared for seeing them more at large.'" Hannah More's informants were Sir George Baker and Sir Lucas Pepys.

his son Dr. John is nearly as trusty. Excellent people! how I love and honour them all!

I had a visit at noon from Mr. Fairly. He hastened to tell me the joyful news that the King and Queen were just gone out, to walk in Richmond Gardens, arm-in-arm!—what a delight to all the house!

“But I have got,” cried he, “a pamphlet for you, well worth your perusal: 'tis a letter from a Member of Parliament to a country gentleman, and contains the characters of all the opposition; and here is your friend Mr. Burke, done to the life!”¹

He insisted upon reading that passage himself: —'tis skilfully written, but with extreme severity; though it allows to him original integrity, which is what I have never been induced to relinquish for him, and never can disbelieve.

I told him I was now soon expecting in town my dearest friends the Lockes.

“Do you?” he cried; and then, after a thoughtful pause, he said, “I—must give up the thought of knowing them—till you go to Norbury Park, and I make you a visit there.”

A sad shake of my head was all my answer,—but he did not see it, nor move his eyes towards me; and presently he added, “That is your hope! —to go there, and to Mickleham! We must all have something to which we look forward—something to hope—is it not so?—and is not this your hope?”

Still I made no answer but a poor sigh!

He grew graver, and said, “To meet here—till you look forward to meet—hereafter.”

¹ *A Letter from a Country Gentleman, to a Member of Parliament, on the Present State of Public Affairs, 1789.* It was by William Combe of the *Original Love Letters* (see *ante*, p. 24). The writer praises Burke's gifts and integrity; but deplores his devotion to party, and his growing irritability.

“Oh,” cried I, “could I but be sure to meet them hereafter!—to go where they go!—I think I should be quite content here!”

“Why, no,” cried he, smiling, “not quite!—something—some little thing—would yet be wanting for the meantime!”

“Well—yes,—I am afraid that is true!—the *en attendant* would always want some relief.”

He begged me, when I had read the pamphlet, if he should not return to claim it, which was uncertain, to give it to Mr. Smelt.

However, in the evening I carried these characters to Mrs. Schwellenberg, and, to while away the time, read them to her.

When I came to tea, I found Mr. Fairly waiting in my room. He had left Kew for Richmond Park, but only dined there.

We had much discussion of state business. The King is so much himself, that he is soon to be informed of the general situation of the kingdom. Oh what an information!—how we all tremble in looking forward to it! Mr. Fairly thinks Mr. Smelt the fittest man for this office: Mr. Smelt thinks the same of Mr. Fairly: both have told me this.

Then again Mr. Locke came into play. I told him I believed him a man without blemish.

He repeated my words with emphatic surprise. “At least,” I cried, “there is no fault in him I have ever seen,—nor yet that, amongst his acquaintance, I have ever heard mentioned.”

“What a character!” he exclaimed; and again, forgetting the long delay he had proposed in the morning, he declared he must know him. He asked me various particulars of his way of life; I sketched it all out with that delight which such a subject communicates to all my ideas, and he is

now perfectly well informed of the whole system of Norbury Park.

He began soon to look at his watch, complaining very much of the new ceremony imposed, of this attendance of handing the Queen, which, he said, broke into his whole evening. Yet he does as little as possible. "The rest of them," he said, "think it necessary to wait in an adjoining apartment during the whole interview, to be ready to show themselves when it is over!"

He now sat with his watch in his hand, dreading to pass his time, but determined not to anticipate its occupation, till half-past nine o'clock, when he drew on his white gloves, ready for action. But then, stopping short, he desired me to guess whom, amongst my acquaintance, he had met in London this last time of his going thither. I could not guess whom he meant—but I saw it was no common person, by his manner. He then continued—"A tall, thin, meagre, sallow, black-eyed, penetrating, keen-looking figure."

I could still not guess,—and he named Mr. Wyndham.

"Mr. Wyndham!" I exclaimed, "no, indeed,—you do not describe him fairly,—he merits better colouring."

He accuses me of being very partial to him: however, I am angry enough with him just now, though firmly persuaded still, that whatever has fallen from him, that is wrong and unfeeling, on the subject of the Regency, has been the effect of his enthusiastic friendship for Mr. Burke: for he has never risen, on this cruel business, but in support of that most misguided of vehement and wild orators. This I have observed in the debates, and felt that Mr. Burke was not more run away with by violence of temper, and passion, than Mr. Wyndham by excess of friendship and admiration.

Mr. Fairly has, I fancy, been very intimate with him, for he told me he observed he was passing him in Queen Anne Street, and stopped his horse, to call out, "Oh ho, Wyndham! so I see you will not know me with this servant!"

He was on business of the Queen's, and had one of the Royal grooms with him.

Mr. Wyndham laughed, and said he was very glad to see who it was, for, on looking at the Royal servant, he had just been going to make his lowest bow.

"Oh, I thank you!" returned Mr. Fairly, "you took me, then, for the Duke of Cumberland."

We talked about him a good while: my high admiration of his talents, his style of conversation, and the mingled animation and delicacy of his manners, I enlarged upon without scruple; adding, that I should not feel it so strongly, but from a fixed belief, founded on reason and information, that his internal character was amongst the noblest ever formed.

February 17.—The times are now most interesting and critical. Dr. Willis confided to me this morning that to-day the King is to see the Chancellor. How important will be the result of his appearance!—the whole national fate depends upon it!

Mr. Smelt has had his first interview also;—it was all smooth; but, to himself, deeply affecting.

I am very sorry to say I am satisfied a certain Cerbera has lamented my tea-elopements to the Princess Royal. There is an evident change, and coldness of a high sort, in that lately so condescending Princess. I am quite grieved at this. But I will not pay a mean court, for which I should despise myself, in order to conciliate a person whom I have never justly offended, but by

running away from her when affronted myself. I will rather risk every consequence. Time, I think, must stand my friend.

Wednesday, 18.—I had this morning the highest gratification, the purest feeling of delight, I have been regaled with for many months: I saw, from the road, the King and Queen, accompanied by Dr. Willis, walking in Richmond Gardens, near the farm, arm-in-arm!—It was a pleasure that quite melted me, after a separation so bitter, scenes so distressful—to witness such harmony and security! Heaven bless and preserve them! was all I could incessantly say while I kept in their sight.

I was in the carriage with Mrs. Schwollenberg at the time. They saw us also, as I heard afterwards from the Queen.

In the evening Mrs. Arline, Mrs. Schwollenberg's maid, came into Mrs. Schwollenberg's room, after coffee, and said to me, "If you please, ma'am, somebody wants you."

I concluded this somebody my shoemaker, or the like; but in my room I saw Mr. Fairly.

He was in high spirits. He had seen His Majesty; Dr. Willis had carried him in. He was received with open arms, and embraced: he found nothing now remaining of the disorder, but too much hurry of spirits.

When he had related the particulars of the interview, he suddenly exclaimed, "How amazingly well you have borne all this!"

I made some short answers, and would have taken refuge in some other topic: but he seemed bent upon pursuing his own, and started various questions and surmises, to draw me on. In vain, however: I gave but general, or evasive answers; and I suddenly put before him Young's *Works*, which I had borrowed of Mr. Smelt.

Young, he said, was an author not to read on regularly, but to dip into, and reflect upon, in times of solitude and sadness. Nevertheless, he opened and read.

What a nobleness of expression, when noble, has this poet! what exquisite feeling! what forcible ideas!—I forgot, while I listened, all my own little troubles and disturbances.

Thursday, 19.—This is my dear young friend's bridal day! I have written to her. Heaven send her happy!¹

Dr. Willis this morning lent me a crambo song, on his own name, which he has received by the penny post. I shall copy and show it you. It is sportive enough, and loyal.

This was a sweet, and will prove a most memorable day: the Regency was put off, in the House of Lords, by a motion from the Chancellor!²

Huzza! huzza!

And this evening, for the first time, the King came upstairs, to drink tea with the Queen and Princesses in the drawing-room!

My heart was so full of joy and thankfulness, I could hardly breathe! Heaven—Heaven be praised!

What a different house is this house become!—sadness and terror, that wholly occupied it so lately, are now flown away, or rather are now driven out; and though anxiety still forcibly prevails, 'tis in so small a proportion to joy and thankfulness, that it is borne as if scarce an ill!

Monday, 23.—This morning opened wofully to me, though gaily to the house; for as my news of His Majesty was perfectly comfortable, I ventured,

¹ See *post*, p. 265.

² The Chancellor announced to the House that the physicians reported that the King was rapidly recovering from his malady; and on April 23 he went in state to St. Paul's, to render thanks to the Almighty for his restoration to health.

in direct words, to ask leave to receive my dear friends Mr. and Mrs. Locke, who were now in town:—in understood sentences, and open looks, I had already failed again and again.

My answer was—"I have no particular objection, only you'll keep them to your room."

Heavens!—did they ever, unsummoned, quit it? or have they any wish to enlarge their range of visit?

I was silent, and then heard a history of some imprudence in Lady Effingham, who had received some of her friends.

My resolution, upon this, I need not mention: I preferred the most lengthened absence to such a permission. But I felt it acutely! and I hoped, at least, that, by taking no steps, something more favourable might soon pass.

The King I have seen again—in the Queen's dressing-room. On opening the door, there he stood! He smiled at my start, and saying he had waited on purpose to see me, added, "I am quite well now,—I was nearly so when I saw you before—but I could overtake you better now!" And then he left the room.

I was quite melted with joy and thankfulness at this so entire restoration.

End of February, 1789. *Dieu merci!*

PART XL

1789

Court diary continued—Recovery of the King—Personal interview with him—Demonstrations of joy on the King's recovery—Bishop Hurd—Correspondence—The restoration—Drawing-room—Return to Windsor—The Tiger—Miss Burney to Mrs. Lock—Prince William's return from sea—His arrival at Windsor—An interview with him—The Marquis del Campo—Thoughts on death—Royal visit to Weymouth—Dr. Warton—The new forest law—Lyndhurst—Village loyalty—Reminiscences—Arrival at Weymouth—Lord Courtown—Bathing to music—Correspondence—Miss Burney to Dr. Burney—Angelica Kauffmann—Weymouth loyalty—Mrs. Gwynn—Old recollections—A Royal visit to the theatre—Lord Chesterfield—Mrs. Siddons—Dr. Glasse—Mrs. Siddons in *Rosalind*.

KEW PALACE.

Sunday, March 1.—What a pleasure was mine this morning! how solemn, but how grateful! The Queen gave me the "Prayer of Thanksgiving" upon the King's recovery. It was this morning read in all the churches throughout the metropolis, and by this day week it will reach every church in the kingdom. It kept me in tears all the morning,—that such a moment should actually arrive! after fears so dreadful, scenes so terrible.

The Queen gave me a dozen, to distribute among the female servants: but I reserved one of them for dear Mr. Smelt, who took it from me in speechless extacy—his fine and feeling eyes swimming in tears of joy.

There is no describing—and I will not attempt it—the fullness, the almost overwhelming fullness of this morning's thankful feelings!

I had the great gratification to see the honoured object of this joy, for a few minutes, in the Queen's dressing-room. He was all calmness and benevolent graciousness. I fancied my strong emotion had disfigured me; or perhaps the whole of this long confinement and most affecting winter may have somewhat marked my countenance; for the King presently said to me,

“Pray, are you quite well to-day?”

“I think not quite, sir,” I answered.

“She does not *look* well,” said he to the Queen; “she looks a little—*yellow*, I think.”

How kind, to think of *anybody* and their looks, at this first moment of reappearance!

I hear Major Price is arrived, on a visit, to see his restored old master: with what true joy will he see that sight! Mr. Smelt told me, also, *there would be no more private parties*, as the King now sent for all the gentlemen to join the Royal set at the card-table every evening.

I have much reason to be glad of this at present.

On my return I found a letter from my dear M——,¹ written on the day of her marriage; which was performed at Bath, whence she set out for her father's house. Her letter is dated on the road.

Wednesday, March 4.—A message from Mrs. Schwellenberg this morning, to ask me to air with her, received my most reluctant acquiescence; for the frost is so severe that any *air*, without *exercise*, is terrible to me; though, were *her* atmosphere milder, the rigour of the season I might not regard.

When we came to the passage, the carriage was not ready. She murmured most vehemently; and

¹ Miss Port, who on February 19 had married Mr. Waddington of Dunstan Park, Berkshire. ✓

so bitterly cold was I, I could heartily have joined, had it answered any purpose.

While thus bad was making worse, a party of gentlemen in uniform passed; and presently Mr. Fairly, looking towards us, exclaimed, "Is that—yes, it is Miss Burney: I must just ask her how she does!"—and, quitting the group, he came to me with a thousand kind inquiries.

He was then entering still further into conversation; but I drew back, alarmed, lest, not having noticed my companion, he should unknowingly incense her by this distinction. Still, however, he went on, till I looked full round at Mrs. Schwellenberg, who was standing, loftily silent, only a few steps above me.

He then addressed her; whether he had not seen or had not cared about her before, I know not. She instantly began a proud accusation of her servants, protesting she had never met such a thing before as to wait for such people; but made no answer to his tardy salutation.

Just as well content, he heard her without reply, and, returning to me, renewed his attempt at conversation. More loftily than ever, she then drew up, and uttered aloud the most imperious reproaches, on the unexampled behaviour of her people, who were never while they lived again to have power to make her wait "not one moment."

Frightened at this rising storm, I endeavoured to turn towards her, and engage her to join in other discourse; but Mr. Fairly did not second my motion, and I obtained no other notice than, "Oh, ver well! when they will serve me so, they might see what will become!—no! it is not permit!—" etc.

In the midst of this, Colonel Goldsworthy appeared; he came forward, with *How do's?*—but Mrs. Schwellenberg called him to her, with

unusual civility, and many kind inquiries about his sister.

In this cold passage we waited in this miserable manner a full quarter of an hour; all the time scolding the servants, threatening them with *exile*, sending message after message, repining, thwarting, and contentious.

Now we were to go and wait in the King's rooms—now in the Gentlemen's—now in Dr. Willis's—her own,—and this, in the end, took place.

In our way we again encountered Mr. Fairly. He asked where we were going. "To my own parlour!" she answered.

He accompanied us in; and, to cheer the gloom, seized some of the stores of Dr. Willis,—sandwiches, wine and water, and other refreshments,—and brought them to us, one after another, in a sportive manner, recommending to us to break through common rules, on such an occasion, and eat and drink to warm ourselves.

She stood in stately silence, and bolt upright, scarce deigning to speak even a refusal; till, upon his saying, while he held a glass of wine in his hand, "Come, ma'am, do something eccentric for once—it will warm you!"—she angrily answered, "You been *reely*—what you call—too much hospital!"

Neither of us could help laughing,—“Yes,” cried he, “with the goods of others;—that makes a wide difference in hospitality!”

Then he rattled away upon the honours the room had lately received, of having had Mr. Pitt, the Chancellor, Archbishop of Canterbury, etc., to wait in it.

This she resented highly, as seeming to think it more honoured in her absence than presence.

At length we took our miserable airing, in which

I was treated with as much fierce harshness as if I was conveying to some place of confinement for the punishment of some dreadful offence!

She would have the glass down on my side; the piercing wind cut my face; I put my muff up to it: this incensed her so much, that she vehemently declared "she never, *no never*, would *trobble any won* to air with her again, but go always selfs."— And who will repine at that? thought I.

Yet by night I had caught a violent cold, which flew to my face, and occasioned me dreadful pain.

Tuesday, March 10.—I have been in too much pain to write these last five days; and I became very feverish, and universally ill, affected with the fury of the cold.

My Royal Mistress, who could not but observe me very unwell, though I have never omitted my daily three attendances, which I have performed with a difficulty *all but* insurmountable, concluded I had been guilty of some imprudence: I told the simple fact of the glass,—but *quite* simply, and without one circumstance. She instantly said she was surprised I could catch cold in an *airing*, as it never appeared that it disagreed with me when I took it with Mrs. Delany.

"No, ma'am," I immediately answered, "nor with Mrs. Lock; nor formerly with Mrs. Thrale:—but they left me the regulation of the glass on my own side to myself; or, if they interfered, it was to draw it up for me."

This I could not resist. I can be silent; but when challenged to speak at all, it must be plain truth.

I had no answer. Illness here—till of late—has been so unknown, that it is commonly supposed it must be wilful, and therefore it meets little notice, till accompanied by danger, or incapacity of duty.

This is by no means from hardness of heart—far otherwise; there *is* no hardness of heart in any one of them; but it is prejudice and want of personal experience.

Tuesday, March 10.—This was a day of happiness indeed!—a day of such heartfelt public delight as could not but suppress all private disturbance.

The King sent to open the House of Lords by Commission.

The general illumination of all London proved the universal joy of a thankful and most affectionate people, who have shown so largely, on this trying occasion, how well they merited the monarch thus benignantly preserved.

The Queen, from her privy purse, gave private orders for a splendid illumination at this palace: Rebecca painted a beautiful transparency;¹ and Mr. Smelt had the regulation of the whole.

The King—Providence—Health—and Britannia, were displayed with elegant devices: the Queen and Princesses, all but the youngest, went to town to see the illumination there; and Mr. Smelt was to conduct the surprise.—It was magnificently beautiful.

When it was lighted and prepared, the Princess Amelia went to lead her Papa to the front window: but first she dropped on her knees, and presented him a paper with these lines—which, at the Queen's desire, I had scribbled in her name, for the happy occasion:—

TO THE KING

Amid a rapt'rous nation's praise
That sees Thee to their prayers restor'd,
Turn gently from the gen'ral blaze,—
Thy Charlotte woos her bosom's lord.

¹ Biagio Rebecca, A.R.A., 1735-1803, an Italian history and ornamental painter, who decorated some of the Royal apartments at Windsor.

Turn and behold where, bright and clear,
 Depictur'd with transparent art,
 The emblems of her thoughts appear,
 The tribute of a grateful heart.

Oh! small the tribute, were it weigh'd
 With all she feels—or half she owes!
 But noble minds are best repaid
 From the pure spring whence bounty flows.

P.S.—The little bearer begs a kiss
 From dear Papa, for bringing this.

I need not, I think, tell you, the little bearer begged not in vain. The King was extremely pleased. He came into a room belonging to the Princesses, in which we had a party to look at the illuminations, and there he stayed above an hour; cheerful, composed, and gracious! all that could merit the great national testimony to his worth this day paid him.

Lady Effingham, Major Price, Dr. Willis, and Mr. and Mrs. Smelt, made the party; with the sweet little Princess till her bed-time, Miss Gomme, etc.

The Queen and Princesses did not return from town till one in the morning. They were quite enchanted with the glorious scene they had been beholding.

Wednesday, March 11.—This morning our beloved Sovereign, reinstated in all his dignities, received the Address of the Lords and Commons, in person, upon his recovery.

The Queen, too, saw some of the foreign ministers, on the same joyful occasion. All was serene gaiety and pleasure!

At night the Princess Elizabeth came to call me to the Queen. Her Majesty was in the drawing-room, with the King, Princesses, Lady Pembroke,¹

¹ Elizabeth, ^{2^d daughter of Topham Beauclerk, d. 1793, married} in 1787 to the ^{eleventh} Earl of Pembroke (see *post*, under August 3, 1789).

1786

10⁵

1794

Mr. Smelt, and Dr. Willis. She immediately communicated to me her gracious permission that I should spend the next day in town, sleep at my father's, and return on Friday evening.

On Saturday we are all to take leave of Kew.

Thursday, March 12.—I set out as early as I was able, in a post-chaise, with Columb on horseback. On the road we overtook the King, with Mr. Fairly, Colonels Manners, Gwynn, and Goldsworthy, and Major Price.

I stopped the chaise; but the King rode up to it, and asked me how long I should stay in town, and how long it was since I had seen my father? When I answered five months, "Oh poor soul!" he exclaimed, and then let me go on.

How did I rejoice to see my dearest father!

Friday evening I returned to Kew.

QUEEN'S LODGE, WINDSOR.

Saturday, March 14.—This morning we returned to Windsor, with what different sensations from those with which we left it! All illness over, all fears removed, all sorrows lightened! The King was so well as to go on horseback, attended by a large party of gentlemen.

Mrs. Schwellenberg went to town to spend some days. Miss Planta only accompanied me: Mr. and Mrs. Smelt, on invitation by the King, came also to Windsor for a week. The Queen was all graciousness: everything and everybody were smiling and lively.

All Windsor came out to meet the King. It was a joy amounting to extacy; I could not keep my eyes dry all day long. A scene so reversed! sadness so sweetly exchanged for thankfulness and delight!

I had a charming party to dinner; Mr. and Mrs. Smelt and the Bishop of Worcester joining Mr. de

Luc and Miss Planta. *Recovery* was all the talk ; there could be no other theme.

The town of Windsor had subscribed forty guineas for fireworks, to celebrate the return of the King ; the Royal Family were to see them from Mrs. Schwollenberg's bedroom, which looked directly upon them ; and Mr. Smelt begged to see them from mine, which is immediately under that of Mrs. Schwollenberg.

Sunday, March 15.—The King this morning renewed his public service at church, by taking the Sacrament at eight o'clock. All his gentlemen attended him. The Queen, Princesses, and household went at the usual time. Bishop Hurd preached an excellent sermon, with one allusion to the King's recovery, delicately touched and quickly passed over.

The excellent Bishop and Mr. Smelt again dined with us. The Bishop preferred our quiet table to the crowd now belonging to that of the equeries. We had some very good treatises upon society, between him and Mr. Smelt. He protested he never *chose* to meet more than *six*, and thought all added to that number created confusion and destroyed elegance.

At tea, they all poured in ; except that I was deprived of poor Mrs. Smelt, who was not well. Miss Planta was my only belle ; my beaux were as numerous as yesterday, but not as cheerful. I was completely overset, in the very beginning, by hearing, from Colonel Manners, that the King had actually and publicly declared his intention, to his gentlemen, of going to Germany this summer !

A general inquiry went round, of who would form the party ; Major Price confessed himself invited. No one else knew their destiny, but Miss Planta expected they would all go.

We were now joined by Dr. John Willis, and

the clergyman, Mr. Thomas, his brother; two as amiable men as live.

Dr. John came, and took up my attention for the rest of the tea-time.

In the midst of the tea, entered Madame la Fite. She approached me with such expressions of delight and joy, as my Susan—my Fredy—Miss Cambridge—would have thought highly unseasonable to utter, after any absence whatever, in so full a company of gentlemen. “Ma chère Mademoiselle Beurni!—ma très chère amie!” etc.: yet all the time, far from being *betrayed* involuntarily into this extacy, her eyes roved so round to all the company, to see if they witnessed her rapture, that she truly never found a moment to examine how its object received it!

This sort of display of sensibility always locks it up in those who perceive it: I was cold as marble, and completely ashamed.

General Grenville, and the officers of his regiment, the Welsh Fusileers, now quartered at Windsor, propose giving a ball next week, in honour of His Majesty's recovery. He invited all the company, and most of them accepted the invitation.

When the Royal Family went to supper, Humphries came to tell me Miss Egerton wished to see me;—she had been of the evening party, and promised to dine with me next day. She is amongst the few of undoubted admission here.

MISS BURNEY TO MRS.—¹

March 16, 1789.

—— I thought with greatly added satisfaction, from what the last letter contains, of Mr. ——'s¹ religious principles. There, indeed, you

¹ Waddington (see *ante*, p. 265).

have given a basis to my hopes of your happiness, that no other consideration could have given me. To have *him* good is very important to me: to have *you* impressed with his goodness, I had almost said, is yet more so.

Only guard yourself, all you can, from *ruminating, too deeply*, and from indulging every rising emotion, whether of *pain* or *pleasure*. You are all made up with propensities to both; I see it with concern, yet with added tenderness: see it also *yourself*, and it can do no evil. We are all more in our own power than we think, till we *try*, or are tried. To calm your too agitated mind, must be uppermost in your thoughts:—pray for strength to do it, and you will not be denied it:—but *pray*, I beg you:—it will not come without prayer, and prayer will impress you with the duty of exertion.

MISS BURNEY TO THE SAME

QUEEN'S LODGE, WINDSOR, March 17, '89.

How tranquillising a letter, my sweet friend, have you at last sent me! I read it with the highest satisfaction, and I have dwelt upon it with constant pleasure ever since. What you tell me of Mrs. ——'s kindness and attention could not indeed surprise me, but my best gratification from them arises in your grateful acceptance. When you tell me you have not known so much comfort for time immemorial, you show that right disposition to be happy which forms one of the principal powers for becoming so. I do indeed flatter myself that now, since your destiny in this world is fixed, your mind will continue in the same serene state in which you describe it; for I know your *sense of duty* (may I say so to a *married woman*?), and I know the excellent resolutions with which you began your new course of life; and content-

ment and cheerfulness are so much in our own power, though high felicity depends upon circumstances, that whoever is earnestly bent on making the happiness of others their first care must attain them. And such, I know, was the generous intention with which you set out; an intention which, well supported, never, I believe, failed of preserving the most grateful affection in the object towards whom it is directed. And you, my dear M——, I well know, have a thousand powers for keeping awake at the same time the most lively admiration. And you will not let them languish *because you are married*; for you *require* affection and kindness; they are necessary to your peace; you have enjoyed them in full sway all the best and happiest part of your life, and you could do nothing to diminish them that would not chiefly end in punishing yourself. No, no; I do not fear this from you, common as is the fault. Your poor mind has been tutored,—*torn* rather,—in the school of early adversity, and you will not yourself roughen the harbour that brings you to rest.

We have lived in much hurry since I wrote last, though, thank Heaven, of a sort the most pleasant. The recovery of the King is a blessing unspeakable both in its extent and force. He little before knew the general loyalty and attachment of the nation. The nation knew it not, indeed, itself.

The Bishop of Worcester has been here to give His Majesty the Sacrament, and inquired much about you.

Adieu, my dearest M——; I entreat to hear from you as soon and as often as you can. I know how much you must be engaged for some time to come, and short letters shall content me till you have leisure to lengthen them. But tell me where you are as immediately as possible. Heaven ever bless you!

F. B.

Wednesday, March 18.—To-day,—suddenly and unexpectedly,—returned Mrs. Schwellenberg. Our dinner and coffee were altered sufficiently: only Miss Planta attended them; and all returned to gloom and discontent.

But at tea she declined appearing, not having time to dress. I came down to my own room, about seven o'clock, to get a little breathing time, and send to invite Miss Egerton, to help me in doing the honours to this last evening of so large a tribe: I well knew none of the household ladies would venture without *another* invitation.

I had just sent off Columb, when a little rap announced Mr. Fairly, who came in, saying, "I am escaped for a little while, to have some quiet conversation with you, before the general assemblage and storm of company."

I hastily told him to guess who was above; he did presently,—and not *very* sorrowfully heard she came not below.

He then gravely said, "To-morrow I shall take leave of you—for a *long* time!"

He intended setting off to-morrow morning for town, by the opportunity of the equerries' coach, which would convey him to Kew, where His Majesty was to receive an address.

He told me, with a good deal of humour, that he suspected me of being rather *absent* in my official occupation, from little natural care about toilettes and such things. I could not possibly deny this,—on the contrary, I owned I had, at first, found my attention *unattainable*, partly from flutter and embarrassment, and partly from the reasons he so discerningly assigned. "I have even," I added, "and not seldom, handed her her fan before her gown, and her gloves before her cap!—but I am better in all that now!"

"I should think all that very likely," cried he,

smiling; "yet it is not very trifling with Her Majesty, who is so exact and precise, such things seem to her of moment."

This is truth itself.

I said, "No,—she is more gracious, more *kind*, indeed, to me than ever: she scarce speaks, scarce turns to me without a smile."

"Well," cried he, extremely pleased, "this must much soften your employment and confinement. And, indeed, it was most natural to expect this time of distress should prove a cement."

In two minutes more Miss Egerton came, and we went to the eating-parlour, where we were speedily joined by the whole party.

Colonel Manners produced me some notes from Dr. Glasse,¹ that were *meant* for the eye of the King, and consulted how to manage them. He then showed me a prayer, made upon the King's recovery, by the clergyman of his own living, in Lincolnshire: Mr. Willis abused it very much, as being methodistical, and assured me so was its writer. Lady Robert Manners,² mother of the Colonel, is a professed Methodist, and the Colonel has an occasional bias that way, which I think will end hereafter in that persuasion.

Thursday, March 19.—This morning their Majesties went to Kew, to receive addresses from the City, on the King's recovery.

QUEEN'S LODGE, WINDSOR.

The rest of this month I shall not give by daily dates, but by its incidents.

Our party was now much lessened. Colonel Goldsworthy made his retreat on the same day

¹ See *post*, p. 302.

² Widow of Captain Lord Robert Manners, fatally wounded at Dominica in 1782.

83

86
85

with Mr. Fairly, and some of the rest dropped off daily, till only Colonel Manners, who was in waiting, and General Lascelles, and Dr. John and Mr. Willis, with Major Price, remained.

The officers of the Welsh Fusileers "presented their compliments" to me, in a card, to invite me to their ball; and as it was given on so joyful an occasion, and General Grenville was the commanding officer, I received Her Majesty's directions to go. So did Miss Planta and the ladies of the Lower Lodge.

Mrs. Douglas called to carry Miss Planta and me. Tell me if I have introduced that lady to you? She is wife to the Bishop of Carlisle, who is also our Dean of Windsor.

All Windsor, and almost all Berkshire, assembled on this occasion; of course there was no lack of chattery and chatterers. I would not dance. General Grenville did the honours in offering partners; and Colonel Balfour, colonel of the regiment, *proposed* himself. However, these were soon answered, and glad to offer their services to the rest of their numerous claimants.

All the rest of our household were there. Lord Harcourt came and showed me a new medallion, just presented him by the Queen, with a Latin inscription in honour of the King's recovery. He called himself master of the order, from receiving the first in the distribution. "Though," he added, "I am a very singular courtier, for I have been one, hitherto, without either profits or honours."

Not so *singular*, thought I; for whoever makes a speech such as that, is in secret waiting for both.

I asked him, in a line of his favourite Mason, if he meant to "weave the light dance, in festive freedom gay"? "No," he said; but this opened to much talk upon his friend, who is pretty avowedly *no courtier at all!*

I think I need not mention meeting my beloved Fredy in town, on our delightful excursion thither for the Grand Restoration Drawing Room, in which the Queen received the compliments and congratulations of almost all the court part of the nation.

Miss Cambridge worked me, upon this occasion, a suit, in silks upon tiffany, most excessively delicate and pretty, and much admired by Her Majesty.

All I shall mention of this town visit is, that, the day after the great drawing-room, Miss Fuzilier, for the first time since I have been in office, called upon me to inquire after the Queen. Miss Tryon, and Mrs. Tracey,¹ and Mrs. Fielding, were with her.

She looked serious, sensible, interesting. I thought instantly of the report concerning Mr. Fairly, and of his disavowal: but it was singular that the only time she opened her mouth to speak was to name *him*! Miss Tryon, who chatted incessantly, had spoken of the great confusion at the drawing-room, from the crowd. "It was intended to be better regulated," said Miss F. "Mr. Fairly told me."

She dropped her eye the moment she had spoken his name. After this, as before it, she said nothing.

On our return to Windsor we soon lost more of our party. The excellent Mr. and Mrs. Smelt left us first. I was truly sorry to part with them; and Mr. Smelt held a long confidential conference with me on the morning he went: he told me *his* plan also of retiring, to finish his life in the bosom of his children, in the north. When I expressed my inevitable concern, though unmixed with a shadow of remonstrance against a scheme so natural, right,

¹ Miss Mary Tryon was a Maid of Honour; the Hon. Mrs. Frances Tracey was Bedchamber Woman. See *ante*, p. 7.

and happy, he spoke to me in warmer terms than ever before dropped from him, of kind personal regard; and he finished it with laughingly exclaiming, "Your whole conduct, in this trying situation, has appeared to me perfection. There! now it's all out!—and I don't know how it came to pass, for I never mentioned to you before how much I both love and honour you."

This would not lighten the projected separation; yet would I not, for the universe, even retard either of the retirements now planned by my two kind and most valuable supporters during the confinement I have endured.

Major Price also returned to his cottage: I miss him, and grieve most to lose him, as he, I know, loves the *séjour*, and wishes to remain near the King.

87
88
Mr. George Villiers, a younger brother of Lord Clarendon,¹ was now here as groom of the bed-chamber. He is very clever, somewhat *caustique*, but so loyal and vehement in the King's cause, that he has the appellation, from his party, of *The Tiger*. He would not obtain it for his *person*, which is remarkably slim, slight, and delicate.

MISS BURNEY TO MRS. LOCK

Kew, April 1789.

MY DEAREST FRIENDS—I have Her Majesty's commands to inquire—whether you have any of a certain breed of poultry?

N.B.—*What* breed I do not remember.

And to say she has just received a small group of the same herself.

N.B.—The quantity I have forgotten.

6 +
¹ George Villiers, 1759-1827, third son of Thomas, first Earl of Clarendon.

And to add, she is assured they are something very rare and scarce, and extraordinary and curious.

N.B.—By *whom* she was assured I have not heard.

And to subjoin, that you must send word if you have any of the same sort.

N.B.—How you are to find that out, I cannot tell.

And to mention, as a corollary, that, if you have none of them, and should like to have some, she has a cock and a hen she can spare, and will appropriate them to Mr. Lock and my dearest Fredy.

This conclusive stroke so pleased and exhilarated me, that forthwith I said you would both be enchanted, and so forgot all the preceding particulars.

And I said, moreover, that I knew you would rear them, and cheer them, and fondle them like your children.

So now—pray write a very *fair answer* fairly, in fair hand, and to fair purpose.

My Susanna is just now come—so all is fair with my dearest Mr. and Mrs. Lock's F. B.

QUEEN'S LODGE, WINDSOR.

April.—I shall abbreviate this month also of its chronological exactness.

The same gentlemen continued, Colonel Manners and Mr. G. Villiers. But Mrs. Schwellenberg is softened into nothing but civility and courtesy to me. To what the change is owing I cannot conjecture; but I do all that in me lies to support it, preferring the entire sacrifice of every moment, from our dinner to twelve at night, to her harshness and horrors. Nevertheless, a lassitude of existence creeps sensibly upon me.

Colonel Manners, however, for the short half-

hour of tea-time, is irresistibly diverting. He continues my constant friend and neighbour, and, while he affects to *play off* the coadjutrix to advantage, he nods at me, to draw forth my laughter or approbation, with the most alarming undisguise. I often fear her being affronted; but naturally she admires him very much for his uncommon share of beauty, and makes much allowance for his levity. However, the never-quite-comprehended affair of the leather bed-cover has in some degree intimidated her ever since, as she constantly apprehends that, if he were provoked, he would play her some trick.

He had been at White's ball, given in town upon His Majesty's recovery. We begged some account of it: he ranted away with great fluency, uttering little queer sarcasms at Mrs. Schwollenberg by every opportunity, and colouring when he had done, with private fear of enraging her. This, however, she suspected not, or all his aim had been lost; for to *alarm* her is his delight.

"I liked it all," he said, in summing up his relation, "very well, except the music, and I like any caw—caw—caw, better than that sort of noise,—only you must not tell the King I say that, ma'am, because the King likes it."

She objected to the word "*must not*," and protested she would not be directed *by no one*, and would tell it, if she pleased.

Upon this, he began a most boisterous threatening of the evil consequences which would accrue to herself, though in so ludicrous a manner, that how she could suppose him serious was my wonder. "Take care of yourself, ma'am," he cried, holding up his finger as if menacing a child; "take care of yourself! I am not to be provoked twice!"

This, after a proud resistance, conquered her; and, really frightened at she knew not what, she

fretfully exclaimed, "Ver well, sir!—I wish I had not comm down! I won't no more! you might have your tea when you can get it!"

Returning to his account, he owned he had been rather a little musical himself for once, which was when they all sang "God Save the King," after the supper; for then he joined in the chorus, as well and as loud as any of them, "though some of the company," he added, "took the liberty to ask me not to be so loud, because they pretended I was out of tune; but it was in such a good cause that I did not mind that."

She was no sooner recovered than the attack became personal again; and so it has continued ever since: he seems bent upon "*playing her off*" in all manners; he braves her, then compliments her, assents to her opinion, and the next moment contradicts her; pretends uncommon friendship for her, and then laughs in her face. But his worst *manœuvre* is a perpetual application to me, by looks and sly glances, which fill me with terror of passing for an accomplice; and the more, as I find it utterly impossible to keep grave during these absurdities.

And yet, the most extraordinary part of the story is that she really likes him! though at times she is so angry, she makes vows to keep to her own room.

Mr. George Villiers, with far deeper aim, sneers out his own more artful satire, but is never understood; while Colonel Manners domineers with so high a hand, he carries all before him; and whenever Mrs. Schwollenberg, to lessen her mortification, draws *me* into the question, he instantly turns off whatever she begins into some high-flown compliment, so worded also as to convey some comparative reproach. This offends more than all.

When she complains to me of him, in his

absence, I answer he is a mere schoolboy, for mischief, without serious design of displeasing: but she tells me she sees he means to do her some harm, and she will let the King know, if he goes on at that rate, for she does not choose such sort of *familiarness*.

Once she apologised suddenly for her *English*, and Colonel Manners said, "Oh, don't mind that, ma'am, for I take no particular notice as to your language."

"But," says she, "Miss Berner might tell me, when I speak it sometimes not quite right, what you call."

"Oh dear no, ma'am!" exclaimed he; "Miss Burney is of too mild a disposition for that: she could not correct you strong enough to do you good."

"Oh!—ver well, sir!" she cried, confounded by his effrontery.

One day she lamented she had been absent when there was so much agreeable company in the house. "And now," she added, "now that I am comm back, here is nobody!—not one!—no society!"

He protested this was not to be endured, and told her that to reckon *all us* nobody was so bad, he should resent it.

"What will you do, my good Colonel?" she cried.

"Oh, ma'am, *do*?—I will tell Dr. Davis."¹

"And who bin he?"

"Why, he's the master of Eton school, ma'am!" with a thundering bawl in her ears, that made her stop them.

"No, sir!" she cried, indignantly, "I thank you for that! I won't have no Dr. schoolmaster, what you call! I bin too old for that."

¹ Jonathan Davies, 1736-1809, Canon of Windsor, 1781-91, and after Provost of Eton.

"But, ma'am, he shall bring you a Latin oration upon this subject, and you must hear it!"

"Oh, 'tis all the sam! I shan't not understand it, so I won't not hear it."

"But you *must*, ma'am. If *I* write it, I shan't let you off so:—you *must* hear it!"

"No, I *won't*!—Miss Berner might,—give it *her*!"

"Does Miss Burney know Latin?" cried Mr. G. Villiers.

"Not one word," quoth I.

"I believe that!" cried she; "but she might hear it the sam!"

The Queen graciously presented me with an extremely pretty medal¹ of green and gold, and a motto, *Vive le Roi*, upon the Thanksgiving occasion, as well as a fan, ornamented with the words—*Health restored to one, and happiness to millions.*

May.—I must give the few incidents of this month in all brevity.

On the 2nd of May I met Colonel Manners, waiting at the corner of a passage leading towards the Queen's apartments. "Is the King, ma'am," he cried, "there? because Prince William² is come."

I had heard he was arrived in town,—and with much concern, since it was without leave of the King. It was in the illness, indeed, of the King he sailed to England, and when he had probably all the excuse of believing his Royal Father incapable of further governance. How did I grieve for the feelings of that Royal Father, in this idea! yet it certainly offers for Prince William his best apology.

¹ Several of these were struck. Another bore on the obverse a head of George III. ; on the reverse—"Hail, Britain, Heaven restores your King."

² William Henry, Duke of Clarence, 1765-1837, afterwards William IV.

In the evening, while Mrs. Schwollenberg, Mrs. Zachary, and myself were sitting in the eating-parlour, the door was suddenly opened by Mr. Alberts,¹ the Queen's page, and "Prince William" was announced.

He came to see Mrs. Schwollenberg. He is handsome, as are all the Royal Family, though he is not of a height to be called a good figure. He looked very hard at the two strangers, but made us all sit, very civilly, and drew a chair for himself, and began to discourse, with the most unbounded openness and careless ease, of everything that occurred to him.

Mrs. Schwollenberg said she had pitied him for the grief he must have felt at the news of the King's illness. "Yes," cried he, "I was very sorry for His Majesty, very sorry indeed,—no man loves the King better; of that be assured. But all sailors love their King. And I felt for the Queen, too,—I did, faith. I was horribly agitated when I saw the King first. I could hardly stand."

Then Mrs. Schwollenberg suddenly said, "Miss Berner, now you might see His Royal Highness; you wanted it so moch, and now you might do it. Your Royal Highness, that is Miss Berner."

He rose very civilly, and bowed, to this strange freak of an introduction; and, of course, I rose and courtsied low, and waited his commands to sit again; which were given instantly, with great courtesy.

"Ma'am," cried he, "you have a brother in the service?" "Yes, sir," I answered, much pleased with this professional attention. He had not, he civilly said, the pleasure to know him, but he had heard of him.

¹ There were two pages of the Backstairs whose surname was Albert (*Royal Kalendar*, 1789). See *post*, under August 19, 1789.

Then, turning suddenly to Mrs. Schwollenberg, "Pray," cried he, "what is become of Mrs.—Mrs.—Mrs. Hogentot?"

"Oh, your Royal Highness!" cried she, stifling much offence, "do you mean the poor Haggerdorn?—Oh, your Royal Highness! have you forgot her?"

"I have, upon my word!" cried he, plumply; "upon my soul, I have!" Then turning again to me, "I am very happy, ma'am," he cried, "to see you here; it gives me great pleasure the Queen should appoint the sister of a sea-officer to so eligible a situation. As long as she has a brother in the service, ma'am," cried he to Mrs. Schwollenberg, "I look upon her as one of us. Oh, faith I do! I do indeed! she is one of the corps."

Then he said he had been making acquaintance with a new Princess, one he did not know nor remember—Princess Amelia. "Mary, too," he said, "I had quite forgot; and they did not tell me who she was; so I went up to her, and, without in the least recollecting her, she's so monstrously grown, I said, 'Pray, ma'am, are you one of the attendants?'"

Princess Sophia is his professed favourite. "I have had the honour," he cried, "of about an hour's conversation with that young lady, in the old style; though I have given up my mad frolics now. To be sure, I had a few in that style formerly!—upon my word I am almost ashamed!—Ha! ha! ha!"

Then, recollecting particulars, he laughed vehemently, but Mrs. Schwollenberg eagerly interrupted his communications; I fancy some of them might have related to our own sacred person!

"Augusta," he said, "looks very well,—a good face and countenance,—she looks interesting,—she

looks as if she knew more than she would say ; and I like that character."

He stayed a full hour, chatting in this good-humoured and familiar manner.

For all the early part of this month I was grievously ill with a pain in my face. I applied for it a blister, in vain ; I had then recourse to leeches, and one of them certainly bit a nerve, for what I suffered surpasses description ; it was torture, it was agony ! I fully thought myself poisoned, and I am most thankful to add that during that persuasion I felt a freedom from what are called "the horrors of death," which, at my recovery and ever since, has paid me for that exquisite suffering. All good, all patient with human infirmities, I painted to myself that Great Creator before whom I believed myself prematurely appearing, and the dread of his wrath was sunk in the hope of his mercy through the Redeemer. Whether I should feel this mental calm when not in such dire bodily pain, Heaven only knows ! I am the happier that I have ever felt it, when I believed the end of all approaching.

But why do I forget the resolution with which I began these my chronicles, of never mixing with them my religious sentiments—opinions—hopes—fears—belief—or aspirations ?

In my books upon those, which no human eye but my own has ever been cast over, I blend nothing mundane—I mean as to my affairs ; for as to my thoughts and feelings, let me try how I may—and I try with all my might—to refine them and fit them for sacred subjects—I dare not presume that I have had such success as really to have purified them from the worldly dross that forms, rather than mingles with, all I scrawl down helter-skelter in my memorandum chronicles.

However, I never will jumble together what I deem holy with what I know to be trivial.

June.—This month, till our journey to Weymouth took place, passed without mark or likelihood, save one little token of Spanish gallantry from the Marquis del Campo,¹ who, when he came to Windsor, after reproving me very civilly for being absent from his fête, told me he had remembered me during the drawing of his lottery that night, and “had taken the liberty to bring me my prize,” which was a blue enamel ring with a motto.

Now, though this remembrance on such an evening was impossible, there was no refusing, without affronting him, the very good-humoured and polite pretence.

Mrs. Douglas gave a ball at the Bishop's Deanery-house,² on the King's recovery, the day before our journey, and the *reason* of the affair induced Her Majesty to order me to accept Mrs. Douglas's invitation. It was gay and pleasant enough.

Thursday, June 25.—This morning I was called before five o'clock, though various packages and business had kept me up till near three.

The day was rainy, but the road was beautiful; Windsor Great Park, in particular, is charming.

The crowds increased as we advanced, and at Winchester the town was *one head*. I saw Dr. Warton,³ but could not stop the carriage. The King was everywhere received with acclamation. His popularity is greater than ever. Compassion

¹ See *ante*, vol. ii. p. 425, and vol. iii. pp. 256 and 326.

² As stated *ante*, p. 278, the Bishop of Carlisle was Dean of Windsor.

³ Dr. Joseph Warton.

for his late sufferings seems to have endeared him now to all conditions of men.

90^a
At Romsey, on the steps of the Town-Hall, an orchestra was formed, and a band of musicians, in common brown coarse cloth and red neckcloths, and even in carters' loose gowns, made a chorus of "God save the King," in which the countless multitude joined, in such loud acclamation, that their loyalty and heartiness, and natural joy, almost surprised me into a sob before I knew myself at all affected by them.

The New Forest is all beauty, and when we approached Lyndhurst the crowds wore as picturesque an appearance as the landscapes; they were all in decent attire, and, the great space giving them full room, the cool beauty of the verdure between the groups took away all idea of inconvenience, and made their live gaiety a scene to joy beholders.

Carriages of all sorts lined the roadside:—chariots, chaises, landaus, carts, waggons, whiskies, gigs, phaëtons—mixed and intermixed, filled within and surrounded without by faces all glee and delight.

Such was the scenery for miles before we reached Lyndhurst. The old law of the forest, that His Majesty must be presented with two milk-white greyhounds, peculiarly decorated, upon his entrance into the New Forest, gathered together multitudes to see the show. A party, also, of foresters, habited in green, and each with a bugle-horn, met His Majesty at the same time.

90^b
Arrived at Lyndhurst, we drove to the Duke of Gloucester's. The Royal Family were just before us, but the two colonels came and handed us through the crowd.

The house, intended for a mere hunting-seat, was built by Charles II., and seems quite unim-

and Barbara *Waldington*
le

proved and unrepaired from its first foundation.¹ It is the King's, but lent to the Duke of Gloucester. It is a straggling, inconvenient, old house, but delightfully situated, in a village,—looking, indeed, at present, like a populous town, from the amazing concourse of people that have crowded into it.

The bowmen and archers and bugle-horns are to attend the King while he stays here, in all his rides.

The Duke of Gloucester was ready to receive the Royal Family, who are all in the highest spirits and delight.

I have a small old bedchamber, but a large and commodious parlour, in which the gentlemen join Miss Planta and me to breakfast and to drink tea. They dine at the royal table. We are to remain here some days.

During the King's dinner, which was in a parlour looking into the garden, he permitted the people to come to the window; and their delight and rapture in seeing their monarch at table, with the evident hungry feeling it occasioned, made a contrast of admiration and deprivation, truly comic. They crowded, however, so excessively, that this can be permitted them no more. They broke down all the paling, and much of the hedges, and some of the windows, and all by eagerness and multitude, for they were perfectly civil and well-behaved.

In the afternoon the royal party came into my parlour; and the moment the people saw the star, they set up such a shout as made a ring all around the village; for my parlour has the same view with the royal rooms into the garden, where this

¹ It is now known as the "King's House," and is occupied by the Hon. Gerald W. Lascelles, Deputy-Surveyor and chief local authority for the New Forest.

crowd was assembled, and the new rapture was simply at seeing the King in a new apartment!

They all walked out, about and around the village, in the evening, and the delighted mob accompanied them. The moment they stepped out of the house, the people, with one voice, struck up "God save the King!" I assure you I cried like a child twenty times in the day, at the honest and rapturous effusions of such artless and disinterested loyalty. The King's illness and recovery *make me tender*, as Count Mannuccia¹ said, upon every recollection.

These good villagers continued singing this loyal song during the whole walk, without any intermission, except to shout "huzza!" at the end of every stanza. They returned so hoarse, that I longed to give them all some lemonade. Probably they longed for something they would have called better! 'Twas well the King could walk no longer; I think, if he had, they would have died singing around him.

Tuesday, June 30.—We continued at Lyndhurst five days: and the tranquillity of the life, and the beauty of the country, would have made it very regaling to me indeed, but for the fatigue of having no maid, yet being always in readiness to play the part of an attendant myself.

I went twice to see the house of Sir Philip Jennings Clerke, my old acquaintance at Streatham.² I regretted he was no more; he would so much have prided and rejoiced in showing his place. His opposition principles would not have interfered with that private act of duty from a subject to a sovereign. How did I call to mind Mrs. Thrale, upon this spot! not that I had seen it with her, or

¹ Probably Count Manucci, the Florentine nobleman mentioned by Johnson in his letter to Boswell of July 18, 1776 (Hill's *Boswell*, 1887, iii. 89).

² See *ante*, vol. i. p. 199.

ever before; but that its late owner was one of her sincerest admirers.

Miss Planta and myself drove also to Southampton, by the Queen's direction. It is a pretty clean town, and the views from the Southampton Water are highly picturesque: but all this I had seen to far greater advantage, with Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Thrale. Ah, Mrs. Thrale!—In thinking her over, as I saw again the same spot, how much did I wish to see with it the same—once so dear—companion!

On the Sunday we all went to the parish church; and after the service, instead of a psalm, imagine our surprise to hear the whole congregation join in "God save the King!" Misplaced as this was in a church, its intent was so kind, loyal, and affectionate, that I believe there was not a dry eye amongst either singers or hearers. The King's late dreadful illness has rendered this song quite melting to me.

This day we quitted Lyndhurst; not without regret, for so private is its situation, I could stroll about in its beautiful neighbourhood quite alone.

The journey to Weymouth was one scene of festivity and rejoicing. The people were everywhere collected, and everywhere delighted. We passed through Salisbury, where a magnificent arch was erected, of festoons of flowers, for the King's carriage to pass under, and mottoed with "The King restored," and "Long live the King," in three divisions. The green bowmen accompanied the train thus far; and the clothiers and manufacturers here met it, dressed out in white loose frocks, flowers, and ribbons, with sticks or caps emblematically decorated from their several manufactories. And the acclamations with which the King was received amongst them—it was a rapture past description.

At Blandford there was nearly the same ceremony.

At every gentleman's seat which we passed, the owners and their families stood at the gate, and their guests or neighbours were in carriages all round.

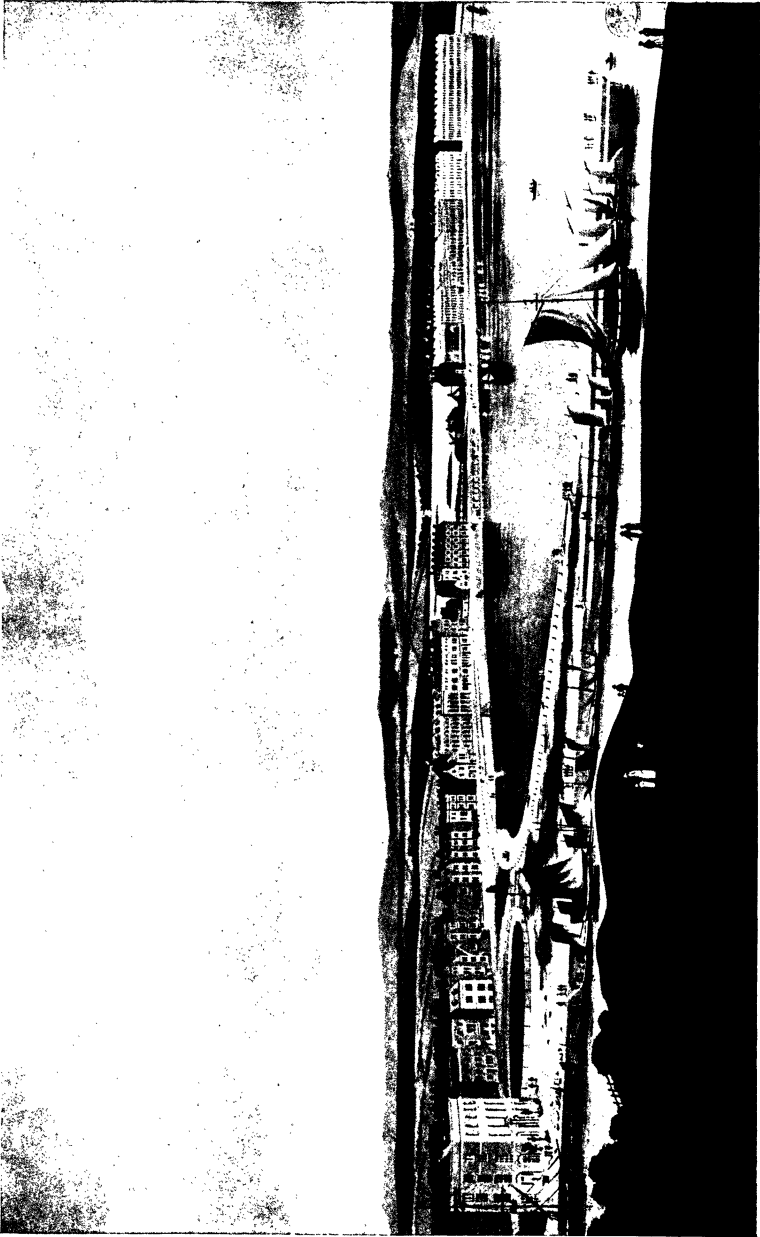
At Dorchester the crowd seemed still increased. The city had so antique an air, I longed to investigate its old buildings. The houses have the most ancient appearance of any that are inhabited that I have happened to see: and inhabited they were indeed! every window-sash was removed, for face above face to peep out, and every old balcony and all the leads of the houses seemed turned into booths for fairs. It seems, also, the most populous town I have seen; I judge not by the concourse of the young and middle-aged—those we saw everywhere alike, as they may gather together from all quarters—but from the amazing quantity of indigenous residents; old women and young children. There seemed families of ten or twelve of the latter in every house; and the old women were so numerous, that they gave the whole scene the air of a rural masquerade.

Girls, with chaplets, beautiful young creatures, strewed the entrance of various villages with flowers.

Gloucester House,¹ which we now inhabit, at Weymouth, is situated in front of the sea, and the sands of the Bay before it are perfectly smooth and soft.

The whole town, and Melcomb Regis, and half the county of Dorset, seemed assembled to welcome their Majesties.

¹ Gloucester Lodge, or House, had been built by the Duke of Gloucester. It was later much used by the King. It is now the Gloucester Hotel.



WEYMOUTH, SHOWING GLOUCESTER LODGE (A), 1813



I have here a very good parlour, but dull, from its aspect. Nothing but the sea at Weymouth affords any life or spirit. My bedroom is in the attics. Nothing like living at a court for exaltation. Yet even with this gratification, which extends to Miss Planta, the house will only hold the females of the party. The two adjoining houses are added, for the gentlemen, and the pages, and some other of the suite, cooks, etc.—but the footmen are obliged to lodge still farther off.

The bay is very beautiful, after its kind; a peninsula shuts out Portland Island and the broad ocean.

The King, and Queen, and Princesses, and their suite, walked out in the evening; an immense crowd attended them—sailors, bargemen, mechanics, countrymen; and all united in so vociferous a volley of "God save the King," that the noise was stunning.

At near ten o'clock Lord Courtown came into my parlour, as it is called, and said the town was all illuminated, and invited Miss Planta and me to a walk upon the sands. Their Majesties were come in to supper. We took a stroll under his escort, and found it singularly beautiful, the night being very fine, and several boats and small vessels lighted up, and in motion upon the sea. The illumination extended through Melcomb Regis and Weymouth. Gloucester Row, in which we live, is properly in Melcomb Regis; but the two towns join each other, and are often confounded.

The preparations of festive loyalty were universal. Not a child could we meet that had not a bandeau round its head, cap, or hat, of "God save the King"; all the bargemen wore it in cockades; and even the bathing-women had it in large coarse girdles round their waists. It is printed in golden letters upon most of the bathing-machines, and in

95

various scrolls and devices it adorns every shop and almost every house in the two towns.

GLoucester House, WEYMOUTH.

Wednesday, July 8. — We are settled here comfortably enough. Miss Planta and I breakfast as well as dine together alone; the gentlemen have a breakfast-parlour in the adjoining house, and we meet only at tea, and seldom then. They have all acquaintance here, in this Gloucester Row, and stroll from the terrace or the sands, to visit them during the tea vacation time.

I like this much: I see them just enough to keep up sociability, without any necessary constraint; for I attend the tea-table only at my own hour, and they come, or not, according to chance or their convenience.

The King bathes, and with great success; a machine follows the Royal one into the sea, filled with fiddlers, who play "God save the King," as His Majesty takes his plunge!¹

I am delighted with the soft air and soft footing upon the sands, and stroll up and down them morning, noon, and night. As they are close before the house, I can get to and from them in a moment.

Her Majesty has graciously hired a little maid between Miss Planta and me, who comes for the day. We have no accommodation for her sleeping here; but it is an unspeakable relief to our personal fatigues.

Dr. Gisburne² is here, to attend His Majesty; and the Queen has ordered me to invite him to dine at my table. He comes regularly.

¹ "At seven His MAJESTY bathed in the sea. At the same time a machine accompanied him with music, playing 'God save the King!'" (*Oracle*, July 9, 1789).

² Thomas Gisborne, *d.* 1806, Physician-in-Ordinary to the King.

MISS BURNEY TO DR. BURNEY

GLOUCESTER HOUSE, WEYMOUTH, July 13, 1789.

My dearest Padre's kind letter was most truly welcome to me. When I am so distant, the term of absence or of silence seems always doubly long to me.

The bay here is most beautiful; the sea never rough, generally calm and gentle, and the sands perfectly smooth and pleasant. I have not yet bathed, for I have had a cold in my head, which I caught at Lyndhurst, and which makes me fear beginning; but I have hopes to be well enough to-morrow, and thenceforward to ail nothing more. It is my intention to cast away all superfluous complaints into the main ocean, which I think quite sufficiently capacious to hold them; and really my little frame will find enough to carry and manage without them.

Colonel Goldsworthy has just sent me in a newspaper containing intelligence that Angelica Kauffmann is making drawings from *Evelina*, for the Empress of Russia! Do you think the Empress of Russia hears of anything now besides Turkey and the Emperor? And is not Angelica Kauffmann dead?¹ Oh what an *Oracle*! for such is the paper called.

His Majesty is in delightful health, and much-improved spirits. All agree he never looked better. The loyalty of all this place is excessive; they have dressed out every street with labels of "God

¹ Angelica Kauffmann did not die until 1807. The newspaper paragraph to which Miss Burney refers, after mentioning Angelica's occupations at Rome, proceeds:—"She is said to have nearly finished fresh drawings from Miss BURNEY's *Evelina*, Miss Lee's Recess, and Mr. Pratt's Emma Corbett, for the latter of which the author is already indebted to her for four beautiful designs, illustrating four of the most affecting scenes. She is also engaged on some Historical Pieces for the EMPRESS OF RUSSIA, as are the drawings from *Evelina* and *Emma Corbett*" (*Oracle*, July 11, 1789). 97
98

save the King": all the shops have it over the doors; all the children wear it in their caps, all the labourers in their hats, and all the sailors *in their voices*, for they never approach the house without shouting it aloud, nor see the King, or his shadow, without beginning to huzza, and going on to three cheers.

The bathing-machines make it their motto over all their windows; and those bathers that belong to the royal dippers wear it in bandeaus on their bonnets, to go into the sea; and have it again, in large letters, round their waists, to encounter the waves. Flannel dresses, tucked up, and no shoes nor stockings, with bandeaus and girdles, have a most singular appearance; and when first I surveyed these loyal nymphs it was with some difficulty I kept my features in order.

Nor is this all. Think but of the surprise of His Majesty when, the first time of his bathing, he had no sooner popped his royal head under water than a band of music, concealed in a neighbouring machine, struck up "God save great George our King."¹

One thing, however, was a little unlucky;—when the Mayor and burgesses came with the address, they requested leave to kiss hands: this was graciously accorded; but, the Mayor advancing, in a common way, *to take the Queen's hand*, as he might that of any lady mayoress, Colonel Gwynn, who stood by, whispered, "You must kneel, sir!" He found, however, that he took no notice of this hint, but kissed the Queen's hand erect. As he passed him, in his way back, the Colonel said, "You should have knelt, sir!"

"Sir," answered the poor Mayor, "I cannot."

"Everybody does, sir."

¹ See above, p. 296. This incident is effectively worked into chapter xxxiii. of Mr. Thomas Hardy's admirable *Trumpet-Major*, 1880.

"Sir,—I have a wooden leg!"

Poor man! 'twas such a surprise! and such an excuse as no one could dispute.

But the absurdity of the matter followed;—all the rest did the same; taking the same privilege, by the example, without the same or any cause!

We have just got Mrs. Piozzi's book here.¹ My Royal Mistress is reading, and will then lend it me. Have you read it?

There is almost no general company here, as the proper season does not begin till autumn; but the party attendant on the King and Queen is large, and the principal people of the county,—Lord Digby, Admiral Digby, Mr. Pitt Damer, Lord Milton, Mr. Rolle, etc. etc.,—all are coming to and fro continually. Our home party is just the same as it began.

A thousand thanks for your home news.

I am, most dear sir,

Affectionately and dutifully, your

F. B.

Wednesday, July 15.—The *Magnificent*, a man-of-war of 74 guns, commanded by an old captain of James's (Onslow), is now stationed at the entrance of the bay, for the security at once and pleasure of the King; and a fine frigate, the *Southampton*, Captain Douglas, is nearer in, and brought for the King to cruise about. Captain Douglas is nephew to Sir Andrew Snape Hammond, who married a cousin of our Mr. Crisp.

The King and Royal party have been to visit the frigate. Miss Planta and myself went to see the ceremony from a place called the Look-out,—a beautiful spot. But I have not much taste for sea receptions and honours: the firing a salute is so strange a mode of hospitality and politeness.

¹ See *post*, p. 300.

104 I have subscribed to the library here, which is not a bad one; and I have met with a favourite old book of my dearest Mrs. Delany, and bought it from that remembrance. It is Bishop Patrick's Pilgrim;¹ and common sense and reason keep so near the enthusiasm of its devotion, that no one, I think, can read it without profit. There is, in particular, one part that treats of Friendship, in a style and with sentiments so loftily touching and true, that I must recommend it to my dear sisters, and will lend it them whenever we meet.

105 Mrs. Gwynn is arrived, and means to spend the Royal season here. She lodges at the hotel just by, and we have met several times. She is very soft and pleasing, and still as beautiful as an angel. We have had two or three long tête-à-têtes, and talked over, with great pleasure, anecdotes of our former mutual acquaintances—Dr. Johnson, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mrs. Thrale, Barette, Miss Reynolds, Miss Palmer, and her old admirer, Dr. Goldsmith, of whom she relates—as who does not? a thousand ridiculous traits.

The Queen is reading Mrs. Piozzi's Tour to me, instead of my reading it to her.² She loves reading aloud, and in this work finds me an able commentator. How like herself, how characteristic is every line!—Wild, entertaining, flighty, inconsistent, and clever!

Thursday, July 16.—Yesterday we all went to the theatre. The King has taken the centre front box for himself, and family, and attendants. The side boxes are too small. The Queen ordered places for Miss Planta and me, which are in the front row of a box next but one to the royals. Thus, in this case, our want of rank to be in their

¹ *The Parable of the Pilgrims*, 1665, by Symon Patrick, Bishop of Ely, 1626-1707.

² *Observations and Reflections made in the Course of a Journey through France, Italy, and Germany*, 1789, 2 vols. 8vo.

public suite gives us better seats than those *high* enough to stand behind them!

Lady Sydney,¹ Lady Courtown's sister, and Miss Townshend, her daughter, sat in the intermediate box, and were very sociable. I have met them here occasionally, and like them very well.

'Tis a pretty little theatre: but its entertainment was quite in the barn style; a mere medley, —songs, dances, imitations,—and all very bad. But Lord Chesterfield,² who is here, and who seems chief director, promises all will be better.

This morning the Royal party went to Dorchester, and I strolled upon the sands with Mrs. Gwynn. We overtook a lady, of a very majestic port and demeanour, who solemnly returned Mrs. Gwynn's salutation, and then addressed herself to me with similar gravity. I saw a face I knew, and of very uncommon beauty; but did not immediately recollect it was Mrs. Siddons.

She is come here, she says, solely for her health: she has spent some days with Mrs. Gwynn, at General Harcourt's. Her husband was with her, and a sweet child.

I wished to have tried if her solemnity would have worn away by length of conversation; but I was obliged to hasten home. But my dearest Fredy's opinion, joined to that of my sister Esther, satisfies me I was a loser by this necessary forbearance.

Friday, July 17.—The play was again settled for to-night, to see Mr. Quick.³

The theatric entertainments were *The Irish*

¹ Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Richard Powys of Hintlesham, Suffolk. She married Thomas Townshend, afterwards Lord Sydney, in 1762, and succeeded Lady Effingham as Lady of the Queen's Bedchamber.

² Philip Stanhope, fifth Earl of Chesterfield, 1755-1815. He was Master of the Horse, 1789-90.

³ John Quick, 1748-1831, the original "Tony Lumpkin" in *She Stoops to Conquer*.

106

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108
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James
London

Widow,¹ and *The Devil to Pay*.² Mrs. Wells³ performed in both, and admirably.

Sunday, July 26.—Yesterday we went again to the play, and saw *The Midnight Hour*⁴ and *The Commissary*.⁵ The latter, from the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, is comic to convulsion; and the burlesque of Quick and Mrs. Wells united made me laugh quite immoderately.

Dr. Bell,⁶ one of the King's chaplains, gave us to-day an admirable sermon.

Mr. Parish, a brother-in-law of Miss Planta's, came in the evening,—just arrived from France, where all is confusion, commotion, and impending revolution.

Tuesday, July 28.—To-day, by the Queen's desire, I invited Dr. Glasse⁷ to dinner. I did not know him, and it was awkward enough; but Dr. Gisburne⁸ was, fortunately, acquainted with him, and Mr. Planta,⁹ brother to my fellow-traveller, who is here for a few days.

Dr. Glasse is a famous pedagogue and a celebrated preacher. He is gentle and placid, but rather too simpering and complacent. Mr. Planta is sensible, manly, and agreeable.

All went off very well; and during dinner Mr. Planta related a very interesting recent anecdote of a Mr. Hamilton, who had been a great sufferer by a false imprisonment, and who would have been

¹ A two-act comedy by Garrick, based upon Molière's *Mariage Forcé*, and written to introduce Mrs. Barry in a new light.

² A comic opera, by Charles Coffey and others.

³ Mrs. Mary Wells, fl. 1781-1811.

⁴ By Mrs. Inchbald, 1788.

⁵ By Samuel Foote, 1765.

⁶ William Bell, 1731-1816, Rector of Christ Church, and domestic chaplain and Secretary to the Princess Amelia.

⁷ George Henry Glasse, 1761-1809, Rector of Hanwell. He was a wit, and friend of Mrs. Piozzi, who calls him "le galant le plus pedant, et le pedant le plus galant qu'on puisse voir" (*Autobiography, etc. of Mrs. Piozzi (Thrale)*, 1861, ii. 398). He committed suicide.

⁸ See ante, pp. 222 and 296.

⁹ Joseph Planta (1744-1827), at this time Keeper of Manuscripts at the British Museum.

no
 Samuel
 Chaplain to
 George III
 by Murphy, Bale
 of Bond

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used extremely ill "but for the spirited and humane exertions of Mr. Cambridge, the clergyman,¹ who has done himself great and deserved credit by his conduct upon the occasion."

I am never surprised to hear of any good action he performs. I believe, indeed, whatever is in his power is done invariably.

Wednesday, July 29.—We went to the play, and saw Mrs. Siddons in *Rosalind*. She looked beautifully, but too large for that shepherd's dress; and her gaiety sits not naturally upon her,—it seems more like disguised gravity. I must own my admiration for her confined to her tragic powers; and there it is raised so high that I feel mortified, in a degree, to see her so much fainter attempts and success in comedy.

Friday, July 31.—This afternoon, when I came into the parlour, I saw a stranger, but habited in the uniform, and of a pleasing appearance. We bowed and curtsied—both silent. I expected him to announce his business; he expected me to give him some welcome; which when I found, concluding him arrived on some commands from the King, I begged him to be seated, and took my usual chair.

"Perhaps, ma'am," he then cried, "this is *your* room?"

I assented, a little surprised.

"I am just come," he said, "with the Duke of Gloucester, who is gone to His Majesty."

"Then perhaps, sir," cried I, "this is *your* room?"

He laughed, but disclaimed owning it. However, I found he was the Duke's gentleman in waiting, and had concluded this the apartment destined for the equerries.

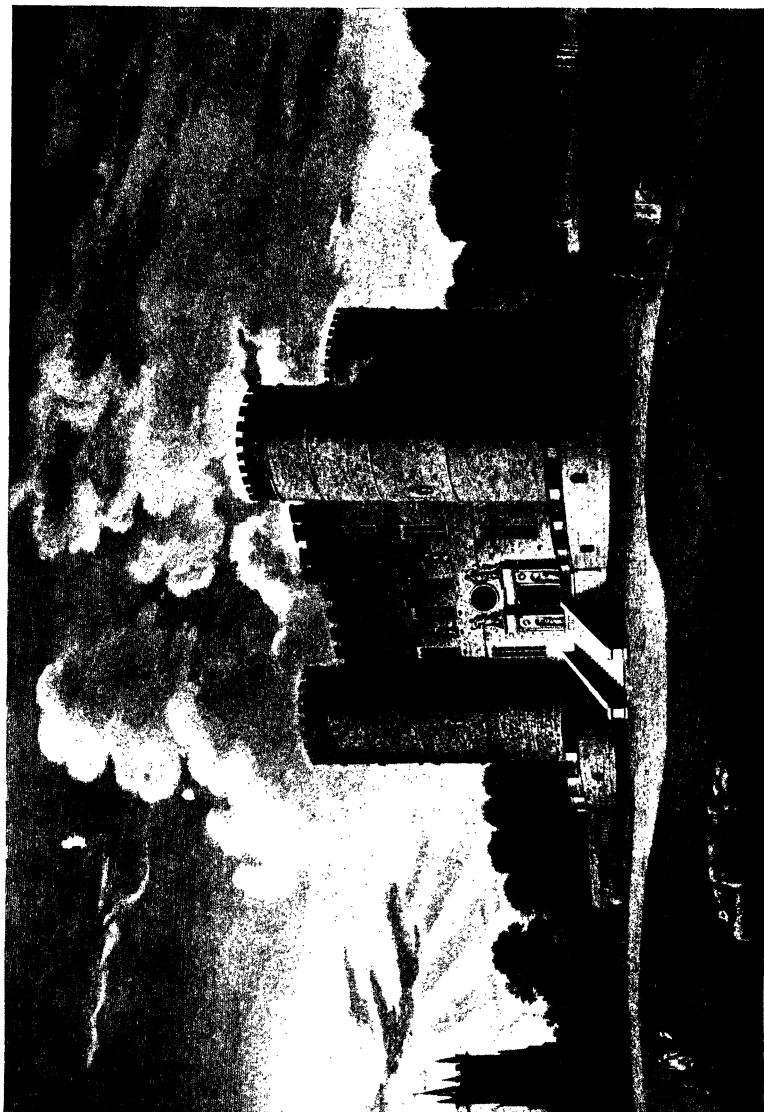
This retort courteous in our address took off

¹ See *ante*, vol. ii. p. 147.

stiffness from either side, and we entered into a general conversation, chiefly upon the French. I found him sprightly, intelligent, and well-bred. He stayed with me more than an hour, and then parted to look for the equerries, to whose apartments I sent Columb to conduct him; and neither of us, probably, knew the name of the other till we were separated; I then found his was Vincent. He is a nephew of Sir George Howard.¹

¹ See *ante*, vol. ii. p. 393.

Bound 4, p. 2



LULWORTH CASTLE, 1789

PART XLI

1789

Royal visit to Lulworth Castle—A provincial audience—Rural excursion—Description of Lulworth Castle—Mrs. Siddons in Mrs. Oakley—Their Majesties at the rooms—First sight of Mr. Pitt—Lord Chatham, the Duke of Richmond, etc.—Royal tour—Arrival at Exeter—Dr. Buller—Saltram—Mount-Edgewcombe—Plymouth Dock—Admiral La Forey—Anchor-making—A British man-of-war—Lords Falmouth and Stopford—Lord Hood—Lord and Lady Mount-Edgewcombe—Lord Valletort—Miss Harriet Bowdler—Departure of the Royal party from Weymouth—Royal visits to Sherborne Castle and Longleat—Marquis of Bath—Mrs. Delany—Old portraits—Royal visit to Lord Aylesbury at Tottenham Park—Return to Windsor—Horrors of the French Revolution—Reminiscences—Queen Elizabeth's *Virginal Book*—The Royal Family at the theatre—Lord Mountmorres—Enthusiastic reception of the King—*The Dramatist*—The French Notables—John Wilkes—A new acquaintance—Major Garth—The Bishop of Salisbury—Bishop Hurd—The Waldegraves.

GLoucester House, WEYMOUTH.

Monday, August 3.—The loyalty and obedient respect of the people here to their King are in a truly primitive style. The whole Royal party went to see Lulworth Castle, intending to be back to dinner, and go to the play at night, which their Majesties had ordered, with Mrs. Siddons to play *Lady Townly*.¹ Dinner-time, however, came and passed, and they arrived not. They went by sea, and the wind proved contrary; and about seven

¹ In the *Provoked Husband* of Vanbrugh and Cibber.

o'clock a hobby groom¹ was despatched hither by land, with intelligence that they had only reached Lulworth Castle at five o'clock. They meant to be certainly back by eight; but sent their commands that the farce might be performed first, and the play wait them.

The manager repeated this to the audience,—already waiting and wearied; but a loud applause testified their *agreeability* to whatever could be proposed.

The farce, however, was much sooner over than the passage from Lulworth Castle. It was *ten o'clock* when they landed! And all this time the audience—spectators rather—quietly waited!

They landed just by the theatre, and went to the house of Lady Pembroke, who is now here in attendance upon the Queen: and there they sent home for the King's page, *with a wig*, etc.; and the Queen's wardrobe-woman, with *similar decorations*; and a message to Miss Planta and me, that we might go at once to the theatre.

We obeyed; and soon after they appeared, and were received with the most violent gusts of joy and huzzas, even from the galleries over their heads, whose patience had not the reward of seeing them at last.

Is not this a charming trait of provincial popularity?

Mrs. Siddons, in her looks, and the tragic part, was exquisite.

116
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Tuesday, August 4.—To-day all the Royals went to Sherborne Castle.

My day being perfectly at liberty, Mrs. Gwynn stayed and spent it with me.

The weather was beautiful; the sea-breezes here keep off intense heat in the warmest season.

¹ See *ante*, p. 197. The hobby groom was entrusted with odd jobs of this nature.

We walked first to see the shrubbery and plantation of a lady, Mrs. B——, who has a very pretty house about a mile and a half out of the town. Here we rested, and regaled ourselves with sweet flowers, and then proceeded to the old castle,—its ruins rather,—which we most completely examined, not leaving one stone untrod, except such as must have precipitated us into the sea. This castle is built almost *in* the sea, upon a perpendicular rock, and its situation, therefore, is nobly bold and striking. It is little more now than walls, and a few little winding staircases at its four corners.

I had not imagined my beautiful companion could have taken so much pleasure from an excursion so romantic and lonely; but she enjoyed it very much, clambered about as unaffectedly as if she had lived in rural scenes all her life, and left nothing unexamined.

We then prowled along the sands at the foot of the adjoining rocks, and picked up sea-weeds and shells; but I do not think they were such as to drive Sir Ashton Lever, or the Museum-keepers, to despair! We had the Queen's two little dogs, Badine and Phillis, for our guards and associates. We returned home to a very late tea, thoroughly tired, but very much pleased. To me it was the only rural excursion I had taken for more than three years.

The Royal party came not home till past eleven o'clock. The Queen was much delighted with Sherborne Castle, which abounds with regal curiosities, honourably acquired by the family.

Saturday, August 8.—To-day we went to Lulworth Castle; but not with Mrs. Gwynn. Her Majesty ordered our Royal coach and four, and directed me to take the two De Lucs.

Lulworth Castle is beautifully situated, with a near and noble view of the sea. It has a spacious

and very fine park, and commands a great extent of prospect. It is the property of Mr. Weld, a Roman Catholic, whose eldest brother was first husband of Mrs. Fitzherbert.¹ A singular circumstance, that their Majesties should visit a house in which, so few years ago, *she* might have received them.

There is in it a Roman Catholic chapel that is truly elegant,—a Pantheon in miniature,—and ornamented with immense expense and richness. The altar is all of finest variegated marbles, and precious stones are glittering from every angle. The priests' vestments, which are very superb, and all the sacerdotal array, were shown us as particular favours: and Colonel Goldsworthy comically said he doubted not they had incense and oblations for a week to come, by way of purification for our heretical curiosity.

The castle is built with four turrets. It is not very ancient, and the inside is completely modern, and fitted up with great elegance. It abounds in pictures of priests, saints, monks, and nuns, and is decorated with crosses and Roman Catholic devices without end.

They show one room in which two of our Kings have slept: Charles II. and poor James II.

We returned home to dinner, and in the evening went to the play. Mrs. Siddons performed Mrs. Oakley.² What pity thus to throw away her talents! But the Queen dislikes tragedy, and the honour to play before the Royal Family blinds her to the little credit acquired by playing comedy.

Sunday, August 9.—The King had a council

117 - 118 (1st)
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¹ Maria Anne Fitzherbert, 1756-1837, whose first husband was Edward Weld of Lulworth Castle. After the death, in 1781, of her second husband, Thomas Fitzherbert of Swynnerton, she was married, December 1785, to George, Prince of Wales, subsequently George the Fourth.

² In Colman's *Jealous Wife*, a comedy, 1761.

yesterday, which brought most of the great officers of state to Weymouth.

This morning so many of them came to church, that, for want of room, Colonels Gwynn and Goldsworthy asked to sit in the pew appropriated for Miss Planta and me.

In the evening, Her Majesty desired Miss Planta and me to go to the rooms, whither they commonly go themselves on Sunday evenings, and, after looking round them, and speaking where they choose, they retire to tea in an inner apartment with their own party, but leave the door wide open, both to see and be seen.

Upon receiving this command, I called upon Mrs. Gwynn, and begged her permission for our joining her. We agreed to call for her at eight o'clock.

The rooms are convenient and spacious: we found them very full. As soon as the Royal party came, a circle was formed, and they moved round it, just as before the ball at St. James's, the King one way with his chamberlain, the new-made Marquis of Salisbury,¹ and the Queen the other with the Princesses, Lady Courtown, etc. The rest of the attendants planted themselves round in the circle.

I had now the pleasure, for the first time, to see Mr. Pitt:² but his appearance is his least recommendation; it is neither noble nor expressive. Lord Chatham, the Duke of Richmond, Mr. Villiers, Lord Delawarr, etc. etc., were in the circle, and spoken to a long time each.

Monday, August 10.—This evening I had a large party to tea: Lord Courtown, the new Marquis of Salisbury, Colonels Gwynn and Goldsworthy, Miss Planta, and the two De Lucs.

¹ Lord Salisbury was created first Marquis of Salisbury, August 18, 1789.

² William Pitt, 1759-1806, the Prime Minister.

121

122

120

Wednesday, August 12.—This is the Prince of Wales's birthday; but it has not been kept.

Thursday, August 13.—We began our Western tour. We all went in the same order as we set out from Windsor.

124 We arrived at Exeter to a very late dinner. We were lodged at the Deanery; and Dr. Buller,¹ 1246 the dean, desired a conference with me, for we came first, leaving the Royals at Sir George Young's. He was very civil, and in high glee: I had never seen him before; but he told me he introduced himself, by this opportunity, at the express desire of Mrs. Chapone and Mrs. Castle, who were both his relations, as well as of Dr. Warton. I was glad to hear myself yet remembered by them.

125

The crowds, the rejoicings, the hallooing, and singing, and garlanding, and decorating of all the inhabitants of this old city, and of all the country through which we passed, made the journey quite charming: such happy loyalty as beamed from all ranks and descriptions of men came close to the heart in sympathetic joy.

We passed all the next day at the Deanery, which was so insufficient to our party, that not only the gentlemen, one and all, lodged at the hotel, but even Lady Courtown and the two Lady Waldegraves. I saw nothing of any of them while we stayed at Exeter. I strolled with Miss Planta about the town, which is populous and busy enough, but close and ugly. The principal parade for company, however, takes in a fine view of the country; and the cathedral is old and curious.

I had already been all this tour, with Mr. and Mrs. Rishton, on the first year of their marriage, as my dearest Susanna may remember.²

¹ William Buller, Dean of Exeter from March 25, 1784, to June 22, 1790.

² See the Teignmouth Journal (*Early Diary*, 1889, i. 218-253).

The excessive and intemperate eagerness of the people to see the Royal Family here made them crowd so immoderately, that, after the first essay, they feared going out amongst them.

The next morning, Saturday, the 15th, we quitted Exeter, in which there had been one constant mob surrounding the Deanery from the moment of our entrance.

We proceeded through a country the most fertile, varied, rural, and delightful, in England, till we came to the end of our aim, Saltram.¹ We passed through such beautiful villages, and so animated a concourse of people, that the whole journey proved truly delectable. Arches of flowers were erected for the Royal Family to pass under at almost every town, with various loyal devices, expressive of their satisfaction in this circuit. How happy must have been the King!—how deservedly! The greatest conqueror could never pass through his dominions with fuller acclamations of joy from his devoted subjects than George III. experienced, simply from having won their love by the even tenor of an unspotted life, which, at length, has vanquished all the hearts of all his subjects.

Our entrance at Saltram was, personally to Miss Planta and me, very disagreeable: we followed immediately after the Royals and equerries; and so many of the neighbouring gentry, the officers, etc., were assembled to receive them, that we had to make our way through a crowd of starers the most tremendous, while the Royals all stood at the windows, and the other attendants in the hall.

The house is one of the most magnificent in the kingdom. It accommodated us all, even to every footman, without by any means filling the whole.

The state apartments on the ground floor are superb; hung with crimson damask, and ornamented

¹ Near Plympton, the seat of Lord Boringdon.

126 }
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with pictures, some few of the Spanish school, the rest by Sir Joshua Reynolds, Angelica, and some few by other artists.

Its view is noble; it extends to Plymouth, Mount-Edgcombe, and the neighbouring fine country. The sea at times fills up a part of the domain almost close to the house, and then its prospect is complete.

I had a sweet parlour allotted me, with the far most beautiful view of any, on the ground floor, and opening upon the state apartments, with a library for the next room to it. It is a very superb apartment in its fitting up. Lord Borringdon, the owner, is a minor.¹ Mr. Robinson, who married Miss Harris, is one of his maternal uncles, and one of his guardians.

Sunday, August 16.—This is the birthday of the Duke of York. Births and deaths!—how do they make up the calculations of time!

Lord Courtown brought me a very obliging message from Lady Mount-Edgcombe, who had been here at noon to kiss hands, on becoming a Countess from a Baroness.² She sent to invite me to see her place, and contrive to dine and spend the day there. Her Majesty approves the Mount-Edgcombe invitation.

Monday, August 17.—The Queen sent for me in the afternoon, to hear her own private diary, and tell her if it was English. Indeed there was scarce an expression that was foreign.

Tuesday, August 18.—This morning the Royals were all at a grand naval review. I spent the time very serenely in my favourite wood, which abounds in seats of all sorts; and then I took a fountain

¹ John Parker, second Baron Borringdon, 1772-1840, afterwards first Earl of Morley.

² Emma, daughter of John Gilbert, Archbishop of York. Lord Mount-Edgcombe had just been made Earl of Mount-Edgcombe. His wife is often mentioned in Fanny's *Early Diary*.

Frédéric
2^d Son of 1st
— as Frank
Mr Frédéric John

130

129

130



MOUNT-EDGECUMBE, 1790



pen, and wrote my rough journal for copying to my dear Sorelle.¹

In the evening, Lord Courtown, opening my parlour door, called out, "May one come in?"

"May *one*?" exclaimed Colonel Goldsworthy; "may *two*,—may *three*,—may *four*?—I like your *one*, indeed!"

And in they all entered, and remained in sociable conversation till they were all called, late, to cards.

Wednesday, August 19.—Again this morning was spent by the Royals at Plymouth Dock,—by me in strolls round the house. The wood here is truly enchanting; the paths on the slant down to the water resemble those of sweet Norbury Park.

The tea, also, was too much the same to be worth detailing. I will only mention a speech which could not but divert me, of Mr. Alberts, the Queen's page. He said nobody dared represent to the King the danger of his present continual exertion in this hot weather,—“unless it is Mr. Fairly,” he added, “who can say anything, in his genteel roundabout way.”

Friday, August 21.—To-day the Royals went to Mount-Edgumbe, and Her Majesty had commissioned Lady Courtown to arrange a plan for Miss Planta and me to see Plymouth Dock. According, therefore, to her Ladyship's directions, we set off for that place, and, after a dull drive of about five miles, arrived at the house of the Commissioner, Admiral La Forey.²

Here Mrs. La Forey and her daughters were prepared to expect us, and take the trouble of entertaining us for the day.

Three large and populous towns, Plymouth,

¹ Mrs. Phillips.

² Admiral John Laforey, 1729-96, created a baronet in 1789 (see *post*, p. 323).

131. # 3
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Stockton, and Dock, nearly join each other. Plymouth is long, dirty, ill built, and wholly unornamented with any edifice worth notice. Stockton is rather neater,—nothing more. Dock runs higher, and is newer, and looks far cleaner and more habitable.

The Commissioner's is the best-situated house in Dock: it is opposite a handsome quay, on an arm of the sea, with a pretty paved walk, or terrace, before the house, which seems used as a mall by the inhabitants, and is stored with naval offices innumerable.

The two ladies received us very pleasantly. Mrs. La Forey is well bred, in the formal way; but her eldest daughter, Mrs. Molloy, is quite free from stiffness, yet perfectly obliging, very easy, very modest, and very engaging, and, when dressed for a ball in the evening, very handsome. She does not become a déshabille, but cannot look otherwise than pleasing and agreeable, from her manners and countenance.

See page Captain Molloy, her husband, was gone to attend in the naval procession that conducted the Royals to Mount-Edgecumbe, where he expected to dine; but he had left a younger officer, Lieutenant Gregory, to do the honours of the naval show to us.

The Commissioner himself is yet more formal than his lady, but equally civil. An unmarried daughter appeared next, who seems sensible and good humoured, but very plain.

We sallied forth to the dockyard, with these two daughters, and Lieutenant Gregory, a very pleasing and well-bred young officer. How often I wished my dear James had happened to be here, in any employment, at this time!

The dockyard you will dispense with my describing. It is a noble and tremendous sight, and we

were shown it with every advantage of explanation. It was a sort of sighing satisfaction to see such numerous stores of war's alarms!—ropes, sails, masts, anchors,—and all in the finest symmetry, divided and subdivided, as if placed only for show. The neatness and exactness of all the arrangement of those stores for tempests, filled me with admiration; so did the whole scene—though not with pleasure! All assurances, however well to be depended upon, of safety, are but so many indications of danger.

While we were seeing the anchor business,—which seemed performed by Vulcanic demons, so black they looked, so savage was their howl in striking the red-hot iron, and so coarse and slight their attire,—we were saluted with three cheers, from the accidental entrance of Lord Stopford,¹ Lord Courtown's son, and Mr. Townshend,² his nephew, a son of Lord Sydney, just made a Lord of the Admiralty. And the sound, in those back regions, where all the night was red-hot fire, had a very fine demoniac effect. In beating the anchor they all strike at the same instant, giving about three quick strokes to one slow stroke; and were they not to time them with the most perfect conformity, they must inevitably knock out one another's brains. The sight of this apparently continual danger gave to the whole the appearance of some wild rite performed from motives of superstition in some uncivilised country.³

While we were yet in the dockyard we were joined by two sea-captains, Captain Molloy and Captain Duckworth.

Captain Molloy is a sensible and agreeable

¹ James George, afterwards third Earl of Courtown, 1765-1835.

² See *ante*, p. 255.

³ There is an odd resemblance between this passage and one in Mme. de Sévigné (Letter to Mme. de Grignan, Oct. 1, 1677). Probably Miss Burney, who remembered so much, had it in mind.

134

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135

136

man, but somewhat haughty, and of conscious consequence. He is a first cousin of my friend Miss Baker; and talking of that excellent person and her worthy mother¹ brought us soon into acquaintance.

Captain Duckworth is both sensible and amiable in his style of conversation, and has a most perfect and kind openness of manner and countenance; but he greatly amused me by letting me see how much *I* amused *him*. I never surprised him looking near me, without seeing on his face so irresistible a simper, that I expected him every moment to break forth; never even trying to keep a grave face, except when I looked at him in full front.

I found he knew "Burney of the *Bristol*," as he called our James, and I named and conversed about him by every opportunity.

Captain Molloy invited us, when we had exhausted the show on land, to see his ship. I dislike going anywhere beyond the reach of the Humane Society, but could not be left without breaking up the party: this was my first water-excursion, though two had been proposed to me at Weymouth, which I had begged leave to decline.

All, however, was smooth and calm, and we had the best possible navigators. We went to the ship in Captain Molloy's large boat, which was very trim and neat, and had all its rowers new dressed and smart for royal attendance, as it followed the King in all his water-excursions.

The ship is the *Bombay Castle*, of seventy-four guns. It had the Admiralty flag hoisted, as Lord Chatham had held a board there in the morning. It is a very fine ship, and I was truly edified by the sight of all its accommodations, ingenuity, utility, cleanliness, and contrivances. A

¹ See *ante*, vol. iii. p. 489.

man-of-war, fitted out and manned, is a glorious and a fearful sight!

In going over the ship we came to the midshipmen's mess, and those young officers were at dinner, but we were taken in: they were lighted by a few candles fastened to the wall in sockets. Involuntarily I exclaimed, "Dining by candle-light at noon-day!" A midshipman, starting forward, said, "Yes, ma'am, and Admiral Lord Hood did the same for seven years following!"

I liked his spirit so much that I turned to him, and said I was very glad they looked forward to such an example, for I had a brother in the service, which gave me a warm interest in its prosperity.

This made the midshipman so much my friend, that we entered into a detailed discourse upon the accommodations of their cabin, mess, etc., and various other matters. I liked him much, though I know not his name; but my constant Captain Duckworth kept me again wholly to his own cicerone-ing, when I turned out of the cabin.

A little, however, he was mortified to find me a coward upon the water. I assured him he should cure me if he could convince me there was no reason for fear. He would not allow of any, but could not disprove it. "Tell me," I said, "and honestly,—should we be overturned in a boat while out at sea, what would prevent our being drowned?"

He would not suppose such an accident possible.

I pressed him, however, upon the possibility it might happen once in a century, and he could not help laughing, and answered, "Oh, we should pick you all up!"

I desired to know by what means. "Instruments," he said. I forced him, after a long and comic resistance, to show me them. Good

Heaven! they were three-pronged iron forks,—very tridents of Neptune!

I exclaimed with great horror, “These!—why, they would tear the body to pieces!”

“Oh,” answered he calmly, “one must not think of legs and arms when life is in danger.”

I would not, however, under such protection, refuse sailing round Mount-Edgcombe, which we did in Captain Molloy’s boat, and just at the time when the Royals, in sundry garden-chairs, were driving about the place. It was a beautiful view; the situation is delightful. But Captain Molloy was not in the best harmony with its owners, as they had disappointed his expectations of an invitation to dinner.

The Commissioner did not retort upon us the omission; on the contrary, he invited to his own table most of the personages who shared in the mortification of Captain Molloy; Lord Stopford, Mr. Townshend, Lord Falmouth,¹ Lord Hood,² Commodore Goodal, Sir Richard Bickerton,³ and three or four more.

The dinner was very pleasant. My two neighbours were Lords Falmouth and Stopford: the first is heavy, and unlike his conversible and elegant mother, Mrs. Boscawen; the other is a cheerful, lively, well-bred young man. But my chief pleasure was in seeing Lord Hood, and all I saw and heard struck me much in his favour.

Saturday, August 22.—To-day was devoted to general quiet; and I spent all I could of it in my sweet wood, reading the *Art of Contentment*,⁴ a

¹ George Evelyn, third Viscount Falmouth, 1758-1808, only son of the famous Mrs. Boscawen.

² Samuel Hood, Baron Hood, afterwards first Viscount Hood, 1724-1818, Vice-Admiral, 1787, and Lord of the Admiralty, 1788-93.

³ Rear-Admiral Sir Richard Bickerton, 1727-92, afterwards port admiral at Plymouth.

⁴ *The Art of Contentment*, 8vo, Oxford, 1675.

delightful old treatise, by the author of *The Whole Duty of Man*, which I have found in the Saltram Library.

Monday, August 24.—To-day the Royals went to Marystow, Colonel Heywood's, and Miss Planta and myself to Mount-Edgumbe. The Queen had desired me to take Miss Planta, and I had written to prepare Lady Mount-Edgumbe for a companion.

We went in a chaise to the ferry, and thence in a boat. I did not like this part of the business, for we had no pilot we knew, nor any one to direct us. They would hardly believe, at Mount-Edgumbe, we had adventured in so unguarded a manner: but our superior is too high to discover difficulties, or know common precautions; and we fare, therefore, considerably worse in all these excursions, from belonging to crowned heads, than we should do in our own private stations, if visiting at any part of the kingdom.

Safe, however, though not pleasantly, we arrived on the opposite shore; where we found a gardener and a very commodious garden-chair waiting for us. We drove through a sweet park to the house, at the gate of which stood Lord and Lady Mount-Edgumbe, who told us that they had just heard an intention of their Majesties to sail the next day up the River Tamer, and therefore they thought it their duty to hasten off to a seat they have near its banks, Coteil, with refreshments and accommodations, in case they should be honoured with a visit to see the place, which was very ancient and curious. They should leave Lord Valletort¹ to do the honours, and expressed much civil regret in the circumstance: but the distance was too great

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¹ Richard Edgumbe, afterwards second Earl of Mount-Edgumbe, 1764-1839. He was Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the County of Cornwall.

to admit of the journey, over bad roads, if they deferred it till after dinner.

We then proceeded, in the chair, to see the place: it is truly noble; but I shall enter into no description from want of time: take a list simply of its particular points. The sea, in some places, shows itself in its whole vast and unlimited expanse; at others, the jutting land renders it merely a beautiful basin or canal; the borders down to the sea are in some parts flourishing with the finest evergreens and most vivid verdure, and in others are barren, rocky, and perilous. In one moment you might suppose yourself cast on a desert island, and the next find yourself in the most fertile and luxuriant country. In different views we were shown Cawsand Bay, the Hamoaze, the Rocks called The Maker, etc.,—Dartmoor Hills, Plymouth, the Dockyard, Saltram, and St. George's Channel. Several noble ships, manned and commissioned, were in the Hamoaze; amongst them our Weymouth friends, the *Magnificent* and *Southampton*.

142
~~142~~

A very beautiful flower-garden is enclosed in one part of the grounds; and huts, seats, and ornaments in general, were well adapted to the scenery of the place. A seat is consecrated to Mrs. Damer,¹ with an acrostic on her name by Lord Valletort. It is surprising to see the state of vegetation at this place, so close to the main. Myrtles, pomegranates, evergreens, and flowering shrubs, all thrive, and stand the cold blast, when planted in a southern aspect, as safely as in an inland country. As it is a peninsula, it has all aspects, and the plantations and dispositions of the ground are admirably and skilfully assorted to them.

143

The great open view, however, disappointed me: the towns it shows have no prominent features, the

¹ The Hon. Anne Seymour Damer, 1748-1828, Horace Walpole's cousin.

country is as flat as it is extensive, and the various branches of the sea which run into it give, upon their retreat, a marshy, muddy, unpleasant appearance. There is, besides, a want of some one striking object to arrest the eye, and fix the attention, which wearies from the general glare. Points, however, there are, both of the sublime and beautiful, that merit all the fame which this noble place has acquired.

In our tour around it we met Lord Stopford, Mr. Townshend, and Captain Douglas; and heard a tremendous account of the rage of the sea-captains, on being disappointed of a dinner at the Royal visit to Mount-Edgcombe.

We did not quit these fine grounds till near dinner-time. The housekeeper then showed us the house, and a set of apartments newly fitted up for the Royals, had they chosen to sleep at Mount-Edgcombe.

The house is old, and seems pleasant and convenient.

In a very pretty circular parlour, which had the appearance of being the chief living-room, I saw amongst a small collection of books, *Cecilia*. I immediately laid a wager with myself the first volume would open upon Pacchierotti; and I won it very honestly, though I never expect to be paid it. The chapter, *An Opera Rehearsal*,¹ was so well read, the leaves always flew apart to display it.

The library is an exceeding good room, and seems charmingly furnished. Here Lord Valletort received us. His lady was confined to her room by indisposition. He is a most neat little beau, and his face has the roses and lilies as finely blended as that of his pretty young wife.² He

¹ Book i. chapter viii.

² Lady Valletort was the third daughter of John, second Earl of Buckinghamshire. She had been married to Lord Valletort early in this year.

was extremely civil and attentive, and appears to be really amiable in his disposition.

Mr. Brett, a plain, sensible, conversible man, who has an estate in the neighbourhood, dined with us; and a young Frenchman. The dinner was very cheerful: my lord, at the head of the table, looked only like his lady in a riding-dress.

However, he received one mortifying trial of his temper; he had sent to request sailing up the Tamer next day with Sir Richard Bickerton; and he had a blunt refusal, in a note, during our repast. Not an officer in the fleet would accommodate him! their resentment of the dinner slight is quite vehement.

We returned home the same way we came; the good-natured little lord, and Mr. Brett also, quite shocked we had no better guard or care taken of us.

Tuesday, August 25. — This morning all the Royals went sailing up the Tamer; and I had the pleasure of a visit from the very amiable and ingenious Miss Harriet Bowdler, whom I had not seen since the tea-party at Mrs. de Luc's in my first monastic year.¹ She is here to see the naval review, at Captain Fanshaw's, and was brought by Captain Duckworth. Her sister Frances is now at Teignmouth, where first I met her;² and rather better, but in a miserable state of health, which I heard with much concern.

Captain Duckworth, I find, has both a house and a mate in this neighbourhood, and Mrs. Bowdler is now on a visit to both. They made me a long and pleasant visit, and were scarce gone when Mrs. Fox was announced. She was Miss Clayton, half-sister to poor Emily; and I had not seen her since her marriage to the Colonel, who is own brother to Charles Fox.³ She is a very

¹ See *ante*, vol. iii. p. 20.

² See *Early Diary*, 1889, i. 221.

³ See *ante*, vol. iii. p. 78.

pleasing woman. These all came on the strength of the Royals' absence. Mrs. Fox invited me much to her barrack, where she is quartered with her husband; and offered to show Miss Planta and me the citadel, etc.; but we can arrange nothing for ourselves. H

Wednesday, August 26.—This was our last day at Saltram.

The Royals went to see Kitley, a place of Mr. Bastard's; and at noon I had a visit of inquiry about them all, from Lord and Lady Mount-Edgecumbe, and Lord Valletort; who were all full of the honours done them, and told me the obelisks and arches they meant to construct in commemoration. Lady Mount-Edgecumbe made me promise to write to her from Weymouth, and from Windsor, news of Royal healths. 157
148

I had a visit also from Admiral La Forey, who came to a levee of the King, and was created a baronet.

From the window, besides, I had a call from Captain Onslow, who was waiting the King's return in the park. He told me he had brought up a brother of mine for the sea. I did not refresh his memory with the severities he practised in that marine education.

Thursday, August 27.—We quitted Saltram in the same order we had reached it, and returned to Exeter, where we spent the rest of the day.

Friday, August 28.—We travelled back to Weymouth.

Friday, September 4.—Her Majesty made a point that Miss Planta and myself should go to-night to the ball of the Master of the Ceremonies; though, having no party, it was so disagreeable to me, that I ventured to remonstrate. That is never, I find, even in declining favours, to be done.

Sunday, September 6.—This evening, the Royals and their train all went again to the rooms to drink their tea.

Miss Planta and myself were taking ours quietly together, and I was finishing a charming sermon of Blair, while she was running over some old newspapers, when, suddenly, but very gently, the room door was opened, and then I heard "Will Miss Burney permit me to come in, and give me a dish of tea?"—"Twas Mr. Fairly.

He said we were to go on Monday se'nnight to Lord Bath's, on Wednesday to Lord Aylesbury's, and on Friday to return to Windsor. He was himself to be discharged some days sooner, as he should not be wanted on the road.

He said many things relative to court lives and situations: with respect, deference, and regard invariable, he mentioned the leading individuals; but said nothing could be so weak as to look *there*, in such stations, for such impossibilities as sympathy, friendship, or cordiality! And he finished with saying, "People forget themselves who look for them!" Such, however, is not my feeling; and I am satisfied he has met with some unexpected coldness. Miss Planta being present, he explained only in generals.

Monday, September 14.—We all left Weymouth.

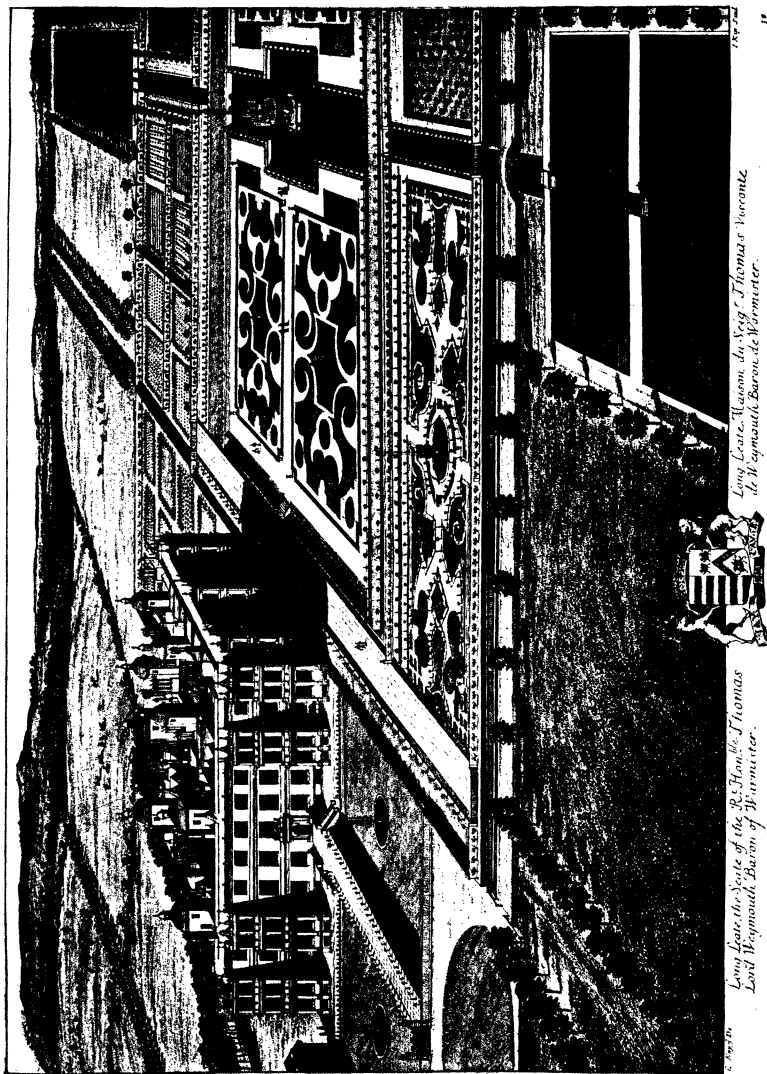
All possible honours were paid the King on his departure; lords, ladies, and sea-officers lined the way that he passed, the guns of the *Magnificent* and *Southampton* fired the parting salute, and the ships were under sail.

We all set out as before, but parted on the road. The Royals went to breakfast at Redlinch,¹ the seat of Lord Ilchester, where Mr. Fairly was in

¹ Redlynch House, Bruton, Somersetshire.

149 X
M. SS. 150

151



*Longleat, the Seat of the R. Hon^{ble}. Thomas
Lord Weymouth, Baron of Warrister.*

*Longleat, the Seat of the R. Hon^{ble}. Thomas
Lord Weymouth, Baron of Warrister.*

LONGLEAT



waiting for them, and thence proceeded to a collation at Sherborne Castle, whither he was to accompany them, and then resign his present attendance, which has been long and troublesome and irksome, I am sure.

Miss Planta and myself proceeded to Longleat, the seat of the Marquis of Bath, late Lord Weymouth;¹ where we were all to dine, sleep, and spend the following day and night.

Longleat was formerly the dwelling of the Earl of Lansdowne, uncle to Mrs. Delany; and here, at this seat, that heartless uncle, to promote some political views, sacrificed his incomparable niece, at the age of seventeen, marrying her to an unwieldy, uncultivated, country esquire, near sixty years of age, and scarce ever sober—his name Pendarves.²

With how sad an awe, in recollecting her submissive unhappiness, did I enter these doors!—and with what indignant hatred did I look at the portrait of the unfeeling Earl,³ to whom her gentle repugnance, shown by almost incessant tears, was thrown away, as if she, her person, and her existence were nothing in the scale, where the disposition of a few boroughs opposed them! Yet was this the famous Granville—the poet, the fine gentleman, the statesman, the friend and patron of Pope, of whom he wrote—

What Muse for Granville can refuse to sing?⁴

Mine, I am sure, for one.

Lady Bath⁵ showed us our rooms, to which we

¹ Thomas, third Viscount Weymouth, 1734-96, was elevated to the Marquessate of Bath, August 25, 1789.

² Mrs. Delany married her first husband, William Pendarves, of Roscrow Castle, in Cornwall, in 1717.

³ George Granville, Baron Lansdowne, 1667-1735, one of the twelve peers created for the peace in 1711, and patron of Pope.

⁴ Line 6 of Pope's *Windsor Forest*, 1713, which was dedicated to Lord Lansdowne.

⁵ Lady Bath (Lady Elizabeth Cavendish Bentinck) was the eldest daughter of William, second Duke of Portland.

Earl
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152

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repaired immediately, to dress before the arrival of the Royals.

We dined with the gentlemen, all but the Marquis, who was admitted, in his own house, to dine with the King and Queen, as were all the ladies of his family. Lord Weymouth, the eldest son, was our president;¹ and two of his brothers, Lords George and John, with Lord Courtown and the two Colonels, made the party. The Weymouths, Thynnes rather, are silent, and we had but little talk or entertainment.

My poor Mrs. Delany was constantly in my mind—constantly, constantly!—I thought I saw her meek image vainly combating affliction and disgust with duty and compliance, and weeping floods of tears, unnoticed by her unrelenting persecutor.

We spent all the following day here. I went to the chapel; I felt horror-struck as I looked at the altar: what an offering for ambition! what a sacrifice to tyranny!

The house is very magnificent, and of an immense magnitude. It seems much out of repair, and by no means cheerful or comfortable. Gloomy grandeur seems the proper epithet for the building and its fitting-up. It had been designed for a monastery, and as such was nearly completed when Henry VIII. dissolved those seminaries. It was finished as a dwelling-house in the reign of his son, by one of the Thynnes, who was knighted in a field of battle by the Protector Somerset.

Many things in the house, and many queer old portraits, afforded me matter of speculation, and would have filled up more time than I had to bestow. There are portraits of Jane Shore and Fair Rosamond, which have some marks of originality, being miserable daubs, yet from evidently

¹ Thomas, afterwards second Marquess, 1765-1837.

beautiful subjects. Arabella Stuart is also at full length, and King Charleses and Jameses in abundance, with their queens, brethren, and cousins. There are galleries in this house of the dimensions of college halls. 154

The state rooms on the ground floor are very handsome; but the queer antique little old corners, cells, recesses, "passages, that lead to nothing,"¹ unexpected openings, and abrupt stoppages, with the quaint devices of various old-fashioned ornaments, amused me the most.

My bedroom was furnished with crimson velvet, bed included, yet so high, though only the second story, that it made me giddy to look into the park, and tired to wind up the flight of stairs. It was formerly the favourite room, the housekeeper told me, of Bishop Ken, who put on his shroud in it before he died.² Had I fancied I had seen his ghost, I might have screamed my voice away, unheard by any assistant to lay it; for so far was I from the rest of the habitable part of the mansion, that not the lungs of Mr. Bruce³ could have availed me. 'Tis the room, however, in which the present Bishop of Exeter resides when here,⁴ and he was a favourite of my Mrs. Delany; and all that brought her to my mind without marrying her was soothing to me. 155

The housekeeper showed me a portrait of Mrs. Granville, her mother.⁵ It is handsome, and not wholly unressembling. Lord Bath was a distant relation of the Granvilles. 156

The park is noble and spacious. It was filled

¹ Gray's *Long Story*, stanza 2.

² Bishop Ken, in his last years, lived chiefly at Longleat with Lord Weymouth.

³ James Bruce, 1730-94, of Kinnaird, the African traveller—a very large man.

⁴ John Ross, 1719-92, Bishop of Exeter, 1778-92.

⁵ Mrs. Granville, wife of Colonel Bernard Granville, Mrs. Delany's father, was the daughter of Sir Martin Westcombe, Consul at Cadiz.

with country folks, permitted to enter that they might see their sovereigns, and it looked as gay without as it seemed gloomy within. The people were dressed in their best, as if they came to a fair; and such shouts and hallooings ensued, whenever the King appeared at a window, that the whole building rang again with the vibration. Nothing upon earth can be more gratifying than the sight of this dear and excellent King thus loved and received by all descriptions of his subjects.

157
Wednesday, September 16.—We set out, amidst the acclamations of a multitude, from Longleat for Tottenham Park, the seat of Lord Aylesbury. The park is of great extent and moderate beauty. The house is very well.

158
 We had only our own party, the three gentlemen, at dinner and breakfast. These gentlemen only dine with the King when he keeps house, and keeps it *incog.* himself. At Tottenham Park,¹ only my Lord Aylesbury, as master of the house, was admitted. He and his lady were both extremely desirous to make all their guests comfortable; and Lady Aylesbury very politely offered me the use of ~~her own~~ collection of books. But I found, at the top of the house, a very large old library, in which there were sundry uncommon and curious old English tracts, that afforded me much entertainment. 'Tis a library of long standing.

159 }
 160 }
 162 }
 Here are many original portraits also, that offer enough for speculation. A "Bloody Mary," by Sir Anthony More, which I saw with much curiosity, and liked better than I expected. The beautiful Duchesses of Cleveland and Portsmouth, I fancy by Kneller; but we had no cicerone. A very fine picture of a lady in black, that I can credit to be Vandyke, but who else can I know not. Several

¹ In Wiltshire.

portraits by Sir Peter Lely, extremely soft and pleasing, and of subjects uncommonly beautiful; many by Sir Godfrey Kneller, well enough; and many more by Sir Something Thornhill,¹ very thick and heavy. 163

The good lord of the mansion put up a new bed for the King and Queen that cost him £900. 166

We drove about the park in garden-chairs; but it is too flat for much diversity of prospect.

Two things I heard here with concern—that my godmother, Mrs. Greville, was dead;² and that poor Sir Joshua Reynolds had lost the sight of one of his eyes.³

Friday, September 18.—We left Tottenham Court, and returned to Windsor. The Royals hastened to the younger Princesses, and I . . . to Mrs. Schwollenberg. I was civilly received, however. But deadly dead sunk my heart as I entered her apartment.

The next day I had a visit from my dear brother Charles—full of business, letters, etc. I rejoiced to see him, and to confab over all his affairs, plans, and visions, more at full length than for a long time past. I was forced to introduce him to Mrs. Schwollenberg, and he flourished away successfully enough; but it was very vexatious, as he had matters innumerable for discussion.

MISS BURNEY TO DR. BURNEY

QUEEN'S LODGE, WINDSOR,
October 27, 1789.

MOST DEAR SIR—We go on here amazingly well, though every day now presents some anniversary

¹ No doubt Sir James Thornhill, 1675-1734, Hogarth's father-in-law.!

² Mrs. Greville's death is recorded in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for August 1789 (vol. lix. p. 763). No date is given, but it must have been previous to the 4th, when Walpole reports it to Lady Ossory (*Corr.* ix. 205).

³ See *post.*, under November 1791.

of such miseries as scarce any house ever knew before last year. They call back to my mind every circumstance, with daily accuracy, and a sort of recollective melancholy that I find always ready to mix with the joy and thanksgiving of the most blessed deliverance and change.

1674
Nor is it possible to think more of our escape than of the sudden adversity of the French. Truly terrible and tremendous are revolutions such as these. There is nothing in old history that I shall any longer think fabulous; the destruction of the most ancient empires on record has nothing more wonderful, nor of more sounding improbability, than the demolition of this great nation, which rises up all against itself for its own ruin—perhaps annihilation. Even the Amazons were but the *poissardes* of the day; I no longer doubt their existence or their prowess; and name but some leader amongst the destroyers of the Bastile,¹ and what is said of Hercules or Theseus we need no longer discredit. I only suppose those two heroes were the many-headed mob of ancient days.

I had the surprise and pleasure, a few days since, of a note from Mrs. Lambart: her son is married to a lady who lived at Windsor, and they are now all together in this town. I contrived, after encountering my difficulties successfully (a very female Hercules I think myself when I conquer them), to call upon her. She lamented losing the pleasure of your society, and of my mother's, by quitting Chelsea; and the cause, you may easily believe, she lamented far more deeply. Much had passed since I had seen her, and all bad: she had lost this brother, with whom she meant to reside frequently, and she had lost her other brother, Sir Philip Jennings Clerke, and two nephews; and the

¹ The Bastille had been pulled down, July 14-15, 1789.

mutual friend through whom we became acquainted, and at whose house we had alone met, is lost also. How much and how melancholy was our conversation upon that subject! a subject always sad, yet invariably interesting and dear to me.

I was sorry to see in the papers the death of poor Mr. Bremner.¹ I hope he had read, in your *History of Music*, the honourable mention of his possessing Queen Elizabeth's *Virginal Book*? To whom does that book now devolve? I think what you say of the time required—a month's practice—to enable any master in Europe to play one of the lessons, will not much stimulate the sale, amongst the busy professors of these busy days: but a Dilettante purchaser may yet be found: they have generally most courage, because less belief in difficulties, from being further off from discerning them; I should else fear you had ruined the market.

I was told the other day, by Mrs. Fisher, wife of our canon, that "my friend Mr. Twining" was at Windsor. I did the impossible in order to meet him at her house for a moment, and then found it was that good friend's brother, with his wife.² I was very glad to see them both, but not considerably the more for the disappointment and mistake.

My own dearest friends, Mr. and Mrs. Lock, have just paid me their annual visit here. How grieved was I, when it was over, to think another October must come ere Windsor had any chance of repeating that felicity to me! Yet I shall have the pleasure soon of seeing the lovely Mrs. —; but her sight, poor thing! is amongst the sensations that are even peculiarly melancholy at Windsor.

We all go on here, day by day, night by night,

¹ See *ante*, vol. i. p. 169.

² Richard Twining, 1749-1824, half-brother of Thomas Twining, the rector of St. Mary's, Colchester. He was a Director of the East India Company.

so precisely the same, that monotony cannot be more perfect.

I hope when you come to town you see dear Sir Joshua ?

Ever, dearest Sir,
Most lovingly and dutifully, your

F. B.

November.—My memorandums of this month are very regular; but I shall beg leave to condense them all into the days and circumstances essential.

Upon the birthday of the Princess Sophia I had the honour to present my pretty Leatherhead fairing;—the pincushion, needle-book, and letter-case of pink satin, and the inkstand, so long deferred, for Princess Mary.

Early in this month I had the solace of three little interviews with my beloved Susanna. On the birthday of the Princess Augusta, the excellent Mr. and Mrs. Smelt, just arrived from their summer tour to their daughters, came hither with congratulations. As it proved, 'twas the last visit of that very white-souled and amiable woman, and the last time I ever beheld her;¹ but she was particularly well, and there appeared no symptom of the fatal end so near approaching.

The following day Colonel Gwynn came. He told us, at tea-time, the wonderful recovery of Colonel Goldsworthy, who has had an almost desperate illness; and then added that he had dined the preceding day with him, and met Mr. Fairly, who was coming to Windsor, and all prepared, when he was suddenly stopped, on the very preceding evening, by a fresh attack of the gout.

I heard this with much concern, and made many inquiries, which were presently interrupted by an

¹ See *post*, under February 1790.

exclamation of Major Garth,¹ who was now in waiting. "The gout?" he cried: "nay, then, it is time he should get a nurse; and, indeed, I hear he has one in view."

Colonel Gwynn instantly turned short, with a very significant smile of triumph, towards me, that seemed to confirm this assertion, while it exulted in his own prediction at Cheltenham.²

The following morning, while I was alone with my Royal Mistress, she mentioned Mr. Fairly for the first time since we left Weymouth. It was to express much displeasure against him: he had misled Lord Aylesbury about the ensuing drawing-room, by affirming there would be none this month.

After saying how wrong this was, and hearing me venture to answer I could not doubt but he must have had some reason, which, if known, might account for his mistake, she suddenly, and with some severity of accent, said, "He will not come here! For some reason or other he does not choose it! He cannot bear to come!"

How was I amazed! and silenced pretty effectually!

She then added, "He has set his heart against coming. I know he has been in town some considerable time, but he has desired it may not be told here. I know, too, that when he has been met in the streets, he has called out, 'For Heaven's sake, if you are going to Windsor, do not say you have seen me.'"

Wednesday, November 18.—We were to go to town: but while I was taking my hasty breakfast Miss Planta flew into the room, eagerly exclaiming, "Have you heard the news?"

I saw, instantly, by her eyes and manner, what she meant; and therefore answered, "I believe so."

¹ See *ante*, vol. iii. p. 501, and *post*, p. 428.

² See *ante*, p. 33.

“Mr. Fairly is going to be married! I resolved I would tell you.”

“I heard the rumour,” I replied, “the other day, from Colonel Gwynn.”

“Oh, it’s true!” she cried; “he has written to ask leave; but for Heaven’s sake don’t say so!”

I gave her my ready promise, for I believed not a syllable of the matter; but I would not tell her that.

We went to town not only for the drawing-room on the next day, but also for the play on this Wednesday night:¹ and the party appointed to sit in the Queen’s private box, as, on these occasions, the balcony-box opposite to the Royals is called, dined with Mrs. Schwellenberg,—namely, Mrs. Stainforth, Miss Planta, Mr. de Luc, and Mr. Thomas Willis.

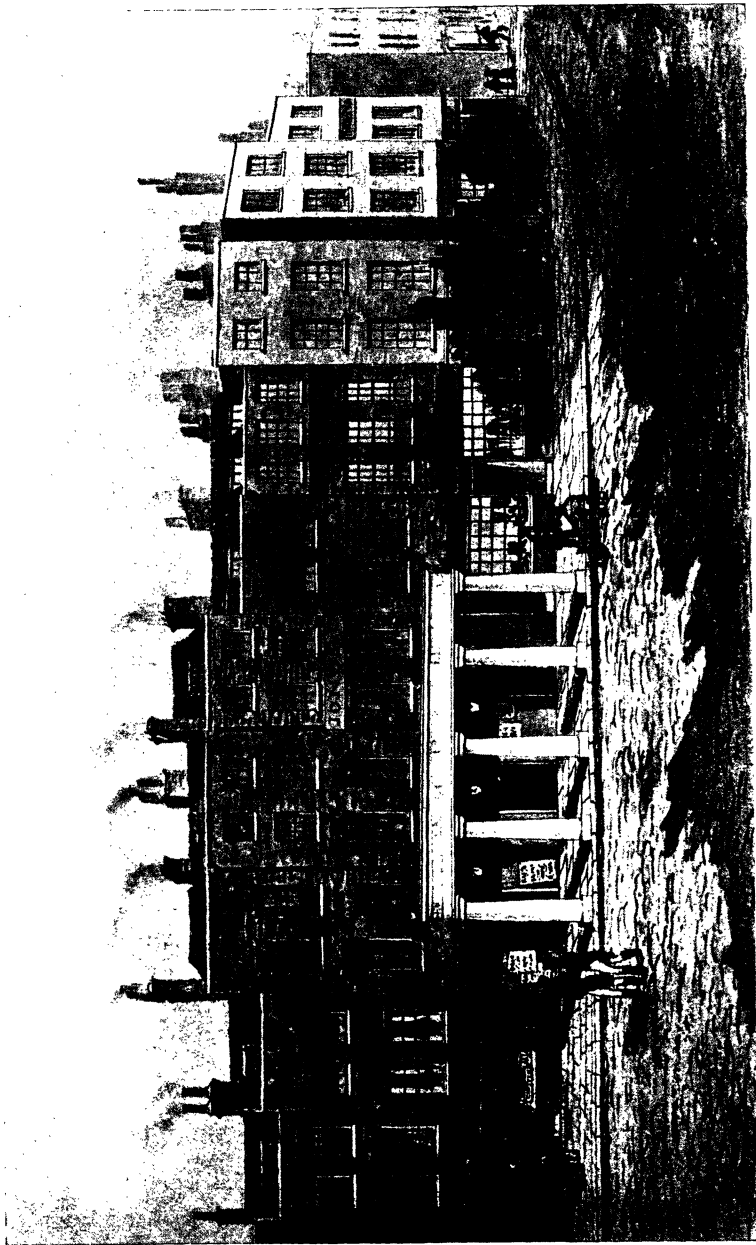
When we arrived at the playhouse we found the lobby and all the avenues so crowded, that it was with the utmost difficulty we forced our way up the stairs. It was the first appearance of the good King at the theatre since his illness.

When we got upstairs, we were stopped effectually: there was not room for a fly; and though our box was not only taken and kept, but partitioned off, to get to it was wholly impracticable.

Mr. Willis and Miss Planta protested they would go down again, and remonstrate with Mr. Harris, the manager;² and I must own the scene that followed was not unentertaining. Mrs. Stainforth and myself were fast fixed in an angle at the corner of the stairs, and Mr. de Luc stood in the midst of the crowd, where he began offering so many grave arguments, with such deliberation and

¹ *The Dramatist*, at Covent Garden.

² Thomas Harris, *d.* 1820, proprietor and manager of Covent Garden Theatre.



COVENT GARDEN THEATRE, 1808

precision, every now and then going back in his reasoning to correct his own English, representing our right to proceed, and the wrong of not making way for us, that it was irresistibly comic to see the people stare, as they pushed on, and to see his unconscious content in their passing him, so long as he completed his expostulations on their indecorum.

Meanwhile, poor Mrs. Stainforth lost her cloak, and in her loud lamentations, and calls upon all present to witness her distress (to which, for enhancing its importance, she continually added, "Whoever has found it should bring it to the Queen's house"¹), she occupied the attention of all upon the stairs as completely as it was occupied by Mr. de Luc for all in the passages: but, *hélas!* neither the philosophic harangue of the one, nor the royal dignity of the other, prevailed; and while there we stood, expecting an avenue to be formed, either for our eloquence or our consequence, not an inch of ground did we gain, and those who had neither made their way, and got on in multitudes.

Offended, at length, as well as tired, Mrs. Stainforth proposed our going down, and waiting in the lobby, till Mr. Harris arrived.

Here we were joined by a gentleman, whose manner of fixing me showed a half-recollection of my face, which I precisely returned him, without being able to recollect where I had seen him before. He spoke to Mrs. Stainforth, who answered as if she knew him, and then he came to me and offered to assist in getting me to my box. I told him the manager had already been sent to. He did not, however, go off, but entered into conversation upon the crowd, play, etc., with the ease of an old acquaintance. I took the first opportunity to inquire of Mrs. Stainforth who he was, and heard

¹ *i.e.* Buckingham House.

M

—Lord Mountmorres,¹ whom you may remember I met with at the theatre at Cheltenham.

What, however, was ridiculous enough was, that, after a considerable length of time, he asked me who Mrs. Stainforth was! and I afterwards heard he had made the same inquiry of herself about me! The difference of a dressed and undressed head had occasioned, I suppose, the doubt.

The moment, however, he had completely satisfied himself in this, he fairly joined me, as if he had naturally belonged to our party. And it turned out very acceptable, for we were involved in all such sort of difficulties as our philosopher² was the least adapted to remove.

We now went about, in and out, up and down, but without any power to make way, the crowd every instant thickening.

We then were fain to return to our quiet post, behind the side-boxes in the lobby, where we remained till the arrival of the King, and then were somewhat recompensed for missing the sight of his entrance, by hearing the sound of his reception: for so violent an huzzaing commenced, such thundering clapping, knocking with sticks, and shouting, and so universal a chorus of "God save the King," that not all the inconveniences of my situation could keep my heart from beating with joy, nor my eyes from running over with gratitude for its occasion.

Lord Mountmorres, who joined in the stick part of the general plaudit, exclaimed frequently, "What popularity is this! how fine to a man's feelings!—yet he must find it embarrassing."

Indeed I should suppose he could with difficulty bear it. 'Twas almost adoration! How much I lament that I lost the sight of his benignant countenance, during such glorious moments as the most

¹ See *ante*, p. 87.

² M. de Luc.

favoured monarchs can scarce enjoy twice in the longest life!

Miss Planta and Mr. Willis now returned: they had had no success; Mr. Harris said they might as well stem the tide of the ocean as oppose or rule such a crowd.

The play now began; and Lord Mountmorres went away to reconnoitre; but, presently returning, said, "If you will trust yourself with me I will show you your chance." And then he conducted me to the foot of the stairs leading to our box, which exhibited such a mass of living creatures, that the insects of an ant-hill could scarce be more compact.

We were passed by Lord Stopford, Captain Douglas, and some other of our acquaintance, who told us of similar distresses; and in this manner passed the first act! The box-keeper came and told Lord Mountmorres he could now give his Lordship one seat: but the humours of the lobby he now preferred, and refused the place: though I repeatedly begged that we might not detain him. But he was determined to see us safe landed before he left us.

Mr. Harris now came again, and proposed taking us another way, to try to get up some back-stairs. We then went behind the scenes for this purpose: but here Mr. Harris was called away, and we were left upon the stage. Lord Mountmorres led me to various peep-holes, where I could at least have the satisfaction of seeing the King and Royal Family, as well as the people, and the whole was a sight most grateful to my eyes.

So civil, however, and so attentive he was, that a new perplexity now occurred to me: he had given up his place, and had taken so much trouble, that I thought, if we at last got to our box, he would certainly expect to be accommodated in it.

And to take any one, without previous permission, into the *Queen's private box*, and immediately facing their Majesties, was a liberty I knew not how to risk; and, in truth, I knew not enough of his present politics to be at all sure if they might not be even peculiarly obnoxious.

This consideration, therefore, began now so much to reconcile me to this *emigrant evening*, that I ceased even to wish for recovering our box.

When Mr. Harris came back, he said he had nothing to propose but his own box, which we readily accepted.

To this our access was easy, as it was over the King and Queen, and consequently not desirable to those who came to see them. I too now preferred it, as it was out of their sight, and enabled me to tell Lord Mountmorres, who led me to it through the crowd with unceasing trouble and attention, that till he could get better accommodated a place was at his service.

166
166
He closed instantly with the offer, placing himself behind me; but said he saw some of his relations in the opposite stage-box, Lady Mornington and her beautiful daughter Lady Ann Wellesley,¹ and, as soon as the act was over, he would go down and persuade them to make room for him.

I was shocked, however, after all this, to hear him own himself glad to sit down, as he was still rather lame, from a dreadful overturn in a carriage, in which his leg had been nearly crushed by being caught within the coach-door, which beat down upon it, and almost demolished it.

This anecdote, however, led to another more pleasant; for it brought on a conversation which

¹ Lady Mornington was the widow of Robert Wellesley, second Lord Mornington, 1736-81, and mother of the Duke of Wellington. Lady Anne Wellesley was her only daughter.

Mistake
Should be
Gavel 13th Earl in
166⁴

showed me his present principles, at least, were all on the government side. The accident had happened during a journey to Chester, in his way to Ireland, whither he was hastening upon the Regency business, last winter: and he went to the Irish House of Peers the first time he quitted his room, after a confinement of three weeks from this terrible bruise.

"But how," cried I, "could you stand?"

"I did not stand," he answered; "they indulged me with leave to speak sitting."

"What a useful opening, then, my Lord," cried I, "did you lose for every new paragraph!"

I meant, the cant of "Now I am upon my legs." He understood it instantly, and laughed heartily, protesting it was no small detriment to his oratory.

The play was *The Dramatist*,¹ written with that species of humour in caricature that resembles O'Keefe's performances; full of absurdities, yet laughable in the extreme. We heard very ill, and, missing the beginning, we understood still worse: so that, in fact, I was indebted to my new associate for all the entertainment I received the whole evening.

When the act was over, the place on which he had cast his eye, near Lady Mornington, was seized; he laughed, put down his hat, and composed himself quietly for remaining where he was.

He must be a man of a singular character, though of what sort I know not: but in his conversation he showed much information, and a spirited desire of interchanging ideas with those who came in his way.

We talked a great deal of France, and he

¹ *The Dramatist; or, Stop Him who can*, was by Frederic Reynolds, 1764-1841. The chief character, Vapid, who goes to Bath to pick up oddities, is supposed to be intended for the prolific Reynolds himself.

related to me a variety of anecdotes just fresh imported thence. He was there at the first assembling of the Notables, and he saw, he said, impending great events from that assemblage. The two most remarkable things that had struck him, he told me, in this wonderful revolution, were—first, that the French Guards should ever give up their King; and secondly, that the chief spirit and capacity hitherto shown amongst individuals had come from the ecclesiastics.

He is very much of opinion the spirit of the times will come round to this island. In what, I asked, could be its pretence?—The game-laws, he answered, and the tithes.

He told me, also, a great deal of Ireland, and enlarged my political knowledge abundantly,—but I shall not be so generous, my dear friends, as to let you into all these state matters.

But I must tell you a good sort of quirk of Mr. Wilkes, who, when the power of the mob and their cruelty were first reciting, quarrelled with a gentleman for saying the French government was become a democracy, and asserted it was rather a *mobocracy*. The pit, he said, reminded him of a sight he once saw in Westminster Hall,—a floor of faces.

He was a candidate for Westminster at that time, with Charles Fox!—Thus do we veer about.

At the end of the farce, “God save the King” was most vociferously called for from all parts of the theatre, and all the singers of the theatre came on the stage to sing it, joined by the whole audience, who kept it up till the Sovereign of his people’s hearts left the house. It was noble and heart-melting at once to hear and see such loyal rapture, and to feel and know it so deserved.

Friday, November 20.—Some business sent me to speak with Miss Planta before our journey

back to Windsor. When it was executed and I was coming away, she called out, "Oh! *à propos*—it's all declared, and the Princesses wished Miss Fuzilier joy yesterday in the drawing-room. She looked remarkably well; but said Mr. Fairly had still a little gout, and could not appear."¹

Now first my belief followed assertion;—but it was only because it was inevitable, since the Princesses could not have proceeded so far without certainty.

We returned to Windsor as usual, and there I was, just as usual, obliged to finish every evening with picquet!—and to pass all and every afternoon, from dinner to midnight, in picquet company.

Saturday, November 28.—The Queen, after a very long airing, came in to dress, and summoned me immediately; and in two minutes the Princess Royal entered, and said something in German, and then added, "And Mr. Fairly, ma'am, begs he may see you a moment now, if possible."

This is his first coming to the house since Her Royal Highness's birthday, just two months ago.

"I am very sorry," was answered coolly, "but I am going to dress."

"He won't keep you a moment, mamma, only he wants to get on to St. Leonard's to dinner."²

Miss Fuzilier is now there.

"Well, then," she answered, "I'll slip on my powdering-gown, and see him."

I found, however, they had already met, probably in the passage, for the Queen added, "How melancholy he looks!—does not he, Princess Royal?"

"Yes, indeed, mamma!"—They then again talked in German.

¹ The marriage took place January 6, 1790. See *post*, p. 347.

² At Mrs. Harcourt's.

The Princess then went to call him; and I hastened into the next room, with some caps just then inspecting.

Mr. Turbulent again dined with us, and said, "I find Mr. Fairly is here to-day? when is he to be married?"

Mrs. Schwellenberg reproved him for talking of "soch things": she holds it petty treason to speak of it, as they are both in office about the Court; though she confessed it would be in a fortnight.

At tea, when the gentlemen—General Budé, Majors Price and Garth, and Mr. Willis—appeared, she said, "Where be Mr. Fairly?" They all exclaimed, "Is he here?"

"Oh, certain, if he ben't gone!"

I then said he had gone on to St. Leonard's.

They all expressed the utmost surprise that he should come, and go, and see none of them.

When they retired, Mrs. Schwellenberg exclaimed, "For what not stay one night? For what not go to the gentlemen?—It looks like when he been ashamed.—Oh fie! I don't not like soch ting. And for what always say contraire?—always say to overybody he won't not have her!—There might be someting wrong in all that—it looks not well."

I saw a strong desire to have me enter into the merits of the case; but I constantly answer to these exclamations, that these sort of situations are regarded in the world as licensing denials first, and truancy from all others afterwards.¹

Sunday, November 29.—General Harcourt was here at tea; but not one of our gentlemen inquired after his guest;—they are affronted at his running away from all.

¹ Cf. *Camilla*, 1796, iv. 42-43:—"They [men] are not like us, Lavinia. They think themselves free, if they have made no verbal profession; though they may have pledged themselves by looks, by actions, by attentions, and by manners, a thousand, and a thousand times."

General Harcourt, however, uncalled, made the following speech:—"Fairly is not the thing—not at all—very unwell: an unformed gout—the most disagreeable sensation I suppose a man can have, and the most uncomfortable; a real fit would be far preferable; but it is something hanging about him that comes to nothing."

This was heard by all, even his particular friend General Budé, without the least expression of care. To forget is soon to be forgotten!—he has dropped them till they now drop him.

December.—Most gratefully I met the mild anniversaries of this month, which was so dreadful in the year '88. The King's health seems perfect, and there is a coolness and composure in his manner that promise its permanency—God be praised!

But let me now, to enliven you a little, introduce to you a new acquaintance, self-made, that I meet at the chapel, and who always sits next me when there is room,—Mrs. J——, wife to the Bishop of K—— :¹ and before the service begins, she enters into small talk, with a pretty tolerable degree of frankness, not much repressed by scruples of delicacy.

Take a specimen. She opened, the other morning, upon my situation and occupation, and made the most plump inquiries into its particulars, with a sort of hearty good humour that removed all impertinence, whatever it left of inelegance:—and then began her comments.

"Well; the Queen, to be sure,² is a great deal better dressed than she used to be; but for all that, I really think it is but an odd thing for you!—Dear! I think it's something so out of the way for you!—I can't think how you set about it. It must

¹ Perhaps Mrs. Jackson, wife to Charles Jackson, Bishop of Kildare, 1765-1790. He had been Dean of Ferns and Leighlin.

have been very droll to you at first. A great deal of honour, to be sure, to serve a Queen, and all that; but I daresay a lady's-maid could do it better; though to be called about a Queen, as I say, is a great deal of honour: but, for my part, I should not like it; because to be always obliged to go to a person, whether one was in the humour or not, and to get up in a morning, if one was never so sleepy!—dear! it must be a mighty hurry-scurry life! you don't look at all fit for it, to judge by appearances, for all its great honour, and all that."

Is not this a fit bishop's wife? is not here primitive candour and veracity? I laughed most heartily, —and we have now commenced acquaintance for these occasional meetings.

If this 'honest dame does not think me fit for this part of my business, there is another person, Madlle. Montmollin, who, with equal simplicity, expresses her idea of my unfitness for another part. —"How you bear it," she cries, "living with Mrs. Schwollenberg!—I like it better living in prison! —'pon m'honneur, I prefer it bread and water; I think her so cross never was. If I you, I won't bear it—poor Miss Burney!—I so sorry!—'pon m'honneur, I think to you oftens!—you so confined, you won't have no pleasures!—"

Miss Gomm, less plaintive, but more solemn, declared the other day, "I am sure you must go to heaven for living this life!"—So, at least, you see, though in a court, I am not an object of envy.

Towards the end of the month, Colonel Wellbred came into waiting, to my never-failing satisfaction. Yet I was sorry to lose Major Garth, who seems a man of real worth, religious principles, and unaffected honour, with a strong share of wit and a great deal of literature.

The Bishop of Salisbury came for the Christmas sermon, and spent some days here. Bishop Hurd

had not health for coming, which I lament sincerely. I made much acquaintance with the Bishop of Salisbury; and, as Mrs. Schwellenberg passed the holidays in town, we were altogether very cheerful and comfortable. The Major is kept by the King's invitation, and always at Windsor.

Madame la Fite told me she liked *extremmelee* dat Collonel respectable Major Preece.

Poor Lady Caroline Waldegrave was taken very dangerously ill at this time; and as her sister was absent, I devoted to her every moment in my power. Sir Lucas Pepys was sent for in the middle of the night to her. The extreme danger from inflammation soon gave way to his prescriptions; but pain and illness were not of such rapid flight.

How I pitied poor Lady Elizabeth! She had but just lost her eldest brother, Lord Waldegrave,¹ and was only gone on a melancholy visit to his beautiful widow, who was one of the House of Waldegrave Graces, married to her first cousin.

Sir Lucas wrote to Captain Waldegrave, the only surviving brother, who came instantly.

The Queen committed to me the preparing Lady Caroline to see him. I was so much head nurse, that I had every opportunity to do it gently, and it was very essential not to cause her any emotion, even of joy. She is of so placid a nature, that the task was not difficult, though I devised means to save all risks, which some time or other may divert you. Captain Waldegrave is a gentle and interesting young man,² and tenderly affectionate to his sisters.

¹ George, fourth Earl of Waldegrave, *d.* October 22, 1789. His widow and cousin was the daughter of James, the second Earl. Captain William Waldegrave was in the Navy.

² He was six-and-thirty. He became a Rear-Admiral in 1794, and was created first Baron Radstock in 1800. He died in 1825.

168

see 394a

~~see 394a~~

169

X

170

PART XLII

1790

Home events—An odd marriage ceremony—The Bishop of Salisbury—A bridal visit—Domestic event—Mr. Alison—The Duchess de Biron—Recommencement of Hastings's trial—Edmund Burke—Impromptu by Hastings on Mr. Grey's speech—Newspaper gossip—Lords Chesterfield, Bulkley, and Fortescue—Ill-breeding—A literary party—Jacob Bryant—Scene in the Queen's dressing-room—Court etiquette—Garrick—Mrs. Piozzi—Easter party at Windsor—Jacob Bryant—A patriot king—Reading to the Queen—Mrs. Piozzi's *Travels*—*Memoirs of Cardinal Wolsey*—Colonel Manners—A senator—Mr. Pitt's tax on bachelors—A day at Hastings's trial—Windham and Burke—Sturm's *Meditations*—Interview with Mrs. Piozzi—Bruce's *Travels*—Madame Benda—Mr. Twining—Lady Corke—Lord Valletort—An English sailor—A day at Hastings's trial—Speeches of Burke and Windham—Mrs. Crewe—Lady Mary Duncan—Reading *The Rivals*—Lady Harcourt—Lady Juliana Penn—Hastings's trial—Speech of his counsel—Conversation with Windham—His skill in Greek—His remarks on Burke—Private and personal character of Hastings—Sir Joshua Reynolds—His loss of sight—The Duchess de Biron—Mesdames de Boufflers—Project of Miss Burney's retirement from Court—The Duchess of Dorset—Mr. Cambridge.

January.—Mrs. Smelt was now most dangerously ill, and her excellent husband wretched in the extreme: and this unhappy circumstance was the leading interest and occupation of this period.

I saw my dear and good Mrs. Ord by every opportunity; indeed I made no other visit out of my family, nor received any other visitor at home.

At Chelsea I saw my dearest father from the time we settled in town once a week, that is, twice in the month! I met there also Pacchierotti, to my great delight; and he sang so liberally and so enchantingly, that, just during that time, I knew not an ill in the world!

My Esterina too I visited twice! were she but as fat as she is dear! as stout as she is good!—far enough is she from it!—yet her sweet spirits keep their native gaiety, at least their native propensity; for they re-illuminate through all her thinness and sufferings, and bring her out, from time to time, such as she was meant to be. Dearest Esther, it saddened me within to see her!—God restore and preserve her!

Mr. Fairly was married the 6th.—I must wish happiness to smile on that day, and all its anniversaries; it gave a happiness to me unequalled, for it was the birthday of my Susanna!

One evening, about this time, Mr. Fisher, now Doctor, drank tea with us at Windsor, and gave me an account of Mr. Fairly's marriage that much amazed me. He had been called upon to perform the ceremony. It was by special licence, and at the house of Sir R—— F——.¹

So religious, so strict in all ceremonies, even, of religion, as he always appeared, his marrying out of a church was to me very unexpected. Dr. Fisher was himself surprised, when called upon, and said he supposed it must be to please the lady.

Nothing, he owned, could be less formal or solemn than the whole. Lady C., Mrs. and Miss S., and her father and brother and sister, were present. They all dined together at the usual hour, and then the ladies, as usual, retired. Some time after, the clerk was sent for, and then, with the gentlemen, joined the ladies, who were in the

¹ Miss Gunning's father,—Sir Robert Gunning, Bart., here "Fuzilier."

171
472

George
&
Barbara
Gunning

drawing-room, seated on sofas, just as at any other time. Dr. Fisher says he is not sure they were working, but the air of common employment was such, that he rather thinks it, and everything of that sort was spread about as on any common day—workboxes, netting-cases, etc. etc.!

Mr. Fairly then asked Dr. Fisher what they were to do? He answered, he could not tell; for he had never married anybody in a room before.

Upon this, they agreed to move a table to the upper end of the room, the ladies still sitting quietly, and then put on it candles and a prayer-book. Dr. Fisher says he hopes it was not a card-table, and rather believes it was only a Pembroke work-table.

The lady and Sir R. then came forward, and Dr. Fisher read the service.

So this, methinks, seems the way to make all things easy!

Yet—with so little solemnity—without even a room prepared and empty—to go through a business of such portentous seriousness!—'Tis truly amazing from a man who seemed to delight so much in religious regulations and observances. Dr. Fisher himself was dissatisfied, and wondered at his compliance, though he attributed the plan to the lady.

The bride behaved extremely well, he said, and was all smile and complacency. He had never seen her to such advantage, or in such soft looks, before; and perfectly serene, though her sister was so much moved as to go into hysterics.

Afterwards, at seven o'clock, the bride and bridegroom set off for a friend's house in Hertfordshire by themselves, attended by servants with white favours. The rest of the party, father, sister, and priest included, went to the play, which happened to be *Benedict*.¹

¹ *Much Ado About Nothing*: Miss Burney should write "Benedick."

I shall say nothing of the Queen's birthday, but that I had a most beautiful trimming worked me for it by Miss Cambridge, who half fatigued herself to death, for the kind pleasure that I should have my decorations from her hands.

If in some points my lot has been unenviable, what a constant solace, what sweet and soft amends, do I find and feel in the almost unexampled union of kindness and excellence in my chosen friends!

The day after the birthday produced a curious scene. To soften off, by the air, a violent headache, I determined upon walking to Chelsea to see my dear father. I knew I should thus avoid numerous visitors of the household, who might pay their devoirs to Mrs. Schwellenberg.

1721A

I missed my errand, and speedily returned, and found many cards from bedchamber-women and maids of honour; and, while still reading them, I was honoured with a call from the Bishop of Salisbury; and in two minutes my father came himself.

A pleasant conversation was commencing, when Columb opened the door, and said, "Colonel Fairly begs leave to ask you how you do."

He had been married but a week before he came into the midst of all the Court bustle, which he had regularly attended ever since!

It was a good while before the door opened again; and I heard a buzz of voices in the passage: but when it was thrown open, there appeared—the bride herself!—and alone!

She looked quite brilliant in smiles and spirits. I never saw a countenance so enlivened. I really believe she has long cherished a passionate regard for Mr. Fairly, and brightens now from its prosperity.

I received her with all the attention in my power, immediately wishing her joy: she accepted it with

a thousand dimples, and I seated her on the sofa, and myself by her side.

Nobody followed; and I left the Bishop to my father, while we entered into conversation, upon the birthday, her new situation in being exempt from its fatigues, and other matters of the time being.

I apologised to Mrs. Fairly for my inability to return the honour of her visit, but readily undertook to inform Her Majesty of her inquiries, which she earnestly begged from me.

February.—I shall take the liberty to give this month in loose scraps of anecdotes, and have done with it.

The safety of my beautiful friend, Mrs.¹——, I must first mention, as it was the most important circumstance of this period to my mind. Delighted with a little child, she wrote me word she could now forget every sorrow, if her innocent darling might be spared to her.

My dearest Charlotte also spent this time in town, and was with me, as usual, whenever I could make opportunity for the happiness of her dear and innocent society.

The loss of the excellent Mrs. Smelt, and all its grief and distress, you were informed of at the time. Her truly afflicted mate is quite lost without her. His daughters² behave like angels. Mrs. Goulton came in the illness, and has never left him since his deprivation, and means never to part from him more, except to Mrs. Cholmley.

I have been introduced to this lady, and in a melancholy correspondence with her upon this subject, she seems very worthy her origin; which, from me, is very high praise.

¹ Waddington.

² To wit,—Mrs. Goulton and Mrs. Cholmley.

I received a good deal of pleasure, at this time, from a letter sent me by Mrs. Alison, formerly my old friend Miss Gregory.¹ She is married, and very happy, and has four children. Mr. Alison² lives wholly in Scotland; but she took the opportunity of his having just published a metaphysical disquisition on Taste, to renew our long-dropped acquaintance, by sending me the work. I dread attacking metaphysics, but I have thanked her cordially for her kind remembrance.

*de la Roche
William*

I had much more difficulty from another call to an old connection, Mrs. North; she wrote me quite a warmly-affectionate regret of losing all sight of me, but an earnest invitation, in the Bishop's name as well as her own, to come one day to meet la Duchesse de Biron³ and the French noblesse now in England.

I should really have liked it, as I hear nothing but commendation of that Duchesse, and have had already two or three propositions for meeting her; but it was not approved, and therefore I was fain to decline it. I took what precaution I could to avoid giving offence, but I have heard no more from Mrs. North.

Tuesday, February 16.—Mr. Hastings's trial recommenced; and Her Majesty graciously presented me with tickets for Mr. Francis, Charlotte, and myself. She acknowledged a very great curiosity to know whether my old friends amongst the managers would renew their intercourse with a Court friend, or include me in the distaste conceived against herself, and drop their visits. I had not once been to the trial the preceding year, nor seen any of the set since the King's illness.

We were three hours before they entered, all

¹ See *ante*, vol. i. p. 115.

² Rev. Archibald Alison, 1757-1839. His *Essay on the Nature and Principles of Taste* had just appeared.

³ Wife of Armand-Louis, Duc de Gontaut de Biron, 1747-93.

173

spent in a harmony of converse and communication I never for three hours following can have elsewhere: no summons impending—no fear of accidental delay drawing off attention to official solicitude.

At the stated time they entered in the usual form, Mr. Burke first. I felt so grieved a resentment of his late conduct, that I was glad to turn away from his countenance. I looked elsewhere during the whole procession, and their subsequent arrangement, that I might leave totally to themselves and their consciences whether to notice a friend from Court or not. Their consciences said *not*. No one came; I only heard through Charlotte that Mr. Windham was of the set.

Mr. Anstruther spoke, and all others took gentle naps! I don't believe he found it out.

When all was concluded, I saw one of them ascending towards our seats: and presently heard the voice of Mr. Burke.

I wished myself many miles off! 'tis so painful to see with utter disapprobation those faces we have met with joy and pleasure! He came to speak to some relations of Mr. Anstruther; I was next them, and, when recovered from my first repugnance, I thought it better to turn round, not to seem leading the way myself to any breach. I met his eyes immediately and curtsied. He only said, "Oh, is it you?" then asked how I did, said something in praise of Mr. Anstruther, partly to his friends and partly to me—heard from *me* no reply—and hurried away, coldly, and with a look dissatisfied and uncordial.

I was much concerned; and we came away soon after.

Here is an impromptu, said to have been written by Mr. Hastings during Mr. Grey's speech, which was a panegyric on Mr. Philip Francis:—

Am

It hurts me not, that Grey, as Burke's assessor,
 Proclaims me Tyrant, Robber, and Oppressor,
 Tho' for abuse alone meant:
 For when he call'd himself the bosom friend,
 The Friend of Philip Francis,—I contend
 He made me full atonement.

I was called upon, on my return, to relate the day's business. Heavy and lame was the relation; but their Majesties were curious, and nothing better suited truth.

Major Price and Colonel Wellbred continued regularly of our Windsor parties, and their society is most amiable and pleasing.

The Colonel told me he had several of Smith's drawings, and expressed a wish to show me the collection, as well as the collections of his brother,¹ if I would make a party of my friends, and bring them to a little breakfast at his house, at any day or hour that would suit me.

I have heard there is much worth seeing in his and his brother's repository; and I should accept his obliging proposal with great pleasure if I had opportunity. I think I should not long hesitate as to the party of friends I should hope would accompany me. He has repeated the request so earnestly and so politely, that I have half promised to make the attempt.

Another time Mr. Thomas Willis was of the set. Mrs. Schwellenberg did not leave London all the month. He startled me a little by a hint of some newspaper paragraph concerning me: he stayed on, when all were gone but Miss Planta, and I then demanded an explanation.

It was a peremptory promise, he said, of a new book.

“Oh yes,” cried Miss Planta; “I have heard of

¹ See *ante*, vol. iii. p. 214.

it some time : and Mr. Turbulent says we shall all be in it."

"Why—I have been thinking of that," said Mr. Willis, in a dry way peculiar to himself, "and shaking my poor head and shoulders, to feel how I could keep them steady in case of an assault. And, indeed, this thought, all along, has made me, as you may have observed, rather cautious and circumspect, and *very* civil. I hope it has not been thrown away."

"Well, anybody's welcome to me and my character," cried Miss Planta ; "and that's always the answer I make them when they tell me of it."

"Upon my word," said Mr. Willis, affecting great solemnity, "I cannot say quite so much : on the contrary, I never go out of the room but I think to myself, How have I behaved to-night ? Will that do ? Will t'other tell well ? No, no ; not well !—not well at all !—all in the wrong there. But, hang it !—never mind !—she's very—humane—she won't be hard upon a trifle !"

I told him I was very glad he had such a trust.

I could learn nothing more of the paragraph ; but it served for ample play to his dry humour the next evening, when our tea-party was suddenly enlarged by the entrance of the Lords Chesterfield, -
- Bulkley, and Fortescue.

174
178

Lord Chesterfield brought in the two latter without any ceremony, and never introduced nor named them, but chatted on with them apart, as if they were in a room to themselves : and Colonel Wellbred, to whom all gentlemen here belong, was out of the room in search of a curious snuff-box that he had promised to show to us. Major Price, who by great chance was seated next me, jumped up as if so many wild beasts had entered, and escaped to the other side of the room, and Mr. Willis was only a sharp looker-on.

This was awkward enough for a thing so immaterial, as I could not even ask them to have any tea, from uncertainty how to address them; and I believe they were entirely ignorant whither Lord Chesterfield was bringing them, as they came in only to wait for a Royal summons.

How would that quintessence of high ton, the late Lord Chesterfield, blush to behold his successor! who, with much share of humour, and of good humour also, has as little good breeding as any man I ever met with.

Take an instance.—Lord Bulkley, who is a handsome man, is immensely tall; the Major, who is middle-sized, was standing by his chair, in close conference with him. — “Why, Bulkley,” cried Lord Chesterfield, “you are just the height *sitting* that Price is *standing*.”

Disconcerted a little, they slightly laughed; but Lord Bulkley rose, and they walked off to a greater distance.

Lord Chesterfield, looking after them, exclaimed, “What a walking steeple he is!—why, Bulkley, you ought to cut off your legs to be on a level with society!”

Colonel Wellbred, ever elegant in all attentions, and uniform in showing them, no sooner returned, and perceived that Lord Chesterfield had formed a separate party with his friends, than he stationed himself at the tea-table, dividing with the exactest propriety his time and conversation between the two sets.

When they were all summoned away, except Mr. Willis, who has never that honour but in private, he lifted up his hands and eyes, and called out, “I shall pity those men when the book comes out!—I would not be in their skins!”

I understood him perfectly,—and answered, truly, that I was never affronted more than a

minute with those by whom I could never longer be pleased.

176
177
My dearest readers know that this month I went to meet *my own assembly*, as it is honourably called, at Lady Rothes':¹ it was smaller than at Mrs. Ord's, but very pleasant,—Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Boscawen, Mrs. and Miss Ord, the Attorney-General, Sir Archibald Macdonald,² his Lady Louisa, Mr. Pepys, Mrs. Buller, Lord Leslie, and my dearest father.

All our talk was of France, the illustrious fugitives now here, and poor Sir Joshua Reynolds's academic troubles.

Monday, March 1.—This morning we went to Windsor. Mr. de Luc was already there; but Miss Planta and myself had our former esquire, Mr. Turbulent, for the first time these two years.

Her Majesty graciously read to Mr. de Luc and me a part of a speech of Mr. Burke upon the revolution in France,³ and then she lent it me to finish. It is truly beautiful, alike in nobleness of sentiment and animation of language. How happy does it make me to see this old favourite once more on the side of right and reason! Do I call this side so, only because it is my own?

I had no time, however, for going on with old annals; I had a commission from the Queen which demanded all my leisure.

Tuesday, March 2.—To-day I invited Mr. Bryant to dinner, and had much cause to be glad of his coming, from the pleasantry and information he afforded me. Mr. de Luc and Mr. Turbulent met him, and we had philosophy at play with good humour all the afternoon.

¹ See *ante*, vol. i. p. 104.

² Sir Archibald Macdonald, 1747-1826, at this date Attorney-General.

³ This was his speech in February 1790 against the French democracy.

At tea, Lords Chesterfield and Bulkley joined us with the equerries. Mr. Thomas Willis would have been somewhat gratified by their better behaviour. Lord Bulkley took a chair next mine, and talked just enough to show he was a very loyal subject, and no more.

But I was very sorry to hear from Major Price that this was *his* last Windsor excursion this year. "I have stayed," he told me, "till all my workmen in the country are at *sixes and sevens*, and in want of my directions; and till I have hardly a sixpence in my pocket! I am always at the command of their Majesties, but—I am only a younger brother, and cannot afford to live away from my own little cottage."

'Tis amazing something is not done for this most deserving and faithful adherent, who only relinquished his post from absolute inability to maintain it.

This month lost us Colonel Wellbred, whose waiting never finishes but to my regret. I had much confidential talk with him the last evening of his residence, in which he opened to me the whole of his situation, both with respect to his place and his family, as far as they are political. He gave me much concern for him in his statement, and the more, because all he said confirmed my best opinion of his honour and delicacy. He has the misfortune to have two brothers who never meet—solely from dissension in politics. He loves them both, and with both keeps well; but while he has a place that devotes a fourth of the year to the King, his residence for the rest of it is with the brother who is in opposition to Government. Not small must be the difficulties of such circumstances, and his preferment is probably checked by this determined fraternal amity; though his moderation

*bro & s
in amity*

and uprightness secure him the esteem, and force the good word, of both parties, as well as of both brothers.

Much injustice, however, has I believe accrued to him from this mild conduct, which is not calculated for advantage in a station that demands decisive vigour, though in private or retired life it makes the happiness and peace of all around. He grew so engaged, and I was so much interested for him, in the course of this explication, that, when called away to cards, he said he would not make me his final bow, but see me again the next morning. I set off, however, by sudden commands, so much earlier than usual, that I saw him no more; nor probably may meet him again till his waiting next year.

In one of our Windsor excursions at this time, while I was in Her Majesty's dressing-room, with only Mr. de Luc present, she suddenly said, "Prepare yourself, Miss Burney, with all your spirits, for to-night you must be reader."

She then added that she recollected what she had been told by my honoured Mrs. Delany, of my reading Shakspeare to her, and was desirous that I should read a play to herself and the Princesses; and she had lately heard, from Mrs. Schwollenberg, "nobody could do it better, when I would."

I assured Her Majesty it was rather *when I could*, as any reading Mrs. Schwollenberg had heard must wholly have been better or worse according to my spirits, as she had justly seemed to suggest.

The moment coffee was over the Princess Elizabeth came for me. I found Her Majesty knotting, the Princess Royal drawing, Princess Augusta spinning, and Lady Courtown I believe in the same employment, but I saw none of them perfectly well.

"Come, Miss Burney," cried the Queen, "how are your spirits?—How is your voice?"

"She says, ma'am," cried the kind Princess Elizabeth, "she shall do her best!"

This had been said in attending Her Royal Highness back. I could only confirm it, and that *cheerfully*,—to hide *fearfully*.

I had not the advantage of choosing my play, nor do I know what would have been my decision had it fallen to my lot. Her Majesty had just begun Colman's works, and *Polly Honeycomb*¹ was to open my campaign.

"I think," cried the Queen most graciously, "Miss Burney will read the better for drawing a chair and sitting down."

"Oh yes, mamma! I daresay so!" cried Princess Augusta and Princess Elizabeth, both in a moment.

The Queen then told me to draw my chair close to her side. I made no scruples. Heaven knows I needed not the addition of standing! but most glad I felt in being placed thus near, as it saved a constant painful effort of loud reading.

"Lady Courtown," cried the Queen, "you had better draw nearer, for Miss Burney *has the misfortune* of reading rather low at first."

Nothing could be more amiable than this opening. Accordingly, I did, as I had promised, my best; and, indifferent as that was, it would rather have surprised you, all things considered, that it was not yet worse. But I exerted all the courage I possess, and, having often read to the Queen, I felt how much it behoved me not to let her surmise I had any *greater* awe to surmount.

It is but a vulgar performance; and I was obliged to omit, as well as I could at sight, several

¹ *Polly Honeycombs*, 1760, is a one-act attack upon contemporary fiction.

circumstances very unpleasant for reading, and ill enough fitted for such hearers.

It went off pretty flat. Nobody is to comment, nobody is to interrupt; and even between one act and another not a moment's pause is expected to be made.

I had been already informed of this etiquette by Mr. Turbulent and Miss Planta; nevertheless, it is not only oppressive to the reader, but loses to the hearers so much spirit and satisfaction, that I determined to endeavour, should I again be called upon, to introduce a little break into this tiresome and unnatural profundity of respectful solemnity. My own embarrassment, however, made it agree with me for the present uncommonly well.

Lady Courtown never uttered one single word the whole time; yet is she one of the most loquacious of our establishment. But such is the settled etiquette.

The Queen has a taste for conversation, and the Princesses a good-humoured love for it, that doubles the regret of such an annihilation of all nature and all pleasantry. But what will not prejudice and education inculcate? They have been brought up to annex silence to respect and decorum: to talk, therefore, unbid, or to differ from any given opinion even when called upon, are regarded as high improprieties, if not presumptions.

They none of them do justice to their own minds, while they enforce this subjection upon the minds of others. I had not experienced it before; for when reading alone with the Queen, or listening to her reading to me, I have always frankly spoken almost whatever has occurred to me. But there I had no other examples before me, and therefore I might inoffensively be guided by myself; and Her Majesty's continuance of the same honour has shown no disapprobation of my

proceeding. But here it was not easy to make any decision for myself: to have done what Lady Courtown forbore doing would have been undoubtedly a liberty.

So we all behaved alike; and easily can I now conceive the disappointment and mortification of poor Mr. Garrick when he read *Lethe* to a Royal audience.¹ Its tameness must have tamed even him, and I doubt not he never acquitted himself so ill.

The next evening I had the same summons; but *The English Merchant* was the play, which did far better.² It is an elegant and serious piece, which I read with far greater ease, and into which they all entered with far greater interest.

The Princess Royal was so gracious when the Queen left the room, upon our next coming to town, to pay me very kind compliments upon my own part of the entertainment, though her brother the Duke of Clarence happened to be present. And the two other Princesses were full of the characters of the comedy, and called upon me to say which were my favourites, while they told me their own, at all our subsequent meetings for some time.

This is all I have been able to recollect of March in which my dearest readers might not themselves be writers. Chiefly I rejoice they witnessed the long-wished, long-dreaded interview with my formerly most dearly loved Mrs. Thrale—not writing it saves me much pang.³

¹ See *Early Diary*, 1889, ii. 158-59.

² Again by Colman, 1767. It is adapted from *L'Ecossoise* of Voltaire.

³ Mrs. Piozzi had no such scruples. In *Thraliana* she writes:—"1790, March 18th.—I met Miss Burney at an assembly last night—'tis six years since I had seen her: she appeared most fondly rejoiced, in good time! and Mrs. Locke, at whose house we stumbled on each other, pretended that she had such a regard for me, etc. I answered with ease and coldness, but in exceeding good humour: and we talked of the King and Queen, his Majesty's illness and recovery . . . and all ended, as it should do, with perfect indifference" (Hayward's *Autobiography, etc. of Mrs. Piozzi (Thrale)*, 2nd ed. 1861, i. 303).

April.—I have involuntarily let this month creep along unrecorded till this Tuesday the 20th. I could not muster courage for a journal; but now, to avoid any future long arrears, I determine to put down its poor shallow memorials.

On Easter Sunday, the 4th of April, when I left my beloved Susan at St. James's, I left with her all spirit for any voluntary employment, and it occurred to me I could best while away the leisure allowed me by returning to my long-forgotten tragedy.¹ This I have done, in those moments as yet given to my Journal, and it is well I had so sad a resource, since any merrier I must have aimed at in vain.

It was a year and four months since I had looked at or thought of it. I found nothing but unconnected speeches, and hints, and ideas, though enough in quantity, perhaps, for a whole play. I have now begun planning and methodising, and have written three or four regular scenes. I mention all these particulars of my progress, in answer to certain queries in the comments of my Susan and Fredy, both of old date.

Well (for that is my hack, as "however" is my dear Susanna's), we set off rather late for Windsor,—Mr. de Luc, Miss Planta, and myself; Mrs. Schwellenberg stayed in town.

The Easter party for the Queen consisted of Ladies Harcourt and Courtown; for the Princesses, Ladies Elizabeth Waldegrave and Mary Howe;² and for the King, Lord Courtown, General Grenville, Colonels Goldsworthy and Manners, General Budé, and Mr. Thomas Willis. General and Mrs. Harcourt were at St. Leonard's, and came occasionally, and Lord and Lady Chester-

¹ Perhaps *Edwy and Elgiva*, afterwards produced at Covent Garden in March 1795. See *post*, p. 365.

² Lord Howe's daughter.

field were at their adjoining villa, and were invited every evening. Dr. John Willis also came for one day.

I invited my old beau, as Her Majesty calls Mr. Bryant, to dinner, and he made me my best day out of the ten days of our Windsor sojourn. He has insisted upon lending me some more books, all concerning the most distant parts of the earth, or on subjects the most abstruse. His singular simplicity in constantly conceiving that, because to him such books alone are new, they must have the same recommendation to me, is extremely amusing; and though I do all that is possible to clear up the distinction, he never remembers it.

The King, for which I was very sorry, did not come into the room. He made it but one visit, indeed, during this recess. He then conversed almost wholly with General Grenville upon the affairs of France; and in a manner so unaffected, open, and manly, so highly superior to all despotic principles, even while most condemning the unlicensed fury of the Parisian mob, that I wished all the nations of the world to have heard him, that they might have known the real existence of a patriot King. - Vol 7

Another reading took place, and much more comfortably; it was to the Queen and Princesses, without any lady-in-waiting. The Queen, as before, condescended to order me to sit close to her side; and as I had no model before me, I scrupled much less to follow the bent of my own ideas by small occasional comments. And these were of use both to body and mind; they rested the lungs from one invariable exertion, as much as they saved the mind from one strain of attention.

Our play was *The Man of Business*, a very good

comedy,¹ but too local for long life. And another of Colman's which I read afterwards has the same defect. Half the follies and peculiarities it satirises are wholly at an end and forgotten. Humour springing from mere dress, or habits, or phraseology, is quickly obsolete; when it sinks deeper, and dives into character, it may live *for ever*.

To myself I read Mrs. Piozzi's *Travels*.² The *Travels* are just like herself, abounding in sallies of genius.

The *Memoirs of Cardinal Wolsey*,³ with which I have been singularly entertained, from their unconscious sketches of life and manners in the reign of Henry VIII., I obtained licence, at last, to return, though they were still unperused. But the mention I chanced to make of them one morning to Lady Harcourt, who professes a particular taste for ancient biography, made her request to read them so earnestly, that I wrote a little note to Mr. Seward of apology, and lent them. He has sent me a most gallant answer, desiring me to look upon them as my own, either for myself or my friends, from this time forward. I shall by no means, however, accept this offer, though I am much obliged by it.

I took down with me from town a *Commentary on the Lord's Prayer*, which is just published by Dr. Lort,⁴ who has had the good humour to send me a copy from the author. I am always much gratified when I find myself remembered by old acquaintance after long absence. It has not much information, but it is pious and perfectly good.

¹ Gibbon is not as kind to Colman's comedy as Miss Burney is. "It is a very confused miscellany, of several plays and tales; sets out brilliantly enough; but as we advance, the plot grows thicker and the wit thinner, till the lucky fall of the curtain preserves us from total chaos" (*Biographia Dramatica*, 1812, iii. 14).

² See *ante*, p. 300.

³ It is difficult to decide whether the lives of Fiddes or Cavendish be intended.

⁴ *Short Comment on the Lord's Prayer*, 1790, 8vo.

Another book fell into my possession through Mrs. de Luc; finding I had never—strange to tell!—read Goldsmith's Poems, she sent me a little neat pocket volume, which I accept from that valuable friend, as just the keepsake, I told her, that could give me only pleasure from her hands.

I dedicated my Wednesday evening to a very comfortable visit to our dear James, whose very good and deserving wife, and fine little fat children, with our Esther and her fair Marianne and Fanny, all cordially conspired to make me happy. We read a good deal of Captain Bligh's interesting narrative,¹ every word of which James has taken as much to heart as if it were his own production.

I go on, occasionally, with my tragedy.² It does not much enliven, but it soothes me.

WINDSOR.

Friday, April 23.—The anniversary of the Thanksgiving Day, a day in which my gratitude was heightened by making my acknowledgments for its blessing with my Susan by my side.

I shall add nothing at present to my Journal but the summary of a conversation I have had with Colonel Manners, who, at our last excursion, was here without any other gentleman.

Knowing he likes to be considered as a senator,³ I thought the best subject for our discussion would be the House of Commons; I therefore made sundry political inquiries, so foreign to my usual mode, that you would not a little have smiled to have heard them.

I had been informed he had once made an

¹ *A Narrative of the Mutiny on Board His Majesty's Ship Bounty, etc.*—written by Lieutenant William Bligh—was published in June 1790.

² See *ante*, p. 362.

³ He was, or had been, M.P. for Bedwin in Wiltshire.

178
79
180

attempt to speak, during the Regency business, last winter; I begged to know how the matter stood, and he made a most frank display of its whole circumstances.

187 + | "Why, they were speaking away," he cried, "upon the Regency, and so,—and they were saying the King could not reign, and recover; and Burke was making some of his eloquence, and talking; and, says he, 'hurled from his throne,'—and so I put out my finger in this manner, as if I was in a great passion, for I felt myself very red, and I was in a monstrous passion I suppose, but I was only going to say 'Hear! hear!' but I happened to lean one hand down upon my knee, in this way, just as Mr. Pitt does when he wants to speak; and I stooped forward, just as if I was going to rise up and begin; but just then I caught Mr. Pitt's eye, looking at me so pitifully; he thought I was going to speak, and he was frightened to death, for he thought—for the thing was he got up himself, and he said over all I wanted to say; and the thing is, he almost always does; for just as I have something particular to say, Mr. Pitt begins, and goes through it all, so that he don't leave anything more to be said about it; and so I suppose, as he looked at me so pitifully, he thought I should say it first, or else that I should get into some scrape, because I was so warm and looking so red."

Any comment would disgrace this; I will therefore only tell you his opinion, in his own words, of one of our late taxes.

"There's only one tax, ma'am, that ever I voted for against my conscience, for I've always been very particular about that; but that is the *bachelors*' tax, and that I hold to be very unconstitutional, and I am very sorry I voted for it, because it's very unfair; for how can a man help

being a *bachelidor*, if nobody will have him? and besides, it's not any fault to be taxed for, because we did not make ourselves *bachelidors*, for we were made so by God, for nobody was born married, and so I think it's a very unconstitutional tax."

Tuesday, April 27.—I had the happiness of my dearest Fredy's society in Westminster Hall—if happiness and that place may be named together.

The day was mixed; Evidence and Mr. Anstruther weighing it down, and Mr. Burke speaking from time to time, and lighting it up. Oh, were his purpose worthy his talents, what an effect would his oratory produce! I always hear him with so much concern, I can scarce rejoice even in being kept awake by him.

The day was nearly passed, and I was eating a biscuit to prevent an absolute doze while Mr. Anstruther was talking, when, raising myself from a listening bend, I turned to the left, and perceived Mr. Windham, who had quietly placed himself by my side without speaking.

My surprise was so great, and so totally had I given up all idea of renewing our conferences, that I could scarce refrain expressing it.

Probably it was visible enough, for he said, as if apologising for coming up, that so to do was the only regale their toils allowed them.

He then regretted that it was a stupid day, and, with all his old civility about me and my time, declared he was always sorry to see me there when nothing worth attention was going forward.

This soon brought us round to our former intimacy of converse; and, the moment I was able, I ventured at my usual inquiry about his own speaking, and if it would soon take place.

"No," he answered, with a look of great pleasure, "I shall now not speak at all.—I have

cleared myself from that task, and never with such satisfaction did I get rid of any !”

Amazed, yet internally glad, I hazarded some further inquiry into the reason of this change of plan.

They were drawing, he said, to a conclusion, and the particular charge which he had engaged himself to open was relinquished. “I have therefore,” he cried, “washed my hands of making a speech, yet satisfied my conscience, my honour, my promises, and my intentions ; for I have declined undertaking anything new, and no claim therefore remains upon me.”

“Well,” quoth I, “I am at a loss whether to be glad or sorry.”

He comprehended instantly, — glad for Mr. Hastings, or sorry for not hearing him. He laughed, but said something a little reproachful, upon my continued interest for that gentleman.

I would not pretend it was diminished ; I determined he should find me as frank as heretofore, and go, or stay, as his nerves stood the firmness.

“You are never, then” (I said afterwards), “to speak here ?”

“Once,” he answered, “I said a few words——”

“Oh, when ?” I cried : “I am very sorry I did not know it, and hear you,—as you did speak !”

“Oh !” cried he, laughing, “I do not fear this flattery now, as I shall speak no more !”

“But what,” cried I, “was the occasion that drew you forth ?”

“Nothing very material ; but I saw Burke run hard, and I wished to help him.”

“That was just,” cried I, “what I should have expected from you—and just what I have not been able not to honour, on some other occasions, even where I have most blamed the matter that has drawn forth the assistance.”

! This was going pretty far:—he could not but instantly feel I meant the Regency discussions. He neither made me any answer, nor turned his head, even obliquely, my way.

I was not sorry, however. 'Tis always best to be sincere.

Finding him quite silent, to soften matters as well as I could with honesty, I began an *éloge* of Mr. Burke, both warm and true, as far as regards his wonderful abilities. But he soon distinguished the rigorous precision with which, involuntarily, I praised the powers, without adverting to their use.

Suddenly then, and with a look of extreme keenness, he turned his eyes upon me, and exclaimed, "Yes,—and he has very highly, also, the faculty of being right!"

I would the friendship that dictated this assertion were as unwarped as it is animated.

I could not help saying, rather faintly, "Has he?"

Not faintly he answered, "He has!—but not the world alone, even his friends, are apt to misjudge him. What he enters upon, however, with earnestness, you will commonly find turn out as he represents it."

His genius, his mental faculties, and the natural goodness of his heart, I then praised as warmly as Mr. Windham could have praised them himself; but the subject ran me aground a second time, as, quite undesignedly, I concluded my panegyric with declaring that I found it impossible not to admire—nay, love him—through all his wrong.

Finding another total silence and averted head, I started something more general upon the trial.

His openness then returned, with all its customary vivacity, and he expressed himself extremely irritated upon various matters which had been carried against the managers by the judges.

“But, Mr. Windham!” exclaimed I, “the judges!—is it possible you can enter into such a notion as to suppose Mr. Hastings capable of bribing them?”

“Oh, for capable,” cried he, “I don’t know!—”

“Well, leave that word out, and suppose him even willing—can you imagine all the judges and all the lords—for they must concur—disposed to be bribed?”

“No; but I see them all determined to acquit Mr. Hastings.”

“Determined?—nay, that indeed is doing him very little honour.”

“Oh, for honour!—if he is acquitted——”

He stopped,—as if that were sufficient.

I ventured to ask why the judges and the lords should make such a determination.

“From the general knavery and villany of mankind,” was his hard answer; “which always wishes to abet successful guilt.”

“Well!” cried I, shaking my head; “you have not, I see, relinquished your speech from having nothing to say. But I am glad you have relinquished it, for I have always been most afraid of you; and the reason is, those who know how to hold back will not for nothing come forward. There is one down there, who, if he knew how ever to hold back, would be great indeed!”

He could not deny this, but would not affirm it. Poor Mr. Burke!—so near to being wholly right, while yet wholly wrong!

When Mr. Burke mounted the rostrum, Mr. Windham stopped short, saying, “I won’t interrupt you”; and, in a moment, glided back to the managers’ box; where he stood behind Mr. Burke, evidently at hand to assist in any difficulty. His affection for him seems to amount to fondness. This is not for me to wonder at. Who was so

captivated as myself by that extraordinary man, till he would no longer suffer me to reverence the talents I must still ever admire?

Saturday, May 1. — My dear Susanna will remember Mrs. Holroyd,¹ whom we met at Twickenham, during our visit there before the Boulogne expedition. She is now at Mrs. de Luc's, and she called upon me while I was in waiting yesterday, and this morning I returned the compliment. She has lately translated, from a French version, a German work of four thick volumes, by M. Sturm,² consisting of Religious Meditations and Observations for every Day in the Year. Miss Cambridge had lent me the first volume, with which I was much pleased, as well as instructed, though it is a work both too high and too low for general use, rising up to philosophers, and sinking down to children, alternately.

We talked this a good deal over, and she was much gratified in having heard, from Miss Cambridge, that I had mentioned and shown it to my Royal Mistress, for whom she has the most profound veneration, notwithstanding her passionate love for her brother, Lord Sheffield, who is in the Opposition. Of him, too, and his lady³ and children, I was glad to hear a good account, for old acquaintance' sake: though when she hinted at something of its being renewed, I was obliged to fly aloof. The *Opposition* interest is not quite that of our abode!

In one speech she a good deal surprised me. She led me to speak of the Queen, and expressed

¹ Sarah Martha Holroyd ("Serena"), 1739-1820, sister of John Baker Holroyd, Baron Sheffield, 1735-1821.

² Christopher Christian Sturm, 1740-86.

³ Lord Sheffield's first wife was Abigail Way, daughter of Lewis Way, of Old Court, Richmond. She died in 1793 from a chill caught while ministering to the French refugees in Guy's Hospital.

182

v. 1.
v. 1

herself satisfied how high I must stand in her graciousness, but added, she knew not if that was desirable, since "the more," she said, "you become attached, the greater will be your pain and difficulty in any future plan of quitting her."

Was it not odd?—I made some general answer, disclaiming any such plan; she took no notice of it, but enlarged with much pity on my extreme confinement.

Sunday, May 2.—This morning, in my way to church, just as I arrived at the iron gate of our courtyard, a well-known voice called out, "Ah, there's Miss Burney!"

I started, and looked round—and saw—Mrs. Piozzi!

I hastened up to her; she met my held-out hand with both hers: Mr. Piozzi and Cecilia¹ were with her—all smiling and good-humoured.

"You are going," she cried, "to church?—so am I. I must run first to the inn: I suppose one may sit—anywhere one pleases?"

"Yes," I cried, "but you must be quick, or you will sit nowhere, there will be such a throng."

This was all;—she hurried on,—so did I.

I received exceeding great satisfaction in this little and unexpected meeting. She had been upon the Terrace, and was going to change her hat; and haste on both sides prevented awkwardness on either.

Yet I saw she had taken in good part my concluding *hand-presentation* at my dear Mr. Lock's:² she met me no more with that *fierté* of defiance: it was not—nor can it ever be—with her old cordiality, but it was with some degree of pleasure, and that species of readiness which evinces a consciousness of meeting with a good reception.

¹ Cecilia Thrale, afterwards Mrs. Mostyn.

² See *ante*, p. 361.

183.

Dr. Fisher lent me the first volume of Mr. Bruce.¹ But I could only find time to look over the Introduction; which, indeed, in pompous promise of what is to come, and satisfied boast of what has been performed, exceeds whatever yet the most doughty hero has advanced of his own *faits et gestes*. Your two little men are quite undone!

This extraordinary wight acquainted my father, not long since, that he should take the liberty to order a set of his *Travels* to be finely bound up, and sent to "his daughter with the Queen"; because there had appeared, some years ago, an ode, addressed to himself, which he attributed to that person, and felt eager to acknowledge!

Much surprised, my father inquired further, and heard there was a great compliment to himself, also, which induced this suggestion. My father said that alone was sufficient to satisfy him it was not his daughter's.

He sent the ode to my father.² It is such a one as I might be proud enough, Heaven knows, to own, in point of poetry and idea, and far superior to anything I have a chance to produce in the Apollo line; but I am free to confess—I rather think I should have chosen another subject! It is all panegyric; no Laureate birthday incense breathes higher flattery.

Thursday, May 6.—This being the last Pan-theon, I put in my long-intended claim; and it was greatly facilitated by the circumstance of a new singer, Madame Benda,³ making her first appearance. She is just arrived from Germany,

¹ Bruce's *Travels to discover the Source of the Nile*, after much delay, appeared at Edinburgh in 1790, in five 4to volumes.

² What this Ode was is obscure. But Peter Pindar did not fail to greet Bruce's *folios* with a *Complimentary Epistle and Ode* in his wonted manner (*Works*, Paris, n.d. iii. 77).

³ Dr. Burney mentions more than one Benda in his German tour, but not this lady.

and has been humbly recommended to the notice of Her Majesty: it was on this account my father engaged her to try her powers at the Pantheon; and the Queen was herself interested I should hear her success.

185
My dearest father fetched me from the Queen's house. Esther and Marianne¹ kept me places between them. Marianne never looked so pretty; I saw not a face there I thought equally lovely. And, oh, how Pacchierotti sung!—HOW!—with what exquisite feeling, what penetrating pathos!—I could almost have cried the whole time, that this one short song was all I should be able to hear!

For the short time I was empowered to stay, I was most fortunate in my rencounters; for who should sit next my dear Esther but Mr. Twining? Glad was I to see him—most glad indeed,—and the more, as I have no other chance to have that gratification. When I told him this, he answered, “Oh no!—I know that!—I know you are a *sight*! I look upon you as a *show*,—just as I do upon the Lincolnshire ox, or new American bird!”

I saw very few of my general acquaintance, for I sat near the private door to the chairs, that I might glide away without disturbance. Amongst the few, however, I was claimed by Mrs. Monckton, a sister-in-law of the queerly celebrated Miss Monckton, now Lady Corke, at whose house I had formerly the pleasure to meet her. Indeed, she visited me in St. Martin's Street. She was a daughter of the unfortunate Lord Pigot,² and is a very sensible, agreeable, and accomplished woman. We were too distantly seated for many words; but all that we interchanged were in perfect harmony, since they sung, in alternate strains, the praises of Pacchierotti.

¹ Anna Maria, or Marianne Burney, Esther Burney's eldest child.

² George, Lord Pigot, Governor of Madras, 1719-77.

The first person who accosted me on my entrance was Lord Valletort, who had so regularly attended this charming concert as instantly to pronounce to me that this was my first appearance.

Mrs. John Hunter,¹ also, recollected me: I had once met her at an assembly at Mrs. Thrale's. She is a very fine woman, and highly accomplished; but with rather too much glare, both without and within.

Poor Madame Benda pleased neither friend nor foe: she has a prodigious voice, great powers of execution, but a manner of singing so vehemently boisterous, that a boatswain might entreat her to moderate it.

At the beginning of the second act I was obliged to decamp. James, who had just found me out, was my esquire. "Well," he cried, in our way to the chair, "will there be war with Spain?"

I assured him I thought not.

"So I am afraid!" answered the true English tar. "However, if there is, I should be glad of a frigate of thirty-two guns. Now, if you ask for it, don't say a *frigate*, and get me one of twenty-eight!"

Good Heaven!—poor innocent James!—

And just as I reached the chair—"But how shall you feel," he cried, "when I ask you to desire a guard-ship for me, in about two years' time?"

I could make no precise answer to that!

He then added that he intended coming to court!

Very much frightened, I besought him first to come and drink tea with me—which he promised.

In my way home, as I went ruminating upon this apparently but just, though really impracticable demand, I weighed well certain thoughts long revolving, and of late nearly bursting forth;

¹ See *ante*, vol. ii. p. 147.

and the result was this—to *try all, while yet there is time!* Reproach else may aver, when too late, greater courage would have had greater success. This idea settled my resolutions, and they all bent to one point, risking all risks.

Monday, May 10.—This evening, by appointment, came our good James and his wife, and soon afterwards, to my great pleasure, Captain Phillips joined us.

I take it, therefore, for granted, he will have told all that passed in the business way. I was very anxious to gather more intelligibly the wishes and requests of poor James, and to put a stop to his coming to court without taking such previous steps as are customary. I prevailed, and promised, in return, to make known his pretensions.

You may believe, my dear friends, this promise was the result of the same wish of experiment, and sense of claim upon me of my family to make it *while I may*, that I have mentioned. I did—this very evening. I did it *gaily*, and in relating such anecdotes as were amusingly characteristic of a sailor's honest but singular notions of things: yet I have done it completely; his wishes and his claims are now laid open—Heaven knows to what effect! The court-scheme I have also told; and my Royal Mistress very graciously informed me, that if presented by some superior officer there could be no objection; but otherwise, unless he had some promotion, it was not quite usual.

Tuesday, May 11.—This morning my Royal Mistress had previously arranged for me that I should go to the trial, and had given me a ticket for my little Sarah¹ to accompany me; and late last night, I believe after twelve o'clock, she most graciously gave me another for James. Just at this time she could not more have gratified me

¹ Sarah Harriet Burney, her half-sister.

than by a condescension to my dear brother. Poor Columb was sent with the intelligence, and directions for our meeting at seven o'clock this morning, to Norton Street.

Sarah came early; but James was so late we were obliged to leave word for him to follow us.

He did,—two hours afterwards! by way of being our esquire; and then told me he knew it would be in good time, and so he had stopped to breakfast at ~~Sir Joseph Banks's~~

I suppose the truth is, it saved him a fresh puff of powder for some other day.

We talked over all affairs, naval and national, very comfortably. The trial is my only place for long dialogues.

I gave him a new and earnest charge that he would not *speak home* concerning the prosecution to Mr. Windham, should he join us. He made me a less reluctant promise than heretofore, for when last with Charlotta at Aylsham he had frequently visited Mr. Windham, and had several battles at draughts or backgammon with him; and there is no such good security against giving offence as seeing ourselves that our opponents are worth pleasing. Here, too, as I told James, however we might think all the managers in the wrong, they were at least open enemies, and acting a public part, and therefore they must fight it out, as he would do with the Spaniards, if, after all negotiation, they came to battle.

He allowed this; and promised to leave him to the attacks of the little privateer, without falling foul of him with a broadside.

Soon after the trial began Mr. Windham came up to us, and after a few minutes' chat with me addressed himself to James about the approaching war. "Are you preparing," he cried, "for a campaign?"

“Not such a one,” cried James, “as we had last summer at Aylsham!”

“But what officers you are!” he cried, “*you men of Captain Cook*;¹ you rise upon us in every trial! This Captain Bligh,—what feats, what wonders he has performed! What difficulties got through! What dangers defied! And with such cool, manly skill!”

They talked the narrative² over as far as Mr. Windham had in manuscript seen its sketch; but as I had not read it, I could not enter into its detail.

This over, he took his seat by my elbow, and renewed one of his old style of conversations about the trial; each of us firmly maintaining our original ground. I believe he has now relinquished his expectation of making me a convert.

He surprised me soon by saying, “I begin to fear, after all, that what you have been talking about to me will come to pass.”

I found he meant his own speaking upon a new charge, which, when I last saw him, he exultingly told me was given up. He explained the apparent inconsistency by telling me that some new change of plan had taken place, and that Mr. Burke was extremely urgent with him to open the next charge. “And I cannot,” he cried emphatically, “leave Burke in the lurch!” I both believed and applauded him so far; but why are either of them engaged in a prosecution so uncoloured by necessity?

One chance he had still of escaping this tremendous task, he told me, which was that it might devolve upon Grey; but Burke, he did not disavow, wished it to be himself. “However,” he laughingly added, “I think we may toss up!”

¹ James Burney had served under Cook, and Bligh had been Cook's sailing-master.

² See *ante*, p. 365.

In that case, how I wish he may lose! not only from believing him the abler enemy, but to reserve his name from amongst the Active List in such a cause.

He bewailed,—with an arch look that showed his consciousness I should like the lamentation,—that he was now all unprepared,—all fresh to begin in documents and materials; the charge being wholly new and unexpected, and that which he had considered relinquished.

“I am glad, however,” cried I, “your original charge is given up; for I well remember what you said of it.”

“I might be flattered,” cried he, “and enough, that you should remember anything I say—did I not know it was only for the sake of its subject,”—looking down upon Mr. Hastings.

I could not possibly deny this; but added that I recollected he had acknowledged his charge was to prove Mr. Hastings “mean, pitiful, little, and fraudulent.”

The trial this day consisted almost wholly in dispute upon evidence; the managers offered such as the counsel held improper, and the judges and lords at last adjourned to debate the matter in their own chamber.

Mr. Burke made a very fine speech upon the rights of the prosecutor to bring forward his accusation, for the benefit of justice, in such mode as appeared most consonant to his own reason and the nature of things, according to their varying appearances as fresh and fresh matter occurred.

The counsel justly alleged the hardship to the client, if thus liable to new allegations and suggestions, for which he came unprepared, from a reliance that those publicly given were all against which he need arm himself, and that, if those were disproved, he was cleared; while the desultory and

shifting charges of the managers put him out in every method of defence, by making it impossible to him to discern where he might be attacked.

In the course of this debate I observed Mr. Windham so agitated and so deeply attentive, that it prepared me for what soon followed: he mounted the rostrum—for the third time only since this trial commenced.

His speech was only to a point of law respecting evidence: he kept close to his subject, with a clearness and perspicuity very uncommon indeed amongst these orators. His voice, however, is greatly in his disfavour; for he forces it so violently, either from earnestness or a fear of not being heard, that, though it answered the purpose of giving the most perfect distinctness to what he uttered, its sound had an unpleasing and crude quality that amazed and disappointed me. The command of his language and fluency of his delivery, joined to the compact style of his reasoning and conciseness of his arguments, were all that could answer my expectations: but his manner—whether from energy or secret terror—lost all its grace, and by no means seemed to belong to the elegant and high-bred character that had just quitted me.

In brief,—how it may happen I know not,—but he certainly does not do justice to his own powers and talents in public.

He was excessively agitated: when he had done and dismounted, I saw his pale face of the most fiery red. Yet he had uttered nothing in a passion. It must have been simply from internal effort.

The counsel answered him; and he mounted to reply. Here, indeed, he did himself honour; his readiness of answer, the vivacity of his objections, and the instantaneous command of all his reasoning faculties, were truly striking. Had what he said

not fallen in reply to a speech but that moment made, I must have concluded it the result of study, and an harangue learnt by heart.

He was heard with the most marked attention.

The second speech, like the first, was wholly upon the laws of evidence, and Mr. Hastings was not named in either.

He is certainly practising against his great day. And, in truth, I hold still to my fear of it; for, however little his *manner* in public speaking may keep pace with its promise in private conversation, his *matter* was tremendously pointed and severe.

The trial of the day concluded by an adjournment to consult upon the evidence in debate, with the judges, in the House of Lords.

Mr. Windham came up to the seats of the Commons in my neighbourhood, but not to me; he spoke to the Misses Francis,¹—daughters of Mr. Hastings's worst foe,—and hurried down.

While Sarah and I were waiting downstairs in the Great Hall, and James was gone for Columb, I was addressed by Mrs. Crewe, who most civilly renewed old acquaintance, with kind *complaints* against my immured life.

I told her, with a laugh, that coming to this trial might reconcile any one to stillness and confinement; for it gave but little encouragement to action and exertion.

On my return I was called upon to give an account of the trial to their Majesties and the Princesses. 'Tis a formidable business, I assure you, to perform.

Thursday, May 13.—I went to a musical party at our Esther's: I heard, as usual, only the opening of the concert; but it was very sweet to me. Lady Mary Duncan² was amongst the company, and I

¹ Francis had five daughters,—Elizabeth, Sarah, Catherine, Harriet, and another.

² See *ante*, vol. ii. p. 222.

thought her much altered from her wonted cordiality; whether from resenting my never having waited upon her, I could not tell; but it made me uneasy, her many kindnesses always combating her queernesses in my regard; and therefore I could not rest till I made my peace, by proposing a visit on my first attainable Monday. The offer was very smilingly accepted, and all did well. I must represent my case to my Royal Mistress, and manage it if possible.

I had the pleasure also to meet our old acquaintance Mrs. Maling,¹ and some of her grown-up daughters; but my first pleasure was in seeing Pacchierotti, that sweetly gentle old friend and favourite, whose fascinating talents would carry me almost anywhere, without any other inducement.

He was so kind as to sing one song, and that almost at the opening, for my indulgence. I was forced to fly without thanking him.

Our ever-good James was there, and full of his ship plans. I see him quite amazed that he has not had a vessel, just such a one as he wished, instantly given him, on making known, through me, his desire! Alas! . . .

His excellent wife brought me their two fine and jovial children at St. James's, where we all made merry during the drawing-room.

Friday Morning.—Her Majesty sent the Princess Elizabeth to summon me to a public reading. I found, added to my Royal hearers, Lady Harcourt and Lady Juliana Penn!² However, the Queen was still so gracious as to order me to sit down, which I did close to her elbow.

The play chosen was *The Rivals*. Mr. Sheridan does not, I presume, fancy me reading any of his works to Her Majesty.

These two ladies added much to the solemnity

¹ See *ante*, vol. iii. p. 356.

² See *ante*, vol. iii. p. 255.

I have made such efforts to dispel : Lady Harcourt seemed to think it would be a liberty to attend to the play, so far as to enter at all into its spirit ; and Lady Juliana had just been set about some spinning, and I believe was so absorbed in her work, either because it was new to her, or because it was for the Queen, that she held it most respectful to attend to nothing else. It is terrible to see how formality annihilates the best faculties !

Tuesday, May 18.—This morning I again went to the trial of poor Mr. Hastings. Heavens ! who can see him sit there unmoved ? not even those who think him guilty,—if they are human.

I took with me Mrs. Bogle. She had long since begged a ticket for her husband, which I could never before procure. We now went all three. And, indeed, her original speeches and remarks made a great part of my entertainment.

Mr. Hastings and his counsel were this day most victorious. I never saw the prosecutors so dismayed. Yet both Mr. Burke and Mr. Fox spoke, and before the conclusion so did Mr. Windham. They were all in evident embarrassment. Mr. Hastings's counsel¹ finished the day with a most noble appeal to justice and innocence, protesting that, if his client did not fairly claim the one, by proving the other, he wished himself that the prosecutors—that the Lords—that the nation at large—that the hand of God—might fall heavy upon him !

This had a great and sudden effect,—not a word was uttered. The prosecutors looked dismayed and astonished ; and the day closed.

¹ Edward Law, afterwards Lord Ellenborough, and Lord Chief Justice of England, the leading counsel. His words, as reported in the *History of the Trial*, etc., 1796, part iii. p. 56, were : " And, if . . . the Gentleman for whom I am now speaking does not falsify every act of cruelty that the Hon. Managers shall attempt to prove upon him, May the hand of this House, and the hand of God light upon him ! "

Mr. Windham came up to speak to Misses Francis about a *dinner*; but he only bowed to me, and with a look so conscious—so much saying “’Tis your turn to triumph now!”—that I had not the spite to attack him.

But when the counsel had uttered this animated speech, Mrs. Bogle was so much struck, she hastily arose, and, clapping her hands, called out audibly, in a broad Scotch accent, “Oh, *chaarming!*” I could hardly quiet her till I assured her we should make a paragraph for the newspapers!

I had the pleasure to deliver this myself to their Majesties and the Princesses; and as I was called upon while it was fresh in my memory, I believe but little of the general energy was forgotten. It gave me great pleasure to repeat so striking an affirmation of the innocence of so high, so injured, I believe, a character. The Queen eagerly declared I should go again the next sitting.

Wednesday, May 19.—The real birthday of my Royal Mistress, to whom may Heaven grant many, many, and prosperous! Dressing, and so forth, filled up all the morning; and at night I had a *tête-à-tête* with Charles, till twelve. I got to bed about five in the morning. The sweet Princesses had a ball, and I could not lament my fatigue.

Thursday, May 20.—To-day again to the trial, to which I took Miss Young,¹ Her Majesty having given me two tickets very late over-night. Miss Young is singularly, as far as I can see, the reverse of her eccentric parents; she is moderation personified.

Mr. Windham again spoke in the course of this morning’s business, which was chiefly occupied in debating on the admissibility of the evidence brought forward by the prosecutors. The quickness and aptness of his arguments, with the admirable

¹ No doubt a daughter of Arthur Young, the agriculturist, 1741-1820.

: Mary Young

facility and address with which he seized upon those of his opponents, the counsel, were strong marks of that high and penetrating capacity so strikingly his characteristic. The only defect in his speaking is the tone of his voice, which, from exertion, loses all its powers of modulation, and has a crude accent and expression very disagreeable.

During the examination of Mr. Anderson, one of Mr. Hastings's best friends,—a sensible, well-bred, and gentleman-like man, — Mr. Windham came up to my elbow. 189

"And can this man," cried he, presently, "this man—so gentle—be guilty?"

I accused him of making a point to destroy all admiration of gentleness in my opinion. "But you are grown very good now!" I added. "No, *very bad* I mean!"

He knew I meant for speaking; and I then gave him, burlesqued, various definitions of good, which had fallen from Mr. Fox in my hearing; the most contradictory, and, taken out of their place, the most ridiculous imaginable.

He laughed very much, but seriously confessed that technical terms and explanations had better have been wholly avoided by them all, as the counsel were sure to out-technicalise them, and they were then exposed to greater embarrassments than by steering clear of the attempt, and resting only upon their common forces.

"There is one praise," I cried, "which I am always sure to meet in the newspapers whenever I meet with your name; and I begin to quite tire of seeing it for you,—your skill in logic!"

"Oh, I thank you," he cried, earnestly; "I am indeed quite ashamed of the incessant misappropriation of that word."

"No, no," cried I; "I only tire of it because they seem to think, when once the word logic and

your name are combined, they have completely stated all. However, in what little I have heard, I could have suspected you to have been prepared with a speech ready written, had I not myself heard just before all the arguments which it answered."

I then added that I was the less surprised at this facility of language, from having heard my brother declare he knew no man who read Greek with that extraordinary rapidity—no, not Dr. Parr, nor any of the professed Grecians, whose peculiar study it had been through life.

This could be nothing, he said, but partiality.

"Not mine, at least," cried I, laughing, "for Greek excellence is rather out of my sphere of panegyric!"

"Well," cried he, laughing too at my disclaiming, "'tis your brother's partiality. However, 'tis one I must try not to lose; I must take to my Greek exercises again."

They will do you a world of good, thought I, if they take you but from your prosecution exercises.

We then talked of Mr. Burke. "How finely," I cried, "he has spoken! with what fulness of intelligence, and what fervour!"

He agreed, with delighted concurrence.

"Yet,—so much!—so long!" I added.

"True!" cried he, ingenuously, yet concerned. "What pity he can never stop!"

And then I enumerated some of the diffuse and unnecessary paragraphs which had weakened his cause, as well as his speech.

He was perfectly candid, though always with some reluctance. "But a man who speaks in public," he said, "should never forget what will do for his auditors: for himself alone, it is not enough to think; but for what is fitted, and likely to be interesting to them."

"He wants nothing," cried I, "but a flapper."¹

"Yes, and he takes flapping inimitably."

"You, then," I cried, "should be his flapper."

"And sometimes," said he, smiling, "I am."²

"Oh, I often see," cried I, "of what use you are to him. I see you watching him,—reminding, checking him in turn,—at least, I fancy all this as I look into the managers' box, which is no small amusement to me,—when there is any commotion there!"

He bowed; but I never diminished from the frank unfriendliness to the cause with which I began.

But I assured him I saw but too well how important and useful he was to them, even without speaking.

"Perhaps," cried he, laughing, "more than with speaking."

"I am not meaning to talk of that now," said I; "but yet, one thing I will tell you: I hear you more distinctly than any one; the rest I as often miss as catch, except when they turn this way,—a favour which you never did me!"

"No, no, indeed!" cried he; "to abstract myself from all, is all that enables me to get on."

And then, with his native candour, he cast aside prejudice, and very liberally praised several points in this poor persecuted great man.

I had seen, I said, an imitation from Horace,³ which had manifested, I presumed, his scholarship.

"Oh, ay," cried he, "an Ode to Mr. Shore,⁴ who

¹ See *Gulliver's Travels*, "A Voyage to Laputa," etc., Part iii. ch. ii., where the function of these useful officers is described. When in company of two or more it was the flapper's duty "gently to strike with his bladder the mouth of him who is to speak, and the right ear of him or them to whom the speaker addresseth himself."

² See *ante*, p. 370.

³ Bk. ii. Ode 16 (*Otium Divos*, etc.). It was written by Hastings on board the *Berrington*, in his voyage to England in 1785, and is addressed to his fellow-passenger, John Shore, Esq. (see *infra*).

⁴ John Shore, 1751-1834, afterwards Governor-General of India, 1793-98, and first Baron Teignmouth.

1990

is one of the next witnesses. Burke was going to allude to it, but I begged him not. I do not like to make their Lordships smile in this grave business."

"That is so right!" cried I. "Ah, you know it is you and your attack I have feared most all along!"

"This flattery——" cried he.

"Do not use that word any more, Mr. Windham," interrupted I; "if you do, I shall be tempted to make a very shocking speech to you—the very reverse of flattery, I assure you!"

He stared,—and I went on.

"I shall say,—that those who think themselves flattered—flatter *themselves*."

"What?—hey?—how?" cried he.

"Nay, they cannot conclude themselves flattered, without concluding they have *de quoi* to make it worth while!"

"Why,—there—there may be something in that; but not here!—no, here it must flow simply from general benevolence,—from a wish to give comfort or pleasure."

I disclaimed all; and turned his attention again to Mr. Hastings. "See!" I cried, "see but how thin—how ill—looks that poor little uncle of yours!"¹

Again I upbraided him with being unnatural; and lamented Mr. Hastings's change since I had known him in former days. "And shall I tell you," I added, "something in which you had nearly been involved with him?"

"Me?—with Mr. Hastings!"

"Yes! and I regret it did not happen! You may recollect my mentioning my original acquaintance with him, before I lived where I now do."

¹ See *ante*, vol. iii. p. 498.

“Yes; but where you *now* . . . I understand you,—expect ere long you *may* see him!”

He meant from his acquittal, and reception at the Queen's house. And I would not contradict him.

“But, however,” I continued, “my acquaintance and regard began very fairly while I lived at home at my father's; and indeed I regret you could not *then* and *so* have known him, as I am satisfied you would have been pleased with him, which *now* you cannot judge. He is so gentle-mannered, so intelligent, so unassuming, yet so full-minded.”

“I have understood that,” he answered; “yet 'tis amazing how little unison there may be between manners and characters, and how softly gentle a man may appear without, whose nature within is all ferocity and cruelty. This is a part of mankind of which you cannot judge—of which, indeed, you can scarce form an idea.”

After a few comments I continued what I had to say, which, in fact, was nothing but another *malice* of my own against him. I reminded him of one day in a former year of this trial, when I had the happiness of sitting at it with my dearest Mrs. Lock, in which he had been so obliging, with reiterated offers, as to propose seeing for my servant, etc.—“Well,” I continued, “I was afterwards extremely sorry I had not accepted your kindness; for . . . just as we were going away, who should be passing, and turn back to speak to me, but Mr. Hastings! ‘Oh!’ he cried, ‘I must come here to see you, I find!’ Now, had you but been with me at that moment! I own it would have been the greatest pleasure to me to have brought you together; though I am quite at a loss to know whether I ought, in that case, to have presented you to each other.”

He laughed most heartily,—half, probably, with

joy at his escape; but he had all his wits about him in his answer. "If *you*," he cried, "had been between us, we might, for once, have coalesced—in both bowing to the same shrine!"

My dear Mrs. Ord was so good as to come to me one morning at nine o'clock, to take me to the exhibition, where I saw, I fear, the last works of the first of our painters, Sir Joshua Reynolds. The thought, and his unhappy loss of eyesight, made the view of his pictures very melancholy to me.

I have been very much pleased with Mr. Jerningham's verses to him upon his visual misfortune.¹

And now, my dear sisters, to a subject and narration interesting to your kind affections, because important to my future life.

Friday, May 28.—The Princess Augusta condescended to bring me a most gracious message from the King, desiring to know if I wished to go to Handel's Commemoration,² and if I should like the *Messiah*, or prefer any other day?

191
With my humble acknowledgments for his goodness, I fixed instantly on the *Messiah*; and the very amiable Princess came smiling back to me, bringing me my ticket from the King.

192
This would not, indeed, much have availed me, but that I fortunately knew my dear father meant to go to the Abbey. I despatched Columb to Chelsea, and he promised to call for me the next morning.

My *Visions* I had meant to produce in a few days; and to know their chance before I left town

¹ Mr. Jerningham's *Lines on a Late Resignation at the Royal Academy* are to be found at p. 233 of the *European Magazine* for March 1790 (vol. xvii.).

² The first of these commemorations was held May 20, 1784, in Westminster Abbey, the King, Queen, and more than three thousand people being present.

for the summer. But I thought the present opportunity not to be slighted, for some little opening, that might lighten the task of the exordium upon the day of attempt.

He was all himself; all his native self;—kind, gay, open, and full fraught with converse.

Chance favoured me: we found so little room, that we were fain to accept two vacant places at once, though they separated us from my uncle, Mr. Burney, and his brother James, who were all there, and all meant to be of the same party.

I might not, at another time, have rejoiced in this disunion, but it was now most opportune: it gave me three hours' conference with my dearest father—the only conference of that length I have had in four years.

Fortune again was kind; for my father began relating various anecdotes of attacks made upon him for procuring to sundry strangers some acquaintance with his daughter, particularly with the Duchesse de Biron, and the Mesdames de Boufflers;¹ to whom he answered, he had no power; but was somewhat struck by a question of Madame de B. in return, who exclaimed, “Mais, monsieur, est-ce possible! Mademoiselle votre fille n'a-t-elle point de vacance?”

This led to much interesting discussion, and to many confessions and explanations on my part, never made before; which induced him to enter more fully into the whole of the situation, and its circumstances, than he had ever yet had the leisure or the spirits to do; and he repeated sundry speeches of discontent at my seclusion from the world.

All this encouraged me to much detail: I spoke my high and constant veneration for my Royal

¹ Marie-Charlotte-Hippolyte de Camps de Saujon, Comtesse de Boufflers, and her daughter-in-law, Amélie de Boufflers.

Mistress, her merits, her virtues, her condescension, and her even peculiar kindness towards me. But I owned the species of life distasteful to me: I was lost to all private comfort, dead to all domestic endearment; I was worn with want of rest, and fatigued with laborious watchfulness and attendance. My time was devoted to official duties; and all that in life was dearest to me—my friends, my chosen society, my best affections—lived now in my mind only by recollection, and rested upon that with nothing but bitter regret. With relations the most deservedly dear, with friends of almost unequalled goodness, I lived like an orphan—like one who had no natural ties, and must make her way as she could by those that were factitious. Melancholy was the existence where happiness was excluded, though not a complaint could be made! where the illustrious personages who were served possessed almost all human excellence,—yet where those who were their servants, though treated with the most benevolent condescension, could never, in any part of the livelong day, command liberty, or social intercourse, or repose!

The silence of my dearest father now silencing myself, I turned to look at him; but how was I struck to see his honoured head bowed down almost into his bosom with dejection and discomfort!—We were both perfectly still a few moments; but when he raised his head I could hardly keep my seat, to see his eyes filled with tears!—"I have long," he cried, "been uneasy, though I have not spoken; . . . but . . . if you wish to resign—my house, my purse, my arms, shall be open to receive you back!"

The emotion of my whole heart at this speech—this sweet, this generous speech—Oh my dear friends, I need not say it!

We were mutually forced to break up our conference. I could only instantly accept his paternal offer, and tell him it was my guardian angel, it was Providence in its own benignity, that inspired him with such goodness. I begged him to love the day in which he had given me such comfort, and assured him it would rest upon my heart with grateful pleasure till it ceased to beat.

He promised to drink tea with me before I left town, and settle all our proceedings. I acknowledged my intention to have ventured to solicit this very permission of resigning.—“But I,” cried he, smiling with the sweetest kindness, “have spoken first myself.”

What a joy to me, what a relief, this very circumstance! it will always lighten any evil that may, unhappily, follow this proposed step.

Monday, May 30.—This evening I obtained leave to make my first visit, from Court, to Lady Mary Duncan. I was really glad to see her again, and very kindly received, though not with the same cordial openness as when I came from St. Martin's Street. She is a professed enemy of the Court, and it manifests no little remnant of original kindness that she will any longer even endure me.

She had an excellent concert, but I could only hear its opening! I was obliged to return home after the first song of Pacchierotti, which he sang in his first manner, with every sweetness of expression and sensibility that human powers can give the human voice.


Very few of my old friends were there; I think only Mr. Nicholls and Miss Farquhar. My father presented me to the new Duchess of Dorset,¹ who seems to assume nothing upon her new dignity.

¹ Arabella Diana, daughter of Sir Charles Cope, Bart., of Brewerne. She married John Frederick Sackville, third Duke of Dorset, January 4, 1790.

194
195

I have not, I believe, mentioned a correspondence in which I was engaged with Mr. Cambridge some time ago? It was one extremely pleasant to me; he sent me several fragments of poems, all upon the subject of the French Revolution, and wrote the kindest notes or letters to enclose them. His very excellent *Progress of Liberty* I am sure you have seen.¹ His constant trust, and friendship, and affection, are amongst my most cherished comforts, and, indeed, I must own, amongst my greatest astonishments; for so little I now see him, so seldom, so precariously, and with such difficulty to himself, that I am perpetually preparing myself for perceiving his thoughts about me *oblivionised*. I am very happy to find how far from just has proved hitherto this apprehension. With his daughter I have never that fear; reliance can go no deeper than mine upon her, founded upon her firm and steady character, which deliberately forms its connections, but as warmly as permanently adheres to them.

¹ This poem, "written in the year 1790," is to be found at p. 340 of Cambridge's *Works*, 1803.



PART XLIII

1790

Correspondence—Jacob Bryant to Miss Burney—Miss Burney to Mrs. ————Anecdote of the Princess Sophia—A sailor's notions of etiquette—Lord Chatham and Captain Burney—Character of the proceedings at Hastings's trial—Burke's speech on the French Revolution—Its effect in the House described by Windham—Conversation with Windham—Mr. Courtney—His pamphlet on the French Revolution—Mrs. Chapone and Mrs. Ord—Fox's speech on Hastings's trial—The Thrales—Windsor Terrace—Mrs. Gwynn—Mrs. Trimmer—Letter from Miss Burney to Mrs. ————Maternal solicitude—Tragedy by Miss Burney—A royal birthday at Frogmore—Jacob Bryant—Death of a faithful servant—An unpleasant dilemma—Correspondence between Miss Burney and Horace Walpole—A friendly cabal—Mr. Windham and the Literary Club—The oddities of James Boswell—Edmund Burke—His work on the French Revolution—Declining health of Miss Burney—Her resignation of her situation at Court—Her memorial to the Queen—Conclusion of the year 1790.

MR. JACOB BRYANT TO MISS BURNEY

CYPENHAM, *June 12, 1790.*

DEAR MADAM—Permit me through your hands most gratefully to make a return to the Queen of the book with which Her Majesty in her great goodness and condescension was pleased to intrust me.¹ It has been read by me with much care,

¹ Probably, from what follows, the *Letters* of Baron Albrecht von Haller to his daughter on the Truths of the Christian Religion.

and with equal satisfaction and emolument. For though I trust (as I took the liberty to mention to Her Most Excellent Majesty) that my principles are well founded and determinately fixed, yet the renovation of these truths, and of the arguments in their favour, affords a refreshment to the mind, and is productive of many happy consequences. It is like the dew from above upon herbs and plants; which, however verdant and well rooted before, yet find a sensible benefit from the heavenly supply.

In this Treatise we have an address from a father to a beloved daughter. But I found at the beginning of it, in manuscript, upon a spare leaf, an address, by another hand, to a daughter equally beloved, and truly noble and excellent. This affected me far more than all the letters of Baron Haller. The piety and parental love, and the affecting solicitude there displayed, absolutely brought tears into my eyes—such tears as flow from a pleasing sensibility, and from those heavenly emotions which we feel when we look up to transcendent goodness dealing out happiness to mankind. Plato says, “If Virtue could appear in a human form, what admiration would she excite!”—I think I have seen that appearance; and have been affected accordingly.

I am, dear Madam,
Your most obliged humble servant,
JACOB BRYANT.

This month opened with the truly afflicting intelligence of the death of my poor Mrs. ——’s¹ little baby! How marked by misfortune is the youth of that lovely mourner! The poor child died last month, though the news reached me the first of this.

¹ Waddington.

Not a little was I surprised by a visit on the same morning from Miss Payne,¹ whom I had not seen since I left St. Martin's Street, nor been able to appoint: however, she came now of her own accord, and brought also Miss Mathias²—not our Charlotte's acquaintance, but her cousin.

She came to execute a commission of Mr. Bentham, a stranger to me; who wished me to read the MS. Memoirs of his son, a Colonel in the Russian service, and present, if I approved them, the book to the Queen for perusal. There was no refusing; yet these are always dangerous commissions.

MISS F. BURNEY TO MRS. ———³

QUEEN'S LODGE, WINDSOR, June 11, 1790.

You were most kind to write again so soon, my sweet M——; very anxious was I to hear—yet hardly dared hope for—words so very good, of calmness and determined fortitude. I scarce know how to direct to you, but I cannot rest easy without writing.

Most earnestly I hope the sea-scheme will take place. We know, at the worst, how we can meet, and neither of us will be too proud to accept such terms as our fates allow us to make. Half the world relinquish small comforts because disappointed of great ones: you and I must not do that. Indeed to me it will not be enrolled amongst the small ones to see my poor afflicted M—— in any way or manner whatsoever.

Those thoughts which entered your mind at the sight of so much agony with innocence, will

¹ Daughter of Payne the bookseller, and sister of James Burney's wife, Sally Payne (Lamb's "Mrs. Battle").

² Daughter of James Mathias, former "King's Resident" at Hamburg.

³ Waddington.

not, I am sure, dwell there, and therefore I am not uneasy to hear of them: they hardly were thoughts; they were rather spontaneous feelings, and so natural at such a period of maternal wretchedness, that, believe me, my dearest M——, instead of blaming, I feel persuaded they are pardonable even in the sight of the Most High, so long as they are involuntary, and excited by such extreme anguish as weakens religious principles. The mind may, I trust, be as readily forgiven incapacity at such moments, when deprived of its reasoning faculties, as the body when enfeebled by sickness and infirmity.

To indulge in ruminations of that sort would indeed be reprehensible and presumptuous in the highest degree; for how should we, who never truly and candidly can judge one another, arraign the dispensations, as faulty or needless, of a Providence to our narrow senses unsearchable?

These are reflections which will bear much diffusion. I enlarge upon them for my own use, in every circumstance of calamity, when its first bitterness is past. My dearest M—— will draw them out for herself: she is able, from the goodness of her understanding; and she will be willing, from her veneration of one whose brightest quality, amid so many that were brilliant, was resignation to the will of God.

You are disposed to join in the idea that the little angel looks down upon you; and you finish by thanking God she is now at peace. These two instances satisfy me of what I have said, that the turn of your mind has not varied from right, in faith or submission, but that your feelings were too strongly stimulated to be under their proper command.

Write to me as soon and as often as you can; my sympathising thoughts follow you in this unex-

pected blow with unceasing pity,—my dear, my sweet M——!—Heaven bless you!

May I try to make you smile? I could not help it myself when the other day the Princess Sophia came to my room, and said, “Dear, how sorry I am for poor Mrs.——! I’m sure I hope she’ll soon have another!” as if, so any one was to be had, it would do!

The next morning I went again to the trial of poor Mr. Hastings: Mrs. Ord received from me my companion ticket, kindly giving up the Duke of Newcastle’s box to indulge me with her company.

But I must mention an extraordinary circumstance that happened in the last week. I received in a parcel—No, I will recite it you as I told it to Mr. Windham, who, fortunately, saw and came up to me—fortunately, I say, as the business of the day was very unedifying, and as Mrs. Ord much wished to hear some of his conversation.

He inquired kindly about James and his affairs, and if he had yet a ship; and, to let him see a person might reside in a Court, and yet have no undue influence, I related his proceedings with Lord Chatham,¹ and his laconic letter and interview. The first running thus:—

“MY LORD—I should be glad of an audience; if your Lordship will be so good to appoint a time, I will wait upon you.

“I am, my Lord,

“Your humble servant,

“JAMES BURNEY.”

“And pray,” quoth I to James, when he told me this, “did you not say the honour of an audience?”

¹ John Pitt, second Earl of Chatham, 1756-1835, First Lord of the Admiralty, 1788-94.

“No,” answered he, “I was civil enough without that; I said, If you will be so good—that was very civil—and honour is quite left off now.”

How comic! to run away proudly from forms and etiquettes, and then pretend it was only to be more in the last mode.

Mr. Windham enjoyed this characteristic trait very much; and he likes James so well that he deserved it, as well as the interview which ensued.

“How do you do, Captain Burney?”

“My Lord, I should be glad to be employed.”

“You must be sensible, Captain Burney, we have many claimants just now, and more than it is possible to satisfy immediately.”

“I am very sensible of that, my Lord; but, at the same time, I wish to let your Lordship know what I should like to have—a frigate of thirty-two guns.”

“I am very glad to know what you wish, sir.”

He took out his pocket-book, made a memorandum, and wished James a good morning.

Whether or not it occurred to Mr. Windham, while I told this, that there seemed a shorter way to Lord Chatham, and one more in his own style, I know not: he was too delicate to let such a hint escape, and I would not for the world intrust him with my applications and disappointments.

“But I have found,” cried I afterwards, “another newspaper praise for you now. ‘Mr. Windham, with his usual vein of irony.’”

“Oh yes,” cried he, “I saw that! But what can it mean?—I use no ‘vein of irony’;—I dislike it, except for peculiar purposes, keenly handled, and soon passed over.”

“Yet this is the favourite panegyric you receive continually; this, or logic, always attends your name in the newspapers.”

“But do I use it?”

“Nay, not to me, I own. As a manner, I never found it out, at least. However, I am less averse now than formerly to the other panegyric—close logic; for I own the more frequently I come hither the more convinced I find myself that that is no character of commendation to be given universally.”

He could say nothing to this; and really the dilatory, desultory style of these prosecutors in general deserved a much deeper censure.

“If a little closeness of logic and reasoning were observed by one I look at now, what a man would he be, and who could compare with him!”

Mr. Burke you are sure was here my object; and his entire, though silent and unwilling, assent was obvious.

“What a speech,” I continued, “has he lately made! how noble, how energetic, how enlarged throughout!”

“Oh,” cried he, very unaffectedly, “upon the French Revolution?”

“Yes; and any party might have been proud of it, for liberality, for feeling, for all in one—genius. I, who am only a reader of detached speeches, have read none I have thought its equal.”

“Yet, such as you have seen it, it does not do him justice. I was not in the House that day; but I am assured the actual speech, as he spoke it at the moment, was highly superior to what has since been printed. There was in it a force—there were shades of reflection so fine—allusions so quick and so happy—and strokes of satire and observation so pointed and so apt,—that it had ten times more brilliancy when absolutely extemporaneous than when transmitted to paper.”

“Wonderful, wonderful! He is a truly wonderful creature!” And, alas, thought I, as wonderful in inconsistency as in greatness!

In the course of a discussion more detailed upon his faculties, I ventured to tell him what impression they had made upon James, who was with me during one of the early long speeches. "I was listening," I said, "with the most fervent attention to such strokes of eloquence as, while I heard them, carried all before them, when my brother pulled me by the sleeve to exclaim, 'When will he come to the point?'"

The justness, notwithstanding its characteristic conciseness, of this criticism, I was glad thus to convey. Mr. Windham, however, would not subscribe to it; but, with a significant smile, coolly said, "Yes, 'tis curious to hear a man of war's ideas of rhetoric."

"Well," quoth I, to make a little amends, "shall I tell you a compliment he paid you?"

"Me?"

"Yes. '*He* speaks to the purpose,' he cried."

Some time after, with a sudden recollection, he eagerly exclaimed, "Oh, I knew I had something I wished to tell you! I was the other day at a place to see Stuart's Athenian architecture,¹ and whom do you think I met in the room?"

I could not guess.

"Nay, 'tis precisely what you will like—Mr. Hastings!"

"Indeed!" cried I, laughing; "I must own I am extremely glad to hear it. I only wish you could both meet without either knowing the other."

"Well, we behaved extremely well, I assure you; and looked each as if we had never seen one another before. I determined to let you know it."

"I, also," quoth I, "have something to say to you; something, too, which perhaps to you may

¹ James Stuart, 1713-88, commonly called "Athenian" Stuart, painter and architect.

be intelligible, though to me perfectly incomprehensible."

How he stared!

"The other day, when I came home from Westminster Abbey, I found upon my table a present; not from any friend, not from any acquaintance, not even from a person whom I had ever beheld a moment, or whom I knew, even through any third person; but to you I think it likely he may be known, — perhaps, indeed, intimately."

He really could not speak for wonderment.

"It was, in short, from Mr. Courtney;¹—his *Treatise on the French Revolution*."

198

Surprise, I saw, did not subside entirely, though curiosity was now no more; but he was still silent.

"As I have never had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Courtney, nor any way of knowing him, you may suppose how much I was astonished. I concluded it some mistake."

"No one but you would have concluded that," was his civil interruption.

"Yes, I thought the printer sent it to a wrong person; but when I saw on the title-page, 'From the Author,' I was staggered. Hear, however, my mistake in consequence. I read the title-page, and finding it a political pamphlet, I next concluded it was sent to me by way of being laid in sight of the higher powers."

He began now to look as curious as ever.

"But I must here repeat what I have before told you, which is perfectly true, though perhaps you may never have heard anything so perfectly silly. I read and inquire so little into politics, that when any parliamentary debates come in my way I

¹ *Philosophical Reflections on the late Revolution in France*, by John Courtenay (1741-1816). He was M.P. for Tamworth. In 1786 he had written a poetical review of the literary and moral character of Johnson.

read only the detached speeches of those who are some way known to me. From this it had happened that I was really and actually ignorant of Mr. Courtney's political creed; I only knew, in general, that he was a man of wit and satire; nothing further. Think, then, of my surprise at my own mistaken conjecture. Believe me, I had not read through the first page before I completely acquitted him of any, the most remote, idea of my presenting his pamphlet to the higher powers."

He found it impossible to look grave, but he would not speak a word.

"I then formed a new surmise; I supposed there might be occasional episodes from the given subject, and such a mixture of general information and literature, that he had sent it me for my instruction and entertainment in the parts not political. I have received an infinity of both in political speeches of Mr. Burke, without any reference to their main purport. I began, therefore, to look it over now with this new suggestion; but no,—I soon found my second mistake as egregious as my first: 'tis all of one colour—and such a colour! Church, State, politics, and religion,—I know not which is treated worst."

"Indeed!" cried he, frankly; "I do not defend him. I do not go so far, not by any means."

"I am glad," I cried, "to hear it, but not surprised. However, I had soon done with it altogether, when I came to the passage, so scoffingly put, of 'a Prince of the House of Brunswick suffering for our sins.' Away went the book in hearty indignation, and I have looked at it no more. Why he should send it to me is truly unfathomable to me. I should again think my name written on it by mistake, could I suggest any other person in that house more likely to be meant; but really that I cannot do."

He looked so archly satisfied of the truth of this, that he had no need to speak.

"All my fear," I added, "is, that he thinks 'me a rebel at heart."

"Oh no, he only wished you to read him."

"Indeed! if he does think so, he is very much mistaken."

I spoke this very gravely, not at all caring if he repeats it to him. 'Tis all the thanks I shall put in his way; though, if ever I meet him, in his own style of sarcasm I may give him a few more.

We then entered into a criticism upon his manner of writing. I told him it was all irony from period to period, as far as I had examined; and it was rather wearisome than poignant when thus spun on. "True," answered he; "a lady of my acquaintance admirably said of it, 'tis a copy of Bunbury's 'Long Minuet'—'tis a long joke.¹ But I do not like that strain beyond an occasional word or sentence; 'tis a perversion of the real use of language, and the power and right meaning of words in time lose all their force and justness. Courtney has acquired this habit so strongly, that he ceases to be even aware when using it or not."

He was soon after called away to the managers' cell by Mr. Burke, with whom I saw him engaged in so animated a conversation, that I imagined some great speech or business impending. However, 'twas no such thing; nothing was either said or done of any moment.

My good Mrs. Ord brought me home, and I had appointed to meet her at Mrs. Chapone's in the evening. But the Queen was indisposed; and though well enough to see a small party, I thought it indecorous to propose going out myself, and could not stir without licence, according to my

¹ A famous caricature of which the full title is *The Long Minuet as danced at Bath, 1787.*

bond ; therefore I disappointed myself, Mrs. Ord, and Mrs. Chapone, and whoever else was kind enough to expect me with any earnestness.

I was nevertheless called upon to give my narrative of the trial to their Majesties and the Princesses in a body ; and then to my Royal Mistress separately, who declared I should certainly go again, wherever I might be, even from Windsor. I am happy my accounts afford her this little interest.

Her indisposition, thank Heaven, was slight, and the birthday had its usual splendour. But I shall not repeat any descriptions. I will not be worse than the poet laureats,—echo and re-echo annual flourishes without necessity.

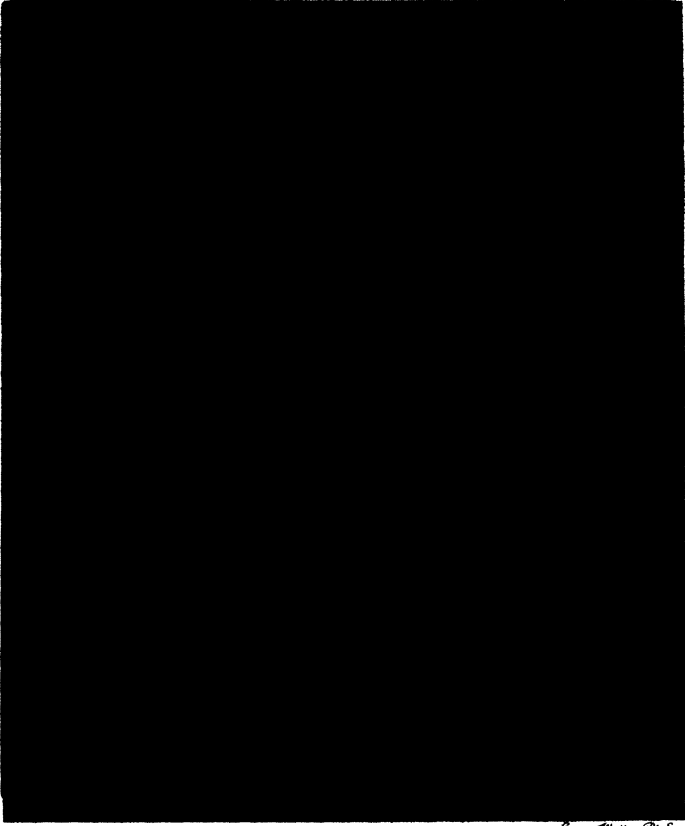
In my drawing-room I saw only sundries of the household, Charles and his Rosette :¹ and at night I went to the Chamberlain's Gallery with Charles.

I had two most affectionate little epistles from Mrs. Chapone before I left town, relative to the disappointed evening ; they gave me very sincere pleasure.

The day after the birthday I had again a visit from Mrs. Fairly. I was in the midst of packing, and breakfasting, and confusion ; for we left town immediately, to return no more till next year, except to St. James's for the drawing-room. However, I made her as welcome as I was able, and she was more soft and ingratiating in her manners than I ever before observed her. I apologised two or three times for not waiting upon her, representing my confined abilities for visiting.

I left town with a very deep concern upon my mind for my poor Columb, who was very ill, and unable to accompany me to Windsor. Dr.

¹ In June 1783, Charles Burney had married a daughter of Dr. Ross of Chiswick.



Emery Walker Ph. Sc.

*Charles Burney, D.D.
after Sir Thomas Lawrence.*





Gisburne and Mr. Devaynes¹ mutually promised me to attend him, and I sent Goter to give him whatever of comfort or assistance from myself he could receive. 199

We fell immediately into our usual Windsor life, which I shall not undertake to new-set for your inspection. The old setting will amply suffice.

Colonel Gwynn was in waiting, and General Budé in almost constant residence. Generals Grenville and Harcourt, Colonels Manners and Goldsworthy, and once Mr. Fairly, were the occasional visitors.

The Queen sent me to town on the next day's trial at Westminster Hall, to hear the summing up of Mr. Fox. I stopped at Hammersmith for Charles, who accompanied me. It was well we were together, for the business of the day was extremely heavy, and disappointed all hearers.

It was an oration without any effect whatsoever, bringing home neither conviction, nor delight, nor information to my ears.

Soon after the Ascot races began. The Royal Family all went, and Lord Chesterfield good-humouredly offered his carriage to Miss Planta and me, which the Queen bid us accept. There again I saw Mr. Crutchley, and heard a little of all the Thrales, whom I am always glad to inquire after by every possible opportunity. The daughters were at Tunbridge; the mother was at Streatham. Much I wonder she can there flatter herself with regaining any happiness. I should have thought it the seat of merely bitter recollections.

The Queen, in the kindest manner, when we went to town for the drawing-room, lent me her keys, to get, from her bookcase at her own house,

¹ Mr. John Devaynes, apothecary to the King's Household. Boswell calls him "that ever-cheerful companion" (Hill's *Boswell*, 1887, iv. 273).

200
Henry's History of England,¹ as I had expressed a great disposition to read it.

There are four volumes quarto, and may perhaps be four more; she has permitted me to keep the whole as long as I please, so that I read at my leisure. I am extremely satisfied with the plan upon which it is written, which separates the military from the civil government, and the history of the church from that of general learning, arts, customs, and manners; so as to form seven complete histories of every given period, each of them distinct from the other, though chronologically similar.

WINDSOR, QUEEN'S LODGE.

July.—At the chapel, about this time, while I was hurrying through a crowd to get home in time for the Queen, a kind but abrupt voice, which I instantly recollected as that of Dr. Lort, called aloud after me, "Here, Miss Burney!" I turned back, and saw, with great pleasure, his good and very original physiognomy. He immediately introduced me to his wife. She seems a most light and merry-hearted dame, who has every quality that can make the good Doctor happy, in good humour, extreme high spirits, a careless disposition, and a passionate fondness for himself.

As I could not request the pleasure of seeing them in my apartment without previous regulation, I promised to meet them upon the Terrace in the evening.

This, accordingly, accompanied by Miss Planta, I effected: Mrs. Lort joined me instantly; she was walking with Mrs. Douglas, at whose house, at the Deanery, they were now on a visit; but she passed by the ceremony of keeping with her, and trotted

¹ By Robert Henry, 1718-90. It was published between 1771 and 1793 in 6 vols.

me on, to chat more at ease, and be more at liberty, leaving poor Mrs. Douglas to manage her lameness and her stick as well as she could. When I remonstrated, she said it was too tiresome to drawl along with such slow people, and begged me not to mind her. I laughed at her easy humour, but now and then contrived an occasional rejoinder, till Dr. Shepherd fell into the suite of Mrs. Douglas: Mrs. Lort then said it was quite insupportable—that they were both so slow, that they might crawl on very well together, but she desired to have nothing more to do with them, as she really wished an opportunity to make more acquaintance with me, which they prodigiously interrupted. She knew me already, she added, so well, from Miss Cambridge, that she had no patience with letting such slugs come in the way of our progress.

I was really very much diverted with her comical frankness. But her Doctor we lost. I suppose some old shattered fragment of a falling chimney or cornice, in some unfrequented part of the Round Tower, or the ancient Castle, had crossed his eye, curious in every species of antiquity, and difficult in none, and had made him forget his appointment.

Who should Madame la Fite bring up to present me to, on the Terrace, but “Miss Wilkes!”¹ She had engaged her to spend a fortnight at Windsor, and would fain have introduced her here; but I must have fewer occasions than at present for exertions, to make any for total strangers; though I really respect all I have heard of Miss Wilkes, who seems to have conducted herself with admirable prudence in situations the most difficult.

The fourth Sunday Mr. Hutton appeared,² and he came to my room at once, with an honest,

¹ Mary Wilkes, only daughter of John Wilkes, 1727-97. She died unmarried in 1802.

² James Hutton, 1715-95, the founder of the Moravian Church in England. He is often referred to in the *Early Diary*.

straightforward security of the welcome he really found.

A far fairer visitor—a better there hardly can be—took the same method twice, in evenings during the absence of Madame Schwellenberg,—Mrs. Gwynn. This beautiful woman, who idolises her husband, takes every opportunity in her power to see him when he is in waiting: she made a fortnight's visit at St. Leonard's, at Mrs. Harcourt's, and thence came to me for these two evenings, all of which, except the half-hour or so that the Colonel joined us, we spent alone.

She has associated much with certain seditious spirits, who inveigh against all breaches of freedom; and she talked over the confined situation in which she saw a friend of yours, till she grew quite melancholy. Her chief instigator is Sir Joshua Reynolds.

You will wonder to hear that one evening, at Kew, I received a visit from Miss ——. She wrote me most pressing notes to renew acquaintance, as she could come to me at any hour and day I would appoint. There were reasons, respecting her connections, which made this no difficult matter to arrange. She came early, and stayed late; we were quite alone; she flung aside the fine lady and a world of shallow affectation, and was sociable, good-humoured, and desirous to please; so we did mightily well. But the cultivation she begged might ensue—that indeed requires a larger garden than I have yet planted.

Mrs. Trimmer came to Windsor one morning, and had a private audience of Her Majesty. What honour do not those persons merit from the heads of that nation for which they forward actual reformation! She desired to see me, through Miss

Planta, with whom she has been long acquainted. I invited her into my room, and sat with her till summoned away. We had begun some intercourse a year or two ago, through an application I made to her for a spinning-wheel for my dearest Fredy. This served to open our discourse : however, she is so unaffected, mild, pleasing, and placid in her manners and conversation, that there was not the least difficulty in setting aside our mutual strangeness. I respect so highly her benevolence of character, and beneficence of conduct, that I was happy to be enrolled in the list of her acquaintances. She has since written to me, and warmly expressed her desire of our further meeting, and of seeing me at Brentford,¹ when the Royal Family are so near as Kew. If I should be able to settle it, I shall be very willing.

MISS BURNEY TO MRS. ———²

QUEEN'S LODGE, WINDSOR, August 6, 1790.

The sad turn of your thoughts softens without surprising me, the misfortune was so unexpected ; nevertheless, the religious view in which your melancholy places it convinces me your grief will give way, when it can, and not be nourished repiningly or without effort. How, how shall I wish and pray, my dearest M., that a scene of new and permanent maternal comfort may repay, in some measure, your past afflictions, and awaken and enliven you to new happiness ! I only fear the terror you will conceive from every possible alarm may lessen the coming consolation, by increasing its anxiety. Endeavour, my dear friend,

¹ She lived in Windmill Lane, in a house which occupied the site of the existing Trimmer Villas (Turner's *Brentford*, 1898, 69).

² Waddington.

endeavour, *d'avance*, to prepare your mind for a confidence without which you can enjoy nothing, and which, without exertion, will now surely fly you.

A singular instance of the unhappiness of wanting this confidence has lately fallen under my eyes. The mother of a very fine child felt and indulged a solicitude so great that, by degrees, it became a part of her existence; she was never without it,—in presence, in absence, in sickness, in health,—no matter which,—prosperity and adversity made no difference; and the anxiety grew to such a height that she is now threatened with a consumption herself from no other cause. You know, and may perhaps divine her. She used to walk out by the side of the nurse with a watch in her hand, to measure, to a minute, the exact time it spent in the air. She started forward to meet every passenger, and examine their appearance, before she suffered the child to proceed in its walk; and turned it to the right to avoid one face, and presently back to the left that it might not see another. She rose in the dead of night to go and look at it; she quitted all society two or three times in a visit, to examine it; and, in short, she made herself, her husband, and all her friends miserable by this constant distrust and apprehension, and is now, in a languishing and declining state, sent southward to try the change of air for herself, while all the time the child is one of the most healthy, beautiful, and robust I ever saw in my life.

What a world is this! can one help to exclaim, when the first of blessings can thus be rendered a scourge to our friends and an infelicity to ourselves. For this lady, who, happy in her conjugal fate, had no wish but for a child, has never known a tranquil day since her boon has been granted.

Heaven shield you from such sufferings hence-

forth! Give my best compliments to Mr. ———,¹
and write when you can to your truly, truly affectionate
F. B.

QUEEN'S LODGE, WINDSOR, August 1790.

As I have only my almanac memorandums for this month, I shall hasten immediately to what I think my dear partial readers will find most to their taste in the course of it.

Know then, fair ladies, about the middle of this August, 1790, the author finished the rough first draft and copy of her first tragedy.² What species of a composition it may prove she is very unable to tell; she only knows it was an almost spontaneous work, and soothed the melancholy of imagination for a while, though afterwards it impressed it with a secret sensation of horror, so like real woe, that she believes it contributed to the injury her sleep received about this period.

Nevertheless, whether well or ill, she is pleased to have done something at last, she had so long lived in all ways as nothing.

You will smile, however, at my next trust; but scarce was this completed,—as to design and scenery I mean, for the whole is in its first rough state, and legible only to herself,—scarce, however, had this done with imagination, to be consigned over to correction, when imagination seized upon another subject for another tragedy.³

The first therefore I have deposited in my strong-box, in all its imperfections, to attend to the other; I well know correction may always be summoned, imagination never will come but by choice. I received her, therefore, a welcome guest,—the best

¹ Waddington.

² Whether this was *Cerulia* (see *post*, under January 26, 1797), or *Edwy and Elgiva* (see *post*, under April 13, 1795), it is not easy to say, though probably it was the latter.

³ See preceding note.

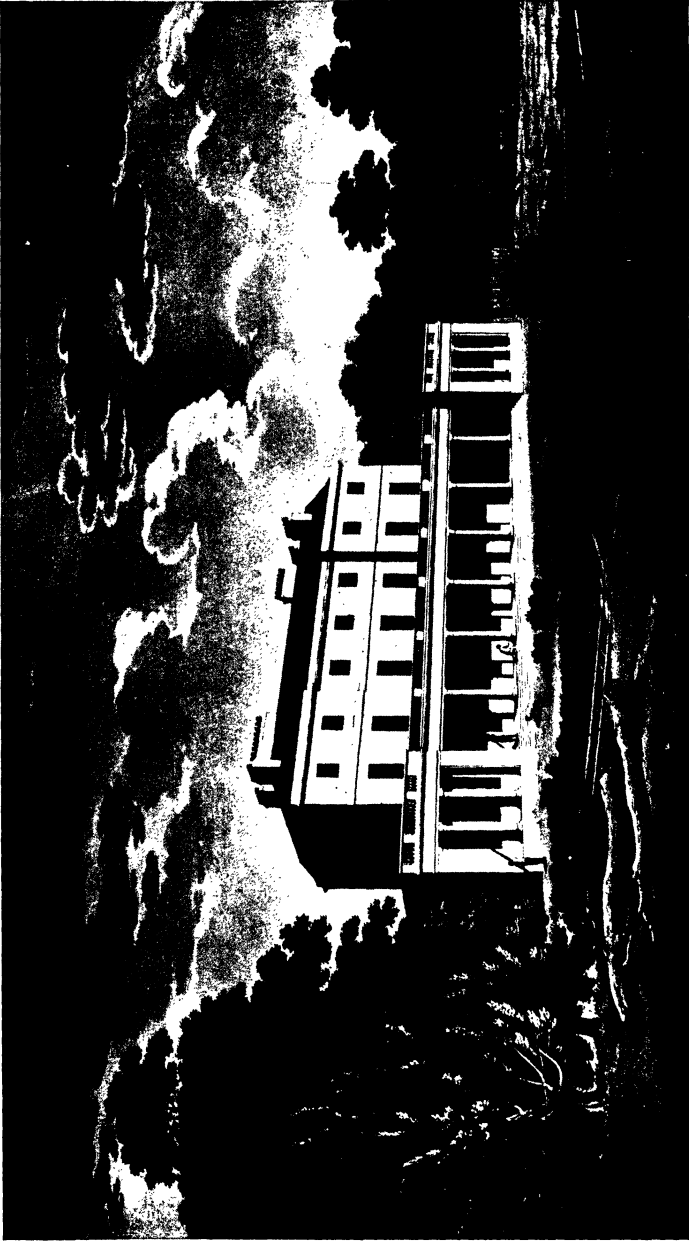
adapted for softening weary solitude, where only coveted to avoid irksome exertion.

212
The first day of this month, Sunday, I had the two beautiful sisters, Mrs. Gwynn and Mrs. Bunbury,¹ to tea. Mrs. Schwellenberg was absent on a visit to Mrs. Hastings. These sisters look still in their first bloom. Their husbands were both here. We had a cheerful evening; Miss Gomme was with me also. When I am thus in my reign she comes frequently; she has much more mind than I have commonly observed fall to official lot.

On the 6th was the Princess Amelia's birthday. It was ushered in by a breakfast at a new small house which the Queen has just purchased at Frogmore, about half a mile from Windsor. The Princess Elizabeth was ordered there early to prepare for the King's reception, who, with the Queen and the rest of the Princesses, went to early prayers. Miss Planta attended the Princess till the Royal arrival, and Her Majesty graciously commissioned Her Royal Highness to gratify me with a sight of these preparations. She is always happy when permitted to show her native obligingness. We were there a full hour before the King, etc., came. The apartments were dressed out in flowers, and made very simply pretty and gay. A band of musicians were stationed in a long bower running across the garden, who struck up "God save the King" as His Majesty entered the house. The whole was very elegant, and fitted to the innocence and youth of the sweet little Princess whose birth it celebrated.

I placed one of my fairing work-baskets, with its implements, on a table, ready for her little Royal Highness, with the leave of Princess Elizabeth, who smilingly put her own cadeau, a bonbonnière, into the basket, that her sister might

¹ See *ante*, vol. i. p. 167.



FROGMORE, 1794



see them together. In whatever she does there is a most captivating condescension.

I had worked with them all, the Queen herself superintending, the day before, in forwarding the decorations.

A select party of company were invited upon the occasion to the breakfast: the titled part of the females were admitted to the Royal table, the others had a similar repast in an adjoining apartment.

At noon, according to a negotiation in which I had been prime agent, Mr. Bryant brought from Cypenham a beautiful small spaniel, which he was allowed to carry himself to Frogmore, and present to the Princess. I believe she had no cadeau that gave her equal delight.

We had all much interest about this time in the welfare of the dear little Princess, who was inoculated.¹ Thank Heaven! all prospered, and she suffered nothing.

Lord Harcourt, the Queen's new Master of the Horse,² spent a week here, and made me a very long visit one day, in which we discussed the merits of Mr. Mason, Mrs. Macaulay,³ and divers republicans, with tolerable ease for courtiers! He was of late a chief of their clan. I was not surprised to hear afterwards, from Lady Harcourt, that they had not received a letter from Mr. Mason for the last three months; yet she told it as a matter of wonder.

Sadly, and therefore briefly, shall I conclude the

¹ This (see also *infra*) seems to have been regarded as a very serious matter. Cp. Mme. D'Arblay's own letter to her father of March 16, 1797, about the inoculation of her little Alexander.

² See *ante*, vol. i. p. 189, and vol. ii. p. 444.

³ Catherine Macaulay, 1733-91, the "celebrated female historian." She was a red republican. When Hannah More asked her daughter if she was not delighted with many parts of Shakespeare's *King John*, that well-tutored young lady answered, "I never read the *kings*, ma'am" (Hannah More's *Memoirs*, 2nd ed., 1834, i. 234).

anecdotes of this month. My poor excellent Columb, half recovered, precipitately followed me to Windsor, where he grew worse and worse; he was attended by Dr. Gisburne, who at this time resided in Windsor, to watch the Princess Amelia, just inoculated. *Mr. Keate*, the surgeon, here also for the same reason, did what was possible for him; but the conclusion was, sending him, by the interest and kindness of Dr. Gisburne, to St. George's Hospital, as his disorder called for the constant attendance of a surgeon; it was a swelling upon the liver.

He was extremely willing, nay eager, to go, from a persuasion he should there recover. I had proposed his trying the native air of Switzerland, but he was miserable at the thoughts of going away; I had then offered him a quiet lodging at *204 Clewer*, a village near Windsor, but he could not bear to leave the place in which the mistress to whom he had so kindly attached himself resided; nor would he agree to any plan but that of the hospital.

I obtained permission of Lady Courtown to let her Lord's butler accompany him to the hospital. This butler is his countryman and intimate friend, M. Cuenod, and a very worthy man. I sent them in a chaise, with a charge to travel slow, and three letters of recommendation from Dr. Gisburne.

He had already kept his bed two days, but I desired to see him before he went, and I sent Goter to him, with a stamped receipt for settling his wages with her, that I might not fatigue him when he came to take leave of me. He refused this, sent me back the receipt, and told Goter he wanted no money, and should beg me to keep some which he had by him already.

This was not pleasant; all money transactions

have some portion of distaste to me, though I little foresaw what would follow a compliance I could not refuse.

The poor good creature came to me in his way to the chaise; he looked like death, yet was in good hopes and spirits. I said whatever I could suggest to encourage and comfort him. He expressed himself in terms of such strong attachment that he quite melted me with sorrow and compassion; he again refused his wages, and brought me, in a paper, ten guineas to keep for him. I drew up a receipt and acknowledgment of the whole: he would not take it,—I insisted. He trembled all over with emotion and extreme feebleness, and probably with pain, as he said,—“No, ma’am, I won’t take it! You know what it is, and I know what it is; and if I live I’m sure you won’t wrong me: and if I don’t, nobody else sha’n’t have it; for neither father, nor mother, nor any relation that I have, has ever been so kind to me as you have been!”

In short, my dear friends, he left me neither more nor less than deluged in tears; for a testimony so simple and so affecting, of regard from a poor man scarce able to stand, and looking already fit for a shroud! It seemed as if further resistance would break his heart, in his present enfeebled state. I only gave him my best wishes, with a solemn promise to keep his place open for his return, and never to hire any servant but by the week so long as he lived, till he was able to come back to me himself.

This pleased him, and, with kindest expressions of thankfulness, he set off for the hospital.

I sent after him a message, however, that I had sealed up his wages and his savings, and had written upon them what and whose they were, that, if any accident happened to me, my sister

might restore the money to the right claimant, without confusion or doubt.

I heard the next day, through M. Cuenod, that the poor man bore the journey better than could have been expected, and was settled much to his satisfaction.

Dr. Gisburne promised me to superintend, and Mr. Keate to see him from time to time. Mr. Keate, also, to show he meant to take some trouble, came to me with a request I would canvass the Provost of Eton, Dr. Roberts, concerning a living for his brother.¹ I told him my little right to such an application; but, for the sake of my poor Columb, I would refuse nothing demanded of me. I therefore posted to Eton; but though I met with every civility from the Provost, I found the request was of a nature impracticable for consent, as it opposed the fixed rules of the College. So I was only paid for the difficult, nay arduous, to me, exertion of asking a favour, by manifesting to Mr. Keate my readiness to allow claim for claim.

You may imagine I made continual inquiries how the poor man went on, but no accounts were promising which reached me during the month.

September.—I must immediately proceed to the melancholy but only interest of this month—my poor Columb. After various accounts concerning him, I received on the 15th a letter, informing me, in his own name, that he was so much recovered he hoped soon to return to me.

Quite happy in this wished-for news, I prepared William Moss, a former servant of Mrs. Schwollenberg, whom I had hired for the present, to leave me, and flattered myself a few days would restore to me this good and faithful creature: but a few days told another tale! I was just come in one

2051

¹ John Keate, 1773-1852, afterwards the famous headmaster of Eton.

evening from calling upon Madame de la Fite, who was ill, when Mrs. Schwellenberg's man informed me Columb was dying: the King's hobby-groom¹ had called at the hospital, and heard he was given over!

Equally disappointed and concerned, I sent immediately for M. Cuenod, Lord Courtown's butler, and entreated him to go early the next morning to the hospital, and to see his poor countryman and hear his last wishes, and inquire if he was properly attended, and carry him my sincerest good wishes, and earnest desire to know his own, both for while he lived and for after, if he should be survived by me. Every caution to prevent giving him any shock by this message I strongly inculcated, and M. Cuenod seems a good and tender-hearted man.

At six o'clock the next morning he left Windsor. He returned again at night. He told me poor Columb would not allow himself to be in any such danger, but persisted he should soon see me himself; nor would he hear of any regulation as to his affairs, angrily saying, "Everything was settled, and if it were a thousand pounds it should not be altered."

You will not wonder I was extremely affected by this persevering manifestation of extraordinary regard. I had already shown M. Cuenod the paper I had drawn up;—we agreed nothing more could be now done; but he told me of two sisters in Switzerland, of whom I had not before heard, and I determined, if the poor man died without further injunctions or directions, to transmit to them all he should leave.

He had also, at my desire, left orders with a M. Huguenon, another Swiss friend, to superintend his affairs, and when all was over to see that

¹ See *ante*, p. 197 n.

his poor remains were decently interred, and every attention paid that seemed right and kind.

I heard of him still daily for three days more. The morning of this third day I had a message from him of his duty, and he hoped to see me soon; in the evening—another account!—he was dead!

My intelligencer was this M. Huguenon, who is a perfumer. He told me poor Columb, in the last quarter of an hour, desired to leave everything to his sisters. He certainly meant everything of his wearing apparel, watches, etc., for what money he had left in my hands he would never tell anybody; purposely, M. Cuenod says, that no one might have any claim upon me!

I told M. Huguenon how it all stood, and that all should be forthwith sent over to Switzerland, when the clothes, etc., were sold. I gave him an order to Kew and the Queen's house, as well as here at Windsor, for searching and collecting all his poor chattels.

A fortnight after we went as usual to Kew previous to the Thursday's drawing-room; and here a letter was brought me upstairs by Goter from Mr. Burney, telling me he sent another from his friend Mr. Ffrye, recommending to my assistance one Peter Bayond, as heir and executor of my late servant, Jacob Columb! The accompanying letter from Mr. Ffrye was to the same purpose.

I can by no means tell you my astonishment at this Peter Bayond's hardy attempt, nor my horror at what I was completely convinced must be a forgery. Poor Columb had no possible motive to make such a will in private and in secret; and in public and openly he had repeatedly declared all I have already related.

Expecting something unpleasant might ensue,

and firmly persuaded of this executor's perjury, I desired Mr. de Luc to be so good as to be present at my admitting him; for he had brought the letter himself. At first, indeed, I was strongly tempted to refuse seeing him; but when I considered my belief in his baseness was without proof, I felt I had no right to decline hearing him speak for himself.

In he came, looking precisely like one of the Irish chairmen in *The Jealous Wife*,¹ who attempt to smuggle away old Russet; black and all black²—dress, hair, and countenance; sturdy, strong, decided, and ill-marked were his face and figure, yet perplexed, stammering, and uncertain his speech; he had a thick stick in his hand, and his whole appearance was really tremendous.

He produced the will; every word showed its falsehood more strongly. It left James Columb, a cousin, who resides with Mr. Walpole, joint heir: it specified nothing; the will might have served for any man of any fortune in any kingdom.

I asked why he had held it back so long.

He answered, he had written to me a week ago.

I found he had spelt my name Burnet, and the letter had missed me.

"Even then," I cried, "my servant had been dead a week. Why did you not immediately send?"

He had waited to prove the will.

There could be no occasion for that in so small a concern if there were no doubt of its validity. Proved, however, it was, and signed and sealed at Doctors' Commons!

After much discussion the result was, that he

¹ A comedy by George Colman the elder, 1761.

² "Black and All Black" (*Citizen of the World*, 1762, Letter V.), "Blood and all Blood" (*Covent Garden Journal*, August 29, 1752),—were names of racers. Perhaps Miss Burney's expression arose in this way.

should meet M. Huguenon at my apartment at St. James's the next day.

The next day I had a message from James Columb, charging me not to pay this man, whom he believed a cheat, and honestly declining to share in any such perjury; but persisting all should go to the sisters.

I was pleased to see my good Columb had left a relation of worth so like his own.

This miserable being never came. He durst not face M. Huguenon, who knew him well, and who begged me to pay no regard to him, as he was a man of the very worst character, though also a Swiss.

I then settled, with this M. Huguenon and Mr. de Luc and my father, to pay nothing further but to Philip or James Columb, both servants of Mr. Walpole. Here the matter rested till October.

For the miscellanies of this month I have no memorandums. The only pleasant part of it is well known to you, unrecorded.

I was obliged to receive Mr. Bentham in order to soften returning to him his son's MS. Memoirs unviewed. I think I have mentioned Her Majesty declined looking at them from prudential motives.¹ He made a very long visit, and seemed perfectly good-humoured and well satisfied; he appears to be a very worthy, open-hearted, cheerful, and happy character. He settled "much future acquaintance" by bringing me acquainted with Mrs. Bentham!—Oh, very much! thought I,—nothing so easy!

QUEEN'S LODGE, WINDSOR.

October.—I open again with my poor Columb. How little did he imagine his singular kindness would involve me in such difficulties! but, as I

¹ See *ante*, p. 397.

heard from M. Cuenod, he certainly resolved against telling any one what money was in my hands, that there might be no claim upon me. Worthy, affectionate creature!—how often and how long shall I miss him!

I had been returned here but a short time when I received a letter from an attorney, Mr. F. Matthews, desiring me to pay forthwith to Peter Bayond the sum in my hands of the late Jacob Columb!

It was now necessary to apply to the cousins. I therefore took the courageous step of addressing myself to Mr. Walpole himself, that through him I might act with them. His former kindness to me was a secret stimulus to assure me he would not take amiss such a call upon his remembrance and his time.

I opened my cause thus—or to this effect:—

“If Mr. Walpole has still the goodness to remember an old acquaintance, long lost to all apparent claim for that honour, he is requested to spare his servant, James Columb, to call at her apartment next Thursday, at St. James’s Palace, about two o’clock; as she wishes to learn from said James Columb what he would have her do with the small sum of money still remaining in her hands of her late servant, Jacob Columb, his cousin. She received his message ten days ago requiring her not to pay it to one Peter Bayond, but this morning she has had a letter from an attorney with reverse directions.”

Thus you see I came to the point in a very business-like manner. But, as I thought he might have more acquaintance at St. James’s Palace than one, I concluded it would not be amiss to intimate a little who addressed him—which I did in a rather quaint way, somewhat suited to Strawberry Hill, as thus: “And now can Mr. Walpole pardon this

abrupt and troublesome intrusion from one who seemed at least consigned to silence and quiet? she will not say to oblivion, lest a quotation should occur for an answer—‘Seemed, madam? nay, you were!’ She trusts, however, there can be no local impropriety in bringing herself again to life, purely to speak for the dead; yet her courage of renovation does not amount to expecting a place in the memory of Mr. Walpole without calling to its aid that she has the honour to be, etc. etc.,

“F. BURNEY.”

Never was quaintness so successful. A letter filled with the most flattering kindness was brought to me at St. James’s by his servant, Philip Columb. I shall show it you when we meet, as it is too long to copy: but there is one paragraph at the conclusion so striking in this present juncture, that I am tempted to put aside my blushes, and give it you at once; especially as it was read, with singular opportuneness, by my dearest father. After the business part, this follows:—

“As this will come to you by my servant, give me leave to add another word on your most unfounded idea that I can forget you, because it is almost impossible for me even to meet you. Believe me, I heartily regret that privation, but would not repine, were your situation, either in point of fortune or position, equal in any degree to your merit. But were your talents given to be buried in obscurity? You have retired from the world to a closet at Court—where, indeed, you will still discover mankind, though not disclose it; for if you could penetrate its characters in the earliest glimpse of its superficies, will it escape your piercing eye when it shrinks from your inspection, knowing that you have the mirror of truth in your pocket?—I will not embarrass you by saying more, nor

would have you take notice of or reply to what I have said : judge, only, that feeling hearts reflect, not forget. Wishes that are empty look like vanity ;—my vanity is to be thought capable of esteeming you as much as you deserve, and to be reckoned, though a very distant, a most *sincere* friend,—and, give me leave to say, dear madam, your most obedient humble servant,

“HOR. WALPOLE.

“Strawberry Hill, October '90.”

It was not only pleasure I received from this extreme kindness, but real use : such an expression as that I have marked under, from such a man, operated most powerfully upon a loved paternal heart, that, from time to time, is strengthened in its plans by assurances of approbation from those whose opinion is of weight, and worthy of counterbalancing such worldly wights as will probably start up in censure, wonder, and objecting.

In my answer to Mr. Walpole, I told him that, even from that closet in which he had deposited me, I could look for truth in words, and expect there might be meaning in professions ; therefore, I ventured to rely upon his sincerity and crave his advice how to proceed. I then stated the case more fully.

I received from him the kindest of answers immediately, offering to join his own security with his servant's, to insure me from ever more being troubled upon this subject, and protesting that if, at any time, I could employ him “in any great or little service, it was a happiness I owed him,” and finishing with warmest and most cordial professions of a regard with which I am extremely flattered.

You will not want to be told that I declined his generous offer of security. I could not bear to involve in any such possible embarrassment a much

nearer and dearer friend ; but I thankfully accepted his counsel, and resolved upon paying the whole into the hands of his servants, the Columbs, assuring him, at the same time, that I had now in my possession a security much more valuable to me than any indemnity in money matters, namely, that of the kindness and the remembrance with which he honoured me.

Would you not, now, have supposed this vexatious business, as far as it regarded me, at an end ? No such thing ! I had meetings, writings, consultations, torments about it innumerable ; and this vile Peter Bayond followed me with incessant menace, though he was afraid and ashamed of encountering M. Huguenon, his countryman.

I was reduced, at last, to entreat my dear father to beg counsel of Mr. Batt. Mr. Batt was just gone to Twickenham ! He then kindly applied to Mr. Woodcock, whom I know not, though I was formerly much acquainted with Lady Shelley, his sister,¹ as you may remember from my Bright-helmstone journal.

Mr. Woodcock, with the most pleasant alacrity, undertook the business for me, which he settled, after much trouble and a thousand difficulties, in a manner the most friendly on his own part, though the most mortifying to Mr. Walpole and myself ; for Peter Bayond obtained half the property, from persisting he would else sustain a lawsuit, in which Mr. Woodcock assured me I must necessarily be involved in expenses that would double the whole of what my poor servant had left !

The other half the cousin received.

My whole comfort is, that the poor ill-used sisters, at least, had never expected what they thus lost ; for poor Columb had been deeply in debt till he lived with me, and they were not upon good terms.

¹ See *ante*, vol. i. pp. 287, 440, 445.

The great kindness of Mr. Walpole has been all my solace for this disturbance.

I could not forbear concluding my letter with telling him that the opinion I enclosed for him had almost petrified me, and that, if such was our chance of *justice* with *law*, we must agree never to relate this little history to the democrats abroad, lest we should all be brought forward to illustrate the necessity of universal Reform, and the National Assembly should echo with all our names!

In his answer he agrees to this in strong terms.¹

I was ill the whole of this month, though not once with sufficient seriousness for confinement, yet with a difficulty of proceeding as usual so great, that the day was a burthen—or rather, myself a burthen to the day. A languor so prodigious, with so great a failure of strength and spirit, augmented almost hourly, that I several times thought I must be compelled to excuse my constancy of attendance; but there was no one to take my place, except Miss Planta, whose health is insufficient for her own, and Mlle. Montmollin, to whom such an addition of duty is almost distraction. I could not, therefore, but work on while to work at any rate able.

I now drew up, however, my memorial, or rather, showed it now to my dearest father. He so much approved it, that he told me he would not have a comma of it altered. I will copy it for you. It is as respectful and as grateful as I had words at command to make it, and expressive of strong devotion and attachment; but it fairly and firmly states that my strength is inadequate to the duties of my charge, and, therefore, that I humbly crave permission to resign it and retire into

¹ See APPENDIX, "Walpole and Jacob Columb."

domestic life. It was written in my father's name and my own.

I had now that dear father's desire to present it upon the first auspicious moment : and oh ! with what a mixture of impatience and dread unspeakable did I look forward to such an opportunity !

The war was still undecided : still I inclined to wait its issue, as I perpetually brought in my wishes for poor James, though without avail. Major Garth, our last Equerry, was raised to a high post in the West Indies, and the rank of Colonel.¹ I recommended James to his notice and regard if they met ; and a promise most readily and pleasantly made to seek him out and present him to his brother, the General, if they ever served in the same district, was all, I think, that my Court residence obtained for my marine department of interest !

Meanwhile, one morning at Kew, Miss Cambridge was so much alarmed at my declining state of health that she would take no denial to my seeing and consulting Mr. Dundas. He ordered me the bark, and it strengthened me so much for awhile, that I was too much recruited for presenting my sick memorial, which I therefore cast aside.

Mrs. Ord spent near a week at Windsor in the beginning of this month. I was ill, however, the whole time, and suffered so much from my official duties, that my good Mrs. Ord, day after day, evidently lost something of her partiality to my situation, from witnessing fatigues of which she had formed no idea, and difficulties and disagreeabilities in carrying on a week's intercourse, even with so respectable a friend, which I believe she had thought impossible.

Two or three times she burst forth into ejaculations strongly expressive of fears for my health and

¹ See *ante*, p. 333.

sorrow at its exhausting calls. I could not but be relieved in my own mind that this much-valued, most maternal friend should thus receive a conviction beyond all powers of representation, that my place was of a sort to require a strength foreign to my make.

She left me in great and visible uneasiness, and wrote to me continually for bills of health. I never yet so much loved her, for, kind as I have always found her, I never yet saw in her so much true tenderness.

In this month, also, I first heard of the zealous exertions and chivalrous intentions of Mr. Windham. Charles told me they never met without his denouncing the whole thunders of his oratory against the confinement by which he thought my health injured; with his opinion that it must be counteracted speedily by elopement, no other way seeming effectual.

But with Charlotte he came more home to the point. Their vicinity in Norfolk occasions their meeting, though very seldom at the house of Mr. Francis, who resents his prosecution of Mr. Hastings, and never returns his visits; but at assemblies at Aylsham and at Lord Buckingham's dinners they are certain of now and then encountering.

This summer, when Mr. Windham went to Felbrig, his Norfolk seat, they soon met at an assembly, and he immediately opened upon his disapprobation of her sister's monastic life, adding, "I do not venture to speak thus freely upon this subject to everybody, but to you I think I may; at least, I hope it."

Poor dear Charlotte was too full-hearted for disguise, and they presently entered into a confidential cabal, that made her quite disturbed and provoked when hurried away.

From this time, whenever they met, they were pretty much of a mind. "I cannot see you," he always cried, "without recurring to that painful subject—your sister's situation." He then broke forth in an animated offer of his own services to induce Dr. Burney to finish such a captivity, if he could flatter himself he might have any influence.

Charlotte eagerly promised him the greatest, and he gave her his promise to go to work.

What a noble Quixote! How much I feel obliged to him! How happy, when I may thank him!

He then pondered upon ways and means. He had already sounded my father: "but it is resolution," he added, "not inclination, Dr. Burney wants." After some further reflection, he then fixed upon a plan. "I will set the Literary Club upon him!" he cried: "Miss Burney has some very true admirers there, and I am sure they will all eagerly assist. We will present him a petition—an address."

Much more passed: Mr. Windham expressed a degree of interest and kindness so cordial, that Charlotte says she quite longed to shake hands with him; and if any success ever accrues, she certainly must do it.

Frightened, however, after she returned home, she feared our dearest father might unfairly be overpowered, and frankly wrote him a recital of the whole, counselling him to see Mr. Windham in private before a meeting at the Club could take place.

And now for a scene a little surprising.

The beautiful chapel of St. George, repaired and finished by the best artists at an immense expense, which was now opened after a very long shutting up for its preparations, brought

innumerable strangers to Windsor, and, among others, Mr. Boswell.

This I heard, in my way to the chapel, from Mr. Turbulent, who overtook me, and mentioned having met Mr. Boswell at the Bishop of Carlisle's the evening before. He proposed bringing him to call upon me; but this I declined, certain how little satisfaction would be given here by the entrance of a man so famous for compiling anecdotes. But yet I really wished to see him again, for old acquaintance' sake, and unavoidable amusement from his oddity and good humour, as well as respect for the object of his constant admiration, my revered Dr. Johnson. I therefore told Mr. Turbulent I should be extremely glad to speak with him after the service was over.

Accordingly, at the gate of the choir, Mr. Turbulent brought him to me. We saluted with mutual glee: his comic-serious face and manner have lost nothing of their wonted singularity; nor yet have his mind and language, as you will soon confess.

"I am extremely glad to see you indeed," he cried, "but very sorry to see you here. My dear ma'am, why do you stay?—it won't do, ma'am! you must resign!—we can put up with it no longer. I told my good host the Bishop so last night; we are all grown quite outrageous!"

Whether I laughed the most, or stared the most, I am at a loss to say; but I hurried away from the cathedral, not to have such treasonable declarations overheard, for we were surrounded by a multitude.

He accompanied me, however, not losing one moment in continuing his exhortations: "If you do not quit, ma'am, very soon, some violent measures, I assure you, will be taken. We shall address Dr. Burney in a body; I am ready to

make the harangue myself. We shall fall upon him all at once."

I stopped him to inquire about Sir Joshua; he said he saw him very often, and that his spirits were very good. I asked about Mr. Burke's book.¹ "Oh," cried he, "it will come out next week: 'tis the first book in the world, except my own, and that's coming out also very soon; only I want your help."

"My help?"

"Yes, madam; you must give me some of your choice little notes of the Doctor's; we have seen him long enough upon stilts; I want to show him in a new light. Grave Sam, and great Sam, and solemn Sam, and learned Sam,—all these he has appeared over and over. Now I want to entwine a wreath of the graces across his brow; I want to show him as gay Sam, agreeable Sam, pleasant Sam; so you must help me with some of his beautiful billets to yourself."

I evaded this by declaring I had not any stores at hand. He proposed a thousand curious expedients to get at them, but I was invincible.

Then I was hurrying on, lest I should be too late. He followed eagerly, and again exclaimed, "But, ma'am, as I tell you, this won't do—you must resign off-hand! Why, I would farm you out myself for double, treble the money! I wish I had the regulation of such a farm,—yet I am no farmer-general. But I should like to farm you, and so I will tell Dr. Burney. I mean to address him; I have a speech ready for the first opportunity."

He then told me his *Life of Dr. Johnson* was nearly printed,² and took a proof-sheet out of his pocket to show me; with crowds passing and

¹ The *Reflections on the French Revolution* was issued in November 1790.

² It was published in May 1791.

repassing, knowing me well, and staring well at him: for we were now at the iron rails of the Queen's Lodge.

I stopped; I could not ask him in: I saw he expected it, and was reduced to apologise, and tell him I must attend the Queen immediately.

He uttered again stronger and stronger exhortations for my retreat, accompanied by expressions which I was obliged to check in their bud. But finding he had no chance for entering, he stopped me again at the gate, and said he would read me a part of his work.

There was no refusing this: and he began, with a letter of Dr. Johnson's to himself. He read it in strong imitation of the Doctor's manner, very well, and not caricature. But Mrs. Schwollenberg was at her window, a crowd was gathering to stand round the rails, and the King and Queen and Royal Family now approached from the Terrace. I made a rather quick apology, and, with a step as quick as my now weakened limbs have left in my power, I hurried to my apartment.

You may suppose I had inquiries enough, from all around, of "Who was the gentleman I was talking to at the rails?" And an injunction rather frank not to admit him beyond those limits.

However, I saw him again the next morning, in coming from early prayers, and he again renewed his remonstrances, and his petition for my letters of Dr. Johnson.

I cannot consent to print private letters, even of a man so justly celebrated, when addressed to myself: no, I shall hold sacred those revered and but too scarce testimonies of the high honour his kindness conferred upon me. One letter I have from him that is a masterpiece of elegance and kindness united. 'Twas his last.¹

¹ See *ante*, vol. ii. p. 227.

November.—This month will be very brief of annals; I was so ill, so unsettled, so unhappy during every day, that I kept not a memorandum.

All the short benefit I had received from the bark was now at an end: languor, feverish nights, and restless days were incessant. My memorial was always in my mind; my courage never rose to bringing it from my letter-case. Yet the war was over, the hope of a ship for my brother demolished, and my health required a change of life.

The Queen was all graciousness; and her favour and confidence and smiles redoubled my difficulties. I saw she had no suspicion but that I was hers for life; and, unimportant as I felt myself to her, in any comparison with those for whom I quitted her, I yet knew not how to give her the unpleasant surprise of a resignation for which I saw her wholly unprepared.

It is true, my depression of spirits and extreme alteration of person might have operated as a preface; for I saw no one, except my Royal Mistress and Mrs. Schwellenberg, who noticed not the change, or who failed to pity and question me upon my health and my fatigues; but as they alone saw it not, or mentioned it not, that afforded me no resource. And thus, with daily intention to present my petition and conclude this struggle, night always returned with the effort unmade, and the watchful morning arose fresh to new purposes that seemed only formed for demolition. And the month expired as it began, with a desire the most strenuous of liberty and peace, combated by reluctance unconquerable to give pain, displeasure, or distress to my very gracious Royal Mistress.

For the rest, all I can mention is in black unison: the loss of our very amiable cousin,¹ one of the first and greatest favourites of our earliest

¹ Richard Burney, jun. (see *ante*, p. 61).

life, and the affliction of all his disconsolate family. This was the sadly principal event of this sadly wearing month.

Poor Dr. Lort too now breathed his last, from a terrible accident of an overturn in a carriage.¹

The worthy and every way meriting Mr. Thomas Willis² has succeeded him as prebendary of St. Paul's.

MISS BURNEY TO MRS. ———³

November 23, '90.

I own myself entirely of Mrs. Montagu's opinion about Mr. Burke's book; it is the noblest, deepest, most animated, and exalted work that I think I have ever read. I am charmed to hear its *éloge* from Mrs. Montagu; it is a tribute to its excellence which reflects high honour on her own candour, as she was one of those the most vehemently irritated against its author but a short time since. How can man, with all his inequalities, be so little resembling to himself at different periods as this man? He is all ways a prodigy,—in fascinating talents and incomprehensible inconsistencies.

When I read, however, such a book as this, I am apt to imagine the whole of such a being must be right, as well as the parts, and that the time may come when the mists which obscure the motives or incentives to those actions and proceedings which seem incongruous may be chased away, and we may find the internal intention had never been faulty, however ill appearances had supported any claim to right. Have you yet read it? You will find it to require so deep and so entire an

¹ Dr. Michael Lort died on Nov. 5 at his house in Savile Row.

² See *ante*, p. 211.

³ Waddington.

attention, that perhaps you may delay it till in more established health; but read it you will, and with an admiration you cannot often feel excited.

We do not expect to go to town till a day or two before the birthday, the 19th of January: would that time suit my dear M——? Indeed I would not for the world it should be deferred any later; and that time will suit me, I believe, as well as any part of the year. You know the uncertainty of all things here. F. B.

December.—Leaving a little longer in the lurch the late months, let me endeavour to give to my beloved friends some account of this conclusion of the year while yet in being.

My loss of health was now so notorious, that no part of the house could wholly avoid acknowledging it; yet was the terrible picquet the catastrophe of every evening, though frequent pains in my side forced me, three or four times in a game, to creep to my own room for hartshorn and for rest. And so weak and faint I was become, that I was compelled to put my head out into the air, at all hours, and in all weathers, from time to time, to recover the power of breathing, which seemed not seldom almost withdrawn.

Her Majesty was very kind during this time, and the Princesses interested themselves about me with a sweetness very grateful to me; indeed, the whole household showed compassion and regard, and a general opinion that I was falling into a decline ran through the establishment. Miss Planta was particularly attentive and active to afford me help and advice; Mdlle. Montmollin's eyes glistened when we met; Miss Goldsworthy declared she thought my looks so altered as scarcely to be known again; Lady Elizabeth Waldegrave enjoined me earnestly to ask leave for respite and

recruit, lest the Queen should lose me entirely by longer delay; Miss Gomme honestly protested she thought it became a folly to struggle on any longer against strength and nature; Mr. de Luc was so much struck with the change as to tell the Queen herself that a short and complete retirement from attendance seemed essential to my restoration; and even Mr. Turbulent himself called one day upon me, and frankly counselled me to resign at once, for, in my present state, a life such as that I led was enough to destroy me.

Thus there seemed about my little person a universal commotion; and it spread much further, amongst those I have never or slightly mentioned. You will not, therefore, be surprised to hear that my true and faithful friend Mrs. de Luc partook so largely in the general alarm as to come to me, with her kind eyes overflowing with tears, to entreat me, without the risk of farther delay, to relinquish a situation of which the fatigue would else prove fatal to me. There seemed, indeed, but one opinion, that resignation of place or of life was the only remaining alternative.

There seemed now no time to be lost; when I saw my dear father he recommended to me to be speedy, and my mother was very kind in urgency for immediate measures. I could not, however, summon courage to present my memorial; my heart always failed me, from seeing the Queen's entire freedom from such an expectation: for though I was frequently so ill in her presence that I could hardly stand, I saw she concluded me, while life remained, inevitably hers.

Finding my inability unconquerable, I at length determined upon consulting Mr. Francis. I wrote to Charlotte a faithful and minute account of myself, with all my attacks—cough, pain in the side, weakness, sleeplessness, etc.—at full length,

and begged Mr. Francis's opinion how I must proceed. Very kindly he wrote directly to my father, exhorting instantaneous resignation, as all that stood before me to avert some dangerous malady.

The dear Charlotte at the same time wrote to me conjuring my prompt retreat with the most affecting earnestness.

The uneasiness that preyed upon my spirits in a task so difficult to perform for myself, joined to my daily declension in health, was now so apparent, that, though I could go no farther, I paved the way for an opening, by owning to the Queen that Mr. Francis had been consulted upon my health.

The Queen now frequently inquired concerning his answer; but as I knew he had written to my father, I deferred giving the result till I had had a final conference with that dear parent. I told Her Majesty my father would show me the letter when I saw him.

This I saw raised for the first time a surmise that something was in agitation, though I am certain the suspicion did not exceed an expectation that leave would be requested for a short absence to recruit.

My dearest father, all kindness and goodness, yet all alarm, thought time could never be more favourable; and when next I saw him at Chelsea, I wrote a second memorial to enclose the original one.

With a beating heart, and every pulse throbbing, I returned thus armed to the Queen's house.

Mrs. Schwellenberg sent for me to her room. I could hardly articulate a word to her. My agitation was so great that I was compelled to acknowledge something very awful was impending in my affairs, and to beg she would make no present inquiries.

I had not meant to employ her in the business, nor to name it to her, but I was too much disturbed for concealment or evasion.

She seemed really sorry, and behaved with a humanity I had not had much reason to expect.

I spent a terrible time till I went to the Queen at night, spiring myself up for my task, and yet finding apprehension gain ground every moment.

Mrs. Schwollenberg had already been some time with Her Majesty when I was summoned. I am sure she had already mentioned the little she had gathered. I could hardly perform my customary offices from excess of trepidation. The Queen looked at me with the most inquisitive solicitude. When left with her a moment I tried vainly to make an opening: I could not. She was too much impressed herself by my manner to wait long. She soon inquired what answer had arrived from Mr. Francis?

That he could not, I said, prescribe at a distance.

I hoped this would be understood, and said no more. The Queen looked much perplexed, but made no answer.

The next morning I was half dead with real illness, excessive nervousness, and the struggle of what I had to force myself to perform. The Queen again was struck with my appearance, which I believe indeed to have been shocking. When I was alone with her, she began upon Mr. Francis with more inquiry. I then tried to articulate that I had something of deep consequence to myself to lay before Her Majesty; but that I was so unequal in my weakened state to speak it, that I had ventured to commit it to writing, and entreated permission to produce it.

She could hardly hear me, yet understood enough to give immediate consent.

I then begged to know if I might present it myself, or whether I should give it to Mrs. Schwellenberg.

“Oh, to me! to me!” she cried, with kind eagerness.

She added, however, not then, as she was going to breakfast.

This done was already some relief, terrible as was all that remained; but I now knew I must go on, and that all my fears and horrors were powerless to stop me.

This was a drawing-room day. I saw the King at St. James's, and he made the most gracious inquiries about my health: so did each of the Princesses. I found they were now all aware of its failure.

The Queen proposed to me to see Dr. Gisburne: the King seconded the proposition. There was no refusing; yet, just now, it was distressing to comply.

The next morning, Friday, when again I was alone with the Queen, she named the subject, and told me she would rather I should give the paper to the Schwellenberg, who had been lamenting to her my want of confidence in her, and saying I confided and told everything to the Queen. “I answered,” continued Her Majesty, “that you were always very good; but that, with regard to confiding, you seemed so happy with all your family, and to live so well together, that there was nothing to say.”

I now perceived Mrs. Schwellenberg suspected some dissension at home was the cause of my depression. I was sorry not to deliver my memorial to the principal person, and yet glad to have it to do where I felt so much less compunction in giving pain.

I now desired an audience of Mrs. Schwellenberg. With what trembling agitation did I deliver

her my paper, requesting her to have the goodness to lay it at the feet of the Queen before Her Majesty left town! We were then to set out for Windsor before twelve o'clock. Mrs. Schwollenberg herself remained in town.

Here let me copy the memorial.

MOST HUMBLY PRESENTED TO HER MAJESTY

MADAM—With the deepest sense of your Majesty's goodness and condescension, amounting even to sweetness—to kindness—who can wonder I should never have been able to say what I know not how to write—that I find my strength and health unequal to my duty?

Satisfied that I have regularly been spared and favoured by your Majesty's humane consideration to the utmost, I could never bring myself to the painful confession of my secret inquietude; but I have long felt creeping upon me a languor, a feebleness, that makes, at times, the most common attendance a degree of capital pain to me, and an exertion that I could scarce have made, but for the revived alacrity with which your Majesty's constant graciousness has inspired me, and would still, I believe, inspire me, even to my latest hour, while in your Majesty's immediate presence. I kept this to myself while I thought it might wear away,—or, at least, I only communicated it to obtain some medical advice: but the weakness, though it comes only in fits, has of late so much increased, that I have hardly known how, many days, to keep myself about—or to rise in the morning, or to stay up at night.

At length, however, as my constitution itself seems slowly, yet surely, giving way, my father became alarmed.

I must not enter, here, upon his mortification

and disappointment: the health and preservation of his daughter could alone be more precious to him than your Majesty's protection.

With my own feelings upon the subject it would ill become me to detain your Majesty, and the less, as I am fully sensible my place, in point of its real business, may easily be far better supplied;—in point of sincere devotion to your Majesty, I do not so readily yield. I can only, therefore, most humbly entreat that your Majesty will deign to accept from my father and myself the most dutiful acknowledgments for the uniform benignity so graciously shown to me during the whole of my attendance. My father had originally been apprehensive of my inability, with regard to strength, for sustaining any but the indulgence of a domestic life: but your Majesty's justice and liberality will make every allowance for the flattered feelings of a parent's heart, which could not endure, untried, to relinquish for his daughter so high an honour as a personal office about your Majesty.

I dare not, Madam, presume to hope that your Majesty's condescension will reach to the smallest degree of concern at parting with me; but permit me, Madam, humbly, earnestly, and fervently, to solicit that I may not be deprived of the mental benevolence of your Majesty, which so thankfully I have experienced, and so gratefully must for ever remember.

That every blessing, every good, may light upon your Majesties here, and await a future and happier period hereafter, will be always amongst the first prayers of,

Madam,

Your Majesty's ever devoted, ever grateful, most attached, and most dutiful subject and servant,

FRANCES BURNEY.

With this, though written so long ago, I only wrote an explanatory note to accompany it, which I will also copy :—

MADAM—May I yet humbly presume to entreat your Majesty's patience for a few added lines, to say that the address which I now most respectfully lay at your Majesty's feet was drawn up two months ago, when first I felt so extreme a weakness as to render the smallest exertion a fatigue? While I waited, however, for firmness to present it, I took the bark, and found myself, for some time, so much amended, that I put it aside, and my father, perceiving me better, lost his anxious uneasiness for my trying a new mode of life. But the good effect has, of late, so wholly failed, that an entire change of air and manner of living are strongly recommended as the best chance for restoring my shattered health. We hold it, therefore, a point of the grateful duty we owe to your Majesty's goodness and graciousness, to make this melancholy statement at once, rather than to stay till absolute incapacity might disable me from offering one small but sincere tribute of profound respect to your Majesty,—the only one in my power—that of continuing the high honour of attending your Majesty, till your Majesty's own choice, time, and convenience nominate a successor.

Mrs. Schwellenberg took it, and promised me her services, but desired to know its contents. I begged vainly to be excused speaking them. She persisted, and I then was compelled to own they contained my resignation.

How aghast she looked!—how inflamed with wrath!—how petrified with astonishment! It was truly a dreadful moment to me.

She expostulated on such a step, as if it led to destruction: she offered to save me from it, as if the peace of my life depended on averting it; and she menaced me with its bad consequences, as if life itself, removed from these walls, would become an evil.

I plainly recapitulated the suffering state in which I had lived for the last three months; the difficulty with which I had waded through even the most common fatigues of the day; the constraint of attendance, however honourable, to an invalid; and the impracticability of pursuing such a life, when thus enfeebled, with the smallest chance of ever recovering the health and strength which it had demolished.

To all this she began a vehement eulogium on the superior happiness and blessing of my lot, while under such a protection; and angrily exhorted me not to forfeit what I could never regain.

I then frankly begged her to forbear so painful a discussion, and told her the memorial was from my father as well as myself—that I had no right or authority to hesitate in delivering it—that the Queen herself was prepared to expect it—and that I had promised my father not to go again to Windsor till it was presented. I entreated her, therefore, to have the goodness to show it at once.

This was unanswerable, and she left me with the paper in her hand, slowly conveying it to its place of destination.

Just as she was gone, I was called to Dr. Gisburne; or, rather, without being called, I found him in my room, as I returned to it.

Think if my mind, now, wanted not medicine the most! I told him, however, my corporeal complaints; and he ordered me opium and three glasses of wine in the day, and recommended rest to me, and an application to retire to my friends

for some weeks, as freedom from anxiety was as necessary to my restoration as freedom from attendance.

During this consultation I was called to Mrs. Schwollenberg. Do you think I breathed as I went along?—No!

She received me, nevertheless, with complacency and smiles; she began a laboured panegyric of her own friendly zeal and goodness, and then said she had a proposal to make me, which she considered as the most fortunate turn my affairs could take, and as a proof that I should find her the best friend I had in the world. She then premised that she had shown the paper,—that the Queen had read it, and said it was very modest, and nothing improper.

Her proposal was, that I should have leave of absence for six weeks, to go about and change the air, to Chelsea, and Norbury Park, and *Capitan Phillips*, and Mr. Francis, and Mr. Cambrick, which would get me quite well; and, during that time, she would engage Mlle. Montmollin to perform my office.

I was much disturbed at this; and though rejoiced and relieved to understand that the Queen had read my memorial without displeasure, I was grieved to see it was not regarded as final. I only replied I would communicate her plan to my father.

Soon after this we set out for Windsor.

Here the first presenting myself before the Queen was a task the heaviest, if possible, of any. Yet I was ill enough, Heaven knows, to carry the apology of my retreat in my countenance. However, it was a terrible effort. I could hardly enter her room. She spoke at once, and with infinite softness, asking me how I did after my journey? "Not well, indeed," I simply answered. "But better?" she cried; "are you not a little better?"

I only shook my head; I believe the rest of my frame shook without my aid.

“What! not a little?—not a little bit better?” she cried, in the most soothing voice.

“To-day, ma’am,” I said, “I did indeed not expect to be better.”

I then muttered something, indistinctly enough, of the pain I had suffered in what I had done: she opened, however, upon another subject immediately, and no more was said upon this. But she was kind, and sweet, and gentle, and all consideration with respect to my attendance.

I wrote the proposal to my poor father. I received, by return of post, the most truly tender letter he ever wrote me. He returns thanks for the clemency with which my melancholy memorial has been received, and is truly sensible of the high honour shown me in the new proposition; but he sees my health so impaired, my strength so decayed, my whole frame so nearly demolished, that he apprehends anything short of a permanent resignation, that would ensure lasting rest and recruit, might prove fatal. He quotes a letter from Mr. Francis, containing his opinion that I must even be speedy in my retiring, or risk the utmost danger; and he finishes a letter filled with gratitude towards the Queen, and affection to his daughter, with his decisive opinion that I cannot go on, and his prayers and blessings on my retreat.

The term “speedy,” in Mr. Francis’s opinion, deterred me from producing this letter, as it seemed indelicate and unfair to hurry the Queen, after offering her the fullest time. I therefore waited till Mrs. Schwellenberg came to Windsor before I made any report of my answer.

A scene almost horrible ensued, when I told Cerbera the offer was declined. She was too much enraged for disguise, and uttered the most furious

expressions of indignant contempt at our proceedings. I am sure she would gladly have confined us both in the Bastile, had England such a misery, as a fit place to bring us to ourselves, from a daring so outrageous against imperial wishes.

For the rest of this gloomy month and gloomy year, a few detached paragraphs must suffice.

Mr. Turbulent, as I have told you, won now all my good will by a visit in this my sinking and altered state, in which, with very unaffected friendliness, he counselled and exhorted me to resign my office, in order to secure my recovery.

He related to me, also, his own most afflicting story — his mortifications, disappointments, and ill-treatment; and perhaps my concern for his injuries contributed to his complete restoration in my good will.

Another confidence soon followed, of a sort far more pleasant: my good friend '*Pon m'honneur*,—Mlle. Montmollin,—informed me of her engagement with M. d'Espère-en-Dieu,¹ and with her hopes of his speedily coming over to England to claim her, and carry her to his château en Languedoc. I sincerely wish her happy, and her prospects wear all promise of her fulfilling my wish. Adieu, my dear friends!

Adieu—undear December!

Adieu—and away for ever, most painful 1790!

¹ See *post*, p. 480.

PART XLIV

1791

Miss Burney to Dr. Burney—The Queen and Madame Schwellenberg—Verses to Lord Harcourt by Queen Charlotte and Miss Burney—Serious illness of Miss Burney—Conference with the Queen—Her opinion of Miss Burney's character—Lady Elizabeth Waldegrave and Lord Cardigan—Mrs. Garrick—Hannah More—Mrs. Lock—Projected tour with Mrs. Ord—Conference with the Queen on Miss Burney's retirement from office—Mr. Twining—Haydn—Dr. Willis—A day at the trial of Warren Hastings—Defence of Hastings—Old acquaintance—Mr. Windham—Treatment of Hastings by the Ministers—The Duke of Clarence—Birthday etiquette—Conversations with the King and Queen on Boswell's *Johnson*—The pleasures of literary composition—Arrival of Miss Burney's successor—Her final retirement—Liberality of the Queen.

MISS BURNEY TO DR. BURNEY

January 1791.

MOST DEAR SIR—I had no opportunity to put in practice my plan of the *montre*.¹ I found, by circumstances, a full expectation of some conceding and relenting plan to follow my Chelsea visit. A blank disappointment sat on the face I revere; a sharper austerity on that I shrink from.

Comfortless enough this went on till this morn: an incident then occurred that enabled me to say

¹ This allusion to a *montre* is obscure. But it may have been the gold one set with pearls, now in possession of Mrs. Chappel of East Orchard, Shaftesbury, and given by the Queen to Miss Burney.

I had shown the *montre* to you.—“And how does he like it?” I was asked, very gently. “It made him, as me, almost melancholy,” was my true answer. It was felt and understood instantly. “But you must not encourage melancholy thoughts,” was very benignly spoken. This has revived me—I was drooping; and I am not much better in my strength for this suspensive state! Yet, I trust, I am now finally comprehended, and that we are mutually believed to be simple and single in what is proposed, and, consequently, steady and unalterable.

Adieu, dearest of dear padres!—This is the sum total of all: the detail must await our meeting; and we do not go to town till the day before the birthday.—What a hurry it will be!

I was asked what I had bought for the birthday? That, therefore, is of course expected!

Well; “God’s above all,”¹—as you love to quote; so I must keep up my spirits with that.

I thank Heaven, there was much softness in the manner of naming you this morning. I see no ill-will mixed with the reluctance; which much consoles me. I do what is possible to avoid all discussion; I see its danger still so glaring. How could I resist, should the Queen condescend to desire, to ask, that I would yet try another year?—and another year would but be uselessly demolishing me; for never could I explain to her that a situation which unavoidably casts all my leisure into the presence of Mrs. Schwollenberg must necessarily be subversive of my health, because incompatible with my peace, my ease, my freedom, my spirits, and my affections. The Queen is probably kept from any suspicion of the true nature of the case, by the praises of Mrs. Schwollenberg,

¹ *Othello*, Act II. Sc. iii.

who, with all her asperity and persecution, is uncommonly partial to my society ; because, in order to relieve myself from sullen gloom, or apparent dependency, I generally make my best exertions to appear gay and chatty ; for when I can do this, she forbears both rudeness and imperiousness. She then, I have reason to believe, says to the Queen, as I know she does to some others, "The Bernan bin reely agribble" ; and the Queen, not knowing the incitement that forces my elaborate and painful efforts, may suppose I am lively at heart, when she hears I am so in discourse. And there is no developing this without giving the Queen the severest embarrassment as well as chagrin. I would not turn informer for the world. Mrs. Schwollenberg, too, with all her faults, is heart and soul devoted to her Royal Mistress, with the truest faith and loyalty. I hold, therefore, silence on this subject to be a sacred duty. To return to you, my dearest padre, is the only road that is open for my return to strength and comfort, bodily and mental. I am inexpressibly grateful to the Queen, but I burn to be delivered from Mrs. Schwollenberg, and I pine to be again in the arms of my padre.

Most dear Sir, your F. B.

You may suppose my recovery was not much forwarded by a ball given at the Castle on Twelfth Day. The Queen condescended to say that I might go to bed, and she would content herself with the wardrobe-woman, in consideration of my weak state ; but then she exhorted me not to make it known to the Schwollenberg, who would be quite wretched at such a thing.

I returned my proper thanks, but declined the proposal, so circumstanced, assuring Her Majesty that it would make me wretched to have an indulgence that could produce an impropriety which

would make Mrs. Schwellenberg so through my means.

And now to enliven a little : what will you give me, fair ladies, for a copy of verses written between the Queen of Great Britain and your most small little journalist ?

The morning of the ball the Queen sent for me, and said she had a fine pair of old-fashioned gloves, white, with stiff tops and a deep gold fringe, which she meant to send to her new Master of the Horse, Lord Harcourt, who was to be at the dance. She wished to convey them in a copy of verses, of which she had composed three lines, but could not get on. She told me her ideas, and I had the honour to help her in the metre ; and now I have the honour to copy them from her own Royal hand :—

TO THE EARL OF HARCOURT

Go, happy gloves, bedeck Earl Harcourt's hand,
And let him know they come from fairy-land,
Where ancient customs still retain their reign ;
To modernise them all attempts were vain.
Go, cries Queen Mab, some noble owner seek,
Who has a proper taste for the antique.

Now, no criticising, fair ladies!—the assistant was neither allowed a pen nor a moment, but called upon to help finish, as she might have been to hand a fan. The Earl, you may suppose, was sufficiently enchanted.

How, or by whom, or by what instigated, I know not, but I heard that the newspapers, this winter, had taken up the cause of my apparent seclusion from the world, and dealt round comments and lamentations profusely. I heard of this with much concern.

I have now nothing worth scribbling before my terrible illness, beginning about four o'clock in the

morning of the day preceding the Queen's birthday : and of that, and its various adventures, you, my kind and tender nurses, are fully apprised.

February.—This month, my dearest Susanna, has no memorial but in my heart; which amply you supplied with never-dying materials for recollection.

March.—And here may I gratefully say ditto, ditto, ditto, to the above three lines, inserting the name of my kindest, dearest Frederica.

April.—Now, though I have kept memorandums since the departure of my dear Fredy, they are not chronological, and therefore you must pardon the omission of my former regularity.

In the course of this month I had two conferences with my Royal Mistress upon my resignation, in which I spoke with all possible openness upon its necessity. She condescended to speak very honourably of my dear father to me; and, in a long discourse upon my altered health with Mrs. de Luc, she still further condescended to speak most graciously of his daughter, saying, in particular, these strong words, in answer to something kind uttered by that good friend in my favour; “Oh, as to character, she is what we call in German ‘true as gold’; and, in point of heart, there is not, all the world over, one better”—and added something further upon sincerity very forcibly. This makes me very happy.

She deigned, also, in one of these conferences, to consult with me openly upon my successor, stating her difficulties, and making me enumerate various requisites. It would be dangerous, she said, to build upon meeting in England with one who would be discreet in point of keeping off friends and acquaintances from frequenting the palace: and she graciously implied much commendation of

my discretion, in her statement of what she feared from a new person.

This Easter we lost from our house-establishment Lady Elizabeth Waldegrave;¹ her sister, Lady Caroline, and Lady Mary Howe, are united to supply her place, which required more attendance than could reasonably be expected from one. Lady Elizabeth is amiable and gentle and sensible; I wish her happy; and as she loves show and grandeur, and I believe was extremely worn by her attendance, perhaps Lord Cardigan's fondness and munificence joined may obliterate in her consideration his roughness of manner.

Sunday, May 1, to Saturday, May 7, fell happy in those little occasions, so seldom occurring, of calling to mind my existence in the bosoms of those friends from whom my long absence might else banish it, or, at least, incline a belief that I had myself lost all care about them.

My sweet Fredy afforded me opportunities of this kind, in the frame pattern for roses which she left me for Mrs. Garrick. I waited some time in hopes of conveying it through Mrs. Ord; but, that scheme failing, I enclosed it in a letter to Mrs. Garrick, in which I expressed my obligation to my Fredy for thus enabling me to lay claim to her continued kindness, by reminding her that what in me she had excited was unabated.

I had an answer from Miss More, written at the request of Mrs. Garrick; very affectionate indeed, full of thanks to my dear Mrs. Lock, and professing all I could wish for myself. Miss More adds the strongest expressions of her own regard, and the most flattering solicitude about the bad state of my health.

¹ By her marriage on April 28 to James, fifth Earl of Cardigan, *d.* 1811. Lady Elizabeth was his second wife.

That dear and valuable Mrs. Ord will now very rarely come near me. She fears suspicion of influencing my proceedings. I assured her, as I did Miss Cambridge, how clear I had kept all manner of people from any involvement.

A most kind plan she has since formed, which still remains unfix'd: this is to take me on a tour with her, for the effect of gentle travelling and change of air, this summer; and she said she would put the map of England in my hand, if I agreed to her scheme, and make me mark our route myself. Her goodness is indeed of the most genuine worth and sincerity, and I love her now as much as I have respected her always. What a treasure is such a friend! one who has grown in my esteem and affection by every added year of intimacy! In this first—this essence of human happiness, how peculiar has been my lot! and how has it softened all other bitter ingredients in it!

As no notice whatever was taken, all this time, of my successor, or my retirement, after very great harass of suspense, and sundry attempts to conquer it, I had at length again a conference with my Royal Mistress. She was evidently displeas'd at again being call'd upon, but I took the courage to openly remind her that the birthday was Her Majesty's own time, and that my father conceived it to be the period of my attendance by her especial appointment. And this was a truth which flash'd its own conviction on her recollection. She paused, and then, assenting, said, "Certainly." I then added, that as, after the birthday, their Majesties went to Windsor, and the early prayers began immediately, I must needs confess I felt myself wholly unequal to encountering the fatigue of rising for them in my present weakened state. She was now very gracious again, conscious all this was fair and true. She told me her own

embarrassments concerning the successor, spoke confidentially of her reasons for not engaging an Englishwoman, and acknowledged a person was fixed upon, though something yet remained unarranged. She gave me, however, to understand that all would be expedited: and foreign letters were despatched, I know, immediately.

This painful task over, of thus frequently reminding my Royal Mistress that my services were ending, I grew easier. She renewed, in a short time, all her old confidence and social condescension, and appeared to treat me with no other alteration than a visible regret that I should quit her—shown rather than avowed, or much indeed it would have distressed me.

Mrs. Schwollenberg was now invariable in kindness; but with regard to my servants, I could obtain no other satisfaction than that they must each have a month's wages, as Her Majesty would not consent to making my resignation known. William,¹ she told me, might probably become the footman of my successor; poor little Goter has little chance! and I fear it will be a real tragedy when she knows her doom. She now improves daily, and I am quite sorry for her.

From Sunday, May 8, to May 15.—I have again been very unwell—low, faint, and feeble. The sweet Princess Elizabeth has taken an animated interest about me; I have been prescribed for by Mrs. de Luc, and Her Royal Highness has insisted on my performance of injunctions. Miss Planta has also been extremely friendly and assisting.

From Sunday, May 15, to Sunday, May 22.—The trial of the poor persecuted Mr. Hastings being now again debating and arranging for con-

¹ William Moss (see *ante*, p. 418).

tinuance, all our house, I found, expected me now to come forth, and my Royal Mistress and Mrs. Schwellenberg thought I should find it irresistible. Indeed it nearly was so, from my anxious interest in the approaching defence; but when I considered the rumours likely to be raised after my retreat, by those terrifying watchers of Court transactions who inform the public of their conjectures, I dreaded the probable assertion that I must needs be disgusted or discontented, for health could not be the true motive of my resignation, since I was in public just before it took place. I feared, too, that even those who promoted the enterprise might reproach me with my ability to do what I wished. These considerations determined me to run no voluntary risks; especially as I should so ill know how to parry Mr. Windham, should he now attack me upon a subject concerning which he merits thanks so nobly, that I am satisfied my next interview with him must draw them forth from me. Justice, satisfaction in his exertions, and gratitude for their spirited willingness, all call upon me to give him that poor return. The danger of it, however, now, is too great to be tried, if avoidable: and I had far rather avoid seeing him, than either gratify myself by expressing my sense of his kindness, or unjustly withhold from him what I think of it.

These considerations determined me upon relinquishing all public places, and all private visits, for the present.

The trial, however, was delayed, and the Handelian commemoration¹ came on. My beloved Mr. and Mrs. Lock will have told my Susan my difficulties in this business, and I will now tell all three how they ended.

The Queen, unexpectedly, having given me a ticket, and enjoined me to go the first day, that I

¹ See *ante*, p. 390.

might have longer time to recruit against the King's birthday, I became, as you will have heard, much distressed what course to pursue.

I took the first moment I was alone with Her Majesty to express my father's obligation to her for not suffering me to sit up on her own birthday, in this week, and I besought her permission to lay before her my father's motives for hitherto wishing me to keep quiet this spring, as well as my own, adding I was sure Her Majesty would benignly wish this business to be done as peaceably and unobserved as possible.

She looked extremely earnest, and bid me proceed.

I then briefly stated that whoever had the high honour of belonging to their Majesties were liable to comments upon all their actions; that, if the comment was only founded in truth, we had nothing to fear, but that, as the world was much less addicted to veracity than to mischief, my father and myself had an equal apprehension that, if I should now be seen in public so quickly before the impending change, reports might be spread, as soon as I went home, that it could not be for health I resigned.

She listened very attentively and graciously, and instantly acquiesced, giving me the ticket for my own disposal, and another for little Sarah, who was to have accompanied me. The other, therefore, I gave to James. And thus ended, most favourably, this dilemma.

My dear Fredy will have mentioned the circumstances of the Queen's real birthday, and her insistence that I should not sit up for the ball, and the most kind interference of the King to prevent my opposing her order, in which all the three elder Princesses joined, with looks of benevolent delight that I should thus be spared an exertion for which

I was really most unequal. This once, therefore, the Queen had only Mrs. Thielky, and I had an admirable night's repose and recruit—most unpleasantly, however, circumstanced by the consciousness it was deemed a high impropriety. I told the Queen afterwards that, though I was most sensible of her gracious consideration in sparing me a fatigue which I believed would wholly have overpowered me, I yet never more thoroughly felt the necessity of my retreat, that my place might be supplied by one who could better perform its office. She was not much pleased with this speech; but I owed it to truth and justice, and could not repress it.

From Sunday, 22, to the end of May.—This Sunday, the birthday of the lovely and amiable Princess Elizabeth, found me very ill again; but as I am that now very frequently, and always come round to the same state as before these little occasional attacks, I will leave them unmentioned, except where they hang to other circumstances.

Poor Mr. Smelt, who had spent his melancholy winter at Kew, with his two deserving daughters, Mrs. Cholmley and Mrs. Goulton, was now preparing to return, for the summer, to their dwellings in the north. It seemed a species of duty on my part to acquaint him with my intended resignation, as he had been employed by Her Majesty to bring me the original proposition of the office; but I have no permission—on the contrary, repeated exhortations to tell no one; and therefore, from the time the transaction has become the Queen's, I have made no new confidence whatsoever.

When the trial actually recommenced, the Queen grew anxious for my going to it: she condescended to intimate that my accounts of it were the most faithful and satisfactory she received, and to express much ill-will to giving them up.

The motives I had mentioned, however, were not merely personal; she could not but see any comments must involve more than myself, and therefore I abided steadily by her first agreement to my absenting myself from all public places, and only gently joined in her regret, which I forcibly enough felt in this instance, without venturing any offer of relinquishing the prudential plan previously arranged. She gave me tickets for Charles for every day that the Hall was opened, and I collected what I could of information from him for her satisfaction.

I had the pleasure, one evening at Chelsea, of meeting our ever-valued Mr. Twining, and seeing the justly renowned Haydn.¹ There was some sweet music of his performed; but Esther, his best exhibitor, was not well, and we all missed her in all ways. 208

I had a most friendly visit in my apartment from Dr. Willis, a man whom I as cordially like as I admire, and whose noble open heart is as worthy reverence as his truly original talents in his own art. He came to offer me his counsel for my health, telling me he really could not endure to see me look so wan and altered. I assured him very sincerely there was no medical advice I could receive in the whole world which would have such assistance with me from faith as his; but that, as I was the formal and official patient of Dr. Gisburne, I feared he would be much offended at my indulging my private opinion by changing my physician.

"Why, now, I really think," cried he, "which you'll say is very vain, that I could cure you; and why should not we consult without his knowing

¹ Joseph Haydn, 1732-1809. He came to London in this year; and produced six of his Grand Symphonies at Salomon's concerts in the Hanover Square Rooms. 208
209

it? I give you my word I would not offend any man; but you may take my word for it, for all that, I would affront all the college of doctors, and all the world beside, rather than not do you good if it is in my power."

When I thanked him for this exceeding kindness, which was uttered with a cordiality of manner that doubled its warmth, he said, "Why, to tell you the truth, I don't quite know how I could have got on at Kew, in the King's illness, if it had not been for seeing you in a morning. I assure you they worried me so, all round, one way or other, that I was almost ready to go off. But you used to keep me up prodigiously. Though, I give you my word, I was afraid sometimes to see you, with your good-humoured face, for all it helped me to keep up, because I did not know what to say to you, when things went bad, on account of vexing you."

He then examined me, and wrote me a prescription, and gave me directions, and told me I must write him word, into Lincolnshire, how his advice agreed. "If you were to do me the honour to send me a letter," he cried, "I'll assure you I should be very much pleased; but you would give me a very bad opinion of you, which would be no easy thing to do neither, if you were to offer me a fee, except it be a letter, and now don't be stingy of that."

I tried his medicines, but they were too violent, and required rest and nursing; however, I really believe they will prove effectual.

QUEEN'S HOUSE, LONDON.

June.—On the opening of this month Her Majesty told me that the next day Mr. Hastings was to make his defence, and warmly added, "I would give the world you could go to it!"

This was an expression so unusual in animation, that I instantly told her I would write to my father, who could not possibly, in that case, hesitate.

"Surely," she cried, "you may wrap up, so as not to catch cold that once?"

I told Her Majesty that, as my father had never thought going out would be really prejudicial to my health, he had only wished to have his motive laid fairly before Her Majesty, and then to leave it to her own command.

Her Majesty accepted this mode of consent, and gave me tickets for Charles and Sarah to accompany me, and gave leave and another ticket for Mr. de Luc to be of the party.

After this the Royal Family went to the Abbey, for which, also, the Queen graciously gave me a ticket for whom I pleased.

Thursday, June 2.—I went once more to Westminster Hall. Charles and Sarah came not to their time, and I left directions and tickets, and set off with only Mr. de Luc, to secure our own, and keep places for them.

The Hall was more crowded than on any day since the trial commenced, except the first. Peers, commoners, and counsel, peeresses, commoneresses, and the numerous indefinites crowded every part, with a just and fair curiosity to hear one day's defence, after seventy-three of accusation.

Unfortunately I sat too high up to hear the opening, and when, afterwards, the departure of some of my obstacles removed me lower, I was just behind some of those unfeeling enemies who have not even the decorum due to themselves, of appearing to listen to what is offered against their own side. I could only make out that this great and persecuted man, upon a plan all his own, and at a risk impossible to ascertain, was formally

making his own defence, not with retaliating declamation, but by a simple, concise, and most interesting statement of facts, and of the necessities accompanying them in the situation to which the House then impeaching had five times called him. He spoke with most gentlemanly temper of his accusers, his provocation considered, yet with a firmness of disdain of the injustice with which he had been treated in return for his services, that was striking and affecting, though unadorned and manly.

His spirit, however, and the injuries which raised it, rested not quietly upon his particular accusers : he arraigned the late minister, Lord North, of ingratitude and double-dealing, and the present minister, Mr. Pitt, of unjustifiably and unworthily forbearing to sustain him.

Here Mr. Fox, artfully enough, interrupted him, to say the King's ministers were not to be arraigned for what passed in the House of Parliament.

Mr. Burke rose also to enter his protest.

But Mr. Hastings then lost his patience and his temper : he would not suffer the interruption ; he had never, he said, interrupted their long speeches ; and when Mr. Burke again attempted to speak, Mr. Hastings, in an impassioned but affecting manner, extended his arms, and called out loudly, " I throw myself upon the protection of your Lordships !—I am not used to public speaking, and cannot answer them ; what I wish to submit to your Lordships I have committed to paper ; but, if I am punished for what I say, I must insist upon being heard !—I call upon you, my Lords, to protect me from this violence !"

This animated appeal prevailed ; the managers were silenced by an almost universal cry of " Hear, hear, hear !" from the Lords ; and by Lord

Kenyon,¹ who represented the Chancellor, and said, "Mr. Hastings, proceed."

The angry orators, though with a very ill grace, were then silenced. They were little aware what a compliment this intemperate eagerness was paying to Mr. Hastings, who for so many long days manifested that fortitude against attack, and that patience against abuse, which they could not muster, without any parallel in provocation, even for three short hours.

I rejoiced with all my heart to find Mr. Windham was not in their box. He did not enter with them in procession, nor appear as a manager or party concerned, further than as a member of the House of Commons. I could not distinguish him in so large a group, and he either saw not, or knew not, me.

The conclusion of the defence I heard better, as Mr. Hastings spoke considerably louder from this time; the spirit of indignation animated his manner and gave strength to his voice. You will have seen the chief parts of his discourse in the newspapers; and you cannot, I think, but grow more and more his friend as you peruse it. He called pathetically and solemnly for instant judgment; but the Lords, after an adjournment, decided to hear his defence by evidence, and in order, the next sessions.² How grievous such continual delay to a man past sixty, and sighing for such a length of time for redress from a prosecution as yet unparalleled in our annals!

When it was over, Colonel Manners came round to speak to me, and talk over the defence. He is warmly for Mr. Hastings. He inquired about Windsor; I should have made him stare a

¹ Lloyd, Lord Kenyon, 1732-1802, Chief Justice of the King's Bench from 1788 to 1802.

² *i.e.* on Tuesday, February 14, 1792, being the *seventy-third* day of the trial.

little, had I told him I never expected to see him there again.

Mrs. Kenedy and the Miss Coopers knew me as I passed them; but I saw they read the history of my long illness in my face, by the expression of their eyes: and Mr. Nicholls, whom I had not met for two or three years, though I observed him looking hard at me, let me go on, without sufficiently recollecting to speak to me.

When we came downstairs into the large waiting-hall, Mr. de Luc went in search of William and chairs. Sally then immediately discerned Mr. Windham with some ladies. He looked at me without at first knowing me.

Mr. Nicholls, however, now knew my voice: he came and chatted with his accustomed good humour and ease, and frankly owned he had thought it was me, but felt too insecure to venture to speak earlier. He then very openly exhorted me to take more care of my health, and try change of air; Twickenham, for example, he said he thought would prove serviceable, for, ill as I looked in health, he thought it was not incurably.

While this was going on, Sarah whispered me that Mr. Windham was looking harder and harder; and presently, at a pause with Mr. Nicholls, he came up to me, and in a tone of very deep concern, and with a look that fully concurred with it, he said, "Do I see Miss Burney?"

I could not but feel the extent of the interrogation, and my assent acknowledged my comprehension.

"Indeed," he cried, "I was going to make a speech—not very—gallant!"

"But it is what I should like better," I cried, "for it is kind, if you were going to say I look miserably ill, as that is but a necessary consequence

of feeling so,—and miserably ill enough I have felt this long time past.”

He would not allow quite that, he said ; but I flew from the subject, to tell him I had been made very happy by him.

He gave me one of his starts,—but immediately concluded it was by no good, and therefore would not speak an inquiry.

“Why, I did not see you in the box,” I cried, “and I had been very much afraid I should have seen you there. But now my fears are completely over, and you have made me completely happy !”

He protested, with a comic but reproachful smile, he knew not how to be glad, if it was still only in the support of a bad cause, and if still I really supported it.

And then he added he had gone amongst the House of Commons instead of joining the managers, because that enabled him to give his place to a friend, who was not a member.

“You must be sure,” said I, “you would see me here to-day.”

I had always threatened him with giving fairest play to the defence, and always owned I had been most afraid of his harangue ; therefore to find the charges end without his making it saved me certainly a shake,—either for Mr. Hastings or himself,—for one of them must thenceforth have fallen in my estimation.

I believe, however, this was a rather delicate point, as he made me no answer, but a grave smile ; but I am sure he instantly understood his relinquishing his intended charge was my subject of exultation. And, to make it plainer, I then added, “I am really very generous to be thus made happy, considering how great has been my curiosity.”

“But, to have gratified that curiosity,” cried he,

“would have been no very particular inducement with me; though I have no right to take it for a compliment, as there are two species of curiosity,—yours, therefore, you leave wholly ambiguous.”

“Oh, I am content with that,” cried I: “so long as I am gratified, I give you leave to take it which way you please.”

He murmured something I could not distinctly hear, of concern at my continued opinion upon this subject; but I do not think, by his manner, it much surprised him.

“You know,” cried I, “why, as well as what, I feared—that fatal candour, of which so long ago you warned me to beware. And, indeed, I was kept in alarm to the very last moment; for at every figure I saw start up, just now,—Mr. Fox, Mr. Burke, Mr. Grey,—I concluded yours would be the next.”

“You were prepared, then,” cried he, with no little malice, “for a ‘voice issuing from a distant pew.’”¹

This unexpected turn put me quite out, whereupon he seized his opportunity to put himself in. For, after a little laugh at his victory, he very gravely, and even almost solemnly, said, “But, there is another subject,—always uppermost with me,—which I have not ventured to speak of to you; though, to others,—you know not how I have raved and raged! But I believe,—I am sure,—you know what I allude to.”

’Twas impossible, thus challenged, to dissemble. “Yes,” I answered, “I own,—I believe,—I understand you; and, indeed, I should be tempted to say farther,—if you would forget it when heard, and make no implications,—that, from what has come round to me from different quarters, I hold myself to be very much obliged to you.”

¹ *Cecilia*, book vii. chap. vii.—“An Event.”

I was sorry, as things are still circumstanced, to say this; but it would have been graceless, after all his zeal and kindness, thus called upon, to say less.

He looked very much pleased, and, entering instantly into the sort of inference I feared, mildly said, "But without any implication, now,—surely it is time! Now,—obviously,—strikingly,—all implication apart,—there is reason substantial, uncontrovertible——"

Mr. de Luc came to say something of the chair, and I dreaded his hearing what I felt coming, so turned off; but Mr. Windham's looks strongly finished his meaning concerning mine, as announcing a necessity of resignation. I ventured at no answer whatsoever.

He looked a little blank, and then I could not resist, in a very low voice, saying, "I should not have expected, Mr. Windham, from you, a generosity such as this, for one you regard as a captive!"

He was obliged to swallow this allusion; but began, with double eagerness, upon the subject uppermost; but I really heard nothing, from seeing Mr. de Luc's fixed attention, and dreading his discovering our topic: I therefore made the parting courtesy; he returned it with a bow, but, as I stood back, came on, very earnestly indeed, saying, "When shall I see you again?"

I was sure, by the expression of his voice, he meant, when should I again be visible in the world? I dared make no answer, but a little shook my head and still retreated.

"When?" he cried again, perseveringly, and still more forcibly.

Still no answer could I make. Upon which, in a tone most emphatic, he answered himself, exclaiming "Never!" and, with a look that implied

all the raving and raging he had acknowledged internally reviving, and with an air almost in heroics, he walked away.

I was really very much vexed not to be able to deal more openly with a champion whose sincere warmth in my service so much engages my real gratitude, and gives me so much real pleasure ; but it was every way impossible. Mr. de Luc, much struck with his eager manner, did not let him be out of hearing before he cried, "Pray, ma'am, who is it, that gentleman?"

I told him. "Ha!" he exclaimed, astonished to find him one of that party ; "and, really, he has an honest face of his own ! But you both spoke so adroitly, under the cover, that I could not make it out, very well, what you were talking upon it ; but I suppose the French revolution."

What gave him this idea I know not, but I was glad the adroitness so well succeeded.

When we came home I was immediately summoned to Her Majesty, to whom I gave a full and fair account of all I had heard of the defence ; and it drew tears from her expressive eyes, as I repeated Mr. Hastings's own words, upon the hardship and injustice of the treatment he had sustained.

Afterwards, at night, the King called upon me to repeat my account ; and I was equally faithful, sparing nothing of what had dropped from the persecuted defendant relative to His Majesty's Ministers. I thought official accounts might be less detailed there than against the Managers, who, as open enemies, excite not so much my "high displeasure" as the friends of Government, who so insidiously elected and panegyrised him while they wanted his assistance, and betrayed and deserted him when he was no longer in a capacity to serve them. Such, at least, is the light in which the defence places them.

The King listened with much earnestness and a marked compassion. He had already read the account sent him officially, but he was as eager to hear all I could recollect, as if still uninformed of what had passed. The words may be given to the eye, but the impression they make can only be conveyed by the ear; and I came back so eagerly interested, that my memory was not more stored with the very words than my voice with the intonations of all that had passed.

With regard to my bearing this sole unofficial exertion since my illness, I can only say the fatigue I felt bore not any parallel with that of every drawing-room day, because I was seated.

June 4.—Let me now come to the 4th, the last birthday of the good, gracious, benevolent King I shall ever, in all human probability, pass under his Royal roof.

The thought was affecting to me, in defiance of my volunteer conduct, and I could scarce speak to the Queen when I first went to her, and wished to say something upon a day so interesting. The King was most gracious and kind when he came into the State Dressing-Room at St. James's, and particularly inquired about my health and strength, and if they would befriend me for the day. I longed again to tell him how hard I would work them, rather than let them, on such a day, drive me from my office; but I found it better suited me to be quiet; it was safer not to trust to any expression of loyalty, with a mind so full, and on a day so critical.

With regard to health, my side is all that is attended with any uneasiness, and that is sometimes a serious business. Certainly there is nothing premature in what has been done.

And—O picquet!—life hardly hangs on earth during its compulsion, in these months succeeding

months, and years creeping, crawling, after years.

At dinner Mrs. Schwellenberg presided, attired magnificently. Miss Goldsworthy, Mrs. Stainforth, Messrs. de Luc and Stanhope¹ dined with us; and, while we were still eating fruit, the Duke of Clarence entered.

He was just risen from the King's table, and waiting for his equipage to go home and prepare for the ball. To give you an idea of the energy of His Royal Highness's language, I ought to set apart a general objection to writing, or rather intimating, certain forcible words, and beg leave to show you, in genuine colours, a Royal sailor.

We all rose, of course, upon his entrance, and the two gentlemen placed themselves behind their chairs while the footmen left the room; but he ordered us all to sit down, and called the men back to hand about some wine. He was in exceeding high spirits and in the utmost good humour. He placed himself at the head of the table, next Mrs. Schwellenberg, and looked remarkably well, gay, and full of sport and mischief, yet clever withal as well as comical.

"Well, this is the first day I have ever dined with the King at St. James's on his birthday. Pray, have you all drunk His Majesty's health?"

"No, your Roy'l Highness: your Roy'l Highness might make dem do dat," said Mrs. Schwellenberg.

"Oh — will I! Here, you (to the footman); bring Champagne! I'll drink the King's health again, if I die for it! Yet, I have done pretty well already: so has the King, I promise you! I believe His Majesty was never taken such good care of before. We have kept his spirits up, I promise you; we have enabled him to go through his fatigues; and I should have done more still,

¹ Edwyn Francis Stanhope, *d.* 1807, the Queen's Equerry.

but for the ball and Mary—I have promised to dance with Mary!”

Princess Mary made her first appearance at Court to-day: she looked most interesting and unaffectedly lovely: she is a sweet creature, and perhaps, in point of beauty, the first of this truly beautiful race, of which Princess Mary may be called *pendant* to the Prince of Wales.

Champagne being now brought for the Duke, he ordered it all round. When it came to me I whispered to Westerhaults¹ to carry it on: the Duke slapped his hand violently on the table, and called out, “Oh, — you shall drink it!”

There was no resisting this. We all stood up, and the Duke sonorously gave the Royal toast.

“And now,” cried he, making us all sit down again, “where are my rascals of servants? I sha’n’t be in time for the ball; besides, I’ve got a — tailor waiting to fix on my epaulette! Here, you, go and see for my servants! d’y’e hear? Scamper off!”

Off ran William.

“Come, let’s have the King’s health again. De Luc, drink it. Here, Champagne to De Luc!”

I wish you could have seen Mr. de Luc’s mixed simper—half pleased, half alarmed. However, the wine came and he drank it, the Duke taking a bumper for himself at the same time.

“Poor Stanhope!” cried he: “Stanhope shall have a glass too! Here, Champagne! what are you all about? Why don’t you give Champagne to poor Stanhope?”

Mr. Stanhope, with great pleasure, complied, and the Duke again accompanied him.

“Come hither, do you hear?” cried the Duke to the servants; and on the approach, slow and submissive, of Mrs. Stainforth’s man, he hit him a

¹ Mrs. Schwellenberg’s servant.

violent slap on the back, calling out, "Hang you! why don't you see for my rascals?"

Away flew the man, and then he called out to Westerhaults, "Hark'ee! bring another glass of Champagne to Mr. de Luc!"

Mr. de Luc knows these Royal youths too well to venture at so vain an experiment as disputing with them; so he only shrugged his shoulders and drank the wine. The Duke did the same.

"And now, poor Stanhope," cried the Duke; "give another glass to poor Stanhope, d'ye hear?"

"Is not your Royal Highness afraid," cried Mr. Stanhope, displaying the full circle of his borrowed teeth, "I shall be apt to be rather up in the world, as the folks say, if I tope on at this rate?"

"Not at all! you can't get drunk in a better cause. I'd get drunk myself if it was not for the ball. Here, Champagne! another glass for the philosopher! I keep sober for Mary."

"Oh, your Royal Highness!" cried Mr. de Luc, gaining courage as he drank, "you will make me quite droll of it if you make me go on,—quite droll!"

"So much the better! so much the better! it will do you a monstrous deal of good. Here, another glass of Champagne for the Queen's philosopher!"

Mr. de Luc obeyed, and the Duke then addressed Mrs. Schwellenberg's George. "Here! you! you! why, where is my carriage? run and see, do you hear?"

Off hurried George, grinning irrepressibly.

"If it was not for that — tailor, I would not stir. I shall dine at the Queen's house on Monday, Miss Goldsworthy; I shall come to dine with Princess Royal. I find she does not go to Windsor with the Queen."

The Queen meant to spend one day at Windsor,

on account of a review which carried the King that way.

Some talk then ensued upon the Duke's new carriage, which they all agreed to be the most beautiful that day at Court. I had not seen it, which, to me, was some impediment against praising it.

He then said it was necessary to drink the Queen's health.

The gentlemen here made no demur, though Mr. de Luc arched his eyebrows in expressive fear of consequences.

"A bumper," cried the Duke, "to the Queen's gentleman-usher."

They all stood up and drank the Queen's health.

"Here are three of us," cried the Duke, "all belonging to the Queen: the Queen's philosopher, the Queen's gentleman-usher, and the Queen's son; but, thank Heaven, I'm nearest!"

"Sir," cried Mr. Stanhope, a little affronted, "I am not now the Queen's gentleman-usher; I am the Queen's equerry, sir."

"A glass more of Champagne here! What are you all so slow for? Where are all my rascals gone? They've put me in one passion already this morning. Come, a glass of Champagne for the Queen's gentleman-usher!" laughing heartily.

"No, sir," repeated Mr. Stanhope; "I am equerry now, sir."

"And another glass to the Queen's philosopher!"

Neither gentleman objected; but Mrs. Schwel-
lenberg, who had sat laughing and happy all this time, now grew alarmed, and said, "Your Royal Highness, I am afraid for the ball!"

"Hold you your potato-jaw, my dear," cried the Duke, patting her; but, recollecting himself, he took her hand and pretty abruptly kissed it, and then, flinging it hastily away, laughed aloud,

and called out, "There! that will make amends for anything, so now I may say what I will. So here! a glass of Champagne for the Queen's philosopher and the Queen's gentleman-usher! Hang me if it will not do them a monstrous deal of good!"

Here news was brought that the equipage was in order. He started up, calling out, "Now, then, for my — tailor."

"Oh, your Royal Highness!" cried Mr. de Luc, in a tone of expostulation, "now you have made us droll, you go!"

Off, however, he went. And is it not a curious scene? All my amaze is, how any of their heads bore such libations.

In the evening I had by no means strength to encounter the ball-room. I gave my tickets to Mrs. and Miss Douglas.¹

Mrs. Stainforth was dying to see the Princess Mary in her Court dress. Mr. Stanhope offered to conduct her to a place of prospect. She went with him. I thought this preferable to an unbroken evening with my fair companion, and, Mr. de Luc thinking the same, we both left Mrs. Schwollenberg to unattire, and followed. But we were rather in a scrape by trusting to Mr. Stanhope after all this Champagne: he had carried Mrs. Stainforth to the very door of the ball-room, and there fixed her—in a place which the King, Queen, and suite must brush past in order to enter the ball-room. I had followed, however, and the crowds of beef-eaters, officers, and guards that lined all the state-rooms through which we exhibited ourselves, prevented my retreating alone. I stood, therefore, next to Mrs. Stainforth, and saw the ceremony.

The passage was made so narrow by attendants, that they were all forced to go one by one. First,

¹ See *ante*, p. 278.

all the King's great state-officers, amongst whom I recognised Lord Courtown, Treasurer of the Household; Lord Salisbury carried a candle!—'tis an odd etiquette.—These being passed, came the King—he saw us and laughed; then the Queen's Master of the Horse, Lord Harcourt, who did ditto; then some more.

The Vice-Chamberlain carries the Queen's candle, that she may have the arm of the Lord Chamberlain to lean on; accordingly, Lord Aylesbury, receiving that honour, now preceded the Queen: she looked amazed at sight of us. The kind Princesses one by one acknowledged us. I spoke to Princess Mary, wishing her Royal Highness joy: she looked in a delight and an alarm nearly equal. She was to dance her first minuet. Then followed the Ladies of the Bedchamber, and Lady Harcourt was particularly civil. Then the Maids of Honour, every one of whom knew and spoke to us. I peered vainly for the Duke of Clarence, but none of the Princes passed us. What a crowd brought up the rear! I was vexed not to see the Prince of Wales.

Well, God bless the King! and many and many such days may he know!

I was now so tired as to be eager to go back; but the Queen's philosopher, the good and most sober and temperate of men, was really a little giddy with all his bumpers, and his eyes, which were quite lustrous, could not fix any object steadily; while the poor gentleman-usher—equerry, I mean—kept his mouth so wide open with one continued grin,—I suppose from the sparkling beverage,—that I was every minute afraid its pearly ornaments, which never fit their case, would have fallen at our feet. Mrs. Stainforth gave me a significant look of making the same observation, and, catching me fast by the arm, said, "Come,

Miss Burney, let's you and I take care of one another"; and then she safely toddled me back to Mrs. Schwollenberg, who greeted us with saying, "Vell! bin you much amused? Dat Prince Villiam—oders de Duke de Clarence—bin raelly ver merry—oders vat you call tipsy."

Brief must be my attempt at the remnant of this month, my dearest friends; for it was spent in so much difficulty, pain, and embarrassment, that I should have very little to relate that you could have any pleasure to hear; and I am weary of dwelling on evils that now, when I write, are past! I thank God!

June 5.—The day following the birthday, you cannot be surprised to hear that I was really very ill. I stood with such infinite difficulty in the Queen's presence at noon that I was obliged to be dismissed, and to go to bed in the middle of the day. I soon got better, however, and again attended in the evening, and in a few days I was much the same as before the gala.

My orders, which I punctually obeyed, of informing no one of my impending departure, were extremely painful to adhere to, as almost everybody I saw advised me strenuously to beg leave of absence to recruit, and pressed so home to me the necessity of taking some step for my health, that I was reduced to a thousand unpleasant evasions in my answers. But I was bound; and I never disengage myself from bonds imposed by others, if once I have agreed to them.

Mr. Turbulent at this time outstayed the tea-party one evening, not for his former rhodomontading, but to seriously and earnestly advise me to resign. My situation, he said, was evidently death to me.

He was eager to inquire of me who was Mrs. Lenox? He had been reading, like all the rest

of the world, Boswell's *Life of Dr. Johnson*,¹ and the preference there expressed of Mrs. Lenox to all other females had filled him with astonishment, as he had never even heard her name.

These occasional sallies of Dr. Johnson, uttered from local causes and circumstances, but all retailed verbatim by Mr. Boswell, are filling all sort of readers with amaze, except the small party to whom Dr. Johnson was known, and who, by acquaintance with the power of the moment over his unguarded conversation, know how little of his solid opinion was to be gathered from his accidental assertions.

The King, who was now also reading this work, applied to me for explanations without end. Every night at this period he entered the Queen's dressing-room, and delayed Her Majesty's proceedings by a length of discourse with me upon this subject. All that flowed from himself was constantly full of the goodness and benevolence of his character; and I was never so happy as in the opportunity thus graciously given me of vindicating, in instances almost innumerable, the serious principles and various excellences of Dr. Johnson from the clouds so frequently involving and darkening them, in narrations so little calculated for any readers who were strangers to his intrinsic worth, and therefore worked upon and struck by what was faulty in his temper and manners.

I regretted not having strength to read this work to Her Majesty myself. It was an honour I should else have certainly received; for so much wanted clearing! so little was understood! However, the Queen frequently condescended to read over passages and anecdotes which perplexed or offended her; and there were none I had not a fair power

¹ See *ante*, vol. i. p. 86. Mrs. Lenox was Charlotte Lennox, 1720-1804, author of the *Female Quixote*.

to soften or to justify. Dear and excellent Dr. Johnson! I have never forgot nor neglected his injunction given me when he was ill—to stand by him and support him, and not hear him abused when he was no more, and could not defend himself! but little—little did I think it would ever fall to my lot to vindicate him to his King and Queen.

At this time Colonel Manners was in waiting, and Colonel Goldsworthy was on a visit, as was Mr. Fairly. They all little enough thought how near we were to a separation. Lords Chesterfield, Harrington,¹ and Cathcart² drank tea with us almost constantly. The two latter I liked extremely, and shall be glad if hereafter I should meet them.

Her Majesty, the day before we left Windsor, gave me to understand my attendance would be yet one more fortnight requisite, though no longer. I heard this with a fearful presentiment I should surely never go through another fortnight, in so weak and languishing and painful a state of health. However, I could but accede, though I fear with no very courtly grace. So melancholy indeed was the state of my mind, from the weakness of my frame, that I was never alone but to form scenes of "foreign woe," when my own disturbance did not occupy me wholly. I began—almost whether I would or not—another tragedy!³ The other three all unfinished! not one read! and one of them, indeed, only generally sketched as to plan and character. But I could go on with nothing; I could only suggest and invent.

The power of composition has to me indeed

¹ Charles Stanhope, third Earl of Harrington, 1753-1829.

² William Schaw Cathcart, tenth Baron Cathcart in the Scottish Peerage (afterwards first Earl Cathcart), 1755-1843. At this date, he was a lieutenant-colonel.

³ At p. 413 Miss Burney was at work on a second tragedy. Now she speaks of a third and a fourth!

24. m.
212

72

proved a solace, a blessing ! When incapable of all else, that, unsolicited, unthought of, has presented itself to my solitary leisure, and beguiled me of myself, though it has not of late regaled me with gayer associates.

July.—I come now to write the last week of my Royal residence. The Queen honoured me with the most uniform graciousness, and though, as the time of separation approached, her cordiality rather diminished, and traces of internal displeasure appeared sometimes, arising from an opinion I ought rather to have struggled on, live or die, than to quit her,—yet I am sure she saw how poor was my own chance, except by a change in the mode of life, and at least ceased to wonder, though she could not approve.

The King was more courteous, more communicative, more amiable, at every meeting ; and he condescended to hold me in conversation with him by every opportunity, and with an air of such benevolence and goodness, that I never felt such ease and pleasure in his notice before. He talked over all Mr. Boswell's book, and I related to him sundry anecdotes of Dr. Johnson, all highly to his honour, and such as I was eager to make known. He always heard me with the utmost complacency, and encouraged me to proceed in my accounts, by every mark of attention and interest.

He told me once, laughing heartily, that, having seen my name in the Index, he was eager to come to what was said of me ; but when he found so little, he was surprised and disappointed.

I ventured to assure him how much I had myself been rejoiced at this very circumstance, and with what satisfaction I had reflected upon having very seldom met Mr. Boswell,¹ as I knew there was

¹ See vol. i. p. 467 ; also Appendix to vol. i. pp. 509-12, "Boswell at Streatham Place."

no other security against all manner of risks in his relations.

I must have told you long since of the marriage of Mlle. Montmollin to M. d'Espère-en-Dieu?¹ Her niece, another Mlle. Montmollin, has succeeded her. I was not inclined to make new acquaintance on the eve of my departure; but she came one morning to my room, in attendance upon the Princess Mary, who called in to ask me some question. She seems agreeable and sensible. The Princess Mary then stayed and chatted with me over her own adventures on the Queen's birthday, when she first appeared at Court. The history of her dancing at the ball, and the situation of her partner and brother, the Duke of Clarence, she spoke of with a sweet ingenuousness and artless openness which mark her very amiable character. And not a little did I divert her when I related the Duke's visit to our party! "Oh," cried she, "he told me of it himself the next morning, and said, 'You may think how far I was gone, for I kissed the Schwellenberg's hand!'"

About this time Mr. Turbulent made me a visit at tea-time when the gentlemen were at the Castle; and the moment William left the room he eagerly said, "Is this true, Miss Burney, that I hear? Are we going to lose you?"

I was much surprised, but could not deny the charge. He, very good-naturedly, declared himself much pleased at a release which he protested he thought necessary to my life's preservation.

I made him tell me the channel through which a business I had guarded so scrupulously myself had reached him; but it is too full of windings for writing.

With Mr. de Luc I was already in confidence upon my resignation, and with the knowledge of

¹ See *ante*, p. 447.

the Queen, as he had received the intelligence from Germany, whence my successor was now arriving.

I then also begged the indulgence of writing to Mr. Smelt upon the subject, which was accorded me.

My next attack was from Miss Planta. She expressed herself in the deepest concern at my retiring, though she not only acknowledged its necessity, but confessed she had not thought I could have performed my official duty even one year ! She broke from me while we talked, leaving me abruptly in a violent passion of tears.

MISS BURNEY TO DR. BURNEY

July 3, '91.

DEAREST SIR—Mademoiselle Jacobi, my destined successor, is come. This moment I have been told it by the Queen. And in truth I am again falling so unwell that I had fully expected, if the delay had been yet lengthened, another dreadful seizure for its termination. But I hope now to avoid this : and my mind is very full, very agitated ; nothing has yet been said of my day of dismissal.

I conclude I return not till Thursday, after the drawing-room. I fancy my attendance will be required at St. James's till that ceremony is over. It will be highly disagreeable, and even painful, to conclude in such full congress and fine trappings, etc., for I know I shall feel a pang at parting with the Queen, in the midst of the soul's satisfaction with which I shall return to my beloved father—that dear parental protection under which, if my altered health should even fail of restoration, my mind will be composed, and my best affections

cherished, soothed, and returned. My eyes fill while I write; my dearest father, I feel myself already in your kind arms. I shall write instantly to my good Mrs. Ord; I have many reasons for knowing her plan of excursion as wise to follow as it was kind to propose; and if you go to Crewe Hall, we may set off almost at the same moment.

All the sweet Princesses seem sorry I am going. Indeed the most flattering marks of attention meet me from all quarters. I feel heavy-hearted at the parting scene, especially with the Queen, in the midst of all my joy and relief to return to my beloved father. And the King—the benevolent King—so uniformly, partially, and encouragingly good to me—I can hardly look at with dry eyes. Mrs. Schwellenberg has been forced to town by ill health; she was very friendly, even affectionate, in going!

The business with my servants is quite a tragedy to me—they so much liked their places: they have both been crying, even the man; Goter cannot keep from sobbing.

I flatter myself, dearest sir, we shall still have near a month together before our first branching off; and such rest as that, with peace, my long-postponed medical trial of Dr. W.'s prescription,¹ and my own most wished regimen of affection in domestic life, will do all that can be done towards recruiting my shattered frame; and the frequent gentle changes of air, with such a skilful directress as Mrs. Ord, will be giving me, indeed, every possible chance.

Adieu, most dear sir: to the world's end, and I hope after the world's end, dutifully and affectionately, your

F. B.

I had soon the pleasure to receive Mdlle. Jacobi.

¹ Dr. Willis (see *ante*, pp. 459-60).

She brought with her a young German,¹ as her maid, who proved to be her niece, but so poor she could not live when her aunt left Germany! Mr. Best, a messenger of the King's, brought her to Windsor, and Mrs. Best, his wife, accompanied him.

I was extremely pleased with Mdlle. Jacobi, who is tall, well-made, and nearly handsome, and of a humour so gay, an understanding so lively, and manners so frank and ingenuous, that I felt an immediate regard for her, and we grew mutual good friends. She is the daughter of a dignified clergyman of Hanover, high in theological fame.

They all dined with me; and, indeed, Mdlle. Jacobi, wanting a thousand informations in her new situation, which I was most happy to give her, seldom quitted me an instant.

Tuesday morning I had a conversation, very long and very affecting to me, with Her Majesty. I cannot pretend to detail it. I will only tell you she began by speaking of Mdlle. Jacobi, whom I had the satisfaction to praise, as far as had appeared, very warmly; and then she led me to talk at large upon the nature and requisites and circumstances of the situation I was leaving. I said whatever I could suggest that would tend to render my successor more comfortable, and had the great happiness to represent with success the consolation and very innocent pleasure she might reap from the society of the young relation she had brought over, if she might be permitted to treat her at once as a companion, and not as a servant. This was heard with the most humane complacency, and I had leave given me to forward the plan in various ways.

She then conversed upon sundry subjects, all of

¹ Bettina Winckleman (see *post*, p. 489).

them confidential in their nature, for near an hour ; and then, after a pause, said, "Do I owe you anything, my dear Miss Burney?"

I acquainted her with a debt or two amounting to near £70. She said she would settle it in the afternoon, and then paused again ; after which, with a look full of benignity, she very expressively said, "As I don't know your plan, or what you propose, I cannot tell what would make you comfortable, but you know the size of my family."

I comprehended her, and was immediately interrupting her with assurances of my freedom from all expectation or claim ; but she stopped me, saying, "You know what you now have from me :—the half of that I mean to continue."

Amazed and almost overpowered by a munificence I had so little expected or thought of, I poured forth the most earnest disclaimings of such a mark of her graciousness, declaring I knew too well her innumerable calls to be easy in receiving it ; and much more I uttered to this purpose, with the unaffected warmth that animated me at the moment. She heard me almost silently ; but, in conclusion, simply, yet strongly, said, "I shall certainly do that!" with a stress on the "that" that seemed to kindly mean she would rather have done more.

The conference was in this stage when the Princess Elizabeth came into the room. The Queen then retired to the ante-chamber. My eyes being full, and my heart not very empty, I could not then forbear saying to her Royal Highness how much the goodness of the Queen had penetrated me. The Princess spoke feelings I could not expect, by the immediate glistening of her soft eyes. She condescended to express her concern at my retiring ; but most kindly added, "However, Miss Burney, you have this to comfort

you, go when you will, that your behaviour has been most perfectly honourable."

This, my last day at Windsor, was filled with nothing but packing, leave-taking, bills-paying, and lessoning to Mdlle. Jacobi, who adhered to my side through everything, and always with an interest that made its own way for her.

All the people I had to settle with poured forth for my better health good wishes without end; but amongst the most unwilling for my retreat stood poor Mrs. Astley: indeed she quite saddened me by her sadness, and by the recollections of that sweet and angelic being her mistress, who had so solaced my early days at that place.¹

Mr. Bryant, too, came this same morning; he had an audience of the Queen: he knew nothing previously of my design. He seemed quite thunderstruck. "Bless me!" he cried, in his short and simple but expressive manner; "so I shall never see you again—never have the honour to dine in that apartment with you more!" etc. I would have kept him to dinner this last day, but he was not well, and would not be persuaded. He would not, however, bid me adieu, but promised to endeavour to see me some time at Chelsea.

I had then a little note from Miss Gomme, desiring to see me in the garden. She had just gathered the news. I do not believe any one was more disposed to be sorry, if the sight and sense of my illness had not checked her concern. She highly approved the step I was taking, and was most cordial and kind.

¹ Mrs. Delany's maid (see *ante*, vol. iii. p. 486). "Poor Mrs. Astley" appears subsequently to have been greatly exercised by certain passages in the *Memoirs of Dr. Burney*, which appeared before her death in 1832. She considered they implied that the Duchess of Portland had partly supported her mistress. In a communication printed in George Paston's *Mrs. Delany*, 1900, pp. 259-60, Mrs. Astley is at great pains to traverse this imputation. She also "doubted the truth" of Miss Burney's "looking over Mrs. Delany's letters and papers." But on this point, the *Diary*, which Mrs. Astley did not live to see, is explicit (see *ante*, vol. iii. p. 69).

Miss Planta came to tell me she must decline dining with me, as she felt she should cry all dinner-time, in reflecting upon its being our last meal together at Windsor, and this might affront Mdle. Jacobi.

The Queen deigned to come once more to my apartment this afternoon. She brought me the debt. It was a most mixed feeling with which I now saw her.

In the evening came Madame de la Fite. I need not tell you, I imagine, that her expressions were of "la plus vive douleur"; yet she owned she could not wonder my father should try what another life would do for me.

My dear Mrs. de Luc came next; she, alone, knew of this while impending. She rejoiced the time of deliverance was arrived, for she had often feared I should outstay my strength, and sink while the matter was arranging. She rejoiced, however, with tears in her kind eyes; and, indeed, I took leave of her with true regret.

It was nine o'clock before I could manage to go down the garden to the Lower Lodge, to pay my duty to the younger Princesses, whom I could not else see at all, as they never go to town for the court-days.

I went first upstairs to Miss Gomme, and had the mortification to learn that the Princess Amelia was already gone to bed. This extremely grieved me. When or how I may see her lovely little Highness more, Heaven only knows!

Miss Gomme kindly accompanied me to Miss Goldsworthy's apartment, and promised me a few more last words before I set out the next morning.

I found Mrs. Cheveley, at whose door, and at Miss Neven's, her sister's, I had tapped and left my name, with Miss Goldsworthy and Dr. Fisher:

that pleasing and worthy man has just taken a doctor's degree.

I waited with Miss Goldsworthy till the Princesses Mary and Sophia came from the Upper Lodge, which is when the King and Queen go to supper. Their Royal Highnesses were gracious even to kindness; they shook my hand again and again, and wished me better health, and all happiness, with the sweetest earnestness. Princess Mary repeatedly desired to see me whenever I came to the Queen's house, and condescended to make me as repeatedly promise that I would not fail. I was deeply touched by their goodness, and by leaving them.

Wednesday.—In the morning Mrs. Evans, the housekeeper, came to take leave of me; and the housemaid of my apartment, who, poor girl! cried bitterly that I was going to give place to a foreigner; for Mrs. Schwellenberg's severity with servants has made all Germans feared in the house.

Oh, but let me first mention that, when I came from the Lower Lodge, late as it was, I determined to see my old friends the equerries, and not quit the place without bidding them adieu. I had never seen them since I had dared mention my designed retreat.

I told William, therefore, to watch their return from the castle, and to give my compliments to either Colonel Gwynn or Colonel Goldsworthy, and an invitation to my apartment.

Colonel Goldsworthy came instantly. I told him I could not think of leaving Windsor without offering first my good wishes to all the household. He said that, when my intended departure had been published, he and all the gentlemen then with him had declared it ought to have taken place six months ago. He was extremely courteous, and I begged him to bring to me the rest of his companions that were known to me.

He immediately fetched Colonel Gwynn, General Grenville, Colonel Ramsden, and Colonel Manners. This was the then party. I told him I sent to beg their blessing upon my departure. They were all much pleased, apparently, that I had not made my exit without seeing them: they all agreed in the urgency of the measure, and we exchanged good wishes most cordially.

My Wednesday morning's attendance upon the Queen was a melancholy office. Miss Goldsworthy as well as Miss Gomme came early to take another farewell. I had not time to make any visits in the town, but left commissions with Mrs. de Luc and Madame de la Fite. Even Lady Charlotte Finch I could not call upon, though she had made me many kind visits since my illness. I wrote to her, however, by Miss Gomme, to thank her, and bid her adieu.

Thursday, July 7.—This, my last day of office, was big and busy,—joyful, yet affecting to me in a high degree.

In the morning, before I left Kew, I had my last interview with Mrs. Schwollenberg. She was very kind in it, desiring to see me whenever I could in town, during her residence at the Queen's house, and to hear from me by letter meanwhile.

She then much surprised me by an offer of succeeding to her own place, when it was vacated either by her retiring or her death.¹ This was, indeed, a mark of favour and confidence I had not expected. I declined, however, to enter upon the subject, as the manner in which she opened it made it very solemn, and, to her, very affecting.

She would take no leave of me, but wished me better hastily, and, saying we should soon meet, she hurried suddenly out of the room. Poor woman! If her temper were not so irascible, I

¹ See *post*, under December 1797.

really believe her heart would be by no means wanting in kindness.

I then took leave of Mrs. Sandys,¹ giving her a token of remembrance in return for her constant good behaviour, and she showed marks of regard, and of even grief, I was sorry to receive, as I could so ill return.

But the tragedy of tragedies was parting with Goter: that poor girl did nothing but cry incessantly from the time she knew of our separation. I was very sorry to have no place to recommend her to, though I believe she may rather benefit by a vacation that carries her to her excellent father and mother, who teach her nothing but good. I did what I could to soften the blow, by every exertion in my power in all ways; for it was impossible to be unmoved at her violence of sorrow.

I then took leave of Kew Palace²—the same party again accompanying me, for the last time, in a Royal vehicle going by the name of *Miss Burney's coach*.

I should mention that the Queen graciously put into my hands the power of giving every possible comfort and kind assurances of encouragement to Mlle. Jacobi and her poor little Bettina; and all was arranged in the best manner for their accommodation and ease. Her Majesty made me also the happy conveyancer of various presents to them both, and gave to me the regulation of their proceedings.

When we arrived in town I took leave of Mr. de Luc. I believe he was as much inclined to be sorry as the visible necessity of the parting would permit him. For me, I hope to see every one of the establishment hereafter, far more comfortably than ever I have been able to do during the fatigues of a life to which I was so ill suited.

¹ See *ante*, p. 3.

² See *ante*, p. 190.

I come now near the close of my Court career.

At St. James's all was graciousness; and my Royal Mistress gave me to understand she would have me stay to assist at her toilet after the drawing-room; and much delighted me by desiring my attendance on the Thursday fortnight, when she came again to town. This lightened the parting in the pleasantest manner possible.

When the Queen commanded me to follow her to her closet I was, indeed, in much emotion; but I told her that, as what had passed from Mrs. Schwullenberg in the morning had given me to understand Her Majesty was fixed in her munificent intention, notwithstanding what I had most unaffectedly urged against it—

“Certainly,” she interrupted, “I shall certainly do it.”

“Yet so little,” I continued, “had I thought it right to dwell upon such an expectation, that, in the belief your Majesty would yet take it into further consideration, I had not even written it to my father.”

“Your father,” she again interrupted me, “has nothing to do with it; it is solely from *me* to *you*.”

“Let me then humbly entreat,” I cried, “still in some measure to be considered as a servant of your Majesty, either as reader, or to assist occasionally if Mlle. Jacobi should be ill.”

She looked most graciously pleased, and immediately closed in with the proposal, saying, “When your health is restored,—perhaps sometimes.”

I then fervently poured forth my thanks for all her goodness, and my prayers for her felicity.

She had her handkerchief in her hand or at her eyes the whole time. I was so much moved by her condescending kindness, that as soon as I got out of the closet I nearly sobbed. I went to help

Mlle. Jacobi to put up the jewels, that my emotion might the less be observed. The King then came into the room. He immediately advanced to the window, where I stood, to speak to me. I was not then able to comport myself steadily. I was forced to turn my head away from him. He stood still and silent for some minutes, waiting to see if I should turn about; but I could not recover myself sufficiently to face him, strange as it was to do otherwise; and perceiving me quite overcome he walked away, and I saw him no more.

His kindness, his goodness, his benignity, never shall I forget—never think of but with fresh gratitude and reverential affection.

They were now all going—I took, for the last time, the cloak of the Queen, and, putting it over her shoulders, slightly ventured to press them, earnestly, though in a low voice, saying, “God Almighty bless your Majesty!”

She turned round, and, putting her hand upon my ungloved arm, pressed it with the greatest kindness, and said, “May you be happy!”

She left me overwhelmed with tender gratitude. The three eldest Princesses were in the next room: they ran in to me the moment the Queen went onward. Princess Augusta and Princess Elizabeth each took a hand, and the Princess Royal put hers over them. I could speak to none of them; but they repeated, “I wish you happy!—I wish you health!” again and again, with the sweetest eagerness.

They then set off for Kew.

Here, therefore, end my Court Annals; after having lived in the service of Her Majesty five years within ten days—from July 17, 1786, to July 7, 1791.

APPENDIX

WALPOLE AND JACOB COLUMB

MORE than one letter passed between Miss Burney and Horace Walpole upon the subject of her late servant, Jacob Columb. The following—from the original in Archdeacon Burney's collection—is apparently the “answer” referred to at p. 427.

STRAWBERRYHILL, *Nov. 3 at night, 1790.*

DEAR MADAM,

Mr. Cambridge called on me this morning & prepared me for the vexatious Subject of yr letter, which tho' it mortifies me horridly for the new trouble you have had, and for the triumph of Villany & Injustice, yet I trust you will soon be delivered from your Inquietude by those very defects of our Law, which you feel, & which tho' glaring as they are in the present case, I agree with you in not wishing to see corrected by any National Assembly of tyrannic Assassins. It is very plain, Madam, from Mr. Woodcock's sober advice¹ that it would be folly & extravagance to attempt to set aside the Will at the expence at least of 80£, to obtain at most less than half that sum for the poor Claimants in Swisserland, who woud then be liable to pay their late Cousin's debts, which are called about 24£, tho' I cannot learn that they amount to quite eighteen. Give me leave to state both accounts as far as I can collect them from my two Servants.

¹ See *ante*, p. 426.

In Miss Burney's hands	16 0 0	to his Taylor	8 0 0
In the Perfumer's ¹	10 0 0	burial	3 5 0
Two watches worth about	4 13 0	Perfumer's	
Clothes	abt. 4 0 0	journey to	
	<hr/>	Windsor for	
	34 13 0	his effects	0 15 0
		Pd by per-	
		fumer at the	
		Hospital	0 13 0
			<hr/>
			12 13 0

There ought besides to be added to the late Colomb's debts five guineas which as he was dying he desired might be given to a Woman by whom he had had a child, and which would make his debts amount to £17 18 0

This being the state of your late Servant's circumstances, or probably very near it, Madam, it is clear that my two Servants² cannot advise their cousins abroad, nor undertake for them to contest the Will, nor can any of them, in order to punish a rogue, afford to be at the expence of a suit—and thence it is as clear, Madam, that you must pay the money in your hands, & be freed from any further trouble—except a little suspense, which I will now explain, and give you the best advice I am able, which again will be to take better advice.

Bayeux³ (I am not sure I spell his name rightly) to cover his fraud, we suppose, joined my servant *James* Colomb with himself as Executor & *Heir*. Now what I should propose is, that you, Madam, should offer Bayeux's Attorney to pay the money in your hands to the two Executors together, that is half to one and half to the other, on each giving you a receipt before proper Witnesses; and I should also advise you not to write to the attorney yourself but get a Lawyer to write for you & be present when you pay the money. As Bayeux has got a probate of the Will, I conclude he has also administered, & I do not know whether *that* will not entitle him to receive the whole sum from you & he certainly will then never pay a farthing to James Colomb, who will be cheated as well as his cousins in *Switzerland*.

The Will, such as it is, was written by an ignorant foreign schoolmaster, and calls Bayeux & James Colomb *heirs* instead of Residuary Legatees.

¹ M. Huguenon (see *ante*, p. 420).

² Philip and James Columb.

³ Peter Bayond, Miss Burney calls him.

Philipp Colomb will bring you this letter to-morrow, Madam, & his Brother James shall wait on you whenever you have settled to pay the money. I am obliged to go to Park Place on Saturday for three or four days, & cannot do without Philip. I do propose to be here again on tuesday. As business is much more easily transacted by word of mouth than by letters, if Dr. Burney could be so kind as to call on me here on this day or to-morrow sennight, I think we could save you, who have little, time & trouble. In the meantime, to say [save ?] you both, you are very welcome to shew This to yr. Lawyer.

I will detain you, Madam, but by very few words more. I am ashamed that your partiality should have induced you to mention me in so very kind a manner to Miss Cambridge for my behaviour in this affair. I have done nothing more than I should have done for an entire Stranger. You yourself who exercise every virtue so naturally would not think you had any merit in doing the very same. I should be very happy to have any opportunity of serving or obliging you voluntarily from esteem & goodwill—but, dear Madam, is it praiseworthy to comply with what you had a right to ask of anybody? I sent my servant when you had business with him, and business that affected his Relations. I must have been a brute to you, if I had not sent him: and he would have been in the right not to have minded me, but to have obeyed your summons. I am not a despotic democrat but

Your most sincere
humble servant

HOR. WALPOLE.

INDEX

- Ackland, Lady Harriet, 219
 Addington, Dr. Anthony, 183
Agreeable Surprise, O'Keeffe's, 88
 Aikin, Dr. John, 100 *n.*
 Ailesbury, Lord, 34, 241, 324,
 328, 333, 475
 Ailesbury, Lady, 328
 Akenside, Mark, 16, 64, 66, 67,
 71, 72; *Pleasures of the Imagination*, 65, 72
 Alberts, Mr., 149, 286, 313
 Alfieri, 229
 Alison, on *Taste*, Rev. Archibald,
 351
 Alison, *née* Gregory, Mrs., 351
 Ancaster, Duchess of, 163
 Anderson, Mr., 385
 Anguish, Miss, *see* Carmarthen,
 137
 Anstruther, Mr. J., 352, 367
 Ascot Races, 407
 Astle, Thomas, 50
 Astley, Mrs., 100, 485
Auckland Correspondence, 135 *n.*
 Aylsham, 377, 378
- Baker, Sir George, 117, 119, 133,
 135, 136, 138, 139, 147, 184,
 222 *n.*, 256 *n.*
 Baker, Miss, 316
 Balfour, Colonel, 278
 Banks, Sir Joseph, 377
 Baretti, G. M. A., 20, 32, 229
 Barrington, Shute, Bishop of
 Salisbury, 344, 345, 349
 Barry, Mrs., 302 *n.*
 Bastard, Mr., 323
 Bathurst, Lord, 25
 Bath, Thomas, first Marquis of,
 324, 325
 Bath, Lady, 325
- Bath, Thomas, second Marquis of,
 326 *n.*
 Batt, Mr., 426
 Batterscomb, or Battiscomb, Mr.,
 134, 136, 197, 205
 Bay's Hill Lodge, 4 *n.*, 14, 46, 58
 Bayond, Peter, 420, 423, 426, 494
 Beaufort, Duke of, 249
 Beaufort, Duchess of, 254
 Bell, Rev. Dr. William, 302
 Benda, Madame, 373, 375
Benedick, 348
 Bentham, Mr., 397, 422
 Bentham, Mrs., 422
 Bentinck, Lady Elizabeth [Lady
 Bath], 325
 Best, Mr., King's Messenger, 483
 Bickerton, Sir Richard, 318, 322
 Biron, Armand-Louis, Duc de
 Gontaut de, 351 *n.*
 Biron, Duchesse de, 351, 391
 "Black and all black," 421 *n.*
 Blair's *Sermons*, 324
 Bligh, Captain William, 365, 378
 Blomberg, Mr., 106
 Bogle, Mr., 383, 384
Bombay Castle, H.M.S., 316-17
 Boringdon, John Parker, Lord,
 311 *n.*, 312 *n.*
 Boscawen, Mrs., 248, 318 *n.*, 356
 Boswell, James, 292 *n.*, 407, 431,
 477, 479
 Boufflers, Marie Comtesse de, 391
 Boufflers, Amélie de, 391
 Boulby, Thomas, 49, 60
 Boulby, Lady Mary, 60
 Bowdler, Miss Frances, 322
 Bowdler, Miss Harriet, 322
 Braund, T., 188
 Bremner, Mr., 331
 Brentford, 233, 411 *n.*

- Brett, Mr., 322
 Broke, Lady Willoughby de, 224
 Bruce, James, 327; *Travels of*, 373
 Bryant, Jacob, 163, 363, 395, 415, 485
 Letter of, 395
 Buckinghamshire, John, second
 Earl of, 321 n., 429
 Budé, General, 96, 98, 106, 114, 121, 124, 129, 130, 155, 166, 179, 342, 343, 362, 407
 Bulkeley, Lord, 354, 355, 357
 Buller, Rev. Dean William, 310
 Buller, Mrs., 356
 Bunbury, Harry, 59, 60, 66, 67, 96; *Long Minuet as danced at Bath*, 405
 Bunbury, Mrs., 414
 Burke, Edmund, 257, 259, 351, 367, 369, 370, 378, 379, 386, 388, 401, 404, 405, 432, 435, 462, 466
 Burney, Anna Maria or Marianne [niece to Frances], 365, 374
 Burney, Archdeacon, 493
 Burney, Dr. Charles [father of Frances], 104, 112, 223, 224, 249, 271, 297, 347, 350, 356, 373, 374, 391, 427, 430, 431, 438, 441, 445, 446, 481, 495; *Memoirs of*, 485 n.; *History of Music*, 247
 Burney, Charles [brother of Frances], 234 n., 329, 384, 406, 429, 459, 461
 Burney, Charles Rousseau, 420
 Burney, Charlotte, *see* Francis, Mrs.
 Burney, Mrs. Elizabeth [step-mother to Frances], 104
 Burney, Esther (Hetty or Etty) [Mrs. C. R. Burney], 104, 301, 347, 365, 374, 381, 459
 Burney, Fanny [Esther's daughter], 112, 365
 Burney, Captain James, 286, 316, 365, 375, 376, 377, 381, 382, 399, 400, 402, 428, 457
 Letter of, 399
 Burney, Richard [cousin to Frances], 61, 75, 77, 78, 434 n.
 Burney, Miss Sarah Harriet [step-sister to Frances], 376, 457, 461, 464
 Burney, Sophia [niece to Frances], 104
 Burney, Susan, *see* Phillips
 Burney, Frances (afterwards Madame D'Arblay), visits Cheltenham in Royal suite, 2-89; pleasure in "Mr. Fairly's" company, 9-10, 24-5, 29; early rising, 11, 15, 41; gratified to read in companionship, 16; reads with "Mr. Fairly" Falconer's *Shipwreck* and Aken-side's poems, 17-18, 64-6, 71-2; and Carr's *Sermons*, 69; meets Sir John and Lady D'Oyley, 23; also Robert Raikes, 25-7; introduced to Rev. Dr. Tucker, 28-9; dislike of Court life, 31; sees Mrs. Jordan in the *Country Girl*, 47; also in *Sir Harry Wildair*, 54; visits the Play by Queen's pleasure, 59; attack of influenza, 67; talks on Eternity, 70; visits Worcester, stays at Bishop's Palace, 74; sees some relatives, 74; Royal visit to Musical Festival, 74-5, 76, 77, 78; indirectly obtains Mastership of St. Katherine's by the Tower for "Mr. Fairly," 84-7; visits the Play at Cheltenham, 87-8; returns to Windsor immolation, 89; visited by Lalande the astronomer, 93-5; Queen Charlotte's graciousness, 99, 300; reads D'Alembert's *Eloges*, 100-1; also *Baron Trenck*, 102; "Mr. Turbulent's" raillery, 103-4; prospective godmother, 104; State Drawing-Room fatigue, 104-5; and of Royal Birthdays, 107; a dinner party, 108; intended affront from Mrs. Schwellenberg nullified, 108-110; suggested suitors, 111; sees her father, 112; visits Mrs. de Luc and meets Mrs. Herschel, 113; literary silence commented, 117; commences a tragedy, 118, 119, 155; monotonous life at Kew, 119; chance interviews with the King, 120, 123; Queen reads Hunter's *Lectures* to her, 121; social duties, 124, 125;

depressed life at Court through King's mental affliction, 126-253; inquiry by Prince of Wales, 131; anxiety for the Queen, 134-5; joins Queen in her devotions, 137; close attendance on the Queen, 144, 187, 204; melancholy period at Windsor, 146; seclusion intensified, 153; "Mr. Fairly's" visits, 159-160, 168-170, 172, 173, 174, 177, 180, 185, 222; Queen's gift of *The Prayer for the King*, 161; Sir Lucas Pepys, one of the King's physicians, renews acquaintance, 163-5, 167, 171, 174-6, 183, 205; King in his aberrations associates her with "Mr. Fairly," 169; removes from Windsor to Kew, 190; oppression of Mrs. Schwollenberg, 196, 202, 203, 207, 216, 227, 235, 239, 254, 267-8, 443-4, 446-7; Queen's intermediate with King's physicians, 211; pleasure in new physicians, Dr. Willis and his son, 215; faithfulness to the Queen, 221; attempt to learn Latin recalled, 223; comment on confined life, resignation suggested, 223-4; Queen's inquiry relative to "Mr. Fairly," 226, 236; health imperilled, 228; walks in Kew and Richmond Gardens, 228, 238, 243, 253; discusses Metastasio, 229; Hanoverian gift of an abridgment of *Cecilia*, 233; assists "Mr. Fairly" in his correspondence, 240; encounters King in Kew Gardens, lengthened interview, 243-250; relates it to Queen, 250; "prison-visitors, Mr. Smelt and 'Mr. Fairly,'" 255; coolness of the Princess Royal, 260; change of spirits with King's recovery, 262; King refers to their garden meeting, 263; Queen's gift of *Prayer of Thanksgiving*, 264; King inquires her health, 265; facial pain through action of Mrs. Schwollenberg, 268; writes verses in Queen's

name to the King, 269-270; views town illuminations, 270; visits father, 271; Windsor dinner and tea parties resumed, 272-3; attends Welsh Fusileers' ball, 278; at Grand Restoration Drawing-Room, 279; Queen's gift of a Thanksgiving Medal, 285; introduced to Prince [later King] William, 286, 287; facial pain, 288; attends Mrs. Douglas's ball, 289; journey to Weymouth described, 289-94; in Weymouth, 294-98; her *Evelina* suggests subjects for Miss Kauffmann, 297; meets Mrs. Siddons, 301; witnesses acting, 303, 306; visits Lulworth Castle, 307; at Weymouth Assembly Rooms, 309; visits Exeter, 310; stays at Saltram Castle, 311; hears Queen's diary, 312; visits Plymouth Dockyard, 313-16; goes on board the *Bombay Castle*, 316-18; sails round Mount-Edgcombe, 318; reads the *Art of Contentment*, 318; visits Mount-Edgcombe, 319-22; her visitors, 322-3; declines Royal offer for Weymouth Ball, 323; visits Longleat, its connection with Mrs. Delany, 325-6; her bedroom, 327; describes Tottenham Park, Wilts, 328-9; remarks on French Revolution, 330; notes changes in Mrs. Lambart's family circle, 330-1; birthday gift to Princess Sophia, 332; talk with Queen relative to "Mr. Fairly," 333; experience of a playhouse crowd, 334-7; encounters Lord Mountmorres, 336-7; his assistance, their conversation, 337-41; dull Windsor life, 341, 344; diversion with Mrs. Jackson, 343-4; visits town twice a month, 347; Miss Cambridge's gift, 349; reasons for not meeting Duchesse de Biron, 351; again attends Warren Hastings's trial, its opportunities for converse,

352; coolness with Edmund Burke, 352; relates the day to their Majesties, 353, 381, 406, 468; opinion and experience of Philip, fifth Earl of Chesterfield, 354-5; reads comedies to the Queen and attendants, 360-1, 363, 382; composition of tragedy resumed, 362, 365; at Hastings's trial, 367, 377, 383, 384, 399, 407, 461; encounters Mr. Windham, 367-71, 377, 385-390, 399-402, 464-8; meets Mrs. Piozzi, 372; at Pantheon concert, 374-5; mentions brother's desire for naval promotion, 376, 379, 428; musical party at sister's, 381; visits R. A. Exhibition, 390; at Handel Commemoration, 390; lays bare her life at Court to father and its discomforts, 391-2; contemplated resignation, 393, 427, 431, 434, 437, 476; visits Lady Mary Duncan, 393; introduced to Arabella, Duchess of Dorset, 393; agreeable correspondence with Mr. Cambridge, 394; literary commission, 397; letters of solace to a bereaved mother, 397-399, 411, 413; Mr. Courteney's gift of his *Treatise on the French Revolution*, 403-4; illness of her servant Columb, 406-7, 416-18; visited by Mrs. Gwyn, 410; and Mrs. Trimmer, 411; rough draft of first tragedy finished, 413; starts another, 413; trouble with deceased servant's effects, 422-24; seeks and obtains Horace Walpole's aid, 423-7, 493-5; languid health, 427, 428, 436, 464-5, 476; concern of Mr. Windham, 429, 430; renews acquaintance with James Boswell, 431; asked for notes on Dr. Johnson, 432, 433; opinion of Burke's *On the French Revolution*, 435; urged for health's sake to resign, 437; consults Mr. Francis, 438; too nervous and agitated to present petition to resign, 438, 439, 440; the

petition, 441-3; sent by Mrs. Schwellenberg, 444; received by Queen who suggests leave of absence, 445; Dr. Burney counsels resignation, 446; grateful towards Queen but seeks relief from Schwellenberg yoke, 449-50; collaborates verses with Queen, 451; severe illness, 452; Queen's testimony of her character, 452; Mrs. Ord offers a tour for health, 454, 482; again approaches Queen as to retirement, 455; withholds public appearance, 457, 458-9, 462; meets Joseph Haydn, 459; describes King's birthday celebration at Court, gayness of Duke of Clarence, 469-76; Royalty seeks her exposition of passages in Boswell's *Johnson*, 477, 479; starts a fourth tragedy, 478; last week of Royal servitude, 479-80, 488-90; Miss Jacobi, her successor, 482-3; Queen's consideration and grant of pension, 484; farewell to Court, 485-8; farewell to Queen and Royal Family, 491

Letters of, 220, 273, 274, 280, 297, 329, 397, 411, 423, 435, 448, 481

Calamities of human life, 230

Calender für 1789, 233 n.

Cambridge, Richard Owen, 56, 96, 160, 493; *Progress of Liberty*, 394

Cambridge, Rev. George Owen, 160, 303

Cambridge, Miss, 117, 119, 167, 197, 200, 217, 224, 279, 349, 371, 409, 428, 445, 454, 495

Camilla, Miss Burney's, 342 n.

Campo, Marquis del, 289

Candles, State use of, 475

Canterbury, J. Moore, Archbishop of, 159, 160

Cardigan, James, fifth Earl of, 453

Cardinal Wolsey, Memoirs of, 364

Carlisle, Bishop of, 431, *see*

Douglas

Carlisle, Lady, 207

- Carmarthen, Lady, 137
 Carr, George, 69
 Carter, Mrs. Elizabeth, 222
 Castle, Mrs., 310
 Cathcart, William Schaw, first Earl, 478
 Cecilia, Miss Burney's, 32, 43-4, 233, 321, 466 n.
 Cerulia, Miss Burney's, 413 n.
 Chamberlayne, Mr., 194
 Chapone, Mrs., 310, 405, 406
 Chappel, Mrs., 448
 Charles II., 290, 308
 Chatham, John Pitt, second Earl of, 309, 399, 400
 Chelsea, 349
 Cheltenham, 1, 2, 4, 14, 23, 103, 107
 Chesterfield, Philip Stanhope, fifth Earl of, 301, 354, 355, 357, 362, 407, 478
 Chesterfield, Lady, 362
 Cheveley, Mrs., 486
 Chodowiecki, Daniel, 233 n.
 Cholmley, Mrs., 350 n., 458
 Churchill, C., 70, 71 n., 230
 Clarendon, Thomas Villiers, second Earl of, 280
 Clarissa, Richardson's, 222
 Clayton, Miss, *see* Fox, Mrs.
 Clerk, Mr., apothecary, 28, 67
 Clerke, Sir Philip Jennings, 292, 330
 "Clunch," 119
 Coasting trip in 1789, Royal, 306
 Coffey, Charles, 302 n.
 Colman the elder, George, 421 n.; *Polly Honeycombe*, 359; *English Merchant*, 361; *Man of Business*, 363
 Columb, Jacob, 6, 7, 11, 12, 13, 17, 44, 59, 65, 129, 137, 142, 190, 271, 276, 304, 406, 416, 417, 422, 493
 Columb, James, 421, 422, 494
 Columb, Philip, 424
 Commissary, *The*, Foote's, 302
 Contentment, 274-5
 Contentment, *The Art of*, 318
 Cook, Captain, 378 n.
 Cooper, Miss, 464
 Cope, Sir Charles, Bt., 393 n.
 Corke, Lady, *née* Miss Monckton, 374
 Coronation Day, 106
 Country Girl, *The*, Garrick's, 47
 Court etiquette infringed, 298-9
 Courtenay, John, 403, 404
 Courtown, James, second Earl of, 2, 7, 8, 12, 14, 15, 19, 21, 23, 60, 74, 75, 295, 309, 313, 326, 419, 475
 Courtown, James George, third Earl, *see* Stopford, Lord
 Courtown, Lady, 14, 19, 49, 60, 74, 100, 184, 188, 190, 194, 206, 309, 310, 313, 358, 359, 360, 362, 416
 Coventry, George William, sixth Earl of, 38, 74, 77
 Cowper, William, 126 n., 230; *The Task*, 159
 Crewe, Mrs., 381
 Crewe Hall, 482
 Crisp, Samuel, 299
 Crutchley, Mr. J., 407
 Cuenod, M., 416, 418, 419, 423
 Cui Bono, Dean Tucker's, 28
 Cumberland, H.R.H. The Duke of, 260
 D'Alembert's *Éloges*, Jean le Rond, 100
 Damer, Hon. Mrs. Anne Seymour, 320
 Damer, Mr. Pitt, 299
 Daschkoff, Princess, 88
 Davis, Rev. Dr. Jonathan, 284
 Delabere, Mr., 47, 54, 59
 Delany, Mrs., 70, 119, 248, 268, 325, 326, 327, 356
 Delawarr, John Richard, fourth Earl, 309
 Devaynes, Mr. John, 407
 Devil to Pay, Charles Coffey's, 302
 Dewes, Anne, 59
 Dickenson, Mrs., 234
 Digby, Admiral Robert, 299
 Digby, Rev. Charles, *see* "Fairly"
 Digby, Henry, seventh Lord and first Earl, 299
 Digby, Hon. Robert, 225 n.
 Digby, Colonel Stephen, *see* "Fairly, Mr."
 Dorchester, 294
 Dorset, Arabella Diana, Duchess of, 393

- Douglas, Archibald [first Lord Douglas], 118
 Douglas, Bishop of Carlisle, 278, 289
 Douglas, Mrs., 278, 289, 408, 409
 Douglas, Captain, 299, 321, 337
 Douglas, Lady Frances, 118
 D'Oyley, Sir John, 22, 23, 24, 28, 29
 D'Oyley, Lady, 22, 23
Dramatist, or Stop Him who can, Reynolds's, 334 n., 339
 Drawing-Room Day, 104; Grand Restoration, 279
 Dress, feminine, 230
 Duckworth, Captain, 315, 317, 322
 Duncan, Lady Mary, 381, 393
 Dundas, Mr., Royal apothecary, 176, 197, 200, 205, 428
 Duval, Rev. Dr. Philip, 174
- Early Diary*, Miss Burney's, 310 n., 312 n., 409 n.
 Early rising, 15
 Eden [Sir Frederic], 253
Edwy and Elgiva, Miss Burney's, 155 n., 362 n., 365 n., 413 n.
 Effingham, Lady, 118, 122, 127, 163, 263, 270
 Egerton, Miss Ariana, 99, 103, 123, 273, 276, 277
 Ellenborough, Law Lord, 383 n.
Emmeline, Charlotte Smith's, 234
English Merchant, The, Colman's, 361
 Epitaph by Pope, 225 n.
 Ernst, Mr., 247
 Espère-en-Dieu, M. d', 447 n.
 Espère-en-Dieu, Madame, *see* Montmollin
 Eternity, 70
 Eton School, 284 n.
 Evans, Mrs., 487
Evelina, Miss Burney's, 32, 297
 Exeter, 310, 311
- 130, 137, 141, 142, 148, 149, 154, 156, 157, 159, 160, 161, 164, 165, 167, 168, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174-5, 176, 177, 179, 180, 181, 182, 185, 186, 191, 193, 199, 200, 204, 206, 207, 208, 209, 212, 217-18, 219, 220, 222, 226, 228, 233, 235, 236, 239, 251, 252, 253, 255, 257, 258, 261, 266, 271, 276, 278, 279, 313, 324, 332, 333, 341, 347, 348, 349, 350, 406, 407, 478
 "Fairly, Mr. Charles" [i.e. Rev. Canon Charles Digby], 128, 154, 180
 "Fairly, Mrs.," *née* Miss Gunning, 349, 350, 406
 Falmouth, George Evelyn, third Viscount, 318
 Fans, 231-2
 Fanshaw, Captain, 322
 Farquhar, Miss, 393
 Fauconberg, Lord, 2, 4, 5
 Fauconberg Hall, *see* Bay's Hill
 Fawcett, General Sir William, 123
 Felbrig Hall, 429
 Female intellect, 223
Female Quixote, Lenox's, 477 n.
 Ffrye, Mr., 420
 Fielding Mrs., 279
 Finch, Lady Charlotte, 45, 165, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 189, 206, 219, 239, 240, 253, 254, 488
 Fisher, Rev. John [Bishop of Exeter and of Salisbury], 97, 98, 108, 331, 347, 348, 373, 486
 Fisher, Mrs., 108, 331
 Fite, Madame de la, 96, 106, 108, 116, 125, 128, 129, 130, 173, 189, 273, 409, 486, 488
 Fitzherbert, Thomas, 308 n.
 Fitzherbert, Mrs. Maria Anne, 308 n.
 "Flapper," 387 n.
 Foote, Samuel, 302 n.
 Fortescue, Hugh, first Earl, 354
 Fountain, Mrs., 78
 Fox, Charles James, 322, 340, 383, 385, 462, 466
 Fox, Mrs., 322, 323
 France, 339, 363

- Francis, Clement (brother-in-law to Miss Burney), 351, 429, 430, 437, 438, 439, 446
- Francis, Mrs., *née* Charlotte Burney, 221, 224, 350, 429, 437, 438
- Francis [Sir] Philip, 352, 353
- Francis, Misses, 381, 384
- French Refugees, 371 *n.*
- French Revolution, 330
- French Revolution*, Burke's *Reflections on the*, 401, 432 *n.*, 435
- French Revolution*, Courtenay on *The*, 403
- Frodsham, Mrs., 89
- "Fuzilier, Miss" [*i.e.* Miss Gunning], 33, 99, 169, 178, 223, 279, 341
- Game Laws, 340
- Garrick, David, 361
- Garrick, Mrs., 453
- Garth, Major, 158, 333, 342, 344; Colonel, 428
- Gast, Mrs., 4, 89
- George III., King, 1, 5, 8, 9, 11, 14, 15, 23, 28, 31, 36, 41, 48, 50, 52, 57, 59, 60, 62, 64, 67, 75, 77, 78, 83, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122-3, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 133, 135, 139, 140, 147, 148, 152, 155, 158, 159, 161, 162, 163, 168, 169, 172, 178, 180, 184, 185, 193-5, 198, 200, 201, 204, 222, 243, 245-50, 252, 253, 260, 262, 263, 264, 265, 269, 270, 271, 275, 282, 286, 290-2, 293, 294, 297, 298, 299, 306, 309, 340, 343, 357, 363, 390, 433, 440, 457, 468, 469, 475, 477, 479, 482, 491
- Gezewell, Mr., 198
- Gibbon, Edward, 364
- Gilbert, John, Archbishop of York, 312 *n.*
- Gilbert, Miss Emma, *see* Mount-Edgumbe, Lady
- Gisborne, Dr. Thomas, 222 *n.*, 296, 302, 407, 416, 418, 440, 444, 459
- Glasse, Dr. George Henry, 277, 302
- Gloucester, H.R.H. William Henry, Duke of, 290, 291, 303
- Gloucester Jail, 27
- "God Save the King," 293, 298
- Goldsmith, Oliver, 300; *Poems*, 365
- Goldsworthy, Colonel, 73, 74, 78, 96, 97, 98, 99, 106, 110, 111, 112, 114, 116, 124, 129, 130, 134, 135, 136, 140, 143, 144, 171, 181, 193, 194, 196, 200, 266, 271, 277, 297, 308, 309, 313, 332, 362, 407, 478, 487
- Goldsworthy, Miss M. C., 107, 108, 109, 125, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 139, 140, 144, 145, 146, 156, 166, 189, 436, 470, 472, 486, 488
- Gomme, Miss, 125, 195, 235, 254, 255, 270, 344, 414, 437, 485, 486, 488
- Goodal, Commodore, 318
- Gordon, General, 255
- Gorton, Mr., 149
- Gosse, Mr. Edmund, 234 *n.*
- Goter, Miss Eliza, 91, 407, 416, 455, 482, 489
- Goulton, Mrs., 350 *n.*, 458
- Granville, Mrs., 50, 54, 327
- Granville, George, Lora Lansdowne, 325
- Granville, Colonel Bernard, 327 *n.*
- Gregory, Lieutenant, 314
- Gregory, Miss, later Mrs. Alison, 351
- Grenville, General, 114, 115, 123, 124, 129, 273, 278, 362, 363, 407, 488
- Greville, Mrs., 329
- Grey [Charles], 352, 378, 466
- Gulliver's Travels*, 387 *n.*
- Gunning, Sir Robert, 121, 347 *n.*, 348
- Gunning, Miss Charlotte, 31, 341, 347; *see also* "Fuzilier, Miss," and "Fairly, Mrs."
- Gwyn, Colonel, 2, 6, 8, 11, 12, 14, 15, 19, 28, 29, 33, 35, 40, 41, 54, 60, 74, 158, 271, 298, 309, 332, 334, 407, 487, 488
- Gwyn, Mrs., 300, 301, 306, 309, 410, 414

- Haggerdorn, Mrs., 287
 Halifax, Dr. S., Bishop of Gloucester, 28, 48
 Haller, *Letters of Baron Albrecht von*, 395 n., 396
 Hamilton, Mr., 302
 Hamilton, Mrs., *née* Dickenson, 234
 Hammond, Sir Andrew Snape, 299
 Handel, G. F., 75, 77 n., 78, 247; Commemoration, 390, 456
 Hanover Rooms, 459
 Happiness, 274, 275
 Harcourt, George-Simon, second Earl, 3, 37, 47, 60, 278, 415, 451
 Harcourt, Lady, 47, 62, 74, 76, 78, 83, 85, 250, 253, 362, 364, 382, 383, 475
 Harcourt, General, 153, 193, 236, 250, 301, 342, 343, 362
 Harcourt, Mrs., 178, 201, 231, 341 n., 362, 410
 Hardy, Mr. Thomas, *The Trumpet-Major*, 298 n.
 Harrington, Charles, third Earl of, 478
 Harris, Thomas, Theatre Manager, 334, 335, 337, 338
 Harris, Miss, afterwards Mrs. Robinson, 312
 Hartlebury, 61, 63
 Hastings, Warren, 115 n., 221, 351, 352-3, 367, 368, 370, 376, 377, 379, 381, 383, 385, 388, 399, 402, 455, 458, 460, 462, 463, 465, 468
 Hastings's Trial, 72, 367-70, 377-81, 383-9, 399, 407, 461-8
 Hastings, Mrs., 113
 Hawkesbury, Charles Jenkinson, first Lord, 253
 Hawkins, Mr. Charles, 139, 166, 182, 194, 197, 211
 Hawkins, Mr. and Mrs., 74, 78
 Hawkins, Mrs., 38
 Haydn, Joseph, 459
 Heberden, Dr. William, 126, 135, 136, 138
 Henouvre, M., 233
 Henry's *History of England*, Robert, 408 n.
 Herschel, Sir William, 113
 Herschel, Mrs., 113
 Heywood, Colonel, 319
 Hinchcliffe, Dr. John, Bishop of Peterborough, 120
History of England, Henry's, 408
 "Hobby groom," 197 n., 306
 Holcroft, Thomas, 102 n.
 Holland, Lord, 71
 Holroyd, Miss Sarah Martha, 371
 Hood (Admiral Sir Samuel), Lord (later Viscount), 96, 317, 318
 Horace, 387
 Howard, Sir George, 118, 304
 Howard, Lady Frances, 118
 Howards, The, 197
 Howe, Lady Mary, 362, 453
 Huguenon, M., 419, 420, 422, 426, 494
 Humphrey, Dining with Duke, 13
 Humphreys, Mr., 151
 Hunter, Dr. Henry, 114, 118, 121, 183; *Lectures*, 117, 217
 Hunter, Mrs. John, 375
 Hurd, Bishop of Worcester, 61, 73, 77, 151 n., 271, 272, 275, 344-5
 Hutton, James, the Moravian, 118, 409
 Ilchester, Lord, 324
Imagination, The Pleasures of the, 65, 66
 Inchbald, Mrs., 302 n.
 Influenza, 67, 76, 78, 80
 Inoculation, 415
Irish Widow, Garrick's, 302
 Jackson, Charles, Bishop of Kildare, 343 n.
 Jackson, Mrs., 343
 Jacobi, Mlle., 481, 482, 483, 485, 486, 489, 490, 491
Jealous Wife, Colman's, 421 n.
 Jerningham, Mr., 390
 Jersey, Lord, 131 n.
 Johnson, Dr. Samuel, 60, 70, 217, 223, 292 n., 403 n., 478; *Boswell's Life*, 432, 433, 477, 479
 Johnson, Miss Elizabeth, 23, 28
 Jordan, Mrs., 47, 54, 59
 Kauffmann, Angelica, 297, 312
 Keate, John, 418 n.
 Keate, Thomas, 173, 197, 416, 418

- Ken, Bishop, 327
 Kennedy, Mrs., 162, 464
 Kenyon, Lloyd Lord, 463
 Kew, 184, 488, 489; Dutch House
 or Kew Palace, 195 *n.*, 250 *n.*,
 489; Kew House or White
 House, 190 *n.*
 Kneller, Sir Godfrey, 329
- Laforey, Admiral [Sir John], 313,
 318, 323
 Laforey, Mrs., 313, 314
 Lalande, Joseph-Jérôme de, 91, 92,
 93, 94
 Lambart, Mrs., 330
 Langhorne, Dr., 75
 Lansdowne, Earl of, *see* Gran-
 ville
 Lascelles, Hon. Gerald W., 291 *n.*
 Lascelles, General, 278
 Latin language, 223
 Lavant, Sussex, 96
 Law, Edward [Lord Ellenborough],
 383
 Lee, Miss, *Recess*, 297 *n.*
 Leeds, fifth Duke of, 137 *n.*
 Lely, Sir Peter, 329
 Lenox, Charlotte, 476
 Leslie, Lord, 356
Lethe, Garrick's, 361
 Letter-writing, 55
 Lever, Sir Ashton, 307
 Literary Club, 430
 Locke, William, 121, 257, 258,
 263, 281, 331
 Locke, William, junr., 231
 Locke, Mrs., 121, 125, 130, 200,
 279, 281, 301, 331, 361 *n.*, 367,
 372, 389, 411, 452, 453, 456
 London thanksgiving illumina-
 tion, 269-70
 Longleat, 325, 326-29, 327 *n.*
Lord's Prayer, Lort's *Short Com-
 ment on the*, 364 *n.*
 Lort, Dr. Michael, 408, 435; *On
 the Lord's Prayer*, 364
Love Letters, Original, W. Combe's,
 24, 35, 39
 Luc, M. Jean André de, 1, 103,
 113, 118, 148, 151, 152, 153,
 154, 163, 182, 185, 189, 215,
 272, 307, 309, 334, 335, 336,
 358, 362, 421, 437, 461, 467,
 468, 471, 472, 474, 480, 489
 Luc, Mrs. de, 113, 307, 322,
 365, 371, 437, 452, 453, 486,
 488
 Lulworth Castle, 305, 306, 307-8
 Lyndhurst, 290, 291, 292, 293
- Macaulay, Mrs. Catharine, 415
 Macdonald, Archibald, 356
 Macdonald, Lady Louisa, 356
 Mackenthun, Maria [Macenton
 and Macentomb], 3, 14, 143,
 146, 194
 Majendie, Mr., 108, 153
 Majendie, Mrs., 107, 108
 Maling, Mrs., 382
Man of Business, Colman's *The*,
 364
 Manners, Colonel Robert, 96, 97,
 98, 172, 271, 272, 277, 278, 281,
 282-4, 285, 362, 365, 407, 463,
 478, 488
 Manners, Capt. Lord Robert,
 277 *n.*
 Manners, Lady Robert, 277
 Manucci, Count, 292
 Mara, Gertrude Elizabeth, 77
 Maskelyne, Dr. Nevil, 95
 Mason, Rev. William, 76, 278,
 415
 Masters, Colonel, 99
 Mathias, James, 397 *n.*
 Mathias, Miss, 397
 Mawr, Miss, 108, 110, 113
 Medals on recovery of George
 III., 285
 Melcombe Regis, 295
 Metastasio, P., works, 229
Midnight Hour, Mrs. Inchbald's
The, 302
 Milbanke, Mrs., 54
 Milton, Lord, 299
 Moir's *Sermons*, 204
 Molloy, Captain, 314, 315, 316,
 318
 Molloy, Mrs., 314
 Monckton, Mrs., 374
 Montagu, Fred., 248
 Montagu, Mrs. Elizabeth, 76, 356,
 435
 Montmoulin, Mlle., 108, 116, 125,
 195, 213, 227, 228, 235, 254,
 255, 344, 427, 436, 445, 447,
 480; her niece, 480. *See also*
 Espère

- Montpellier Pump-Room, 47
 Moore, Dr., Archbishop of Canterbury, 159, 160, 161
 Moravian Church, 409 n.
 More, Sir Anthony, 328
 More, Hannah, 228 n., 256 n., 415 n., 453
 Morley, Earl of, *see* Boringdon
Morning Herald, 127
 Mornington, Lady, 338, 339
 Moss, William, 428, 455, 464
 Mostyn, Mrs., 372 n.
 Mount - Edgecumbe, first and second Earls of, 319, 323
 Mount - Edgecumbe, Lady, 312, 319, 323
 Mount-Edgecumbe, 313, 318, 319, 320
 Mountmorres, Harvey, second Viscount, 87, 88, 336, 337, 338
Much Ado about Nothing, 348 n.
Mutiny on Board H.M.S. Bounty, Lieut. William Bligh, 365 n.
 Neven, Miss, 486
 New Forest, 290; King's House, 291 n.
 Newcastle, Henry, second Duke of, 399
 Nicholls, Mr., 393, 464
Night, Churchill's, 230 n.
Nile, Bruce's *Travels to discover*, 373 n.
 Norbury Park, 5, 21, 46, 96, 231
 North, Lord, 462
 North, Mrs., 351
Ode to Wisdom, Mrs. Carter's, 222 n.
 Ogden's *Sermons*, 175
 Ogle, Mrs., 29, 50, 51, 52-3
 Ogle, Miss Esther Jane, 29, 50, 52, 53
 O'Keeffe, John, 88, 339
Olimpiade, 229
 Onslow, Captain, 299, 323
Oracle newspaper, 296, 297
 Ord, Mrs., 346, 390, 399, 405, 406, 428, 454, 482
 Ord, Miss, 356
 Oxford, Edward, fourth Earl of, 74, 75, 78
 Pacchierotti, Gasparo, 321, 347, 374, 382, 393
 Palmer, Miss [Mary], 22, 23, 24, 28, 29, 50
 Pantheon, The, 373
Parable of the Pilgrims, Bishop Patrick's, 300
 Parish, Mr., 302
 Parr, Dr., 386
 Parsons, [Sir] William, 249
 Paston's, George, *Mrs. Delany*, 485 n.
 Patrick's, Bishop Symon, *Pilgrims*, 300
 Payne, the bookseller, 397 n.
 Payne, Miss, 397
 Pembroke, Elizabeth, Lady [of eleventh Earl of], 60, 74, 78, 270, 306
 Pendarves, William, 325
 Penn, Lady Juliana, 382, 383
 Pepys, Sir Lucas, 163, 164, 165, 167, 171, 174, 182, 183, 185, 196, 200, 201, 205, 208, 211, 213, 220, 228, 237, 238, 247, 256 n., 345
 Pepys, Mr. [Sir William Weller], 356
 "Peter Pindar," 253 n.
 Peterborough, Bishop of, 120
 Phillips, Captain Molesworth, 376
 Phillips, Mrs., *née* Susan Burney, 224, 310, 318 n., 347, 362, 365, 452
 Picquet, 469
 Pigot, George, Lord, 374
 Piozzi, Signor [Gabriele], 372
 Piozzi, Mrs. [Mrs. Thrale], 20, 32 n., 255, 302 n., 361 n., 372; *Journey through France, Italy, and Germany*, 299, 300, 364.
See also Thrale, Mrs.
 Pitt (? Earl of Chatham), 51, 52
 Pitt, William, 184, 185, 267, 309, 366, 462
 Pitt, Mrs., *see* Herschel, Mrs.
 Planta, Joseph, 302
 Planta, Miss, 2, 3, 5, 6, 8, 10, 11, 12, 14, 15, 17, 20, 21, 23, 24, 25, 39, 40, 45, 46, 54, 56, 57, 59, 61, 62, 64, 66, 69, 73, 74, 76, 77, 80, 103, 114, 118, 121, 128, 142, 143, 149, 150, 156, 167, 182, 189, 192, 193, 194,

- 211, 235, 236, 254, 271, 272,
276, 278, 291, 295, 299, 300,
306, 309, 310, 311, 313, 319,
323, 333, 334, 340, 353, 354,
360, 362, 407, 408, 410, 427,
455, 481, 486
- Plymouth, 313, 314
- Polly Honeycombe*, Colman's, 359
- Pope, Alexander, 225-6, 258,
325 n., *Eloisa to Abelard*, 253
- Port, Miss M. A., 5, 41, 46, 47,
49, 50, 54, 59, 62, 87, 89, 262,
265; see Waddington, Mrs.
- Portland [Margaret Cavendish
Harley], Duchess of, 47, 485 n.
- Pratt's *Emma Corbett*, 297 n.
- Prayer for Recovery of King
George*, 161
- Prayer of Thanksgiving*, 264
- Price, Major, 31, 83, 265, 270,
271, 272, 273, 280, 342, 345,
353, 354, 355, 357
- Prince of Wales [George IV.], 57,
95, 125, 128, 131, 138 n., 140,
141, 142, 145, 146, 147, 149,
150, 151, 152, 155, 178, 184,
187, 190, 194, 195, 203, 218,
308 n., 310
- Prince of Wales's House, 254
- Princess Amelia, 269, 287, 414
- Princess Augusta, 3, 14, 67, 107,
122, 125, 150, 193, 196, 287,
332, 360, 390, 414, 491
- Princess Elizabeth, 3, 14, 68, 80,
85, 86, 95, 129, 195, 213, 256,
270, 358, 359, 360, 382, 414,
455, 458, 484, 491
- Princess Mary, 256, 287, 332,
471, 472, 474, 475, 480, 487
- Princess Royal, 3, 14, 67, 73, 74,
76, 106, 107, 127, 128, 184,
190, 235, 254, 260, 341, 361,
491
- Princess Sophia, 95, 125, 287,
332, 399, 487
- Provoked Husband*, Vanbrugh and
Cibber's, 305 n.
- Public Affairs*, W. Combe's *Letter
on*, 257 n.
- Queen Charlotte, 2, 11, 15, 18,
23, 25, 27, 34, 35, 36, 47, 48,
59, 60, 67, 74, 75, 77, 78, 84,
92, 99, 107, 112, 114, 117, 118,
120, 121, 122, 125, 126, 127,
129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134,
135, 136, 138, 139, 140, 141,
142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 148,
150, 152, 155, 157, 159, 162,
163, 164, 166, 171, 173, 177,
179, 180, 181, 183, 185, 187,
188, 190, 191, 193, 194, 196,
198, 201, 203, 210, 217, 221,
226, 227, 228, 235, 239 n.,
240, 252, 254, 256, 257, 259,
268, 270, 271, 277, 278, 279,
285, 286, 296, 298, 300, 306,
308, 309, 312, 337, 338, 341,
343, 344, 345, 350, 351, 358,
359, 360, 363, 371, 376, 382,
383, 384, 395, 405, 406, 407,
410, 415, 433, 434, 436, 438,
439, 440, 444, 445, 446, 448,
449, 450, 451, 454, 455, 456,
461, 468, 469, 475, 476, 477,
479, 481, 483, 484, 486, 489,
490, 491; *Diary*, 312
- Queen Elizabeth's *Virginal Book*,
331
- Queen's House [Buckingham
House], 335
- Quick, John, 301
- Quotations from Akenside's *Ode
on Love*, 66; Churchill's *Night*,
71; *The Conference*, 71; *The
Ghost*, 71; Pope's *Windsor
Forest*, 325 n.; Gray's *Long
Story*, 327 n.; Shakespeare's
Othello, 449 n.
- Radstock, Baron, 345 n.
- Raikes, Robert, 25-6, 28
- Rambler, The*, 234
- Ramsden, Colonel, 488
- Rebecca, Biagio, A.R.A., 269
- Redlynch House, 324
- Regency, The, 197, 210, 212, 239,
252, 256, 259, 262, 366
- Resignation of Royal appointment,
Miss Burney's, 441, 452, 482,
485
- Reynolds, Frederic, 339 n.
- Reynolds, Sir Joshua, 23, 49 n.,
312, 329, 332, 356, 390, 410, 432
- Reynolds, Dr. H. R., 222 n.
- Richardson's *Clarissa*, 222 n.
- Richmond, Charles, third Duke
of, 309

- Richmond Gardens, 228, 238, 257, 261
 Rishton, Mr. and Mrs., 310
Rivals, The, Sheridan's, 382
 Roberts, Dr., of Eton, 418
 Robinson, Mr., 312
 Rolle, Mr., 299
 Romsey, 290
 Ross, John, Bishop of Exeter, 327 n.
 Ross, Dr., of Chiswick, 406
 Rothes, Lady, 356
 Royal Academy, 356; Jerningham's *Lines on a Late Resignation at the*, 390 n.
 Royal service, Miss Burney's, *see* Resignation
 Royal travelling, 289-294, 306, 310-11
- Sacharissa, 119
 St. Catherine, *see* St. Katherine
 St. George's Chapel, Windsor, 176, 430
 St. James's, 440
 St. Katherine by the Tower, 85, 85 n., 87, 98 (Fairly's appointment), 231
 St. Martin's Street, 374, 393
 Saintsbury, Professor, 100 n.
 Salisbury, seventh Earl and first Marquis, 48, 249, 309, 475
 Salisbury, 293
 Salomon's concerts, 459 n.
 Saltram, 311, 319, 323
 Sandys, Mrs., 3, 14, 95, 133, 134, 143, 195, 236, 489
 Schwellenberg, Mrs., 91, 92, 93, 96, 104-5, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 112, 156, 157, 158, 182, 189, 190, 192, 194, 196, 201, 202, 204, 205, 206, 212, 216, 219, 222, 227, 228, 233, 234, 235, 237, 250, 252, 253, 260, 261, 265, 266, 267, 268, 271, 272, 276, 281, 282, 283, 286, 287, 329, 334, 342, 344, 345, 349, 353, 358, 362, 410, 414, 419, 433, 434, 438, 439, 440, 443, 445, 446, 449, 450, 455, 456, 470, 473, 474, 476, 482, 487, 488, 490
 Scott, Sir Walter, 234
 Sévigné, Mme. de, 21, 315
- Seward, William, 19, 20, 23, 29, 32, 89, 364
 Shakespeare, 358; *King John*, 415 n.
 Sheffield, John Baker Holroyd, Lord, 371
 Shelley, Lady, 426
 Shepherd, Rev. Canon, 90, 91, 93, 94, 103, 111, 112, 409
 Sherborne Castle, 306, 307, 325
 Sheridan's *Rivals*, 382
Shipwreck, Falconer's, 17, 18, 36, 64
 Shore, John, *see* Teignmouth, Lord
 Siddons, Mrs., 150, 301, 305, 306; as "Mrs. Oakley," 308; as Rosalind, 303; as "Lady Townley," 305, 306
Sir Harry Wildair, 54
 Smelt, Leonard, 21, 148, 149, 151, 162, 197, 201, 203, 204, 205, 207, 209, 210, 212, 219, 222, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 232, 233, 237, 239, 250, 255, 258, 260, 261, 264, 265, 269, 270, 271, 272, 279, 332, 458, 481
 Smelt, Mrs., 148, 149, 151-2, 162, 212, 213, 270, 271, 272, 332, 346, 350
 Smith, Charlotte, *Emmeline*, 234 n.
 Smith's drawings, 353
 Stainforth, Mrs., 334, 335, 336, 470, 474, 475
 Stanhope, Edwyn Francis, 470, 471, 472, 474
 State Birthday Ball, 474-5
 Stillingfleet, Mr., 183
 Stockton, 314
 Stopford, Lord [James George, third Earl of Courtown], 315, 318, 321, 337
 Strawberry Hill, 493
 Stuart, Arabella, 327
 Stuart, James, Athenian architecture, 402
 Sturm's, Christopher Christian, *Religious Meditations*, 371
 Sydney, Thomas Townshend, Lord, Secretary of State, 255, 315
- Table Talk*, Cowper's, 230 n.
Taste, Alison's *Essay on the Nature, etc. of*, 351 n.

- Teignmouth, Shore, first Baron, 387 *n.*
 Tewkesbury, 61
 Thanksgiving Day, 262 *n.*, 264, 269, 365
 Theatre crowds, 334-7
 Thielky, Mrs., 133, 458
 Thornhill, Sir James, 329
 Thrale, Mrs. [Mrs. Piozzi], 60, 292, 293, 361, 375
 Thrale, Miss Cecilia, 372
 Thrale, Miss, 407
Thraliana, 361 *n.*
 Thurlow, Lord Chancellor, 184, 185
 Thynne, Lords George and John, 326
 Tithes, The, 340
 "Tony Lumpkin," 301 *n.*
 Tooke, Horne, 251
 Tottenham Park, Wilts, 328, 329
 Townshend, Mr., 315, 318, 321, *see* Sydney
 Tracey, Hon. Mrs. Frances, 7, 8, 279
Travels, Piozzi's, 364
Trenck, Memoirs of Baron Frederick, 102, 103
 Trimmer, Mrs. Sarah, *née* Kirby, 410
 Tryon, Miss Mary, 279
 Tucker, Dean Josiah, 28
 "Turbulent," Mr. [*i.e.* Charles de Guiffardière], 91, 103, 105, 108, 119, 153, 189, 342, 354, 360, 431, 437, 447, 476, 480
 Twickenham, 371
 Twining, Richard, 331
 Twining, Rev. Thomas, 331 *n.*, 374, 459

 Valletort, Lord, 319, 320, 321, 375
 Vernons, Miss, 62
 Verses *To the King*, Miss Burney's in Queen's name, 269
 Verses to Earl of Harcourt, 451
 Vesey, Mrs., 88
 Villiers, George, 280, 281, 283, 285, 304, 309
 Vincent, Mr., 304
 Voltaire's *L'Ecosaise*, 361

 Waddington of Dunstan Park, 265 *n.*, 273 *n.*
 Waddington, Mrs., *née* M. A. Port, 350, 396, 397, 411, 435
 Walcot, John, 253 *n.*
 Waldegrave, George, fourth Earl of, 345
 Waldegrave, Captain William, 345 *n.*
 Waldegrave, Lady Caroline, 310, 345, 453
 Waldegrave, Lady Elizabeth, 133, 136, 139, 140, 143, 146, 156, 165, 166, 176, 187, 207, 310, 345, 362, 436, 453
 Waller, Edmund, Master of St. Katherine's, 84, 85, 86
 Walpole, Horace, 76, 320 *n.*, 329 *n.*, 421, 422, 423, 425, 426, 427, 493
 Warren, Dr. Richard, 138, 139, 148, 150, 155, 211, 222 *n.*, 256 *n.*
 Warton, Dr. Joseph, 53, 289, 310
 Way, Lewis, 371 *n.*
 "Welbred, Colonel" [*i.e.* Colonel Robert Fulke Greville], 13, 106, 179, 193, 200, 238, 251, 344, 353, 354, 355, 357
 Weld, Edward, 308
 Wellesley, Lady Ann, 338
 Wellington, first Duke of, 338 *n.*
 Wells, Mrs. Mary, 302
 Welsh Fusileers' Ball, 278
 Westcombe, Sir Martin, 327 *n.*
 Westminster Abbey, 390 *n.*
 Westminster election, 96
 Westminster Hall, 367, 461
 Weymouth, 289, 295-7; Assembly Rooms, 309; Gloucester House, 294, 296; Theatre, 300-1
 Weymouth, Thomas, third Viscount [Marquis of Bath], 325
 Weymouth, Lady, 2, 3, 5, 13, 19, 47
 White's Ball, 282
 Wilkes, John, 340
 Wilkes, Miss Mary, 409 *See* *See*
 William [IV.], H.R.H. the Duke of Clarence, 57, 285, 286-8, 361, 470-4, 476, 480
 Williams, Sir Charles Hanbury, 50
 Willis, Rev. Dr. Francis, 204, 205, 209, 211, 213, 215, 222 *n.*, 228 *n.*, 238, 256, 267, 270, 342, 482

- Willis, Dr. John, 205, 214, 215, 219, 222, 232, 238, 242, 249, 272, 278, 363
 Willis, Rev. Thomas, 211, 222, 273, 334, 353, 354, 355, 357, 362, 435
 Willises, The, 233, 251, 253
 Wilton, Lord Grey de, 249
 Winckleman, Bettina, 483, 489
 Windham, William, 72, 224, 225, 259, 260, 352, 367-370, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 383, 384, 385-390, 399, 400, 402, 429, 456, 464, 467
 Windsor, 269 *n*, 272, 278, 279; Lower Lodge, 486; Upper Lodge, 487
 Woffington, Peg, 54 *n*.
 Women, learned, 222-3
 Woodcock, Mr., 426, 493
 Worcester, Bishop of, 162
 Wynn, Sir Watkin, 249
 York, H.R.H. the Duke of, 56, 58, 59, 60, 61, 66, 67, 95, 125, 142, 147, 150, 156, 165, 312
 Young, Arthur, 384 *n*.
 Young, Miss, 384
 Young, Rev. Edward, *Works of*, 261
 Young, Sir George, 310
 Zachary, Mrs., 286

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