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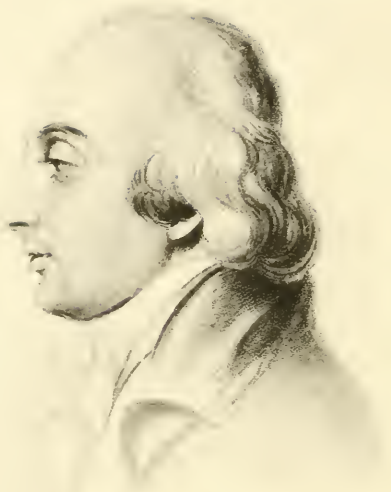
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GENERAL D'ARBLAY.

BOSTON ROBERTS BROTHERS

THE
DIARY AND LETTERS
OF
FRANCES BURNEY,
MADAME D'ARBLAY.

REVISED AND EDITED BY
SARAH CHAUNCEY WOOLSEY.

IN TWO VOLUMES.
VOL. II.

MB Phillips

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DIARY AND LETTERS
OF
MADAME D'ARBLAY.

CHAPTER I.

1788 — 1789.

MONDAY, AUGUST 18TH. — 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 bandboxes, and unpacking, Dr. Shepherd 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 jealousies amongst the other Canons! A very commendable circumspection! but whether for my sake or his own he did not particularize.

M. de Lalande,¹ he said, the famous astronomer, 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

¹ A French astronomer of great genius and celebrity, born in 1732. He was brought up to the study of the law, but early displayed his proficiency in scientific and especially astronomical studies. Died in 1807.

at sight of the reverend Canon! The reverend Canon, also, was interrupted and confused, fearing, possibly, the high honor 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-parlor.

When I was dressed, I sent Goter to bring him in. She came back, grinning and coloring; 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 parlor! it is not permit. When he comes I will have it locked up!"

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 Schwollenberg in the parlor, 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 honored, 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 honor 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 parlor?" "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 favoring 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. "Vel, 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. Schwellenberg 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 maître*, and then broke forth into such an harangue of eloges, so solemn with regard to its own weight and importance, and so *faule* 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, *cloge* the second began, on the excellence 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 inflexible satisfaction.

Nothing therefore intervening, *elope* the third followed, after a pause no longer than might be necessary for due admiration of *elope* 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 now-a-

days 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 maître* to utter, or any *petite maîtresse* 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 eloge 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!*"

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 18TH. — 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.

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.

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, Colonel Goldsworthy.

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 other 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, &c., which grieves and distresses me beyond measure.

SEPTEMBER 4TH. — 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 god-mother 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. Schwollenberg, "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? Well, 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.

SEPTEMBER 22ND. — This day was all dressing again, to commemorate the Coronation. 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 27TH. — 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, 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, 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 parlor, 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 29TH.—The birthday of our lovely eldest Princess. It happens to be also the birthday of Miss Goldsworthy; and her Majesty, in a sportive humor, 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. Montmoulin.

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 30TH. — 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 honor, 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 honors 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 unauthorized 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 up-

stairs 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-humor, ill-breeding, and ill-will. At length, however, she has broken out into one inquiry, which, if favorably answered, might have appeased all; but truth was too strongly in the way. A few evenings after her confinement she 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. "O! ver vell! he will sleep with nobody but me! O, I von't come down." And a little while 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 passed, however, and here ends its recital.

OCTOBER 2ND. — 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 Weymouth, 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-humors 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.

WINDSOR, OCTOBER 9TH. — 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-humor ; 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, altogether, things never have been smoother, though serenity cannot well have less of interest in it. Serenity, however, it is, and gratefully I welcome it.

OCTOBER 10TH. — This evening, most unwittingly, I put my new neighbor's good-humor 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, 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, 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-coats I had turned another way, to avoid being marched at, and therefore their number and splendor had all been thrown away upon me.

SUNDAY, 12TH.—At the cathedral this morning the good Mdlle. Montmoulin 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 chace; 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, 14TH. — 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 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 coloring, 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 17TH. — 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.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18TH. — 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, OCTOBER 19TH. — The Windsor journey is again postponed, and the King is but very indifferent. 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 to 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. 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, OCTOBER 20TH. — 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.

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, &c., 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. 21ST. — The good and excellent King is again better, and we expect to remove to Windsor in a day or two.

THURSDAY, OCT. 23RD. — 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. 25TH. — 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 Saccharissa is now over my chimney. I could not at first bear it, but now I look at it, and call her back to my mind's eye per-

petually. This, like the tragedy I have set about, suits the turn of things in this habitation.

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 astonishes 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. 26TH. — 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 Peterborough is made Dean of Durham, and I am glad, for old acquaintance sake.

OCT. 29TH. — The dear and good King again gains ground, and the Queen becomes easier.

To-day Miss Planta told me she heard Mr. Fairly was

confined at Sir R—— F——'s, 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. 1ST. — 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.

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 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, com-

posedly 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 2ND. — 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.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 3RD. — 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 honors a little in the establishment on Saturday next the 8th, for the Princess Augusta's birthday. I have invited Miss Gomme and Mdlle. Montmoulin 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. Heberden had been called in. It is true more assistance seemed much wanting, yet the King's rooted aversion to physicians makes any new-comer 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 4TH. — 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 5TH. — 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 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 postilions, 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 honor 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 Fête, 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 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 acquaint-

tance with her favorite, 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 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. 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 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' department, 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 mortified 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.¹ "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 bed-room. 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 of the bed-room, 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 6TH. — 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

¹ Physician in Ordinary to the King, born in Devon, 1722, created a baronet in 1766. Died in 1809.

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 O 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, "'T is 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 — colorless 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; 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.

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 behavior 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

¹ Catharine, daughter of Thomas Anguish, Esq. In October, 1788, she became the second wife of Francis Godolphin, Marquis of Carmarthen.

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.

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 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. Warren 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. Warren¹ 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

¹ Dr. Richard Warren was born about 1732, and attained great eminence in his profession. He was a Fellow of the Royal and Antiquarian Societies, and was Physician in Ordinary to George III. and the Prince of Wales. He died in 1797.

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! It ended in information that he had not seen the King, who refused him admittance. This was terrible. But the King was never so despotic; 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, &c., 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, 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!

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 had 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, struggled 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 then I 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-parlor, 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 parlor.

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-parlor; 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 honorable 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. It was settled that Mrs. Sandys and Miss Macenton should alternately sit up in the dressing-room. 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 curtsy. 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 considerately 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 7TH. — 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

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 apologized 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 eulogy on his dear son Frederick, his favorite, 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.

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 forbore 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 a message in the morning by Mr. Gorton, the clerk of the kitchen, to tell me the Prince of Wales wished our dining-parlor 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-parlor, 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. Albert, 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 8TH. — 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

meechly said, "Yes, go to Miss Planta and bring it. Do you think there can be any harm in giving it now?"

"O, 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 curtsy, 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 himself. 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.

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 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.

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, 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 from all intercourse out of the house, and an unremitting confinement within its walls.

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 over-

powered 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 9TH. — 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, 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. 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 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.

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, that his very sight is a cordial to him; and that mild, feeling, amiable boy quite idolizes 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 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 10TH. — 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. Schwellenberg, who never drinks tea herself, hearing the general party was given up, and never surmising that 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 11TH. — This day passed like the preceding; I only saw her Majesty in the morning, and not another human being from that hour till Mrs. Schwellenberg 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 12TH. — 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 temperature. 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"¹ 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.

¹ Cowper's Poem of "The Task," then newly published.

He told me he wished much he had been able to consult with me on the preceding evening, when he had the Queen's orders to write, in her Majesty's name, to the Archbishop of Canterbury, to issue our 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 honor. I know this is saying enough to the most honorable of all confidants and friends to whom I am writing. All that passes with regard to myself is laid completely before them.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 13TH. — 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, 14TH. — 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. This was an employment so suited to the religious cast of his character, that I rejoiced to see it fall into his hands. 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 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 15TH. — 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! 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 16TH. — 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, 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.

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 19TH. — 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 agonizing 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 his 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.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 20TH. — 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 sleep-

ing 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; he had sat up. Oh, how terrible a narrative did he dryly give of the night! — short, abrupt, peremptorily bad, and indubitably hopeless! I did not dare alter, but I greatly softened this 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.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 21ST. — 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 license 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.

This was the most serene, and even cheerful evening I had passed since the poor King's first seizure.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22ND. — 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, 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 unfavorable, 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 23RD. — 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 Fîte, who lamented her banishment 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 Monsieur 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. Duval 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 owed 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 com-

pany 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.

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 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."

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 24TH. — Very bad again was the night's account, 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.

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 — 't was 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. 'T was 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, was 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 complicated were her reasons

for disturbance; though I heard no particulars, as I did not see Mr. Fairly again at night.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 25TH. — 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.

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, 26TH. — My seven o'clock account this morning was given me by Mr. Fairly; and a very gloomy one. 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. 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, 27TH. — This morning and whole day were dreadful! My early account was given me by Mr. Charles Hawkins, 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. Schwellenberg — 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 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, 28TH. — How woful — how bitter a day, in every part, was this!

My early account was from the King's page, Mr. Stillingtonfleet, and the night had been extremely bad. 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, 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 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 favorite 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, 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 sanction 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 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.

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 29TH. — 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 dis-

couraging: it was related to me by one of the pages, Mr. Brawan; 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 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 housemaids, 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 gentle-

men, 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.

In what 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. But the 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 house 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 parlor, 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 retreating 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 a 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.

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 parlor, the King's arrival. He then explained to me the whole of the intended proceedings and arrangements, with details innumerable and most interesting.

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, &c., 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 within 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. Schwollenberg's parlors, 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 tantalized 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. Schwollenberg, 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, wardrobe-women to the Princesses, their own maid, Lady Courtown's, Miss Planta's, Mrs. Schwollenberg's two maids, Mrs. Lovel and Arline, and Mr. Chamberlayne, one of 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, 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. There will lodge Miss Goldsworthy, Madlle. Montmoulin, and Miss Gomme. 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 which could not be kept. What a day altogether was this!

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 30TH. — Here, in all its dread colors,

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 parlors 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!

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.

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.

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!

KEW, MONDAY, DECEMBER 1ST. — 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 parlor.

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 favor 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.

He did not at all like the parlor, 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 humor, 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 2ND. — 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 dear *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 parlor with Sir Lucas, but a comfortable one. The Queen afterwards presented

me with a very pretty little new carpet; only a bed-side 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 3RD. — 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 neighborhood 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 of it. It is a very comfortable room, carpeted all over, with one window looking to the front of the house and two into a court-yard. 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 parlor, ma'am."

“In my parlor? 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 humor now again vanished; and this morning, when I made my seven o'clock inquiry, I found the parlor 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 4TH.—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-parlor should be made over to 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 parlor 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 soli-

tary, 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 apologize for the Windsor transaction, and to order he might regain admission. How this was brought about I am not clear. I only know it is agreed by all parties that the 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. Schwellenberg, 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.

Mr. Fairly told me this evening that Dr. Willis, a physician of Lincoln, 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 6TH. — 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 Sermons 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 have been authorizing 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 7TH. — 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.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 8TH. — The accounts began mending considerably, and hope broke in upon all.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 9TH. — 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. Schwollenberg, as she was alone, and more civil, and requested it.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 10TH. — 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 11TH. — 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 12TH. — This day passed in much the same manner. Late in the evening, after Mr. Smelt was gone, Mrs. Schwollenberg 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, *perticleer* 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.

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 honor and goodness."

"Oh, 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 13TH. — 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.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 14TH. — The day passed much as usual, with no sensible change in the King.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 15TH. — 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 16TH. — 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 parlor 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.

Dr. Willis came in while we were conversing, but instantly retreated, to leave us undisturbed. He looks a very fine old man. I wished 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.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 17TH. — 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 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 22ND. — 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 morning, 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. Schwellenberg took a very great fancy to Madlle. Montmoulin, 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. Montmoulin, who returned to the house in which she lives, with the younger Princesses, called Princess Elizabeth's House.

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.

CHAPTER II.

1789 — 1790.

KEW PALACE, THURSDAY, JANUARY 1ST. — 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 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. Willis's that they had given to the whole nation a new year's gift.

FRIDAY, 2ND. — 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, 3RD. — 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. Willis¹ 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, 9TH. — I might write enough, were I to enter upon the adventures of to-day; but as they all consisted in

¹ Dr. Francis Willis was a native of Lincolnshire, and received a classical education at Brasenose College, Oxford, where he obtained a fellowship. In 1740 he entered into Holy Orders, and was appointed to a college living; but shortly afterwards he devoted himself to the medical profession, and that department of it chiefly which was connected with diseases of the mind, without, however, abandoning the church. He established a private asylum for lunatics at Greatford, in his native county; and his success there led to his being intrusted with the entire management of the King's case.

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 authorize 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 behavior, 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, 10TH. — 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?

I did not go to Mrs. Schwellenberg: 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 re-

solved 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, 11TH. — 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 favorable, 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 favors 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.

MONDAY, 12TH. — 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 ! 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.¹

WEDNESDAY, 14TH. — 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 ? ”

¹ “ The account which she has given of the king's illness contains much excellent narrative and description, and will, we think, be more valued by the historians of a future age than any equal portion of Pepys's or Evelyn's Diaries. That account shows, also, how affectionate and compassionate her nature was. But it shows also, we must say, that her way of life was rapidly impairing her powers of reasoning and her sense of justice. We do not mean to discuss in this place the question whether the views of Mr. Pitt or those of Mr. Fox, respecting the regency, were the more correct. It is, indeed, quite needless to discuss that question: for the censure of Miss Burney falls alike on Pitt and Fox, on majority and minority. She is angry with the House of Commons for presuming to inquire whether the king was mad or not, and whether there was a chance of his recovering his senses. . . . It never occurred, so far as we can see, to the exons and keepers of the robes, that it was necessary that there should be somewhere or other a power in the State to pass laws, to preserve order, to pardon criminals, to fill up offices, to negotiate with foreign governments, to command the army and navy. Nay, these enlightened politicians, and Miss Burney among the rest, seem to have thought that any person who considered the subject with reference to the public interest, showed himself to be a bad-hearted man. Nobody wonders at this in a gentleman-usher ; but it is melancholy to see genius sinking into such debasement.” — *Lord Macaulay, Essay on Madame D'Arblay.*

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 consciousness 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. Montmoulin. And I almost constantly return at last, and stay till we go to the Queen, which is hardly ever till past twelve o'clock, and which always seems not till three 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, 18TH. — 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, and insisted upon seeing the Queen and three of the Princesses; but — it was not a good day.

KEW, MONDAY, 19TH. — 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.

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 ; 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, 26TH. — In the evening Mr. Fairly came to tea. He was grave, and my reception did not make him gayer. 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 or 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.

He took up Mrs. Smith's "Emmeline," 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. 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 for me, but found I had my company. She sent for Mlle. Montmoulin — 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 moech, 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 honored 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 honor 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 favorite 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, 27TH. — 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, 28TH. — 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 sympathized 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, 29TH. — 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 secure a censure from the Magnolia; but the Magnolia cannot enjoin an injustice — though she may wish me more subservient. But I will not enter upon these matters here.

FRIDAY, 30TH. — To-day my poor Royal mistress received the address of the Lords and Commons, of condolence, &c., 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! "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, 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-humor 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.

KEW PALACE, MONDAY, FEBRUARY 2ND.—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 unauthorized 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 Doctor 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, “ Doctor 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 suspicious 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 curtseyed 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 humor 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." This brought him to his favorite theme, Handel;

and he told me 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, of whom he kindly said, "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, 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? O 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 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!

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. Schwelkenberg, 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.

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, 3RD. — I had the great happiness to be assured this morning, by both the Doctor 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.

FRIDAY, 6TH. — 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 dutiful affection for their father.

TUESDAY, 10TH. — 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. 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. — 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. Montmoulin, and Miss Planta, all dined with Mrs. Schwellenberg to-day. The moment I joined them, Mrs. Schwellenberg 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. Schwellenberg added — “For what go you over to the Prince of Wales his house? — 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!"

"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. Montmoulin 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. Montmoulin 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, 13TH. — 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. Nothing so strange as the eternal rage of these unhappy lunatics to pursue the Royal Family!

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, 14TH. — 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. Schwellenberg'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. Schwellenberg'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 humor, however, and inherent condescension and sweetness of manners, would make a much worse performance pleasing.

FEBRUARY 16TH. — 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 his son, Dr. John, is nearly as trusty. Excellent people! how I love and honor them all!

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 coloring.”

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 17TH. — 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, 18TH. — 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. Schwellenberg at the time. They saw us also, as I heard afterwards from the Queen.

THURSDAY, 19TH. — This is my dear young friend's¹ bridal day! I have written to her. Heaven send her happy!

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:

¹ Mrs. Delany's niece, Miss Port.

the Regency was put off, in the House of Lords, by a motion from the Lord Chancellor!

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, 't is in so small a proportion to joy and thankfulness, that it is borne as if scarce an ill!

MONDAY, 23RD. — This morning opened wofully to me, though gaily to the house; for as my news of his Majesty was perfectly comfortable, I ventured, 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 favorable 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 !*

KEW PALACE.

SUNDAY, MARCH 1ST. — 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 ecstasy — his fine and feeling eyes swimming in tears of joy.

There is no describing — and I will not attempt it — the fulness, the almost overwhelming fulness of this morning’s thankful feelings !

I had the great gratification to see the honored 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 *any* body 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——, 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 4TH. — A message from Mrs. Schwollenberg 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 rigor of the season I might not regard.

When we came to the passage, the carriage was not ready. She murmured most vehemently; and 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. Schwollenberg, 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 behavior 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 endeavored 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!—" &c.

In the midst of this, Colonel Goldsworthy appeared; he came forward, with *How do's?*—but Mrs. Schwollenberg 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 parlor!" 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 honors the room had lately received, of having had Mr. Pitt, the Chancellor, Archbishop of Canterbury, &c., to wait in it. This she resented highly, as seeming to think it more honored 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 *trouble 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 10TH. — 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 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. Locke; 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 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.¹

TUESDAY, MARCH 10TH.—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; and Mr. Smelt had the regulation

¹ “Weak, feverish, hardly able to stand, Frances had still to rise before seven in order to dress the ‘sweet Queen,’ and to sit up till midnight in order to undress the sweet Queen. The indisposition of the handmaid could not, and did not, escape the notice of her royal mistress. But the established doctrine of the Court was, that all sickness was to be considered as a pretence until it proved fatal. The only way in which the invalid was to clear herself from the suspicion of ‘malingering,’ as it is called in the army, was to go on lacing and unlacing till she fell down dead at the royal feet.” — *Lord Macaulay, Essay on Madame d’Arblay.*

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 rapturous Nation's praise
That sees thee to their prayers restored,
Turn gently from the general blaze, —
Thy Charlotte woos her bosom's lord.

Turn and behold where, bright and clear,
Depicted with transparent art,
The emblems of her thoughts appear,
The tribute of a grateful heart.

O! small the tribute, were it weighed
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, &c.

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 11TH. — 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, 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 12TH. — 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 14TH. — 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. Schwollenberg 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 ecstasy; 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 Lue 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 15TH. — 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.

Miss Burney to Mrs. —.

March 6, 1789.

— I thought with greatly added satisfaction, from what the last letter contains, of Mr. —'s religious principles. There, indeed, you 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, 1789.

How tranquillizing 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 contentment 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 harbor 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 18TH. — 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 honors to this last evening of so large a tribe: I well knew none of the household ladies would venture without *another* invitation.

QUEEN'S LODGE, WINDSOR.

The rest of this month I shall not give by daily dates, but by its incidents.

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.

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, 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, 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 honor 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.

Miss Burney to Mrs. Locke.

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.

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. Locke 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. Locke'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 harsh-

ness 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 neighbor, 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. Schwellenberg by every opportunity, and coloring 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. Schwellenberg, 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 apologized 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."

"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."

"But ma'am, he shall bring you a Latin oration upon this subject, and you must hear it!" "Oh, 't is 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 medal 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 William 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.

In the evening, while Mrs. Schwellenberg, Mrs. Zachary, and myself were sitting in the eating parlor, the door was suddenly opened by Mr. Alberts, the Queen's page, and “Prince William” was announced.

He came to see Mrs. Schwellenberg. 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 much, and now you might do it. Your Royal Highness, that is Miss Berner."

He rose very civilly, and bowed, to this strange freak of introduction: and, of course, I rose and curtsied 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. 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 favorite. “I have had the honor,” 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-humored 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 my-

self 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, 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-humored and polite pretence.

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 tomorrow, 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 Kauffman¹ 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 Kauffman dead? O, 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 save the King;" all the shops have it over the doors; all the children wear it in their caps — all the laborers in their hats, and all the sailors *in their voices*; for they never approach the house without

¹ The daughter of a Swiss painter born at Coire in 1740. She studied at Rome and Venice, and afterwards came to England, where she enjoyed a brilliant reputation for many years, and was ultimately elected a Royal Academician. Her death did not take place till 1807.

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 bandeaux 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 bandeaux 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 neighboring machine, struck up “God save great George our King.”

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.”

“Sir,—I have a wooden leg!” Poor man! 't was 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. My Royal mistress is reading, and will then lend it me. Have you read it?

A thousand thanks for your home news.

I am, most dear sir, affectionately and dutifully your

F. B.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 15TH. — 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, Baretti, 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. 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, 16TH. — 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 demeanor, 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.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 29TH. — 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 31ST. — This afternoon, when I came into the parlor, I saw a stranger, but habited in the uniform, and of a pleasing appearance. We bowed and curtseyed — 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 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.

GLOUCESTER HOUSE, WEYMOUTH.

MONDAY, AUGUST 3RD. — 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. Dinner-time, however, came and passed, and they arrived not. They went by sea, and the wind proved contrary; and about seven o'clock a hobby groom 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, &c.*; 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.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 4TH. — 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. 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.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 16TH. — 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. 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 17TH. — 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.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 19TH. — 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."

MONDAY, AUGUST 24TH. — To-day the Royals went to Marystow, Colonel Heywood's, and Miss Planta and myself to Mount-Edgcombe. The Queen had desired me to take Miss Planta, and I had written to prepare Lady Mount-Edgcombe 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-Edgcombe, 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-Edgcombe, who told us that they had just heard an intention of their Majesties to sail the next day up the river Tamar, 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 honored with a visit to see the place, which was very ancient and curious. They should leave Lord Valletort to do the honors, and expressed much civil regret in the circumstance: but the distance was too great 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: but 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 luxurious country. In different views we were shown Cawsand Bay, the Hamoaze, the rocks called The Maker, &c.,—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."

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, 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.

The great open view, however, disappointed me: the towns it shows have no prominent features, the 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. Townsend, 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-Edgecumbe.

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-Edgecumbe. The house is old, and seems pleasant and convenient. In a very pretty circular parlor, 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," was so well read, the leaves always flew apart to display it.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 14TH. — We all left Weymouth.

All possible honors 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, the seat of Lord Ilchester, where Mr. Fairly was in 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, 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. 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, 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?”

Mine, I am sure, for one.

Lady Bath showed us our rooms, to which we 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; 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.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 18TH. — 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, &c. 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.

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 honor to present my pretty Leatherhead fairings — 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, 't was the last visit of that very white-souled and amiable woman, and the last time I ever beheld her ; 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 exclamation of Major Garth, 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.

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 18TH. — 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."

"Mr. Fairly is going to be married! I resolved I would tell you."

"I heard the rumor," I replied, "the other day, from Colonel Gwynn."

"Oh, it is 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.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 20TH. — Some business sent me to speak with Miss Planta before our journey back to Wind-

sor. 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."

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 28TH. — 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. Leonards to dinner." 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.

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. Leonards. 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 everybody he won't not have her! — There might be something 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.

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——: 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 humor that removed all impertinence, whatever it left of inelegance:—and then began her comments.

“Well; the Queen, to be sure, 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 have been very droll to you at first. A great deal of honor, to be sure, to serve a Queen, and all that; but I dare say a lady’s-maid could do it better; though to be called about a Queen, as I say, is a great deal of honor: but, for my part, I should not like it; because to be always obliged to go to a person, whether one was in the humor 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 honor, and all that.” Is not this a fit bishop’s wife? is not here primitive candor 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. Montmoulin, who, with equal simplicity, expresses her idea of my unfitness for another part.—“How you bear it,” she cries, “living with Mrs. Schwellenberg!—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 Gomme, 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.

CHAPTER III.

1790 — 1791.

JANUARY. — 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 license, and at the house of Sir R—— F——.

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 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 — work-boxes, netting-cases, &c., &c.!

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 favors. The rest of the party, father, sister, and priest included, went to the play, which happened to be *Benedict*.

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. I missed my errand, and speedily returned, and found many cards from bedchamber-women and maids of honor; and, while still reading them, I was honored 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 apologized to Mrs. Fairly for my inability to return the honor of her visit, but readily undertook to inform Her Majesty of her inquiries, which she earnestly begged from me.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 16TH.—Mr. Hastings's trial re-

commenced; 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 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. Wyndham was of the set.

Mr. Anstruther spoke, and all the 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! — 't is 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 curtseyed. 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: —

“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.

My dearest readers know that this month I went to meet *my own assembly*, as it is honorably called, at Lady Rothes': 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, 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 1ST.—This morning we went to Windsor.

This month lost us Colonel Welbred, 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 honor 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 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 vigor, 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 honored 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. Schwellenberg, "nobody could do it better when I

would." I assured Her Majesty it was rather *when I could*, as any reading Mrs. Schwellenberg 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" 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."

"O yes, mamma! I dare say 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 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 endeavor, 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-humored 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 honor 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. Its tameness must have tamed 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. It is an elegant and serious piece, which I read with far greater ease, and into which they all entered with far greater interest.

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, the long-dreaded interview with my formerly most dearly-loved Mrs. Thrale — not writing it saves me much pang.¹

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 determined to put down its poor shallow memorials.

On Easter Sunday, the 4th of April, when I left my

¹ "1790, March 18th. — I met Miss Burney at an assembly last night — 't is 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, &c. I answered with ease and coldness, but in exceeding good humor: and we talked of the King and Queen, his Majesty's illness and recovery — and all ended, as it should do, with perfect indifference." — *Extract from Mrs. Thrale's Journal.*

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. 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 methodizing, 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.

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, 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 satirizes are wholly at an end and forgotten. Humor 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." The "Travels" are just like herself, abounding in sallies of genius.

TUESDAY, APRIL 27TH. — 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. Wyndham, 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 apologizing 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 honor, 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 abscond, or abide, 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 honor, 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. 'T is 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. Wyndham 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. Wyndham!" 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 honor." "Oh, for honor! — 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. Wyndham stopped short, saying, "I won't interrupt you;" and, in a moment, glided back to the manager's 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?

SUNDAY, MAY 2ND. — 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 Cecilia were with her — all smiling and good-humored. "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. Locke's: 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.

THURSDAY, MAY 6TH. — This being the last Pantheon, I put in my long-intended claim; and it was greatly facilitated by the circumstance of a new singer, Madame Benda, making her first appearance. She is just arrived from Germany, 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.

My dearest father fetched me from the Queen's house, Esther and Marianne 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!

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; 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 10TH. — 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.

FRIDAY, MAY 28TH. — 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, and if I should like the "Messiah," or prefer any other day?

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.

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.

He was all himself; all his native self;—kind, gay, open, and full fraught with converse.

Chance favored 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; 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 ?" ¹

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 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 live-long 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

¹ " But is it possible, sir, that your daughter has no vacations ? "

honored 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.

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. Wyndham, who, fortu-

nately, 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, 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 honor of an audience?”

“No,” answered he, “I was civil enough without that; I said, If you will be so good — that was very civil — and honor 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. Wyndham 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. Wyndham, 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.

QUEEN'S LODGE, WINDSOR, August, 1790.

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. Montmoulin, 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 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 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 O! 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. 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 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. Wyndham. 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. Wyndham 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. Wyndham 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. Wyndham 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 humor, 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.

"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, and took a proof-sheet out of his pocket to show me; with crowds passing and 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 apologize, 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 little of Dr. Johnson to himself. He read it in strong imitation of the Doctor's manner, very well, and not caricature. But Mrs. Schwellenberg 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 honor his kindness conferred upon me. One letter I have from him that is a masterpiece of elegance and kindness united. 'T was his last.

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 favor 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. Schwollenberg, 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.¹ 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.

DECEMBER. — Leaving a little longer in the lurch the late months, let me endeavor 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. Montmoulin's eyes glistened

¹ "Had she been a negro slave, a humane planter would have excused her from work. But her Majesty knew no mercy. Thrice a day the accursed bell still rang; the Queen was to be dressed for the morning at seven, and to be dressed for the day at noon, and to be undressed at midnight." — *Lord Macaulay, Essay on Madame d'Arblay.*

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 deter-

mined 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, &c. — 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 owing 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 favorable; 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 much reason to expect.

I spent a terrible time till I went to the Queen at night, spiriting 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. Schwollenberg.

“O, 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 disension 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. Schwellenberg 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 been regularly spared and favored 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, or 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 honor 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 honor 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 honorable, 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 labored 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. Montmoulin 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 honor 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. Montmoulin — informed me of her engagements with M. d'Es-

père-en-Dieu, 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!

CHAPTER IV.

FROM JANUARY, 1791, TO JULY, 1791.

Miss Burney to Dr. Burney.

January, 1791.

MOST DEAR SIR, — I had no opportunity to put in practice my plan of the *montre*. 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 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," — 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, 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. Schwellenberg, 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 Schwellenberg, 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 honor to help her in the metre; and now I have the honor 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 modernize them all attempts were vain.
 Go, cries Queen Mab, some noble owner seek,
 Who has a proper taste for the antique.

Now, no criticizing, 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, in 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 honorably 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 favor: "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.

MAY 7TH. — 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 displeased at again being called 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 flashed its own conviction on her recollection. She paused, and then, assentingly, 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. Schwellenberg 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, 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 8TH, TO MAY 15TH. — 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 15TH, TO SUNDAY, MAY 22ND. — The trial of the poor persecuted Mr. Hastings being now again debating and arranging for continuance, 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 rumors 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. Wyndham, 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 commemoration came on. My beloved Mr. and Mrs. Locke 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 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 honor 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 favorably, this dilemma.

My dear Fredy will have mentioned the circumstances of the Queen's real birthday, and her insistance 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 22ND, 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 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 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-humored 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 honor 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 2ND. — 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, 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.

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. 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 we came downstairs into the large waiting-hall, Mr. de Luc went in search of William and chairs. Sally then immediately discerned Mr. Wyndham with some ladies. He looked at me without at first knowing me.

Mr. Nicholls, however, knew my voice. He came and chatted with his accustomed good-humor and ease.

While this was going on, Sarah whispered me that Mr. Wyndham 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."

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 panegyricized 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 4TH. — 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 Stanhope 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 forc-

ble words, and beg leave to show you, in genuine colors, a Royal sailor. We all rose, of course, upon his entrance, and the two gentlemen placed themselves behind their chairs, while the footman 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 humor. He placed himself at the head of the table, next Mrs. Schwollenberg, 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. Schwollenberg.

“O, by —— 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, 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 Westerhaults to carry it on: the Duke slapped his hand violently on the table, and called out, “O, by ——, 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 deuced tailor waiting to fix on my epaulette! Here, you, go and see for my servants! d'ye 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 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, cham-

pagne! another glass for the philosopher! I keep sober for Mary."

"O, 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. Schwollenberg'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 deuced 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. Schwollenberg, 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 deuced 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. 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. Schwellenberg 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, all the King's great state-officers, amongst whom I recognized Lord Courtown, Treasurer of the Household; Lord Salisbury carried a candle!—'t is 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 honor, 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 Honor, 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 5TH. — 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.

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 ! 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 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 honored 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.¹

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 honor, 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, as I knew there was no other security against all manner of risks in his relations.

¹ "Sweet Queen! what noble candor, to admit that the undutifulness of people who did not think the honor of adjusting her tuckers worth the sacrifice of their own lives was, though highly criminal, not altogether unnatural! We perfectly understand her Majesty's contempt for the lives of others where her own pleasure was concerned. Perhaps that economy which was among her Majesty's most conspicuous virtues had something to do with her conduct on this occasion. Miss Burney had never hinted that she expected a retiring pension; but her Majesty knew what the public thought, and what became her own dignity. She could not for very shame suffer a woman of distinguished genius, who had quitted a lucrative career to wait on her, who had served her faithfully for a pittance during five years, and whose constitution had been impaired by labor and watching, to leave the Court without some mark of royal liberality."—*Lord Macaulay, Essay on Madame d'Arblay.*

I must have told you long since of the marriage of Mlle. Montmoulin to M. d'Espère-en-Dieu? Her niece, another Mlle. Montmoulin, 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 King'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 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 3rd, '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 feeling 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, &c., 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, 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 Mlle. Jacobi. She brought with her a young German, 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 Mlle. Jacobi, who is tall, well made, and nearly handsome, and of a humor 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, Mlle. 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 Mlle. 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 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*l*. 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 behavior has been most perfectly honorable.”

This, my last day at Windsor, was filled with nothing but packing, leave-taking, bills-paying, and lessoning to Mlle. 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. 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 honor to dine in that apartment with you more!" &c. 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 endeavor 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.

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 Mlle. 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!

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 house-keeper, 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. Schwollenberg'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-7TH. — 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. Schwellenberg. 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. This was, indeed, a mark of favor 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 sud-

denly out of the room. Poor woman! If her temper were not so irascible, I really believe her heart would be by no means wanting in kindness.

I then took leave of Mrs. Sandys, giving her a token of remembrance in return for her constant good behavior, 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 Palace — 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.

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. Schwollenberg 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 all were now 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.

CHAPTER V.

FROM JULY, 1791, TO JANUARY, 1793.

CHELSEA COLLEGE.

ONCE more I have the blessing to address my beloved friends from the natal home!—with a satisfaction, a serenity of heart immeasurable. All smaller evils shall now give way to the one great good; and I shall not, I hope, be forgetful, when the world wags ill, that scarce any misfortune, scarce misery itself, can so wastefully desolate the very soul of my existence as a banishment, even the most honorable, from those I love.

But I must haste to the present time, and briefly give the few facts that occurred before my Susanna came to greet my restoration, and the few that preceded my journey to the south-west afterwards, in July.

My dear father was waiting for me in my apartment at St. James's when their Majesties and their fair Royal daughters were gone. He brought me home, and welcomed me most sweetly. My heart was a little sad, in spite of its contentment. My joy in quitting my place extended not to quitting the King and Queen; and the final marks of their benign favor had deeply impressed me. My mother received me according to my wishes, and Sarah most cordially.

My dear James and Charles speedily came to see me; and one precious half-day I was indulged with my kind Mr. Locke and his Fredy. If I had been stouter and stronger in health, I should then have been almost flightily

happy; but the weakness of the frame still kept the rest in order. My ever-kind Miss Cambridge was also amongst the foremost to hasten with congratulations on my return to my old ways, and to make me promise to visit Twickenham after my projected tour with Mrs. Ord.

I could myself undertake no visiting at this time; rest and quiet being quite essential to my recovery. But my father did the honors for me amongst those who had been most interested in my resignation. He called instantly upon Sir Joshua Reynolds and Miss Palmer, and Mr. Burke; and he wrote to Mr. Walpole, Mr. Seward, Mrs. Crewe, Mr. Wyndham, and my Worcester uncle. Mr. Walpole wrote the most charming of answers, in the gallantry of the old court, and with all its wit, concluding with a warm invitation to Strawberry Hill. Sir Joshua and Miss Palmer sent me every species of kind exultation. Mr. Burke was not in town. Mr. Seward wrote very heartily and cordially, and came also when my Susanna was here. Mrs. Crewe immediately pressed me to come and recruit at Crewe Hall in Cheshire, where she promised me repose, and good air and good society.

Mr. Wyndham to Dr. Burney.

July, 1791.

DEAR SIR,—I am shocked that circumstances of different sorts — among which one has been the hope of visiting you at Chelsea — should have delayed so long my acknowledgments for your very kind letter. I not only received with infinite satisfaction the intelligence which it contained, but I was gratified by being distinguished as one to whom such intelligence would be satisfactory. It was the common cause of every one interested in the concerns of genius and literature. I have been alarmed of late, however, by

hearing that the evil has not ended with the occasion, but that Miss B.'s health is still far from being re-established. I hope the fact is not true in the extent in which I heard it stated. There are few of those who only admire Miss Burney's talents at a distance, and have so little the honor of her acquaintance, who feel more interested in her welfare; nor could I possibly be insensible to a concern in which you must be so deeply affected.

I should be very happy if, at any time when you are in this neighborhood, you would give me the chance of seeing you, and of hearing, I hope, a more favorable account than seemed to be the amount of what I heard lately.

W. W.

SIDMOUTH, DEVONSHIRE.

MONDAY, AUGUST 1ST. — I have now been a week out upon my travels, but have not had the means or the time, till this moment, to attempt their brief recital.

Mrs. Ord called for me about ten in the morning. I left my dearest father with the less regret, as his own journey to Mrs. Crewe was very soon to take place. It was a terribly rainy morning, but I was eager not to postpone the excursion. As we travelled on towards Staines, I could scarcely divest myself of the idea that I was but making again my usual journey to Windsor; and I could with difficulty forbear calling Mrs. Ord Miss Planta during the whole of that well-known road. I did not, indeed, take her maid, who was our third in the coach, for Mr. de Luc, or Mr. Turbulent; but the place she occupied made me think much more of those I so long had had for my *vis-à-vis* than of herself.

We went on no farther than to Bagshot; thirty miles was the extremity of our powers; but I bore them very tolerably, though variably. We put up at the best inn,

very early, and then inquired what we could see in the town and neighborhood. "Nothing!" was the concise answer of a staring housemaid. We determined, therefore, to prowl to the churchyard, and read the tombstone inscriptions; but when we asked the way, the same woman, staring still more wonderingly, exclaimed, "Church! there's no church nigh here! There's the Prince of Wales's, just past the turning—you may go and see that, if you will!"

So on we walked towards this hunting villa: but after toiling up a long unweeded avenue, we had no sooner opened the gate to the parks than a few score of dogs, which were lying in ambush, set up so prodigious a variety of magnificent barkings, springing forward at the same time, that, content with having caught a brief view of the seat, we left them to lord it over the domain they regarded as their own, and, with all due submission, pretty hastily shut the gate, without troubling them to give us another salute. We returned to the inn, and read B——'s "Lives of the Family of the Boyles."

TUESDAY, AUGUST 2ND. — We proceeded to Farnham to breakfast, and thence walked to the Castle. The Bishop of Winchester, Mrs. North, and the whole family, are gone abroad. The Castle is a good old building, with as much of modern elegance and fashion intermixed in its alterations and fitting up as Mrs. North could possibly contrive to weave into its ancient grandeur. They date the Castle from King Stephen, in whose reign, as Norbury will tell us, the land was almost covered with such strong edifices, from his imprudent permission of building them, granted to appease the Barons, who were turned aside from the Empress Maud. I wished I could have climbed to the top of an old tower, much out of repair, but so high, that I fancied I could thence have espied the hills of Norbury.

However, I was ready to fall already, from only ascending the slope to reach the Castle.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 4TH. — We proceeded to breakfast at Romney. What a contrast this journey to that I took two years ago in attendance upon her Majesty! The roads now so empty, the towns so quiet; and then, what multitudes! what tumults of joy! and how graciously welcomed!

We went on to dine at Salisbury, a city which, with their Majesties, I could not see for people. It seemed to have neither houses nor walls, but to be composed solely of faces. We strolled about the town, but the Cathedral was shut up to be repaired, much to our regret.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 5TH. — We went to Stonehenge. Here I was prodigiously disappointed, at first, by the huge masses of stone so unaccountably piled at the summit of Salisbury Plain. However, we alighted, and the longer I surveyed and considered them, the more augmented my wonder and diminished my disappointment.

We then went on to Wilton. There I renewed my delight over the exquisite Vandykes, and with the statues, busts, and pictures, which again I sighingly quitted, with a longing wish I might ever pass under that roof time enough to see them more deliberately. We stopped in the Hans Holbein porch, and upon the Inigo Jones bridge, as long as we could stand, after standing and staring and straining our eyes till our guide was quite fatigued. 'Tis a noble collection; and how might it be enjoyed if, as an arch old laboring man told us, fine folks lived as they ought to do!

TUESDAY, AUGUST 9TH. — We travelled to Sidmouth. And here we have taken up our abode for a week. It was all devoted to rest and sea-air.

Sidmouth is built in a vale by the sea-coast, and the

terrace for company is nearer to the ocean than any I have elsewhere seen, and therefore both more pleasant and more commodious. The little bay is of a most peaceful kind, and the sea as calm and gentle as the Thames. I longed to bathe, but I am in no state now to take liberties with myself, and, having no advice at hand, I ran no risk.

Nothing has given me so much pleasure since I came to this place as our landlady's account of her own and her town's loyalty. She is a baker, a poor widow woman, she told us, who lost her husband by his fright in thinking he saw a ghost, just after her mother was drowned. She carries on the business, with the help of her daughter, a girl about fifteen. We could get no other lodgings, so full was the town; and these are near the sea, though otherwise not desirable.

I inquired of her if she had seen the Royal Family when they visited Devonshire? "Yes, sure, ma'am!" she cried; "there was ne'er a soul left in all this place for going out to see 'em. My daughter and I rode a double horse, and we went to Sir George Young's, and got into the park, for we knew the housekeeper, and she gave my daughter a bit to taste of the King's dinner when they had all done, and she said she might talk on it when she was a old woman."

I asked another good woman, who came in for some flour, if she had been of the party? "No," she said, "she was ill, but she had had holiday enough upon the King's recovery, for there was such a holiday then as the like was not in all England."

"Yes, sure, ma'am," cried the poor baker-woman, "we all did our best then, for there was ne'er a town in all England like Sidmouth for rejoicing. Why, I baked a hundred and ten penny loaves for the poor, and so did every baker in town, and there's three; and the gentry

subscribed for it. And the gentry roasted a bullock and cut it all up, and we all eat it, in the midst of the rejoicing. And then we had such a fine sermon, it made us all cry; there was a more tears shed than ever was known, all for over-joy. And they had the King drawn, and dressed up all in gold and laurels, and they put un in a coach and eight horses, and carried un about; and all the grand gentlemen in the town, and all abouts, come in their own carriages to join. And they had the finest band of music in all England singing 'God save the King,' and every soul joined in the chorus, and all not so much because he was a King, but because they said a was such a worthy gentleman, and that the like of him was never known in this nation before; so we all subscribed for the illuminations for that reason, — some a shilling, some a guinea, and some a penny, — for no one begrudged it, as a was such a worthy person."

The other woman and the daughter then united in the recital, and gave it with such heartiness and simplicity, that at last I was forced to leave them a little abruptly, for I fairly lost all voice to answer them, from the lively sensations of pleasure which such proofs of the popularity of the good and dear King always give me. The two women both cried also, and that was far more wonderful.

The good Mrs. Dare has purchased images of all the Royal Family, in her great zeal, and I had them in my apartment — King, Queen, Prince of Wales, Dukes of York, Clarence, Kent, Sussex, Cumberland, and Cambridge; Princess Royal, and Princesses Augusta, Elizabeth, Mary, Sophia, and Amelia. God bless them all!

QUEEN SQUARE, BATH.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 20TH. — Bath is extremely altered since I last visited it. Its circumference is perhaps trebled;

but its buildings are so unfinished, so spread, so everywhere beginning and nowhere ending, that it looks rather like a space of ground lately fixed upon for erecting a town, than a town itself, of so many years' duration.

It is beautiful and wonderful throughout. The hills are built up and down, and the vales so stocked with streets and houses, that, in some places, from the ground-floor on one side a street, you cross over to the attic of your opposite neighbor. The white stone, where clean, has a beautiful effect, and, even where worn, a grand one. But I must not write a literal Bath Guide, and a figurative one Anstey has all to himself. I will only tell you in brief, yet in truth, it looks a city of palaces, a town of hills, and a hill of towns.

Oh, how have I thought, in patrolling it, of my poor Mrs. Thrale! I went to look (and sigh at the sight) at the house on the North Parade where we dwelt, and almost every old place brings to my mind some scene in which we were engaged;— in the Circus, the houses then Mrs. Montagu's and Mrs. Cholmondely's; in Brock-street, Mrs. Vanbrugh's; in Church-street, Mrs. Lambart's; in the Crescent, Mr. Whalley's; in Alfred-street, Mrs. Bowdler's; at the Belvidere, Mrs. Byron, Miss Leigh, and Lord Mulgrave, &c., &c., &c.

Besides the constant sadness of all recollections that bring fresh to my thoughts a breach with a friend once so loved, how are most of the families altered and dispersed in these absent ten years! From Mrs. Montagu's, Miss Gregory, by a marriage disapproved, is removed for ever; from Mrs. Cholmondely's, by the severer blow of death, Lady Mulgrave is separated; Mrs. Lambart, by the same blow, has lost the brother, Sir Philip Clerke, who brought us to her acquaintance; Mr. Bowdler and his excellent eldest daughter have yielded to the same stroke; Mrs. Byron has

followed; Miss Leigh has been married and widowed; Lord Mulgrave has had the same hard lot; and, besides these, Mrs. Cotton, Mrs. Thrale's aunt, Lady Millar, and Mr. Thrale himself, are no more.

In another ten years, another writer, perhaps, may make a list to us of yet deeper interest. Well, we live but to die, and are led but to follow. 'Tis best, therefore, to think of these matters till they occur with slackened emotion.

AUGUST 31ST.—I have kept no regular memorandums; but I shall give you the history of the Bath fortnight of this month as it rises in my memory.

Soon after we came, while I was finishing some letters, and quite alone, Mrs. Ord's servant brought me word Lady Spencer would ask me how I did, if I was well enough to receive her. Of course I begged she might come upstairs.

I have met her two or three times at my dearest Mrs. Delany's, where I met, also, with marked civilities from her. I knew she was here, with her unhappy daughter, Lady Duncannon, whom she assiduously nurses, aided by her more celebrated other daughter, the Duchess of Devonshire.

She made a very flattering apology for coming, and then began to converse upon my beloved Mrs. Delany, and thence to subjects more general. She is a sensible and sagacious character, intelligent, polite, and agreeable; and she spends her life in such exercises of active charity and zeal, that she would be one of the most exemplary women of rank of the age, had she less of show in her exertions, and more of forbearance in publishing them. My dear oracle, however, once said, vain-glory must not be despised or discouraged, when it operated but as a human engine for great or good deeds.

She spoke of Lady Duncannon's situation with much

sorrow, and expatiated upon her resignation to her fate, her prepared state for death, and the excellence of her principles, with an eagerness and feeling that had quite overwhelmed me with surprise and embarrassment.

Her other daughter she did not mention; but her granddaughter Lady Georgiana Cavendish, she spoke of with rapture. Miss Trimmer, also, the eldest daughter of the exceeding worthy Mrs. Trimmer, she named with a regard that seemed quite affectionate. She told me she had the care of the young Lady Cavendishes, but was in every respect treated as if one of themselves.

The name of Mrs. Trimmer led us to talk of the Sunday-schools and Schools of Industry. They are both in a very flourishing state at Bath, and Lady Spencer has taken one school under her own immediate patronage.

The next day, of course, I waited on her: she was out. But the following day, which was Sunday, she sent me a message upstairs to say she would take me to see the Sunday-school, if I felt well enough to desire it.

She waited below for my answer, which, of course, I carried down in my proper person, ready hatted and cloaked.

It was a most interesting sight. Such a number of poor innocent children, all put into a way of right, most taken immediately from every way of wrong, lifting up their little hands, and joining in those prayers and supplications for mercy and grace, which, even if they understand not, must at least impress them with a general idea of religion, a dread of evil, and a love of good; it was, indeed, a sight to expand the best hopes of the heart.

I felt very much obliged to my noble conductress, with whom I had much talk upon the subject in our walk back. Her own little school, of course, engaged us the most. She told me that the next day six of her little girls were to be new-clothed, by herself, in honor of the birthday of the

Duke of Devonshire's second daughter, Lady Harriot Cavendish, who was to come to her grand-mamma's house to see the ceremony. To this sight she also invited me, and I accepted her kindness with pleasure.

The following day, therefore, Monday, I obeyed Lady Spencer's time, and at six o'clock was at her house in Gay-street. My good Mrs. Ord, to make my leaving her quite easy, engaged herself to go at the same hour to visit Mrs. Hartley.

Lady Spencer had Mrs. Mary Pointz and Miss Trimmer with her; and the six children, just prepared for Lady Harriot, in their new gowns, were dismissed from their examination, upon my arrival, and sent downstairs to await the coming of her little ladyship, who, having dined with her mamma, was later than her appointment.

Lady Spencer introduced me to Miss Trimmer, who is a pleasing, but not pretty young woman, and seems born with her excellent mother's amiableness and serenity of mind.

Lady Georgiana is just eight years old. She has a fine, animated, sweet, and handsome countenance, and the form and figure of a girl of ten or twelve years of age. Lady Harriot, who this day was six years old, is by no means so handsome, but has an open and pleasing countenance, and a look of the most happy disposition. Lady Spencer brought her to me immediately.

I inquired after the young Marquis of Hartington. Lady Spencer told me they never trusted him from the Upper Walks, near his house, in Marlborough-buildings. He has a house of his own near the Duke's, and a carriage entirely to himself; but you will see the necessity of these appropriations, when I remind you he is now fourteen months old.

Lady Spencer had now a lottery — without blanks, you will suppose — of playthings and toys for the children. She distributed the prizes, and Lady Duncannon held the tickets.

During this entered Lord Spencer, the son of Lady Spencer, who was here only for three days, to see his sister Duncannon. They had all dined with the little Lady Harriot. The Duke is now at Chatsworth, in Derbyshire.

I thought of Lord Spencer's kindness to Charles, and I recollected he was a favorite of Mr. Wyndham. I saw him, therefore, with very different ideas to those raised by the sight of his poor sister Duncannon, to whom he made up with every mark of pitying affection; she, meanwhile, receiving him with the most expressive pleasure, though nearly silent. I could not help feeling touched, in defiance of all obstacles.

Presently followed two ladies. Lady Spencer, with a look and manner warmly announcing pleasure in what she was doing, then introduced me to the first of them, saying "Duchess of Devonshire, Miss Burney."

She made me a very civil compliment upon hoping my health was recovering; and Lady Spencer, then, slightly, and as if unavoidably, said, "Lady Elizabeth Forster."

I have neglected to mention, in its place, that the six poor little girls had a repast in the garden, and Lady Georgiana earnestly begged leave to go down and see and speak with them. She applied to Lady Spencer. "Oh, grandmamma," she cried, "pray let me go! Mamma says it all depends upon you." The Duchess expressed some fear lest there might be any illness or disorder amongst the poor things: Lady Spencer answered for them; and Lady Georgiana, with a sweet delight, flew down into the garden, all the rest accompanying, and Lady Spencer and the Duchess soon following. It was a beautiful sight, taken in all its dependencies, from the windows. Lord Spencer presently joined them.

To return to the Duchess. I did not find so much beauty in her as I expected, notwithstanding the variations of ac-

counts ; but I found far more of manner, politeness, and gentle quiet. She seems by nature to possess the highest animal spirits, but she appeared to me not happy. I thought she looked oppressed within, though there is a native cheerfulness about her which I fancy scarce ever deserts her.

There is in her face, especially when she speaks, a sweetness of good-humor and obligingness that seem to be the natural and instinctive qualities of her disposition ; joined to an openness of countenance that announces her endowed, by nature, with a character intended wholly for honesty, fairness, and good purposes.

She now conversed with me wholly, and in so soberly sensible and quiet a manner, as I had imagined incompatible with her powers. Too much and too little credit have variously been given her. About me and my health she was more civil than I can well tell you ; not from prudery — I have none, in these records, methinks ! — but from its being mixed into all that passed. We talked over my late tour, Bath waters, and the King's illness. This, which was led to by accident, was here a tender subject, considering her heading the Regency squadron ; however, I have only one line to pursue, and from that I can never vary. I spoke of my own deep distress from his sufferings without reserve, and of the distress of the Queen with the most avowed compassion and respect. She was extremely well-bred in all she said herself, and seemed willing to keep up the subject. I fancy no one has just in the same way treated it with her Grace before ; however, she took all in good part, though to have found me retired in discontent had perhaps been more congenial to her. But I have been sedulous to make them all know the contrary. Nevertheless, as I am eager to be considered apart from all party, I was much pleased, after all this, to have her express her-

self very desirous to keep up our acquaintance, ask many questions as to the chance of my remaining in Bath, most politely hope to profit from it, and, finally, inquire my direction.

Poor Mrs. Ord is quite in dismay at this acquaintance, and will believe no good of them, and swallows all that is said of evil. In some points, however, I have found her so utterly misinformed, that I shall never make over into her custody and management my opinion of the world. She thinks the worst, and judges the most severely, of all mankind, of any person I have ever known; it is the standing imperfection of her character, and so ungenial, so nipping, so blighting, it sometimes damps all my pleasure in her society, since my living with her has shown the extent of her want of all charity towards her fellows.

I always wonder how people, good themselves, as she is, can make up their minds to supposing themselves so singular.

Lady Elizabeth, however, has the character of being so alluring, that Mrs. Holroyd told me it was the opinion of Mr. Gibbon no man could withstand her, and that, if she chose to beckon the Lord Chancellor from his woosack, in full sight of the world, he could not resist obedience!

QUEEN'S SQUARE, BATH.

SEPTEMBER. — With what pleased and full sensations do I here begin a month I shall end with my beloved readers! Oh that such a time should be really approaching! when in peace, with ease, in natural spirits, and with a mind undisturbed, I may visit Mickleham, and revisit Norbury Park.

Three days before we left Bath, as I was coming with Mrs. Ord from the Pump-room, we encountered a chair from

which a lady repeatedly kissed her hand and bowed to me. I was too near-sighted to distinguish who she was, till, coming close, and a little stopped by more people, she put her face to the glass, and said, "How d' ye do? How d' ye do?" and I recollected the Duchess of Devonshire.

About an hour after I had again the honor of a visit from her, and with Lady Dowager Spencer. I was luckily at home alone, Mrs. Ord having dedicated the rest of the morning to her own visits. I received them, therefore, with great pleasure. I now saw the Duchess far more easy and lively in her spirits, and, consequently, far more lovely in her person. Vivacity is so much her characteristic, that her style of beauty requires it indispensably; the beauty, indeed, dies away without it. I now saw how her fame for personal charms had been obtained; the expression of her smiles is so very sweet, and has an ingenuousness and openness so singular, that, taken in those moments, not the most rigid critic could deny the justice of her personal celebrity. She was quite gay, easy, and charming: indeed, that last epithet might have been coined for her.

The last person I saw at Bath was Lady Spencer, who, late in the evening, and in the midst of our packing, came and sat for a very pleasant half-hour.

This has certainly been a singular acquaintance for me — that the first visit I should make after leaving the Queen should be to meet the head of the opposition public — the Duchess of Devonshire!

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 12TH. — My dear M——, as I still always call her when I speak or write to her, accompanied me near forty miles on my way to Mickleham.

Here I stop. — I came to my dearest Susan, — I was

received by my dearest Fredy, — and, at length, just where I most wished, I finished.

N. B. As our frequent interruptions prevented my reading you and my Fredy a paragraph from my father concerning Mr. Burke, which, for my sake, I know you will like, I will here copy it:—

“ I dined with Sir Joshua last week, and met Mr. Burke, his brother, Mr. Malone, the venerable Bishop of St. Pol de Léon, and a French Abbé or Chevalier. I found Mr. Burke in the room on my arrival, and after the first very cordial civilities were over, he asked me, with great eagerness, whether I thought he might go in his present dress to pay his respects to Miss Burney; and was taking up his hat, till I told him you were out of town. He imagined, I suppose, you were in St. Martin’s-street, where he used to call upon you. In talking over your health, the recovery of your liberty and of society, he said, if Johnson had been alive, your history would have furnished him with an additional and interesting article to his ‘Vanity of Human Wishes.’ He said he had never been more mistaken in his life. He thought the Queen had never behaved more amiably, or shown more good sense, than in appropriating you to her service; but what a service had it turned out!—a confinement to such a companion as Mrs. Schwellenberg!—Here exclamations of severity and kindness in turn lasted a considerable time.”

If ever I see Mr. Burke where he speaks to me upon this subject, I will openly state to him how impossible it was that the Queen should conceive the subserviency expected, so unjustly and unwarrantably, by Mrs. Schwellenberg; to whom I ought only to have belonged officially, and at official hours, unless the desire of further intercourse had been reciprocal. The Queen had imagined that a younger and more lively colleague would have made

her faithful old servant happier ; and that idea was merely amiable in Her Majesty, who could little suspect the misery inflicted on that poor new colleague.

CHELSEA COLLEGE.

OCTOBER. — Though another month is begun since I left my dearest of friends, I have had no journalizing spirit ; but I will give all heads of chapters, and try to do better.

My meeting with Miss Cambridge at Kingston I have told already ; and I soon afterwards set my good aunts safely down at their new Richmond abode. I found my beloved father in excellent health, spirits, and good humor ; my mother tolerably, and Sarah well and affectionate. James was at dinner with them, and in perfect good plight, except when he ruminated upon his little godson's having three names ; that, I fancy, he regards as rather aristocrat, for he made as grave a remonstrance against it as he endeavored to do at the very moment they were pronounced in the midst of the christening.

I have lived altogether in the most quiet and retired manner possible. My health gains ground, gradually, but very perceptibly, and a weakness that makes me soon exhausted in whatever I undertake is all of illness now remaining.

I have never been so pleasantly situated at home since I lost the sister of my heart and my most affectionate Charlotte. My father is almost constantly within. Indeed, I now live with him wholly ; he has himself appropriated me a place, a seat, a desk, a table, and every convenience and comfort, and he never seemed yet so earnest to keep me about him. We read together, write together, chat, compare notes, communicate projects, and diversify each other's employments. He is all goodness, gaiety, and

affection ; and his society and kindness are more precious to me than ever.

Fortunately, in this season of leisure and comfort, the spirit of composition proves active. The day is never long enough, and I could employ two pens almost incessantly, in merely scribbling what will not be repressed. This is a delight to my dear father inexpressibly great : and though I have gone no further than to let him know, from time to time, the species of matter that occupies me, he is perfectly contented, and patiently waits till something is quite finished, before he insists upon reading a word. This "suits my humor well," as my own industry is all gone when once its intent is produced.

For the rest, I have been going on with my third tragedy. I have two written, but never yet have had opportunity to read them ; which, of course, prevents their being corrected to the best of my power, and fitted for the perusal of less indulgent eyes ; or rather of eyes less prejudiced.

Believe me, my dear friends, in the present composed and happy state of my mind, I could never have suggested these tales of woe ; but, having only to connect, combine, contract, and finish, I will not leave them undone. Not, however, to sadden myself to the same point in which I began them ; I read more than I write, and call for happier themes from others, to enliven my mind from the dolorous sketches I now draw of my own.

The library or study, in which we constantly sit, supplies such delightful variety of food, that I have nothing to wish. Thus, my beloved sisters and friends, you see me, at length, enjoying all that peace, ease, and chosen recreation and employment, for which so long I sighed in vain, and which, till very lately, I had reason to believe, even since attained, had been allowed me too late. I am more

and more thankful every night, every morning, for the change in my destiny, and present blessings of my lot ; and you, my beloved Susan and Fredy, for whose prayers I have so often applied in my sadness, suffering, and despondence, afford me now the same community of thanks and acknowledgments.

NOVEMBER. — I called also one morning upon Mrs. Schwollenberg. She received me with much profession of regard, and with more than profession of esteem — since she evinced it by the confidential discourse into which she soon entered upon the Royal Family and herself. However, I easily read that she still has not forgiven my resignation, and still thinks I failed in loyalty of duty, by not staying, though to die, rather than retire, though to live.

This, however, is so much a part of her very limited knowledge, and very extensive prejudice, that I submit to it without either wonder or resentment.

She trusted me, nevertheless, just as usual, in speaking of the Court affairs. I entreated her permission to venture to trouble her with “laying my humblest duty at the Queen’s feet ;” for that is the phrase now allowed. She told me I had a “reelly right” to that, and promised to do it, with great good humor. When she settled in town for the winter, she desired to see me often ; she said she should return to Windsor in two days. The family were all there, as usual. We had much talk of the Duke of York and his marriage, &c.

I then called upon Mrs. Stainforth : none other of my friends were in town. She also received me with great civility, and hardly would let me quit her, opening her heart in the old way, upon her sufferings from the tyranny

of Mrs. Schwellenberg.—'Tis dreadful that power thus often leads to every abuse!—I grow democratic at once on these occasions. Indeed, I feel always democratic where I think power abused, whether by the great or the little.

Miss Burney to Mrs. Francis.

MY BELOVED CHARLOTTA,—I think you quite right for giving up all mere card visits that you are able to decline, for the best of all reasons of concurrence—that I should do the same myself. 'Tis a miserable waste of existence to do what judgment and reason never approve, when even inclination and pleasure are at the same time averse; and I am sure by morning calls, and open, though moderate, confessions of disaffection to the employment, you may avoid both that and offence at once; and offence is the only terror that could spur me into an occupation so distasteful to me.

I called upon poor Mlle. Jacobi yesterday, at Brompton. I found her in a small room, with a Madame Warmai, a German, who speaks English, and issues all orders and directions; and Mlle. Winckelmann, whom she calls *La Betti*, and who attends her as her maid, though she is her niece. She has had a dreadful illness; she has sprained her ankle; and her vexation, joined to painful exertion, threw her into a nervous fever. She has now conquered the fever, though her leg is still on bolsters, and she cannot put her foot to the ground. What a misfortune for a Royal attendant!

She told me much of Mr. D., who attends her. She says she asked him, one day, what she could do? "Sit still," he smilingly answered.

"But not always," she cried: "tell me what I am to do

by-and-by?" "Oh," cried he, still smiling, "I never think of the future."

How consoling! She added, that he once found her eating some leveret, and said he "rejoiced to see her now so well;" and from that time he had never felt her pulse nor looked at her tongue. Tired out with her lingering complaints, little advance, and no comfort, she at last reproached him with this, and bluntly said, "Sir, you never can tell how I do; you never feel my pulse!" He smiled still more, and, putting out his arm, held it close to her hand, and said, "Feel mine!" Quite affronted, she answered, "Never! so long as I breathe — never I feel that pulse!" Do you not know him again?

Mrs. Chapone to Miss Burney.

Are you in town, my dear Miss Burney, and do you remember an old soul that used to love your company? If you will give it me next Thursday evening, you will meet Pepys, Boscawen, &c.; so you may put on your blue stockings.¹ If you have got any boots to walk about in the mornings, I shall like you as well in them.

I hope all the family are well. I need not say that Dr. Burney's company would be an additional pleasure on Thursday. I am, dear madam, your affectionate servant,

H. CHAPONE.

NO. 17, CARLISLE STREET, DEAN STREET,
December 27.

JANUARY. — I had a very civil note from Mrs. Schwel-
lenberg, telling me that Miss Goldsworthy was ill, which
made Miss Gomme necessary to the Princesses, and there-

¹ In reference to the well-known literary clique, humorously styled the *Bas Bleu*.

fore, as Mlle. Jacobi was still lame, Her Majesty wished for my attendance on Wednesday noon.

I received this little summons with very sincere pleasure, and sent a warm acknowledgment for its honor. I was engaged for the evening to Mr. Walpole, now Lord Orford, by my father, who promised to call for me at the Queen's house.

At noon I went thither, and saw, by the carriages, their Majesties were just arrived from Windsor. In my way upstairs I encountered the Princess Sophia. I really felt a pleasure at her sight, so great that I believe I saluted her; I hardly know; but she came forward, with her hands held out, so good humored and so sweetly, I was not much on my guard. How do I wish I had gone that moment to my Royal mistress, while my mind was fully and honestly occupied with the most warm satisfaction in being called again into her presence!

The Princess Sophia desired me to send her Miss Gomme, whom she said I should find in my own room. Thither I went, and we embraced very cordially; but she a little made me stare by saying, "Do you sleep in your old bed?" "No," I answered, "I go home after dinner;" and she said no more, but told me she must have two hours' conference alone with me, from the multiplicity of things she had to discuss with me. We parted then, and I proceeded to Mrs. Schwollenberg. There I was most courteously received, and told I was to go at night to the play. I replied I was extremely sorry, but I was engaged.

She looked deeply displeased, and I was forced to offer to send an excuse. Nothing, however, was settled; she went to the Queen, whither I was most eager to follow, but I depended upon her arrangement, and could not go uncalled. I returned to my own room, as they all still call it, and Miss Gomme and Miss Planta both

came to me. We had a long discourse upon matters and things.

By-and-by Miss Gomme was called out to Princesses Mary and Amelia; she told them who was in the old apartment, and they instantly entered it. Princess Mary took my hand, and said repeatedly, "My dear Miss Burney, how glad I am to see you again!" and the lovely little Princess Amelia kissed me twice, with the sweetest air of affection. This was a very charming meeting to me, and I expressed my real delight in being thus allowed to come amongst them again, in the strongest and truest terms.

I had been but a short time alone, when Westerhaults came to ask me if I had ordered my father's carriage to bring me from the play. I told him I was engaged, but would give up that engagement, and endeavor to secure being fetched home after the play. Mrs. Schwollenberg then desired to see me. "What you mean by going home?" cried she, somewhat deridingly: "know you not you might sleep here?"

I was really thunderstruck; so weak still, and so unequal as I feel to undertake night and morning attendance, which I now saw expected. I was obliged, however, to comply; and I wrote a note to Sarah, and another note to be given to my father, when he called to take me to Lord Orford. But I desired we might go in chairs, and not trouble him for the carriage.

This arrangement, and my dread of an old attendance I was so little refitted for renewing, had so much disturbed me before I was summoned to the Queen, that I appeared before her without any of the glee and spirits with which I had originally obeyed her commands. I am still grieved at this circumstance, as it must have made me seem cold and insensible to herself, when I was merely chagrined at the peremptory mismanagement of her agent. Mr. de Luc

was with her. She was gracious, but by no means lively or cordial. She was offended, probably — and there was no reason to wonder, and yet no means to clear away the cause. This gave me much vexation, and the more I felt it the less I must have appeared to merit her condescension.

Nevertheless, after she was dressed, she honored me with a summons to the White Closet, where I presently felt as much at home as if I had never quitted the Royal residence. She inquired into my proceedings, and I began a little history of my south-west tour; which she listened to till word was brought the King was come from the Levée: dinner was ordered, and I was dismissed.

At our dinner, the party, in the old style, was Mr. de Luc, Miss Planta, Mrs. Stainforth, and Miss Gomme; Mrs. Schwollenberg was not well enough to leave her own apartment, except to attend the Queen.

We were gay enough, I own; my spirits were not very low in finding myself a guest at that table, where I was so totally unfit to be at home, and whence, nevertheless, I should have been very much and deeply concerned to have found myself excluded, since the displeasure of the Queen could alone have procured such a banishment. Besides, to visit, I like the whole establishment, however inadequate I found them for supplying the place of all I quitted to live with them. Oh, who could succeed there?

During the dessert the Princess Elizabeth came into the room. I was very glad, by this means, to see all this lovely female tribe. As soon as she was gone I made off to prepare for the play, with fan, cloak, and gloves. At the door of my new old room who should I encounter but Mr. Stanhope? He was all rapture, in his old way, at the meeting, and concluded me, I believe, reinstated. I got off as fast as possible, and had just shut myself in, and

him out, when I heard the voice of the King, who passed my door to go to the dining-room. I was quite chagrined to have left it so unseasonably, as my whole heart yearned to see him. He stayed but a minute, and I heard him stop close to my door, and speak with Mr. de Luc. The loudness of his voice assuring me he was saying nothing he meant to be unheard, I could not resist softly opening my door. I fancy he expected this, for he came up to me immediately, and with a look of goodness almost amounting to pleasure — I believe I may say quite — he inquired after my health, and its restoration, and said he was very glad to see me again. Then turning gaily to Mr. de Luc, “And you, Mr. de Luc,” he cried, “are not you too very glad to see Miss Beurni again?”

I told him, very truly, the pleasure with which I had re-entered his roof. — He made me stand near a lamp, to examine me, and pronounced upon my amended looks with great benevolence: and, when he was walking away, said aloud to Mr. de Luc, who attended him, “I dare say she was very willing to come!”

I heard afterwards from Miss Gomme that the King came to the eating-room purposely to see me, as he told the Princesses. I cannot tell you how grateful I feel for such condescending goodness; and how invariably I experienced it during my whole residence under his roof.

Our party in the box for the Queen's attendants consisted of Lady Catherine Stanhope, Miss Planta, Major Price, Greville Upton, and Mr. Frank Upton. The King and Queen and six Princesses sat opposite. It was to me a lovely and most charming sight. The Prince of Wales, and the Duke of York and his bride, with the Duke of Clarence, sat immediately under us. I saw the Duchess now and then, and saw that she has a very sensible and marked countenance, but no beauty. She was extremely

well received by the people, and smiled at in the most pleasing manner by her opposite new relations. The play was "Cymon," with alterations, &c.

At night I once more attended the Queen, and it seemed as strange to me as if I had never done it before.

The next day, Thursday, the Queen gave up the drawing-room, on account of a hurt on her foot. I had the honor of another very long conference in the White Closet, in which I finished the account of my late travels, and during which, though she was very gracious, she was far less communicative than heretofore, saying little herself, and making me talk almost all.

When I attended the Queen again to-night, the strangeness was so entirely worn away, that it seemed to me as if I had never left my office! And so again on Friday morning. At noon the Royal Family set off for Windsor. The Queen graciously sent for me before she went, to bid me good-bye, and condescended to thank me for my little services. I would have offered repetition with all my heart, but I felt my frame unequal to such business. Indeed, I was half dead with only two days' and nights' exertion. 'T is amazing how I ever went through all that is passed.

FEBRUARY. — I shall begin this month at the 13th, the day I left my dearest friends. I found our small family at home in much the same state as I had left it; my dear father, however, rather worse than better, and lower and more depressed about himself than ever. To see him dejected is, of all sights, to me the most melancholy, his native cheerfulness having a character of such temperate sweetness, that there is no dispensing with any of it, as its utmost vigor never a moment overpowers.

Among the tickets I found of visitors during my absence, I was much pleased to see the name of Mr. Bryant. Good and kind old man! how much I should like to see him again!

And I found also, waiting my return, a note from Mrs. Schwollenberg, with an offer of a ticket for Mr. Hastings's trial, the next day, if I wished to go to it.

I did wish it exceedingly, no public subject having ever so deeply interested me; but I could not recollect any party I could join, and therefore I proposed to Captain Phillips to call on his Court friend, and lay before her my difficulty. He readily declared he would do more, for he would frankly ask her for a ticket for himself, and stay another day, merely to accompany me. You know well the kind pleasure and zeal with which he is always ready to discover and propose expedients in distress.

His visit prospered, and we went to Westminster Hall together.

Upon the day of Sir Joshua Reynolds's death I was in my bed, with two blisters, and I did not hear of it till two days after. I shall enter nothing upon this subject here: our current letters mentioned the particulars, and I am not desirous to retrace them. His loss is as universally felt as his merit is universally acknowledged, and, joined to all public motives, I had myself private ones of regret that cannot subside. He was always peculiarly kind to me, and he had worked at my deliverance from a life he conceived too laborious for me, as if I had been his own daughter; yet, from the time of my coming forth, I only twice saw him. I had not recovered strength for visiting before he was past receiving me. I grieve inexpressibly never to have been able to pay him the small tribute of thanks for his most kind exertions in my cause. I little thought the second time I saw him would be my last opportunity, and my intention was to wait some favorable opening.

Miss Palmer is left heiress, and her unabating attendance upon her inestimable uncle in his sick room makes

everybody content with her great acquisition. I am sure she loved and admired him with all the warmth of her warm heart. I wrote her a few lines of condolence, and she has sent me a very kind answer. She went immediately to the Burkes, with whom she will chiefly, I fancy, associate.

MARCH. — Sad for the loss of Sir Joshua, and all of us ill ourselves, we began this month. Upon its third day was his funeral. My dear father could not attend; but Charles was invited and went. All the Royal Academy, professors and students, and all the Literary Club, attended as family mourners. Mr. Burke, Mr. Malone,¹ and Mr. Metcalf, are executors. Miss Palmer has spared nothing, either in thought or expense, that could render the last honors splendid and grateful. It was a very melancholy day to us, though it had the alleviation and softening of a letter from our dear Charlotte, promising to arrive the next day.

APRIL. — This wayward month opened upon me with none of its smiles: sickness and depression pervaded our household.

I shall now pass from the 8th, when the combined forces of Mrs. Ord's rhetoric and Charles's activity removed me from sickness and sinking to the salubrious hills of Norbury, and the balsamic medicine of social tenderness, to my return to my dear father, April 18th, when I found him but little better, and far from such a state as could have made me happy in absence. Gradually, however, he has been recruiting, though I have no hope of his entire restoration before the dog-days.

I paid my duty at the Queen's house, in inquiring after her Majesty, where I was extremely well received by Mrs. Schwellenberg, and saw Miss Planta and Mr. de Luc.

My next visiting opportunity carried me to Mrs. Mon-

¹ Edmund Malone, chiefly known by his Commentaries on Shakespeare, born 1741, died 1812.

tagu : she let me in, and showed me her new room, which was a double gratification to me, from the elegant paintings by our ingenious Edward. You will have heard this fine room described by Mr. Locke ; my Susanna, and you, my Fredy, I hope have seen it. 'T is a very beautiful house indeed, and now completely finished.

MAY. — The 1st of this month I went again to Westminster Hall, with our cousin Elizabeth.

Thence I went to the Queen's house, where I have a most cordial general invitation from Mrs. Schwollenberg to go by all opportunities; and there is none so good as after the trial, that late hour exactly according with her dinner-time.

She is just as she was in respect to health ; but in all other respects, oh how amended ! all civility, all obligingness, all courtesy ! and so desirous to have me visit her, that she presses me to come incessantly.

Mr. de Luc and Miss Mawer were of the party.

During coffee, the Princess Royal came into the room. She condescended to profess herself quite glad to see me ; and she had not left the room five minutes before, again returning, she said, "Mrs. Schwollenberg, I am come to plague you, for I come to take away Miss Burney."

I give you leave to guess whether this plagued me.

MAY 2. — The following week I again went to Westminster Hall. Mlle. Jacobi had made a point of accompanying me, that she might see the show, as James called it to General Burgoyne, and I had great pleasure in taking her, for she is a most ingenuous and good creature, though — alas ! — by no means the same undaunted, gay, open character that she appeared at first. Sickness, confinement, absence from her friends, submission to her coadjutrix, and laborious watching, have much altered her.

I attended Mlle. Jacobi to the Queen's house, where I

dined ; and great indeed was my pleasure, during coffee, to see the Princess Elizabeth, who, in the most pleasing manner and the highest spirits, came to summon me to the Queen.

I found Her Majesty again with all her sweet daughters but the youngest. She was gracious and disposed to converse.

We had a great deal of talk upon public concerns, and she told me a friend of mine had spoken very well the day before, and so had Mr. Burke. She meant Mr. Wyndham. It was against the new societies,¹ and in favor of the Proclamation. Mr. Burke, of course, would here come forth in defence of his own predictions and opinions ; but Mr. Wyndham, who had rather abided hitherto with Charles Fox, in thinking Mr. Burke too extreme, well as he loves him personally, was a new convert highly acceptable. He does not, however, go all lengths with Mr. Burke ; he is only averse to an unconstitutional mode of reform, and to sanctioning club powers, so as to enable them, as in France, to overawe the state and senate.

Soon after, to my infinite joy, the King entered. Oh, he spoke to me so kindly !— he congratulated me on the better looks which his own presence and goodness gave me, repeatedly declaring he had never seen me in such health. He asked me after my father, and listened with interest when I mentioned his depression, and told him that all he had done of late to sooth his retirement and pain had been making canons to solemn words, and with such difficulties of composition as, in better health and spirits, would have rather proved oppressive and perplexing than a relief to his feelings.

“I, too,” said the King, after a very serious pause, “have myself sometimes found, when ill or disturbed, that some

¹ The “London Corresponding Societies,” &c.

grave and even difficult employment for my thoughts has tended more to compose me than any of the supposed usual relaxations."

He also condescended to ask after little Norbury, taking off the eager little fellow while he spoke, and his earnest manner of delivery. He then inquired about my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Locke, and their expectations of the return of Mr. William.

He inquired how I lived, whom I saw, what sort of neighbors I had in the college, Chelsea, and many other particulars, that seemed to desire to know how I went on, and whether I was comfortable. His looks, I am sure, said so, and most kindly.

They kept me till they went to the Japan Room, where they meet the officers and ladies who attend them in public. They were going to the Ancient Music. This dear King, nobly unsuspecting where left to himself, and where he has met no doubleness, spoke also very freely of some political matters before me — of the new association in particular. It gratified me highly.

FRIDAY, MAY 25TH. — This morning I went to a very fine public breakfast, given by Mrs. Montagu. The crowd of company was such that we could only slowly make way in any part. There could not be fewer than four or five hundred people. It was like a full Ranelagh by daylight.

We now met Mrs. Porteus; and who should be with her but the poor pretty S. S., whom so long I had not seen, and who has now lately been finally given up by her long-sought and very injurious lover, Dr. Vyse. She is sadly faded, and looked disturbed and unhappy; but still beautiful, though no longer blooming; and still affectionate, though absent and evidently absorbed. We had a little chat together about the Thrales. In mentioning our for-

mer intimacy with them, "Ah, those," she cried, "were happy times!" and her eyes glistened. Poor thing! hers has been a lamentable story!—Imprudence and vanity have rarely been mixed with so much sweetness and good-humor, and candor, and followed with more reproach and ill success. We agreed to renew acquaintance next winter; at present she will be little more in town.

JUNE 1ST. — This day had been long engaged for breakfasting with Mrs. Dickenson and dining with Mrs. Ord. The breakfast guests were Mr. Langton, Mr. Foote, Mr. Dickenson, jun., a cousin, and a very agreeable and pleasing man; Lady Herries, Miss Dickenson, another cousin, and Mr. Boswell. This last was the object of the morning. I felt a strong sensation of that displeasure which his loquacious communications of every weakness and infirmity of the first and greatest good man of these times has awakened in me, at his first sight; and, though his address to me was courteous in the extreme, and he made a point of sitting next me, I felt an indignant disposition to a nearly forbidding reserve and silence. How many starts of passion and prejudice has he blackened into record, that else might have sunk, for ever forgotten, under the preponderance of weightier virtues and excellencies!

Angry, however, as I have long been with him, he soon insensibly conquered, though he did not soften me: there is so little of ill-design or ill-nature in him, he is so open and forgiving for all that is said in return, that he soon forced me to consider him in a less serious light, and change my resentment against his treachery into something like commiseration of his levity; and before we parted we became good friends. There is no resisting great good humor, be what will in the opposite scale.

He entertained us all as if hired for that purpose, telling stories of Dr. Johnson, and acting them with incessant

buffoonery. I told him frankly that, if he turned him into ridicule by caricature, I should fly the premises : he assured me he would not, and indeed his imitations, though comic to excess, were so far from caricature that he omitted a thousand gesticulations which I distinctly remember.

Mr. Langton told some stories himself in imitation of Dr. Johnson ; but they became him less than Mr. Boswell, and only reminded me of what Dr. Johnson himself once said to me — “ Every man has, some time in his life, an ambition to be a wag.” If Mr. Langton had repeated anything from his truly great friend quietly, it would far better have accorded with his own serious and respectable character.

JUNE 4TH. — The birthday of our truly good King. As His Majesty had himself given me, when I saw him after the Queen's birthday, an implied reproach for not presenting myself at the palace that day, I determined not to incur a similar censure on this, especially as I hold my admission on such a national festival as a real happiness, as well as honor, when it is to see themselves !

How different was my attire from every other such occasion the five preceding years ! It was a mere simple dressed undress, without feathers, flowers, hoop, or furbelows. When I alighted at the porter's lodge I was stopped from crossing the court-yard, by seeing the King, with his three sons, the Prince of Wales, Duke of York, and Duke of Clarence, who were standing there after alighting from their horses, to gratify the people who encircled the iron rails. It was a pleasant and goodly sight, and I rejoiced in such a detention.

I had a terrible difficulty to find a friend who would make known to Her Majesty that I was come to pay my devoirs. At length, while watching in the passages to and fro, I heard a step upon the Princesses' stairs, and, venturing

forward, I encountered the Princess Elizabeth. I paid my respectful congratulations on the day, which she most pleasantly received, and I intimated my great desire to see Her Majesty. I am sure the amiable Princess communicated my petition, for Mr. de Luc came out in a few minutes and ushered me into the Royal presence. The Queen was in her State Dressing-room, her head attired for the Drawing-room superbly; but her Court-dress, as usual, remaining to be put on at St. James's. She had already received all her early complimenters, and was prepared to go to St. James's: the Princess Royal was seated by her side, and all the other Princesses, except the Princess Amelia, were in the room, with the Duchess of York. Mr. de Luc, Mrs. Schwollenberg, Madame de la Fite, and Miss Goldsworthy were in the background.

The Queen smiled upon me most graciously, and every Princess came up separately to speak with me. I thanked Her Majesty warmly for admitting me upon such an occasion. "Oh!" cried she, "I resolved to see you the moment I knew you were here." She then inquired when I went into Norfolk, and conversed upon my summer plans, &c., with more of her original sweetness of manner than I have seen since my resignation. What pleasure this gave me! and what pleasure did I feel in being kept by her till the further door opened, and the King entered, accompanied by the Dukes of York and Clarence! I motioned to retreat, but, calling out, "What, Miss Burney!" the King came up to me, and inquired how I did; and began talking to me so pleasantly, so gaily, so kindly, even, that I had the satisfaction of remaining and of gathering courage to utter my good wishes and warm fervent prayers for this day. He deigned to hear me very benignly; or make believe he did, for I did not make my harangue very audibly; but he must be sure of its purport.

He said I was grown "quite fat" since he had seen me, and appealed to the Duke of York: he protested my arm was half as big again as heretofore, and then he measured it with his spread thumbs and forefingers; and the whole of his manner showed his perfect approbation of the step I had taken, of presenting myself in the Royal presence on this auspicious day.

The Queen soon after walked up to me, and asked if I should like to see the ball at night. I certainly should much like to have seen them "in all their glory," after seeing them thus in all their kindness, as well as to have been present at the first public appearance at Court of the Princess Sophia: but I had no means to get from and to Chelsea so late at night, and was, therefore, forced to excuse myself, and decline her gracious proposition of giving me tickets.

Princess Mary came to shake hands with me, and Princess Augusta spoke to me for some time with extreme sweetness; in short, I was gratified in every possible way by the united goodness and condescension of all the family.

THURSDAY, JUNE 18TH. — After many invitations and regulations, it was settled I was to accompany my father on a visit of three days to Mrs. Crewe at Hampstead.

The villa at Hampstead is small, but commodious. We were received by Mrs. Crewe with much kindness. The room was rather dark, and she had a veil to her bonnet, half down, and with this aid she looked still in a full blaze of beauty. I was wholly astonished. Her bloom, perfectly natural, is as high as that of Augusta Locke when in her best looks, and the form of her face is so exquisitely perfect that my eye never met it without fresh admiration. She is certainly, in my eyes, the most completely a beauty of any woman I ever saw. I know not, even now, any female in her first youth who could bear the comparison. She uglifies everything near her.

Her son was with her. He is just of age, and looks like her elder brother! he is a heavy, old-looking young man. He is going to China with Lord Macartney. My former friend, young Burke, was also there. I was glad to renew acquaintance with him; though I could see some little strangeness in him: this, however, completely wore off before the day was over.

Soon after entered Mrs. Burke, Miss F——, a niece, and Mr. Richard Burke, the comic, humorous, bold, queer brother of *the* Mr. Burke, who, they said, was soon coming, with Mr. Elliot. The Burke family were invited by Mrs. Crewe to meet us.

Mrs. Burke was just what I have always seen her, soft, gentle, reasonable, and obliging; and we met, I think, upon as good terms as if so many years had not parted us.

At length Mr. Burke appeared, accompanied by Mr. Elliot. He shook hands with my father as soon as he had paid his devoirs to Mrs. Crewe, but he returned my curtsy with so distant a bow, that I concluded myself quite lost with him, from my evident solicitude in poor Mr. Hastings's cause. I could not wish that less obvious, thinking as I think of it; but I felt infinitely grieved to lose the favor of a man whom, in all other articles, I so much venerate, and whom, indeed, I esteem and admire as the very first man of true genius now living in this country.

Mrs. Crewe introduced me to Mr. Elliot: I am sure we were already personally known to each other, for I have seen him perpetually in the managers' box, whence, as often, he must have seen me in the Great Chamberlain's. He is a tall, thin young man, plain in face, dress, and manner, but sensible, and possibly much besides; he was reserved, however, and little else appeared.

The moment I was named, to my great joy I found Mr. Burke had not recollected me. He is more near sighted,

considerably than myself. "Miss Burney!" he now exclaimed, coming forward, and quite kindly taking my hand, "I did not see you;" and then he spoke very sweet words of the meeting, and of my looking far better than "while I was a courtier," and of how he rejoiced to see that I so little suited that station. "You look," cried he, "quite renewed, revived, disengaged; you seemed, when I conversed with you last, at the trial, quite altered; I never saw such a change for the better as quitting a court has brought about!"

Ah! thought I, this is simply a mistake, from reasoning according to your own feelings. I only seemed altered for the worse at the trial, because I there looked coldly and distantly, from distaste and disaffection to your proceedings; and I here look changed for the better, only because I here meet you without the chill of disapprobation, and with the glow of my first admiration of you and your talents!

Mrs. Crewe gave him her place, and he sat by me, and entered into a most animated conversation upon Lord Macartney and his Chinese expedition, and the two Chinese youths who were to accompany it. These last he described minutely, and spoke of the extent of the undertaking in high, and perhaps fanciful, terms, but with allusions and anecdotes intermixed, so full of general information and brilliant ideas, that I soon felt the whole of my first enthusiasm return, and with it a sensation of pleasure that made the day delicious to me.

After this my father joined us, and politics took the lead. He spoke then with an eagerness and a vehemence that instantly banished the graces, though it redoubled the energies, of his discourse. "The French Revolution," he said, "which began by authorizing and legalizing injustice, and which by rapid steps had proceeded to every species

of despotism except owning a despot, was now menacing all the universe and all mankind with the most violent concussion of principle and order." My father heartily joined, and I tacitly assented to his doctrines, though I feared not with his fears.

One speech I must repeat, for it is explanatory of his conduct, and nobly explanatory. When he had expatiated upon the present dangers, even to English liberty and property, from the contagion of havoc and novelty, he earnestly exclaimed, "This it is that has made ME an abettor and supporter of Kings! Kings are necessary, and, if we would preserve peace and prosperity, we must preserve THEM. We must all put our shoulders to the work! Ay, and stoutly, too!"

Some time after, speaking of former days, you may believe I was struck enough to hear Mr. Burke say to Mrs. Crewe, "I wish you had known Mrs. Delany! She was a pattern of a perfect fine lady, a real fine lady, of other days! Her manners were faultless; her deportment was all elegance, her speech was all sweetness, and her air and address all dignity. I always looked up to her as the model of an accomplished woman of former times."

Do you think I heard such a testimony to my beloved departed friend unmoved?

Afterwards, still to Mrs. Crewe, he proceeded to say she had been married to Mr. Wycherley, the author. There I ventured to interrupt him, and tell him I fancied that must be some great mistake, as I had been well acquainted with her history from her own mouth. He seemed to have heard it from some good authority; but I could by no means accord my belief, as her real life and memoirs had been so long in my hands, written by herself to a certain period, and, for some way, continued by me. This, however, I did not mention.

JUNE 27TH. — My father took me again to Mrs. Crewe, in Grosvenor-street.

We set out for Long Acre, to see Lord Macartney's chariots for the Emperor of China. Mrs. Crewe is particularly interested in all that belongs to this embassy, both because her son will accompany it, and because Lord Macartney is her intimate friend, as well as near relation. I leave to the newspapers your description of these superb carriages.

We next proceeded to the Shakespeare Gallery, which I had never seen. And here we met with an adventure that finished our morning's excursions.

There was a lady in the first room, dressed rather singularly, quite alone, and extremely handsome, who was parading about with a nosegay in her hand, which she frequently held to her nose, in a manner that was evidently calculated to attract notice. We therefore passed on to the inner room, to avoid her. Here we had but just all taken our stand opposite different pictures, when she also entered, and, coming pretty close to my father, sniffed at her flowers with a sort of ecstatic eagerness, and then let them fall. My father picked them up, and gravely presented them to her. She curtsied to the ground in receiving them, and presently crossed over the room, and, brushing past Mrs. Crewe, seated herself immediately by her elbow. Mrs. Crewe, not admiring this familiarity, moved away, giving her at the same time a look of dignified distance that was almost petrifying.

It did not prove so to this lady, who presently followed her to the next picture, and, sitting as close as she could to where Mrs. Crewe stood, began singing various quick passages, without words or connection. I saw Mrs. Crewe much alarmed, and advanced to stand by her, meaning to whisper her that we had better leave the room; and this

idea was not checked by seeing that the flowers were artificial. By the looks we interchanged we soon mutually said, "This is a mad woman." We feared irritating her by a sudden flight, but gently retreated, and soon got quietly into the large room; when she bounced up with a great noise, and, throwing the veil of her bonnet back, as if fighting it, she looked after us, pointing to Mrs. Crewe.

Seriously frightened, Mrs. Crewe seized my father's arm, and hurried up two or three steps into a small apartment. Here Mrs. Crewe, addressing herself to an elderly gentleman, asked if he could inform the people below that a mad woman was terrifying the company; and while he was receiving her commission with the most profound respect, and with an evident air of admiring astonishment at her beauty, we heard a rustling, and, looking round, saw the same figure hastily striding after us, and in an instant at our elbows. Mrs. Crewe turned quite pale; it was palpable she was the object pursued, and she most civilly and meekly articulated, "I beg your pardon, ma'am," as she hastily passed her, and hurried down the steps.

We were going to run for our lives, when Miss Townshend whispered Mrs. Crewe it was only Mrs. Wells, the actress, and said she was certainly only performing vagaries to try effect, which she was quite famous for doing.

It would have been food for a painter to have seen Mrs. Crewe during this explanation. All her terror instantly gave way to indignation; and scarcely any pencil could equal the high vivid glow of her cheeks. To find herself made the object of game to the burlesque humor of a bold player, was an indignity she could not brook, and her mind was immediately at work how to assist herself against such unprovoked and unauthorized effrontery. The elderly gentleman who, with great eagerness, had followed Mrs. Crewe, accompanied by a young man who was of his party,

requested more particularly her commands; but before Mrs. Crewe's astonishment and resentment found words, Mrs. Wells, singing, and throwing herself into extravagant attitudes, again rushed down the steps, and fixed her eyes on Mrs. Crewe.

This, however, no longer served her purpose. Mrs. Crewe fixed her in return, and with a firm, composed, commanding air and look that, though it did not make this strange creature retreat, somewhat disconcerted her for a few minutes. She then presently affected a violent coughing — such a one as almost shook the room; though such a forced and unnatural noise as rather resembled howling than a cold.

This over, and perceiving Mrs. Crewe still steadily keeping her ground, she had the courage to come up to us, and, with a flippant air, said to the elderly gentleman, "Pray, sir, will you tell me what it is o'clock?" He looked vexed to be called a moment from looking at Mrs. Crewe, and, with a forbidding gravity, answered her — "About two."

"No offence, I hope, sir?" cried she, seeing him turn eagerly from her. He bowed without looking at her, and she strutted away, still, however, keeping in sight, and playing various tricks, her eyes perpetually turned towards Mrs. Crewe, who as regularly met them, with an expression such as might have turned a softer culprit to stone.

Our cabal was again renewed, and Mrs. Crewe again told this gentleman to make known to the proprietors of the gallery that this person was a nuisance to the company, when, suddenly reapproaching us, she called out, "Sir! sir!" to the younger of our new protectors. He colored, and looked much alarmed, but only bowed.

"Pray, sir," cried she, "what's o'clock?" He looked at his watch, and answered. "You don't take it ill, I hope, sir?" she cried. He only bowed.

“I do no harm, sir,” said she; “I never bite!” The poor young man looked aghast, and bowed lower; but Mrs. Crewe, addressing herself to the elder, said aloud, “I beg you, sir, to go to Mr. Boydell; you may name me to him — Mrs. Crewe.”

Mrs. Wells at this walked away, yet still in sight.

“You may tell him what has happened, sir, in all our names. You may tell him Miss Burney —”

“O no!” cried I, in a horrid fright, “I beseech I may not be named! And, indeed, ma’am, it may be better to let it all alone. It will do no good; and it may all get into the newspapers.”

“And if it does,” cried Mrs. Crewe, “what is it to us? We have done nothing; we have given no offence, and made no disturbance. This person has frightened us all wilfully, and utterly without provocation; and now she can frighten us no longer, she would brave us. Let her tell her own story, and how will it harm us?”

“Still,” cried I, “I must always fear being brought into any newspaper cabals. Let the fact be ever so much against her, she will think the circumstances all to her honor if a paragraph comes out beginning ‘Mrs. Crewe and Mrs. Wells.’” Mrs. Crewe liked this sound as little as I should have liked it in placing my own name where I put hers. She hesitated a little what to do, and we all walked downstairs, where instantly this bold woman followed us, paraded up and down the long shop with a dramatic air while our group was in conference, and then, sitting down at the clerk’s desk, and calling in a footman, she desired him to wait while she wrote a note. She scribbled a few lines, and read aloud her direction, “To Mr. Topham;” and giving the note to the man, said, “Tell your master that is something to make him laugh. Bid him not send to the press till I see him.” Now as Mr. Topham is

the editor of "The World," and notoriously her protector, as her having his footman acknowledged, this looked rather serious, and Mrs. Crewe began to partake of my alarm. She therefore, to my infinite satisfaction, told her new friend that she desired he would name no names, but merely mention that some ladies had been frightened. I was very glad indeed to gain this point, and the good gentleman seemed enchanted with any change that occasioned a longer discourse. We then got into Mrs. Crewe's carriage, and not till then would this facetious Mrs. Wells quit the shop. And she walked in sight, dodging us, and playing antics of a tragic sort of gesture, till we drove out of her power to keep up with us. What a strange creature!

Mrs. Phillips to Miss Burney.

MICKLEHAM, September, 1792.

We shall shortly, I believe, have a little colony of unfortunate (or rather, fortunate, since here they are safe) French noblesse in our neighborhood. Sunday evening Ravelly informed Mr. Locke that two or three families had joined to take Jenkinson's house, Juniper Hall, and that another family had taken a small house at Westhamble, which the people very reluctantly let, upon the Christian-like supposition that, being nothing but French papishes, they would never pay. Our dear Mr. Locke, while this was agitating, sent word to the landlord that he would be answerable for the rent; however, before this message arrived, the family were admitted. The man said they had pleaded very hard indeed, and said, if he did but know the distress they had been in, he would not hesitate.

This house is taken by Madame de Broglie, daughter of the Maréchal, who is in the army with the French Princes;

or, rather, wife to his son, Victor Broglie, till very lately General of one of the French armies, and at present disgraced, and fled nobody knows where. This poor lady came over in an open boat, with a son younger than my Norbury, and was fourteen hours at sea. She has other ladies with her, and gentlemen, and two little girls, who had been sent to England some weeks ago; they are all to lodge in a sort of cottage, containing only a kitchen and parlor on the ground floor. I long to offer them my house, and have been much gratified by finding Mr. Locke immediately determined to visit them; his taking this step will secure them the civilities, at least, of the other neighbors.

At Jenkinson's are — la Marquise de la Châtre, whose husband is with the emigrants; her son; M. de Narbonne, lately *Ministre de la Guerre*; M. de Montmorency; Charles or Theodore Lameth; Jaucourt; and one or two more, whose names I have forgotten, are either arrived to-day, or expected. I feel infinitely interested for all these persecuted persons. Pray tell me whatever you hear of M. de Liancourt, &c. Heaven bless you!

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 5TH. — I left Halstead, and set off, alone, for Bradfield Hall, which was but one stage of nineteen miles distant.

Sarah, who was staying with her aunt, Mrs. Young, expected me, and came running out before the chaise stopped at the door, and Mr. Young following, with both hands full of French newspapers. He welcomed me with all his old spirit and impetuosity, exclaiming his house never had been so honored since its foundation, nor ever could be again, unless I re-visited it in my way back, even though all England came in the mean time!

Do you not know him well, my Susan, by this opening rhodomontade?

“But where,” cried he, “is Hetty? O that Hetty! Why did you not bring her with you? That wonderful creature! I have half a mind to mount horse, and gallop to Halstead to claim her! What is there there to merit her? What kind of animals have you left her with? Anything capable of understanding her?”

The rest of the day we spoke only of French politics. Mr. Young¹ is a severe penitent of his democratic principles, and has lost even all pity for the *Constituant Révolutionnaires*, who had “taken him in” by their doctrines, but cured him by their practice, and who “ought better to have known what they were about before they presumed to enter into action.”

Even the Duc de Liancourt, who was then in a small house at Bury, merited, he said, all the personal misfortunes that had befallen him. “I have real obligations to him,” he added, “and therefore I am anxious to show him any respect, and do him any service, in his present reverse of fortune; but he has brought it all on himself, and, what is worse, on his country.”

He wrote him, however, a note to invite him to dinner the next day. The Duke wrote an answer, that he lamented excessively being engaged to meet Lord Euston, and dine with the Bury aldermen.

I must now tell you the history of this poor Duke’s arriving in England, for it involves a revival of loyalty—

¹ Arthur Young was the son of a learned divine who held a prebendal stall in Canterbury Cathedral. He was born in 1741, and nearly the whole of his long life was devoted to studies and pursuits connected with the improvement of English agriculture. He first became known to the world in 1770, by the publication of a useful work called “The Farmer’s Calendar.” Subsequently he established and conducted a periodical entitled “Annals of Agriculture.” These publications attracted the attention of the government; and he was employed to obtain information for them throughout the country.

an effort to make some amends to his unhappy sovereign for the misery into which he had largely contributed to plunge him — which, with me, has made his peace for ever.

But first I should tell, he was the man who almost compelled the every-way-deluded Louis to sanction the National Assembly by his presence when first it resisted his orders. The Queen and all her party were strongly against the measure, and prophesied it would be the ruin of his authority; but the Duke, highly ambitious of fame, as Mr. Young describes him, and willing to sacrifice everything to the new systems then pervading all France, suddenly rushed into his closet, upon the privilege of being one of the five or seven Pairs de France who have that license, and, with a strong and forcible eloquence, declared nothing but his concession would save the nation from a civil war; while his entering, unarmed, into the National Assembly, would make him be regarded for ever as the father and saviour of his people, and secure him the powerful sovereignty of the grateful hearts of all his subjects.

He succeeded, and the rest is public.

In what manner he effected his escape out of Rouen he has never mentioned. I believe he was assisted by those who, remaining behind, could only be named to be torn in pieces for their humanity. The same French gentleman whom I have just mentioned, M. Jamard, a French priest, tells me no human being knows when or how he got away, and none suspected him to be gone for two days. He went first to Abbeville; there, for two days, he appeared everywhere, walking about in his regimentals, and assuming an air of having nothing to apprehend. This succeeded, as his indiscretion had not yet spread at Abbeville; but, meanwhile, a youth whom he had brought up from a child, and on whose fond regard and respect he could rely, was em-

ployed in seeking him the means of passing over to England. This was infinitely difficult, as he was to leave France without any passport.

How he quitted Abbeville I know not; but he was in another town, near the coast, three days, still waiting for a safe conveyance; and here finding his danger increased greatly by delay, he went to some common house, without dress or equipage or servants that could betray him, and spent his whole time in bed, under pretence of indisposition, to avoid being seen.

At length his faithful young groom succeeded; and he got, at midnight, into a small boat, with only two men. He had been taken for the King of France by one, who had refused to convey him; and some friend, who assisted his escape, was forced to get him off, at last, by holding a pistol to the head of his conductor, and protesting he would shoot him through and through, if he made further demur, or spoke aloud. It was dark, and midnight.

Both he and his groom planted themselves in the bottom of the boat, and were covered with fagots, lest any pursuit should ensue; and thus wretchedly they were suffocated till they thought themselves at a safe distance from France. The poor youth then, first looking up, exclaimed, "*Ah! nous sommes perdus!* they are carrying us back to our own country!" The Duke started up; he had the same opinion, but thought opposition vain; he charged him to keep silent and quiet; and after about another league, they found this, at least, a false alarm, owing merely to a thick fog or mist.

At length they landed — at Hastings, I think. The boatman had his money, and they walked on to the nearest public-house. The Duke, to seem English, called for "*Pot Portere.*" It was brought him, and he drank it off in two draughts, his draught being extreme; and he called for an-

other instantly. That also, without any suspicion or recollection of consequences was as hastily swallowed; and what ensued he knows not. He was intoxicated, and fell into a profound sleep. His groom helped the people of the house to carry him upstairs and put him to bed. How long he slept he knows not, but he woke in the middle of the night without the smallest consciousness of where he was, or what had happened. France alone was in his head — France and its horrors, which nothing, not even English porter and intoxication and sleep, could drive away.

He looked round the room with amaze at first, and soon after with consternation. It was so unfurnished, so miserable, so lighted with only one small bit of a candle, that it occurred to him he was in a *maison de force* — thither conveyed in his sleep.

The stillness of everything confirmed this dreadful idea. He arose, slipped on his clothes, and listened at the door. He heard no sound. He was scarce yet, I supposed, quite awake, for he took the candle, and determined to make an attempt to escape.

Downstairs he crept, neither hearing nor making any noise; and he found himself in a kitchen: he looked round, and the brightness of a shelf of pewter plates struck his eye; under them were pots and kettles, shining and polished. “*Ah!*” cried he to himself, “*je suis en Angleterre!*” The recollection came all at once at sight of a cleanliness which, in these articles, he says, is never met with in France.

I am much interested in Susan’s account of poor Madame de Broglie. How terribly, I fear, all is proceeding in France! I tremble at such apparent triumph to such atrocious cruelty; and though I doubt not these wretches will destroy one another while combatting for superiority, they will not set about that crying retribution, for which justice seems

to sicken, till they have first utterly annihilated all manner of people, better, softer, or more human than themselves.

The Duke accepted the invitation for to-day, and came early, on horseback. He had just been able to get over some two or three of his horses from France. He has since, I hear, been forced to sell them.

Mrs. Young was not able to appear ; Mr. Young came to my room door to beg I would waste no time ; Sarah and I, therefore, proceeded to the drawing-room. The Duke was playing with a favorite dog — the thing, probably, the most dear to him in England ; for it was just brought him over by his faithful groom, whom he had sent back upon business to his son. He is very tall, and, were his figure less, would be too fat, but all is in proportion. His face, which is very handsome, though not critically so, has rather a haughty expression when left to itself, but becomes soft and spirited in turn, according to whom he speaks, and has great play and variety. His deportment is quite noble, and in a style to announce conscious rank even to the most sedulous equalizer. His carriage is peculiarly upright, and his person uncommonly well made. His manners are such as only admit of comparison with what we have read, not what we have seen ; for he has all the air of a man who would wish to lord over men, but to cast himself at the feet of women.

He was in mourning for his barbarously-murdered cousin, the Duc de la Rochefoucault. His first address was of the highest style. I shall not attempt to recollect his words, but they were most elegantly expressive of his satisfaction in a meeting he had long, he said, desired.

With Sarah he then shook hands. She had been his interprestess here on his arrival, and he seems to have conceived a real kindness for her ; an honor of which she is extremely sensible, and with reason.

A little general talk ensued, and he made a point of curing Sarah of being afraid of his dog. He made no secret of thinking it affectation, and never rested till he had conquered it completely. I saw here, in the midst of all that at first so powerfully struck me, of dignity, importance, and high-breeding, a true French *polisson*; for he called the dog round her, made it jump on her shoulder, and amused himself as, in England, only a schoolboy or a professed fox-hunter would have dreamt of doing.

This, however, recovered me to a little ease, which his compliment had rather overset. Mr. Young hung back, nearly quite silent. Sarah was quiet when reconciled to the dog, or, rather, subdued by the Duke; and then, when I thought it completely out of his head, he tranquilly drew a chair next mine, and began a sort of separate conversation, which he suffered nothing to interrupt till we were summoned to dinner.

His subject was "Cecilia;" and he seemed not to have the smallest idea I could object to discussing it, any more than if it had been the work of another person.

I answered all his demands and interrogatories with a degree of openness I have never answered any other upon this topic; but the least hope of beguiling the misery of an *émigré* tames me.

Mr. Young listened with amaze, and all his ears, to the many particulars and elucidations which the Duke drew from me; he repeatedly called out he had heard nothing of them before, and rejoiced he was at least present when they were communicated.

This proved, at length, an explanation to the Duke himself, that, the moment he understood, made him draw back, saying, "Peut-être que je suis indiscret?" However, he soon returned to the charge; and when Mr. Young made any more exclamations, he heeded them not: he smiled,

indeed, when Sarah also affirmed he had procured accounts she had never heard before; but he has all the air of a man not new to any mark of more than common favor.

At length we were called to dinner, during which he spoke of general things. The French of Mr. Young, at table, was very comic; he never hesitates for a word, but puts English where he is at a loss, with a mock French pronunciation. *Monsieur Duc*, as he calls him, laughed once or twice, but clapped him on the back, called him *un brave homme*, and gave him instruction as well as encouragement in all his blunders. When the servants were gone, the Duke asked me if anybody might write a letter to the King? I fancy he had some personal idea of this kind. I told him yes, but through the hands of a Lord of the Bedchamber, or some state officer, or a Minister. He seemed pensive, but said no more.

He inquired, however, if I had not read to the Queen; and seemed to wish to understand my office; but here he was far more circumspect than about "Cecilia." He has lived so much in a Court, that he knew exactly how far he might inquire with the most scrupulous punctilio. He inquired very particularly after your Juniper colony, and M. de Narbonne, but said he most wished to meet with M. d'Arblay, who was a friend and favorite of his eldest son.

[It is hoped that some pages from Mrs. Phillips's journalizing letters to her sister, written at this period, may not be unacceptable; since they give particulars concerning several distinguished actors and sufferers in the French Revolution, and also contain the earliest description of M. d'Arblay.]

Mrs. Phillips to Miss Burney.

MICKLEHAM, November, 1792.

It gratifies me very much that I have been able to interest you for our amiable and charming neighbors.

Mrs. Locke had been so kind as to pave the way for my introduction to Madame de la Châtre, and carried me on Friday to Juniper Hall, where we found M. de Montmorency, a *ci-devant duc*, and one who gave some of the first great examples of sacrificing personal interest to what was then considered the public good. I know not whether you will like him the better when I tell you that from him proceeded the motion for the abolition of titles in France; but if you do not, let me, in his excuse, tell you he was scarcely one-and-twenty when an enthusiastic spirit impelled him to this, I believe, ill-judged and mischievous act. My curiosity was greatest to see M. de Jaucourt, because I remembered many lively and spirited speeches made by him during the time of the *Assemblée Législative*, and that he was a warm defender of my favorite hero, M. Lafayette.

Of M. de Narbonne's abilities we could have no doubt from his speeches and letters whilst *Ministre de la Guerre*, which post he did not quit till last May. By his own desire he then joined Lafayette's army, and acted under him; but, on the 10th of August, he was involved, with perhaps nearly all the most honorable and worthy of the French nobility, accused as a traitor by the Jacobins, and obliged to fly from his country.

M. d'Argenson was already returned to France, and Madame de Broglie had set out the same day, November 2nd, hoping to escape the decree against emigrants.

Madame de la Châtre received us with great politeness. She is about thirty-three; an elegant figure, not pretty,

but with an animated and expressive countenance; very well read, *pleine d'esprit*, and, I think, very lively and charming.

A gentleman was with her whom Mrs. Locke had not yet seen, M. d'Arblay. She introduced him, and, when he had quitted the room, told us he was adjutant-general to M. Lafayette, *maréchal de camp*, and in short the first in military rank of those who had accompanied that general when he so unfortunately fell into the hands of the Prussians; but, not having been one of the *Assemblée Constituante*, he was allowed, with four others, to proceed into Holland, and there M. de Narbonne wrote to him. "Et comme il l'aime infiniment," said Madame de la Châtre, "il l'a prié de venir vivre avec lui."¹ He had arrived only two days before. He is tall, and a good figure, with an open and manly countenance; about forty, I imagine.

It was past twelve. However, Madame de la Châtre owned she had not breakfasted — *ces messieurs* were not yet ready. A little man, who looked very *triste* indeed, in an old-fashioned suit of clothes, with long flaps to a waistcoat embroidered in silks no longer very brilliant, sat in a corner of the room. I could not imagine who he was, but when he spoke was immediately convinced he was no Frenchman. I afterwards heard he had been engaged by M. de Narbonne for a year, to teach him and all the party English. He had had a place in some college in France at the beginning of the Revolution, but was now driven out and destitute. His name is Clarke. He speaks English with an accent *tant soit peu* Scotch.

Madame de la Châtre, with great *franchise*, entered into details of her situation and embarrassment, whether she might venture, like Madame de Broglie, to go over to

¹ "And how infinitely he loves him! He has begged that he will come and live with him."

France, in which case she was *dans le cas où elle pourrait toucher sa fortune*¹ immediately. She said she could then settle in England, and settle comfortably. M. de la Châtre, it seems, previous to his joining the King's brothers, had settled upon her her whole fortune. She and all her family were great favorers of the original Revolution; and even at this moment she declares herself unable to wish the restoration of the old *régime*, with its tyranny and corruptions — persecuted and ruined as she and thousands more have been by the unhappy consequences of the Revolution.

M. de Narbonne now came in. He seems forty, rather fat, but would be handsome were it not for a slight cast of one eye. He was this morning in great spirits. Poor man! It was the only time I have ever seen him so. He came up very courteously to me, and begged leave *de me faire sa cour* at Mickleham, to which I graciously assented.

Then came M. de Jaucourt, whom I instantly knew by Mr. Locke's description. He is far from handsome, but has a very intelligent countenance, fine teeth, and expressive eyes. I scarce heard a word from him, but liked his appearance exceedingly, and not the less for perceiving his respectful and affectionate manner of attending to Mr. Locke; but when Mr. Locke reminded us that Madame de la Châtre had not breakfasted, we took leave after spending an hour in a manner so pleasant and so interesting that it scarcely appeared ten minutes.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 7TH. — Phillips was at work in the parlor, and I had just stepped into the next room for some papers I wanted, when I heard a man's voice, and presently distinguished these words: "Je ne parle pas trop

¹ "So circumstanced that she could instantly get possession of her fortune."

bien l'Anglais, monsieur." ¹ I came forth immediately to relieve Phillips, and then found it was M. d'Arblay.

I received him *de bien bon cœur*, as courteously as I could. The adjutant of M. Lafayette, and one of those who proved faithful to their excellent general, could not but be interesting to me. I was extremely pleased at his coming, and more and more pleased with himself every moment that passed. He seems to me a true *militaire, franc et loyal* — open as the day — warmly affectionate to his friends — intelligent, ready, and amusing in conversation, with a great share of *gaieté de cœur*, and at the same time, of *naïveté* and *bonne foi*. He was no less flattering to little Fanny than M. de Narbonne had been.

We went up into the drawing-room with him, and met Willy on the stairs, and Norbury capered before us. "Ah, Madame!" cried M. d'Arblay, "la jolie petite maison que vous avez, et les jolis petits hôtes!" looking at the children, the drawings, &c., &c. He took Norbury on his lap and played with him. I asked him if he was not proud of being so kindly noticed by the adjutant-general of M. Lafayette? "Est-ce qu'il sait le nom de M. Lafayette?" said he, smiling. I said he was our hero. "Ah! nous voilà donc bons amis! Il n'y a pas de plus brave homme sur la terre!" "Et comme on l'a traité!" cried I. A little shrug, and his eyes cast up, was the answer. I said I was thankful to see at least one of his faithful friends here. I asked if M. Lafayette was allowed to write and receive letters. He said yes, but they were always given to him open.

Norbury now (still seated on his lap) took courage to whisper him, "Were you, sir, put in prison with M. Lafayette?" "Oui, mon ami." "And—was it quite dark?" I was obliged, laughing, to translate this curious question. M.

¹ "I speak very little English, sir."

d'Arblay laughed too: "Non, mon ami," said he, "on nous a mis d'abord dans une assez jolie chambre — c'était à Nivelles." "Vous y étiez avec M. Lafayette, monsieur?" "Oui, madame, pour quelques jours, et puis on nous a séparés."

I lamented the hard fate of the former, and the rapid and wonderful *revers* he had met with after having been, as he well merited to be, the most popular man in France. This led M. d'Arblay to speak of M. de Narbonne, to whom I found him passionately attached. Upon my mentioning the sacrifices made by the French nobility, and by a great number of them voluntarily, he said no one had made more than M. de Narbonne; that, previous to the Revolution, he had more wealth and more power than almost any except the princes of the blood.

For himself, he mentioned his fortune and his income from his appointments as something immense, but I never remember the number of hundred thousand livres, nor can tell what their amount is without some consideration. "Et me violá, madame, réduit à rien, hormis un peu d'argent comptant, et encore très peu. Je ne sais encore ce que Narbonne pourra retirer des débris de sa fortune; mais, quoique ce soit, nous le partagerons ensemble. Je ne m'en fais pas le moindre scrupule, puisque nous n'avons eu qu'un intérêt commun, et nous nous sommes toujours aimés comme frères." ¹

I wish I could paint to you the manly *franchise* with which these words were spoken; but you will not find it difficult to believe that they raised MM. de Narbonne and d'Arblay very high in my estimation.

¹ "And here I am, madam," said he, "reduced to nothing, except a little ready money, and very little indeed. I know not yet what Narbonne will be able to save from the wreck of his fortune; but be it what it may, we shall share it together. I make not the least scruple about it, for we have always had but one common interest, and we have always loved each other like brothers."

M. d'Arblay was the officer on guard at the Tuileries the night on which the King, &c., escaped to Varennes, and ran great risk of being denounced, and perhaps massacred, though he had been kept in the most perfect ignorance of the King's intention.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 27TH. — Phillips and I determined at about half-past one to walk to *Junipère* together. M. d'Arblay received us at the door, and showed the most flattering degree of pleasure at our arrival.

M. de Narbonne said he hoped we would be sociable, and dine with them now and then. Madame de la Châtre made a speech to the same effect. "Et quel jour, par exemple," said M. de Narbonne, "ferait mieux qu'aujourd'hui?" Madame de la Châtre took my hand instantly, to press in the most pleasing and gratifying manner imaginable this proposal; and, before I had time to answer, M. d'Arblay, snatching up his hat, declared he would run and fetch the children.

I was obliged to entreat Phillips to bring him back, and entreated him to *entendre raison*.

"Mais, mais, madame," cried M. de Narbonne, "ne soyez pas disgracieuse."

"Je ne suis pas disgracieuse," answered I, *assez naïvement*, which occasioned a general comical but not affronting laugh: "sur ce sujet au moins;" I had the modesty to add. I pleaded their late hour of dinner, our having no carriage, and my disuse to the night air at this time of the year; but M. de Narbonne said their cabriolet (they have no other carriage) should take us home, and that there was a top to it, and Madame de la Châtre declared she would cover me well with shawls, &c.

"Allons, allons," cried M. d'Arblay; "voilà qui est fait, car je parie que Monsieur Phillips n'aura pas le courage de nous refuser."

Effectivement, Monsieur Phillips was perfectly agreeable ; so that all my efforts were vain, and I was obliged to submit, in despite of various worldly scruples, to pass a most charmingly pleasant day.

M. d'Arblay scampered off for the little ones, whom all insisted upon having, and Phillips accompanied him, as it wanted I believe almost four hours to their dinner-time.

J'eus beau dire que ce serait une visite comme on n'en fait jamais. "Ce sera," said Madame de la Châtre, "ce qu'il nous faut ; ce sera une journée."

Then my dress : Oh, it was *parfaite*, and would give them all the courage to remain, as they were, *sans toilette* : in short, nothing was omitted to render us comfortable and at our ease, and I have seldom passed a more pleasant day — never, I may fairly say, with such new acquaintance. I was only sorry M. de Jaucourt did not make one of the party.

Whilst M. d'Arblay and Phillips were gone, Madame de la Châtre told me they had that morning received M. Necker's *Défense du Roi*, and if I liked it that M. de Narbonne would read it out to us. You may conceive my answer. It is a most eloquent production, and was read by M. de Narbonne with *beaucoup d'âme*. Towards the end it is excessively touching, and his emotion was very evident, and would have struck and interested me had I felt no respect for his character before.

CHAPTER VI.

1793 — 1802.

Miss Burney to Dr. Burney.

NORBURY PARK, Monday, February 4th, '93.

How exactly do I sympathize in all you say and feel, my dear sir, upon these truly calamitous times! I hear daily more and more affecting accounts of the saint-like end of the martyred Louis. Madame de Staël, daughter of M. Necker, is now at the head of the colony of French noblesse, established near Mickleham. She is one of the first women I have ever met with for abilities and extraordinary intellect. She has just received, by a private letter, many particulars not yet made public, and which the Commune and Commissaries of the Temple had ordered should be suppressed. It has been exacted by those cautious men of blood that nothing should be printed that could *attendrir le peuple*.

Among other circumstances, this letter relates that the poor little Dauphin supplicated the monsters who came with the decree of death to his unhappy father, that they would carry him to the Convention, and the forty-eight Sections of Paris, and suffer him to beg his father's life.

This touching request was probably suggested to him by his miserable mother or aunt. When the King left the Temple to go to the place of sacrifice, the cries of his wretched family were heard, loud and shrill, through the courts without! — Good Heaven! what distress and horror equalled ever what they must then experience?

When he arrived at the scaffold, his Confessor, as if with the courage of inspiration, called out to him aloud, after his last benediction, "Fils de Saint Louis, montez au ciel!" — The King ascended with firmness, and meant to harangue his guilty subjects; but the wretch Santerre said he was not there to speak, and the drums drowned the words, except to those nearest the terrible spot. To those he audibly was heard to say, "Citoyens, je meurs innocent! Je pardonne à mes assassins; et je souhaite que ma mort soit utile à mon peuple."

M. de Narbonne has been quite ill with the grief of this last enormity; and M. d'Arblay is now indisposed. This latter is one of the most delightful characters I have ever met, for openness, probity, intellectual knowledge, and un-hackneyed manners. M. de Narbonne is far more a man of the world, and joins the most courtly refinement and elegance to the quickest repartee and readiness of wit. If anything but desolation and misery had brought them hither, we should have thought their addition to the Norbury society all that could be wished. They are bosom friends.

Your F. B.

*Madame de Staël Holstein to Miss Burney.*¹

Written from JUNIPER HALL, DORKING, SURREY, 1793.

WHEN J learned to read english J begun by milton, to know all or renounce at all in once. J follow the same system in writing my first english letter to Miss burney; after such an enterprize nothing can affright me. J feel for her so tender a friendship that it melts my admiration, inspires my heart with hope of her indulgence, and im-

¹ As literary curiosities, these subjoined notes from Madame de Staël have been printed *verbatim et literatim*: they are probably her earliest attempts at English writing.

presses me with the idea that in a tongue even unknown J could express sentiments so deeply felt.

my servant will return for a french answer. J intreat miss burney to correct the words but to preserve the sense of that card.

best compliments to my dear protectress, Madame Phillipe.

Madame de Staël Holstein to Miss Burney.

Your card in french, my dear, has already something of your grace in writing english: it is cecilia translated. my only correction is to fill the interruptions of some sentences, and J put in them kindnesses for me. J do not consult my master to write to you; a fault more or less is nothing in such an occasion. What may be the perfect grammar of Mr. Clarke, it cannot establish any sort of equality between you and J. then J will trust with my heart alone to supply the deficiency. let us speak upon a grave subject: do J see you that morning? What news from Captain phillip? when do you come spend a large week in that house? every question requires an exact answer; a good, also. my happiness depends on it, and J have for pledge your honor.

good morrow and farewell.

pray madame phillips, recollecting all her knowledge in french, to explain that card to you.

Madame de Staël Holstein to Miss Burney.

January, 1793.

Tell me, my dear, if this day is a charming one, if it must be a sweet epoch in my life?—do you come to dine here with your lovely sister, and do you stay night and day

till our sad separation? J rejoice me with that hope during this week; do not deceive my heart.

J hope that card very clear, mais, pour plus de certitude, je vous dis en françois, que votre chambre, la maison, les habitants de Juniper, tout est prêt à recevoir la première femme d'Angleterre.

Janvier.

Miss Burney to Dr. Burney.

MICKLEHAM, February 29th, 1793.

Have you not begun, dearest sir, to give me up as a lost sheep? Susanna's temporary widowhood, however, has tempted me on, and spelled me with a spell I know not how to break. It is long, long since we have passed any time so completely together; her three lovely children only knit us the closer. The widowhood, however, we expect now quickly to expire, and I had projected my return to my dearest father for Wednesday next, which would complete my fortnight here; but some circumstances are intervening that incline me to postpone it another week.

Madame de Staël, daughter of M. Necker, and wife of the Swedish Ambassador to France, is now head of the little French colony in this neighborhood. M. de Staël, her husband, is at present suspended in his embassy, but not recalled; and it is yet uncertain whether the Regent Duke of Sudermania will send him to Paris, during the present horrible Convention, or order him home. He is now in Holland, waiting for commands. Madame de Staël, however, was unsafe in Paris, though an ambadress, from the resentment owed her by the Commune, for having received and protected in her house various destined victims of the 10th August and of the 2nd September. She was even once stopped in her carriage, which they called

aristocratic, because of its arms and ornaments, and threatened to be murdered, and only saved by one of the worst wretches of the Convention, Tallien, who feared provoking a war with Sweden, from such an offence to the wife of its Ambassador. She was obliged to have this same Tallien to accompany her, to save her from massacre, for some miles from Paris, when compelled to quit it.

She is a woman of the first abilities, I think, I have ever seen ; she is more in the style of Mrs. Thrale than of any other celebrated character, but she has infinitely more depth, and seems an even profound politician and metaphysician. She has suffered us to hear some of her works in MS., which are truly wonderful, for powers both of thinking and expression. She adores her father, but is much alarmed at having had no news from him since he has heard of the massacre of the martyred Louis ; and who can wonder it should have overpowered him ?

Ever since her arrival she has been pressing me to spend some time with her before I return to town. She wanted Susan and me to pass a month with her, but, finding that impossible, she bestowed all her entreaties upon me alone, and they are grown so urgent, upon my preparation for departing, and acquainting her my furlough of absence was over, that she not only insisted upon my writing to you, and telling why I deferred my return, but declares she will also write herself, to ask your permission for the visit. She exactly resembles Mrs. Thrale in the ardor and warmth of her temper and partialities. I find her impossible to resist, and therefore, if your answer to her is such as I conclude it must be, I shall wait upon her for a week. She is only a short walk from hence, at Juniper Hall.

There can be nothing imagined more charming, more fascinating, than this colony ; between their sufferings and their *agrémens* they occupy us almost wholly. M. de Nar-

bonne, alas, has no £1,000 a-year ! he got over only £4,000 at the beginning, from a most splendid fortune : and, little foreseeing how all has turned out, he has lived, we fear, upon the principal ; for he says, if all remittance is withdrawn, on account of the war, he shall soon be as ruined as those companions of his misfortunes with whom as yet he has shared his little all. He bears the highest character for goodness, parts, sweetness of manners, and ready wit. You could not keep your heart from him if you saw him only for half an hour. He has not yet recovered from the black blow of the King's death, but he is better, and less jaundiced ; and he has had a letter which, I hear, has comforted him, though at first it was almost heart-breaking, informing him of the unabated regard for him of the truly saint-like Louis. This is communicated in a letter from M. de Malesherbes.

M. d'Arblay is one of the most singularly interesting characters that can ever have been formed. He has a sincerity, a frankness, an ingenuous openness of nature, that I had been unjust enough to think could not belong to a Frenchman. With all this, which is his military portion, he is passionately fond of literature, a most delicate critic in his own language, well versed in both Italian and German, and a very elegant poet. He has just undertaken to become my French master for pronunciation, and he gives me long daily lessons in reading. Pray expect wonderful improvements ! In return, I hear him in English ; and for his theme this evening he has been writing an English address *à Mr. Burney (i. e. M. le Docteur)*, joining in Madame de Staël's request.

I hope your last club was more congenial ? M. de Talleyrand insists on conveying this letter for you. He has been on a visit here, and returns again on Wednesday. He is a man of admirable conversation, quick, terse, *fin*, and

yet deep, to the extreme of those four words. They are a marvellous set for excess of agreeability.

Adieu, most dear sir. Susanna sends her best love, and the Fanni and Norbury kisses and sweet words. I beg my love to my mother, and hope she continues amending. I am ever, ever, and ever, my dearest father's F. B.

Miss Burney to Mrs. Locke.

MICKLEHAM.

Your kind letter, my beloved Fredy, was most thankfully received, and we rejoice the house and situation promise so much local comfort; but I quite fear with you that even the *bas bleu* will not recompense the loss of the *Junipère* society. It is, indeed, of incontestible superiority. But you must burn this confession, or my poor effigy will blaze for it. I must tell you a little of our proceedings, as they all relate to these people of a thousand.

M. d'Arblay came from the melancholy sight of departing Norbury to Mickleham, and with an air the most *triste*, and a sound of voice quite dejected, as I learn from Susanna; for I was in my heroics, and could not appear till the last half-hour. A headache prevented my waiting upon Madame de Staël that day, and obliged me to retreat soon after nine o'clock in the evening, and my *douce compagnie* would not let me retreat alone. We had only robed ourselves in looser drapery, when a violent ringing at the door startled us; we listened, and heard the voice of M. d'Arblay, and Jerry answering, "They're gone to bed." "*Comment? What?*" cried he: "*C'est impossible!* What you say?" Jerry then, to show his new education in this new colony, said, "*Allée couchée!*" It rained furiously, and we were quite grieved, but there was no help. He left a book for *Mlle. Burnet*, and word that Madame de

Staël could not come on account of the bad weather. M. Ferdinand was with him, and has bewailed the disaster; and M. Sicard says he accompanied them till he was quite wet though his *redingote*; but this enchanting M. D'Arblay will murmur at nothing.

The next day they all came, just as we had dined, for a *morning* visit, — Madame de Staël, M. Talleyrand, M. Sicard, and M. D'Arblay; the latter then made *insistance* upon commencing my *master of the language*, and I think he will be almost as good a one as the little Don.¹

M. de Talleyrand opened, at last, with infinite wit and capacity. Madame de Staël whispered me, "How do you like him?" "Not very much," I answered, "but I do not know him." "Oh, I assure you," cried she, "he is the best of the men."

I was happy not to agree; but I have no time for such minute detail till we meet. She read the noble tragedy of *Tancredè* till she blinded us all round. She is the most charming person, to use her own phrase, "that never I saw."

We called yesterday noon upon Madame de Staël, and sat with her till three o'clock, only the little Don being present. She was delightful; yet I see much uneasiness hanging over the whole party, from the terror that the war may stop all remittances. Heaven forbid! F. B.

Madame de Staël to Miss Burney.

JUNIPER, ce 8 Mars.

MY DEAR MISS, — Pour cette fois vous me permettez de vous écrire en François; il s'agit de m'arranger pour vous voir, et je ne veux pas risquer d'équivoques dans cet

¹ Mr. Clarke.

important intérêt. Mardi entre midi et une heure je serai à Chelsea College, avec votre maître de François et Mr. Clarke : tous les deux causeront ensemble, et vous — vous me parlerez. Je sais que vous êtes pleine de bonté pour moi, et que vous mettez même du courage contre la réaction de quelques méchancetés Françaises auxquelles les tems de guerre civile doivent accoûtumer ; mais tout ce que je vous demande c'est m'aimer, dussiez-vous attendre à d'autres tems pour le dire ? Il faut laisser l'injustice aux hommes malheureux ; il faut qu'ils s'occupent des personnes quand ils ne peuvent rien sur les affaires ; il faut qu'ils donnent quelques unes de leurs préventions aux étrangers, qui n'ont pas le tems de juger les procès des individus ; il faut tout ce qui est ordinaire et extraordinaire dans une pareille époque, et se confier au tems pour l'opinion publique — à l'amitié pour le bonheur particulier. Ils vous diront que je suis démocrate, et ils oublieront que mes amis et moi nous avons échappé au fer des Jacobins : ils vous diront que j'aime passionnément les affaires, et je suis ici quand M. de Staël me presse d'aller à Paris, me mêler avec lui des plus importantes (ceci pour vous seule) : enfin ils chercheront à troubler jusqu'au repos de l'amitié, et ne permettront pas que, fidèle à mes devoirs, j'aie eu le besoin de partager pendant deux mois le malheur de celui dont j'avois sauvé la vie. Il y a dans tout cela tant d'absurdes faussetés, qu'un jour ou l'autre je céderai au désir d'en parler. Mais qui peut maintenant se permettre d'occuper de soi ? Il n'y a pas d'idées générales assez vastes pour ce moment. Je suis bien mal ce précepte en vous écrivant ; mais, parceque je vous ai trouvé la meilleure et la plus distinguée ; parcequ'avant de vous connoître, j'ambitionnois de vous plaire ; parceque, depuis que je vous ai vu, il m'est nécessaire de vous intéresser, je me persuade que vous devez m'aimer ; je crois bien aussi que votre

bonté pour moi m'a valu quelques envieux ; ainsi il y a un peu de justice dans ce que vous faites pour moi. Je chasse toutes mes idées tristes en songeant que je vous verrai Mardi, et les jours suivans, chez Madame Locke — en pensant à votre aimable sœur Madame Phillips, qui, sentant le besoin que j'avois d'être consolée, a été doublement aimable pour moi après votre départ. Répondez à ma lettre. Adieu !

Mrs. Phillips to Mrs. Locke.

MICKLEHAM, April 2nd, 1793.

I MUST, however, say something of Juniper, whence I had an irresistible invitation to dine, &c., yesterday, and hear M. de Lally Tolendal read his "Mort de Strafford," which he had already recited once, and which Madame de Staël requested him to repeat for my sake.

I had a great curiosity to see M. de Lally. I cannot say that feeling was gratified by the sight of him, though it was satisfied, insomuch that it has left me without any great anxiety to see him again. He is the very reverse of all that my imagination had led me to expect in him : large, fat, with a great head, small nose, immense cheeks, nothing *distingué* in his manner ; and *en fait d'esprit*, and of talents in conversation, so far, so very far, distant from our *Juniperiens*, and from M. de Talleyrand, who was there, as I could not have conceived, his abilities as a writer and his general reputation considered. He seems *un bon garçon, un très honnête garçon*, as M. Talleyrand says of him, *et rien de plus*.

He is extremely absorbed by his tragedy, which he recites by heart, acting as well as declaiming with great energy, though seated, as Le Texier is. He seemed, previous to the performance, occupied completely by it, except

while the dinner lasted, which he did not neglect ; but he was continually reciting to himself till we sat down to table, and afterwards between the courses.

M. Talleyrand seemed much struck with his piece, which appears to me to have very fine lines and passages in it, but which, altogether, interested me but little. I confess, indeed, the violence of *ses gestes*, and the alternate howling and thundering of his voice in declaiming, fatigued me excessively. If our Fanny had been present, I am afraid I should many times have been affected as one does not expect to be at a tragedy.

We sat down at seven to dinner, and had half finished before M. d'Arblay appeared, though repeatedly sent for ; he was profoundly grave and silent, and disappeared after the dinner, which was very gay. He was sent for after coffee and Norbury were gone, several times, that the tragedy might be begun ; and at last Madame de S. impatiently proposed beginning without him. " Mais cela lui fera de la peine," said M. D'Autun (Talleyrand), good-naturedly ; and, as she persisted, he rose up and limped out of the room to fetch him : he succeeded in bringing him.

M. Malouet has left them. La Princesse d'Henin is a very pleasing, well-bred woman : she left Juniper the next morning with M. de Lally.

S. P.

Mrs. Phillips to Miss Burney.

Tuesday, May 14th.

TRUSTING to the kindness of chance, I begin at the top of my paper. Our Juniperians went to see Paine's Hill yesterday, and had the good-nature to take my little happy Norbury. In the evening came Miss F—— to show me a

circular letter, sent by the Archbishop of Canterbury to all the parishes in England, authorizing the ministers of those parishes to raise a subscription for the unfortunate French clergy. She talked of our neighbors, and very shortly and abruptly said, "So, Mrs. Phillips, we hear you are to have Mr. Norbone and the other French company to live with you — Pray, is it so?"

I was, I confess, a little startled at this plain inquiry, but answered as composedly as I could, setting out with informing this *bête personnage* that Madame de Staël was going to Switzerland to join her husband and family in a few days, and that of all the French company none would remain but M. de Narbonne and M. d'Arblay, for whom the Captain and myself entertained a real friendship and esteem, and whom he had begged to make our house their own for a short time, as the impositions they had had to support from their servants, &c., and the failure of their remittances from abroad, had obliged them to resolve on breaking up housekeeping.

I had scarcely said thus much when our party arrived from Paine's Hill: the young lady, though she had drunk tea, was so obliging as to give us her company for near two hours, and made a curious attack on M. de N., upon the first pause, in wretched French, though we had before, all of us, talked no other language than English: — "Je vous prie, M. Gnawbone, comment se porte la Reine?"

Her pronounciation was such that I thought his understanding her miraculous: however, he did guess her meaning, and answered with all his accustomed *douceur* and politeness, that he hoped well, but had no means but general ones of information.

"I believe," said she afterwards, "nobody was so hurt at the King's death as my papa! he could n't ride on horseback next day!"

She then told M. de Narbonne some anecdotes (very new to him no doubt), which she had read in the newspapers, of the Convention ; and then spoke of M. Egalité. "I hope," said she, flinging her arms out with great violence, "he 'll come to be gullytined. He showed the King how he liked to be gullytined, so now I hope he 'll be gullytined himself ! — So shocking ! to give his vote against his own nephew !"

If the subject of her vehemence and blunders had been less just or less melancholy, I know not how I should have kept my face in order.

Our evening was very pleasant when she was gone. Madame de Staël is, with all her wildness and blemishes, a delightful companion, and M. de N. rises upon me in esteem and affection every time I see him ; their minds in some points ought to be exchanged, for he is as delicate as a really feminine woman, and evidently suffers when he sees her setting *les bienséances* aside, as it often enough befalls her to do.

Poor Madame de Staël has been greatly disappointed and hurt by the failure of the friendship and intercourse she had wished to maintain with you, — of that I am sure ; I fear, too, she is on the point of being offended. I am not likely to be her confidante if she is so, and only judge from the nature of things, and from her character, and a kind of *dépit* in her manner once or twice in speaking of you. She asked me if you would accompany Mrs. Locke back into the country ? I answered that my father would not wish to lose you for so long a time at once, as you had been absent from him as a nurse so many days.

After a little pause, "Mais est-ce qu'une femme est en tutelle pour la vie dans ce pays ?" she said. "Il me paraît que votre sœur est comme une demoiselle de quatorze ans."

I did not oppose this idea, but enlarged rather on the constraints laid upon females, some very unnecessarily, in

England — hoping to lessen her *dépit* ; it continued, however, visible in her countenance, though she did not express it in words.

Madame de Staël to Miss Burney.

JUNIPER, 11th May.

Je vois bien, my dear Miss, que vous voulez vous acquitter à force de services : mais si vous vous étiez permis de lire Voltaire, je vous dirais ces deux vers un peu changés :—

Un sentiment est cent fois au-dessus
Et de l'esprit et de la bonté même.

Oublions et le bonheur et le malheur de notre liaison ensemble, pour retourner au doux penchant de la reconnaissance. Les dentelles de mon émigrée peuvent être vendues en détail, parceque c'est le seul moyen de les vendre. Quant au prix, c'est un marchand de dentelles à votre choix qui doit le fixer. Une fille de chez Madame Roger, Duke Street, Piccadilly, a estimé le tout £100 sterling. Mais je ne sais pas un mot de détails, et la première marchande de dentelles que vous rencontrerez vous le dira.

Quant à *the ogly, tall, and good servant*, je demande quatre jours pour répondre à cette grande affaire : je demande aussi si elle sait écrire ce qu'il faut pour le *bill* d'un déjeuner, de sucre, de thé, &c.

Maintenant que je vous ai bien fatigué de tous les services que je veux rendre à mes amis, et que votre excellent caractère vous fait désirer de partager, laissez moi vous dire que je suis triste de partir peut-être sans vous revoir ; et qu'en écartant tous les nuages de mon cœur je serai toujours intéressée dans vos succès, et dans votre bonheur.

Soyez assez bonne pour exprimer, avec l'accent de Cécili-

lia, tout le regret que je sens d'avoir été bannie de la chambre de nos aimables malades, que ma pensée n'a pas quittées.

[The frequency and intimacy with which Miss Burney and M. d'Arblay now met, ripened into attachment the high esteem which each felt for the other; and, after many struggles and scruples, occasioned by his reduced circumstances and clouded prospects, M. d'Arblay wrote her an offer of his hand; candidly acknowledging, however, the slight hope he entertained of ever recovering the fortune he had lost by the Revolution.

At this time Miss Burney went to Chesington for a short period; probably hoping that the extreme quiet of that place would assist her deliberations, and tranquillize her mind during her present perplexities.]

Mrs. Phillips to Miss Burney at Chesington.

Sunday, after church, I walked up to Norbury; there, unexpectedly, I met all our Juniperians, and listened to one of the best conversations I ever heard: it was on literary topics, and the chief speakers, Madame de Staël, M. de Talleyrand, Mr. Locke, and M. Dumont, a gentleman on a visit of two days at Juniper, a Genevois, *homme d'esprit et de lettres*. I had not a word beyond the first "how d'yes" with any one, being obliged to run home to my abominable dinner in the midst of the discourse.

On Monday I went, by invitation, to Juniper to dine, and before I came away at night a letter arrived express to Madame de Staël. On reading it, the change in her countenance made me guess the contents. It was from the Swedish gentleman who had been appointed by her hus-

band to meet her at Ostend; he wrote from that place that he was awaiting her arrival. She had designed walking home with us by moonlight, but her spirits were too much oppressed to enable her to keep this intention.

M. d'Arblay walked home with Phillips and me. Every moment of his time has been given of late to transcribing a MS. work of Madame de Staël, on "L'Influence des Passions." It is a work of considerable length, and written in a hand the most difficult possible to decipher.

On Tuesday we all met again at Norbury, where we spent the day. Madame de Staël could not rally her spirits at all, and seemed like one torn from all that was dear to her. I was truly concerned.

After giving me a variety of charges, or rather entreaties, to watch and attend to the health, spirits, and affairs of the friends she was leaving, she said to me, "Et dites à Mlle. Burney que je ne lui en veux pas du tout—que je quitte le pays l'aime bien sincèrement, et sans rancune."

I assured her earnestly, and with more words than I have room to insert, not only of your admiration, but affection, and sensibility of her worth, and chagrin at seeing no more of her. I hope I exceeded not your wishes; *mais il n'y avait pas moyen de résister*. She seemed pleased, and said, "Vous êtes bien bonne de me dire cela," but in a low and faint voice, and dropped the subject.

Before we took leave M. d'Arblay was already gone, meaning to finish transcribing her MS. I came home with Madame de Staël and M. de Narbonne. The former actually sobbed in saying farewell to Mrs. Locke, and half way down the hill; her parting from me was likewise very tender and flattering.

I determined, however, to see her again, and met her near the school, on Wednesday morning, with a short note

and a little offering which I was irresistibly tempted to make her. She could not speak to me, but kissed her hand with a very speaking and touching expression of countenance.

It was this morning, and just as I was setting out to meet her, that Skilton arrived from Chesington. I wrote a little, walked out, and returned to finish as I could.

At dinner came our *Tyo*¹—very bad indeed. After it we walked together with the children to Norbury; but little Fanny was so well pleased with his society, that it was impossible to get a word on any particular subject. I, however, upon his venturing to question me whereabouts was the *campagne où se trouvait Mdlle. Burnet*, ventured *de mon côté* to speak the name of Chesington, and give a little account of its inhabitants, the early love we had for the spot, our excellent Mr. Crisp, and your good and kind hostesses. He listened with much interest and pleasure, and said, “*Mais ne pourrait-on pas faire ce petit voyage-là ?*”

I ventured to say nothing encouraging, at least decisively, in a great measure upon the children's account, lest they should repeat; and, moreover, your little namesake seemed to me surprisingly attentive and *éveillée*, as *elle se doutait de quelque chose*.

When we came home I gave our *Tyo* some paper to write to you; it was not possible for me to add more than the address, much as I wished it.

¹ An Otaheitian term signifying sworn brotherhood. The ceremony which binds this relation consists in rubbing noses together and exchanging the appellation of “*Tyo*,” or “*Taio*,” which means “chosen friend.” The title was sometimes playfully given to Miss Burney by Mrs. Thrale, and the sisters occasionally employed it.

Miss Burney to Mrs. Locke.

CHESINGTON, 1793.

I have been quite enchanted to-day by my dear Susan's intelligence that my three convalescents walked to the wood. Would I had been there to meet and receive them!

I have regretted excessively the finishing so miserably an acquaintance begun with so much spirit and pleasure, and the *dépit* I fear Madame de Staël must have experienced. I wish the world would take more care of itself, and less of its neighbors. I should have been very safe, I trust, without such flights, and distances, and breaches. But there seemed an absolute resolution formed to crush this acquaintance, and compel me to appear its wilful renouncer. All I did also to clear the matter, and soften to Madame de Staël any pique or displeasure, unfortunately served only to increase both. Had I understood her disposition better I should certainly have attempted no palliation, for I rather offended her pride than mollified her wrath. Yet I followed the golden rule, for how much should I prefer any acknowledgment of regret at such an apparent change, from any one I esteemed, to a seeming unconscious complacency in an unexplained caprice!

I am vexed, however, very much vexed, at the whole business. I hope she left Norbury Park with full satisfaction in its steady and more comfortable connection. I fear mine will pass for only a fashionable one.

Miss Kitty Cooke still amuses me very much by her incomparable dialect; and by her kindness and friendliness I am taken the best care of imaginable.

My poor brother, who will carry this to Mickleham, is grievously altered by the loss of his little girl. It has affected his spirits and his health, and he is grown so thin and meagre, that he looks ten years older than when I saw

him last. I hope he will now revive, since the blow is over; but it has been a very, very hard one, after such earnest pains to escape it.

Did the wood look very beautiful? I have figured it to myself, with the three dear convalescents wandering in its winding paths, and inhaling its freshness and salubrity, ever since I heard of this walk. I wanted prodigiously to have issued forth from some little green recess, to have hailed your return. I hope Mr. Locke had the pleasure of this sight. Is Jenny capable of such a mounting journey?

Do you know anything of a certain young lady, who eludes all my inquiries, famous for having eight sisters, all of uncommon talents? I had formerly some intercourse with her, and she used to promise she would renew it whenever I pleased; but whether she is offended that I have slighted her offers so long, or whether she is fickle, or only whimsical, I know not: all that is quite undoubted is that she has concealed herself so effectually from my researches, that I might as well look for justice and clemency in the French Convention, as for this former friend in the plains and lanes of Chesington, where, erst, she met me whether I would or no.

F. B.

Miss Burney to Mrs. Locke.

CHESINGTON, 1793.

How sweet to me was my dearest Fredy's assurance that my gratification and prudence went at last hand in hand! I had longed for the sight of her writing, and not dared wish it. I shall now long impatiently till I can have the pleasure of saying, "Ma'am, I desire no more of your letters."

I have heard to-day all I can most covet of all my dear

late *malades*. I take it for granted this little visit was made known to my dearest sister confidant. I had prepared for it from the time of my own expectation, and I have had much amusement in what the preparation produced. Mrs. Hamilton ordered half a ham to be boiled ready; and Miss Kitty trimmed up her best cap and tried it on, on Saturday, to get it in shape to her face. She made chocolate also, which we drank up on Monday and Tuesday, because it was spoiling. "I have never seen none of the French quality," she says, "and I have a *purdigious curoosity*; though as to dukes and dukes' sons, and these high top captains, I know they'll think me a mere country bumpkin. *Howsever*, they can't call me worse than *Fat Kit Square*, and that's the worse name I ever got from any of our English pelite bears, which I suppose these pelite French quality never heard the like of."

Unfortunately, however; when all was prepared above, the French *top captain* entered while poor Miss Kitty was in *dishbill*, and Mrs. Hamilton finishing washing up her china from breakfast. A maid who was out at the pump, and first saw the arrival, ran in to give Miss Kitty time to escape, for she was in her round dress night-cap, and without her roll and curls. However, he followed too quick, and Mrs. Hamilton was seen in her linen gown and mob, though she had put on a silk one in expectation for every noon these four or five days past; and Miss Kitty was in such confusion, she hurried out of the room. She soon, however, returned, with the roll and curls, and the forehead and throat fashionably lost in a silk gown. And though she had not intended to speak a word, the gentle quietness of her guest so surprised and pleased her, that she never quitted his side while he stayed, and has sung his praises ever since.

Mrs. Hamilton, good soul! in talking and inquiring since

of his history and conduct, shed tears at the recital. She says now she has really seen one of the French gentry that has been drove out of their country by the villains she has heard of, she shall begin to believe there really has been a Revolution! and Miss Kitty says, "I *purtest* I did not know before but it was all a sham." F. B.

Miss Burney to Mrs. Phillips.

Friday, May 31st, CHESINGTON.

My heart so smites me this morning with making no answer to all I have been requested to weigh and decide, that I feel I cannot with any ease return to town without at least complying with one demand, which first, at parting yesterday, brought me to write fully to you, my Susan, if I could not elsewhere to my satisfaction.

Much indeed in the course of last night and this morning has occurred to me, that now renders my longer silence as to prospects and proceedings unjustifiable to myself. I will therefore now address myself to both my beloved confidants, and open to them all my thoughts, and entreat their own with equal plainness in return.

M. d'Arblay's last three letters convince me he is desperately dejected when alone, and when perfectly natural. It is not that he wants patience, but he wants rational expectation of better times: expectation founded on something more than mere aërial hope, that builds one day upon what the next blasts; and then has to build again, and again to be blasted.

What affects me the most in this situation is, that his time may as completely be lost as another's peace, by waiting for the effects of distant events, vague, bewildering, and remote, and quite as likely to lead to ill as to

good. The very waiting, indeed, with the mind in such a state, is in itself an evil scarce to be recompensed.

My dearest Fredy, in the beginning of her knowledge of this transaction, told me that Mr. Locke was of opinion that the £100 per annum might do, as it does for many a curate. M. d'A. also most solemnly and affectingly declares that *le simple nécessaire* is all he requires, and here, in your vicinity, would unhesitatingly be preferred by him to the most brilliant fortune in another *séjour*.

If *he* can say that, what must *I* be not to echo it? I, who in the bosom of my own most chosen, most darling friends —

I need not enter more upon this; you all must know that to me a crust of bread, with a little roof for shelter, and a fire for warmth, near you, would bring me to peace, to happiness, to all that my heart holds dear, or even in any situation could prize. I cannot picture such a fate with dry eyes; all else but kindness and society has to me so always been nothing.

With regard to my dear father, he has always left me to myself; I will not therefore speak to him while thus uncertain what to decide.

It is certain, however, that, with peace of mind and retirement, I have resources that I could bring forward to amend the little situation; as well as that, once thus undoubtedly established and naturalized, M. d'A. would have claims for employment.

These reflections, with a mutual freedom from ambition, might lead to a quiet road, unbroken by the tortures of applications, expectations, attendance, disappointment, and time-wasting hopes and fears; if there were not apprehensions the £100 might be withdrawn. I do not think it likely, but it is a risk too serious in its consequences to be

run. M. d'A. protests he could not answer to himself the hazard. How to ascertain this, to clear the doubt, or to know the fatal certainty before it should be too late, exceeds my powers of suggestion. His own idea, to write to the Queen, much as it has startled me, and wild as it seemed to me, is certainly less wild than to take the chance of such a blow in the dark.

Yet such a letter could not even reach her. His very name is probably only known to her through myself.

In short, my dearest friends, you will think for me, and let me know what occurs to you, and I will defer any answer till I hear your opinions.

Heaven ever bless you! And pray for me at this moment.

F. B.

Dr. Burney to Miss Burney.

May, 1793.

DEAR FANNY, — I have for some time seen very plainly that you are *éprise*, and have been extremely uneasy at the discovery. You must have observed my silent gravity, surpassing that of mere illness and its consequent low spirits. I had some thoughts of writing to Susan about it, and intended begging her to do what I must now do for myself — that is, beg, warn, and admonish you not to entangle yourself in a wild and romantic attachment, which offers nothing in prospect but poverty and distress, with future inconvenience and unhappiness. M. d'Arblay is certainly a very amiable and accomplished man, and of great military abilities I take for granted; but what employment has he for them of which the success is not extremely hazardous? His property, whatever it was, has been confiscated — *décrété* — by the Convention; and if a counter-revolution takes place, unless it be exactly such

a one as suits the particular political sect in which he enlisted, it does not seem likely to secure to him an establishment in France. And as to an establishment in England, I know the difficulty which very deserving natives find in procuring one, with every appearance of interest, friends and probability; and, to a foreigner, I fear, the difficulty will be more than doubled.

As M. d'Arblay is at present circumstanced, an alliance with anything but a fortune sufficient for the support of himself and partner would be very imprudent. He is a mere soldier of fortune, under great disadvantages. Your income, if it was as certain as a freehold estate, is insufficient for the purpose; and if the Queen should be displeased and withdraw her allowance, what could you do?

I own that, if M. d'Arblay had an establishment in France sufficient for him to marry a wife with little or no fortune, much as I am inclined to honor and esteem him, I should wish to prevent you from fixing your residence there; not merely from selfishness, but for your own sake. I know your love for your family, and know that it is reciprocal; I therefore cannot help thinking that you would mutually be a loss to each other. The friends, too, which you have here, are of the highest and most desirable class. To quit them, in order to make new friendships in a strange land, in which the generality of its inhabitants at present seem incapable of such virtues as friendship is built upon, seems wild and visionary.

If M. d'Arblay had a sufficient establishment here for the purposes of credit and comfort, and determined to settle here for life, I should certainly think ourselves honored by his alliance; but his situation is at present so very remote from all that can satisfy prudence, or reconcile to an affectionate father the idea of a serious attachment, that I tremble for your heart and future happiness. M. d'Ar-

blay must have lived too long in the great world to accommodate himself contentedly to the little ; his fate seems so intimately connected with that of his miserable country, and that country seems at a greater distance from peace, order, and tranquillity now than it has done at any time since the revolution.

These considerations, and the uncertainty of what party will finally prevail, make me tremble for you both. You see, by what I have said, that my objections are not personal, but wholly prudential. For Heaven's sake, my dear Fanny, do not part with your heart too rapidly, or involve yourself in deep engagements which it will be difficult to dissolve ; and to the last degree imprudent, as things are at present circumstanced, to fulfil.

As far as character, merit, and misfortune demand esteem and regard, you may be sure that M. d'Arblay will be always received by me with the utmost attention and respect ; but in the present situation of things, I can by no means think I ought to encourage (blind and ignorant as I am of all but his misfortunes) a serious and solemn union with one whose unhappiness would be a reproach to the facility and inconsiderateness of a most affectionate father.

[MEMORANDUM, THIS 7TH OF MAY, 1825.

In answer to these apparently most just, and, undoubtedly, most parental and tender apprehensions, Susanna, the darling child of Dr. Burney, as well as first chosen friend of M. d'Arblay, wrote a statement of the plans, and means, and purposes of M.d'A. and F. B. — so clearly demonstrating their power of happiness, with willing economy, congenial tastes, and mutual love of the country, that Dr. B. gave way, and sent, though reluctantly, a consent ; by which the union took place the 31st of July, 1793, in Mickleham church, in presence of Mr. and Mrs. Locke,

Captain and Mrs. Phillips, M. de Narbonne, and Captain Burney, who was father to his sister, as Mr. Locke was to M. d'A. ; and on the 1st of August the ceremony was re-performed in the Sardinian Chapel, according to the rites of the Romish Church ; and never, never was union more blessed and felicitous ; though after the first eight years of unmingled happiness, it was assailed by many calamities, chiefly of separation for illness, yet still mentally unbroken.

F. D'ARBLAY.]

To Mrs. —.

August 2nd, 1796.

How in the world shall I begin this letter to my dearest M——! how save her from a surprise almost too strong for her weak nerves and tender heart!

After such an opening, perhaps any communication may be a relief ; but it is surprise only I would guard against ; my present communication has nothing else to fear ; it has nothing in it sad, melancholy, unhappy, but it has everything that is marvellous and unexpected.

Do you recollect at all, when you were last in town, my warm interest for the loyal part of the French exiles? — do you remember my *éloge* of a French officer, in particular, a certain M. d'Arblay? Ah, my dear M——, you are quick as lightning ; your sensitive apprehension will tell my tale for me now, without any more aid than some details of circumstance.

The *éloge* I then made was with design to prepare you for an event I had reason to expect : such, however, was the uncertainty of my situation, from prudential obstacles, that I dared venture at no confidence ; though my heart prompted it strongly, to a friend so sweetly sympathizing in all my feelings and all my affairs — so constantly affec-

tionate — so tenderly alive to all that interests and concerns me.

My dearest M——, you will give me, I am sure, your heartfelt wishes — your most fervent prayers. The choice I have made appears to me all you could yourself wish to fall to my lot — all you could yourself have formed to have best accorded with your kind partiality.

I had some hope you would have seen him that evening we went together from Mrs. M. Montagu to Mrs. Locke's, for he was then a guest in Portland-place; but some miserable circumstances, of which I knew nothing till after your departure, had just fallen out, and he had shut himself up in his room. He did not know we were there.

Many, indeed, have been the miserable circumstances that have, from time to time, alarmed and afflicted in turn, and seemed to render a renunciation indispensable. Those difficulties, however, have been conquered; and last Sunday Mr. and Mrs. Locke, my sister and Captain Phillips, and my brother Captain Burney, accompanied us to the altar in Mickleham church; since which the ceremony has been repeated in the chapel of the Sardinian Ambassador, that if, by a counter-revolution in France, M. d'Arblay recovers any of his rights, his wife may not be excluded from their participation.

You may be amazed not to see the name of my dear father upon this solemn occasion; but his apprehensions from the smallness of our income have made him cold and averse; and though he granted his consent, I could not even solicit his presence. I feel satisfied, however, that time will convince him I have not been so imprudent as he now thinks me. Happiness is the great end of all our worldly views and proceedings, and no one can judge for another in what will produce it. To me, wealth and ambition would always be unavailing; I have lived in their

most central possessions, and I have always seen that the happiness of the richest and the greatest has been the moment of retiring from riches and from power. Domestic comfort and social affection have invariably been the sole as well as ultimate objects of my choice, and I have always been a stranger to any other species of felicity.

M. d'Arblay has a taste for literature, and a passion for reading and writing, as marked as my own; this is a sympathy to rob retirement of all superfluous leisure, and insure to us both occupation, constantly edifying or entertaining. He has seen so much of life, and has suffered so severely from its disappointments, that retreat, with a chosen companion, is become his final desire.

Mr. Locke has given M. d'Arblay a piece of ground in his beautiful park, upon which we shall build a little neat and plain habitation. We shall continue, meanwhile, in his neighborhood, to superintend the little edifice, and enjoy the society of his exquisite house, and that of my beloved sister Phillips. We are now within two miles of both, at a farm-house, where we have what apartments we require, and no more, in a most beautiful and healthy situation, a mile and a half from any town. The nearest is Bookham; but I beg that my letters may be directed to me at Captain Phillips's, Mickleham, as the post does not come this way, and I may else miss them for a week.

As I do not correspond with Mrs. Montagu, and it would be awkward to begin upon such a theme, I beg that when you write you will say something for me.

One of my first pleasures, in our little intended home, will be finding a place of honor for the legacy of Mrs. Delany. Whatever may be the general wonder, and perhaps blame, of general people, at this connection, equally indiscreet in pecuniary points for us both, I feel sure that the truly liberal and truly intellectual judgment

of that most venerated character would have accorded its sanction, when acquainted with the worthiness of the object who would wish it.

Adieu, my sweet friend. Give my best compliments to Mr. —, and give me your kind wishes, your kind prayers, my ever dear M——.

F. D'A.

Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. —.

The account of your surprise, my sweet friend, was the last thing to create mine: I was well aware of the general astonishment, and of yours in particular. My own, however, at my very extraordinary fate, is singly greater than that of all my friends united. I had never made any vow against marriage, but I had long, long been firmly persuaded it was for me a state of too much hazard and too little promise to draw me from my individual plans and purposes. I remember, in playing at questions and commands, when I was thirteen, being asked when I intended to marry? and surprising my playmates by solemnly replying, "When I think I shall be happier than I am in being single." It is true, I imagined that time would never arrive; and I have pertinaciously adhered to trying no experiment upon any other hope; for, many and mixed as are the ingredients which form what is generally considered as happiness, I was always fully convinced that social sympathy of character and taste could alone have any chance with me; all else I always thought, and now know, to be immaterial. I have only this peculiar, — that what many contentedly assert or adopt in theory, I have had the courage to be guided by in practice.

We are now removed to a very small house in the suburbs of a very small village called Bookham. We found

it rather inconvenient to reside in another person's dwelling, though our own apartments were to ourselves. Our views are not so beautiful as from Phenice Farm, but our situation is totally free from neighbors and intrusion. We are about a mile and a half from Norbury Park, and two miles from Mickleham. I am become already so stout a walker, by use, and with the help of a very able supporter, that I go to those places and return home on foot without fatigue, when the weather is kind. At other times I condescend to accept a carriage from Mr. Locke; but it is always reluctantly, I so much prefer walking where, as here, the country and prospects are inviting.

I thank you for your caution about building: we shall certainly undertake nothing but by contract; however, it would be truly mortifying to give up a house in Norbury Park; we defer the structure till the spring, as it is to be so very slight, that Mr. Locke says it will be best to have it hardened in its first stage by the summer's sun. It will be very small, merely an habitation for three people, but in a situation truly beautiful, and within five minutes of either Mr. Locke or my sister Phillips: it is to be placed just between these two loved houses.

My dearest father, whose fears and drawbacks have been my sole subject of regret, begins now to see I have not judged rashly, or with romance, in seeing my own road to my own felicity. And his restored cheerful concurrence in my constant principles, though new station, leaves me, for myself, without a wish. *L'ennui*, which could alone infect our retreat, I have ever been a stranger to, except in tiresome company, and my companion has every possible resource against either feeling or inspiring it.

As my partner is a Frenchman, I conclude the wonder raised by the connection may spread beyond my own private circle; but no wonder upon earth can ever arrive near

my own in having found such a character from that nation. This is a prejudice certainly, impertinent and very John Bullish, and very arrogant; but I only share it with all my countrymen, and therefore must needs forgive both them and myself. I am convinced, however, from your tender solicitude for me in all ways, that you will be glad to hear that the Queen and all the Royal Family have deigned to send me wishes for my happiness through Mrs. Schwellenberg, who has written me "what you call" a very kind congratulation.

F. D'A.

CHAPTER VII.

1794 — 1800.

[IN the year 1794, the happiness of the "Hermitage" was increased by the birth of a son, who was christened Alexander Charles Louis Piochard d'Arblay; receiving the names of his father, with those of his two godfathers, the Comte de Narbonne and Dr. Charles Burney.]

Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. —.

BOOKHAM, April 15, 1795.

So dry a reproof from so dear a friend! And do you, then, measure my regard of heart by my remissness of hand? Let me give you the short history of my tragedy, fairly and frankly.

I wrote it not, as your acquaintance imagined, for the stage, nor yet for the press. I began it at Kew Palace and at odd moments, I finished it at Windsor; without the least idea of any species of publication.

Since I left the Royal household, I ventured to let it be read by my father, Mr. and Mrs. Locke, my sister Phillips, and, of course, M. d'Arblay, and not another human being.

Their opinions led to what followed, and my brother, Dr. Charles, showed it to Mr. Kemble while I was on my visit to my father last October. He instantly and warmly

pronounced for its acceptance, but I knew not when Mr. Sheridan would see it, and had not the smallest expectation of its appearing this year. However, just three days before my beloved little infant came into the world, an express arrived from my brother, that Mr. Kemble wanted the tragedy immediately, in order to show it to Mr. Sheridan, who had just heard of it, and had spoken in the most flattering terms of his good will for its reception.

Still, however, I was in doubt of its actual acceptance till three weeks after my confinement, when I had a visit from my brother, who told me he was, the next morning, to read the piece in the green-room.

This was a precipitance for which I was every way unprepared, as I had never made but one copy of the play, and had intended divers corrections and alterations. Absorbed, however, by my new charge, and then growing ill, I had a sort of indifference about the matter, which, in fact, has lasted ever since.

The moment I was then able to hold a pen I wrote two short letters, to acknowledge the state of the affair to my sisters; and to one of these epistles I had an immediate laughing answer, informing me my confidence was somewhat of the latest, as the subject of it was already in all the newspapers! I was extremely chagrined at this intelligence; but, from that time, thought it all too late to be the herald of my own designs. And this, added to my natural and incurable dislike to enter upon these egotistical details unasked, has caused my silence to my dear M——, and to every friend I possess. Indeed, speedily after, I had an illness so severe and so dangerous, that for full seven weeks the tragedy was neither named nor thought of by M. d'Arblay or myself.

The piece was represented to the utmost disadvantage, save only Mrs. Siddons and Mr. Kemble; for it was not

written with any idea of the stage, and my illness and weakness, and constant absorbment, at the time of its preparation, occasioned it to appear with so many undramatic effects, from my inexperience of theatrical requisites and demands, that, when I saw it, I myself perceived a thousand things I wished to change. The performers, too, were cruelly imperfect, and made blunders I blush to have pass for mine—added to what belong to me. The most important character after the hero and heroine had but two lines of his part by heart! He made all the rest at random, and such nonsense as put all the other actors out as much as himself; so that a more wretched performance, except Mrs. Siddons, Mrs. Kemble, and Mr. Bensley, could not be exhibited in a barn.

All this occurred to make it very desirable to withdraw the piece for alterations, which I have done.

And now you have the whole history—and now—are you appeased? F. D'A.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney.

HERMITAGE, BOOKHAM, May 13, 1795.

Horticulture prospers beyond all former even ideas of prosperity. How, how I do wish you could come and take an hour's work here! it would mingle so well with Metastasio!—the employment—the fragrant surrounding air—the sweet refreshing landscape—and your partner in labor,—all would be congenial with Metastasio, and, consequently, with you; for you know, when we were all to choose who we would be if not our dear identical and always all-preferable selves, you fixed upon Metastasio; and indeed, in many, nay most respects, it would hardly be a change.

To be sure, as you say, 'tis pity M. d'A. and his rib should have conceived such an antipathy to the petit monsieur! Oh if you could see him now! My mother would be satisfied, for his little cheeks are beginning to savor of the trumpeter's, and Esther would be satisfied, for he eats like an embryo alderman. He enters into all we think, say, mean, and wish! His eyes are sure to sympathize in all our affairs and all our feelings. We find some kind reason for every smile he bestows upon us, and some generous and disinterested motive for every grave look. If he wants to be danced, we see he has discovered that his gaiety is exhilarating to us; if he refuses to be moved, we take notice that he fears to fatigue us. If he will not be quieted without singing, we delight in his early *goût* for *les beaux arts*. If he is immovable to all we can devise to divert him, we are edified by the *grand sérieux* of his dignity and philosophy: if he makes the house ring with loud acclaim because his food, at first call, does not come ready warm into his mouth, we hold up our hands with admiration at his vivacity.

Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. —.

BOOKHAM, June 15, '95.

No, my dear M——, no; — “this poor intercourse” shall never cease, while the hand that writes this assurance can hold a pen! I have been very much touched with your letter, its affection, and its — everything. Do not for the world suffer this our only communication to “dwindle away:” for me, though the least punctual of all correspondents, I am, perhaps, the most faithful of all friends; for my regard, once excited, keeps equal energy in absence as in presence, and an equally fond and minute interest in

those for whom I cherish it, whether I see them but at the distance of years, or with every day's sun. *Sun* it is, even in winter, that shines upon sights so sweet as of persons beloved. My dear and darling sister Phillips will now once more experience this truth, for last Monday she left Mickleham — Norbury Park — Bookham — every spot most dear to her, to go and live in London! Will she, think you, for that, be ever absent from my mind? Will my new ties, dear almost to adoration as they are to me, ever obliterate my former ones? No, my dear M——, all those whom I best love have something more or less, of resemblance one to another; each, therefore, rather helps than mars my affection for the rest. I love *nobody for nothing*; I am not so tindery! therefore there must be change in the object before there can be any in me.

I have much to say to you. —

And lastly, let me hasten to tell you something of myself that I shall be very sorry you should hear from any other, as your too susceptible mind would be hurt again, and that would grieve me quite to the heart.

I have a long work, which a long time has been in hand, that I mean to publish soon — in about a year.¹ Should it succeed, like “*Evelina*” and “*Cecilia*,” it may be a little portion to our *Bambino*. We wish, therefore, to print it for ourselves in this hope; but the expenses of the press are so enormous, so raised by these late Acts, that it is out of all question for us to afford it. We have, therefore, been led by degrees to listen to counsel of some friends, and to print it by subscription. This is in many — many ways unpleasant and unpalatable to us both; but the real chance of real use and benefit to our little darling overcomes all scruples, and, therefore, to work we go!

¹ Her novel of “*Camilla*.”

You will feel, I dare believe, all I could write on this subject; I once rejected such a plan, formed for me by Mr. Burke, where books were to be kept by ladies, not book-sellers — the Duchess of Devonshire, Mrs. Boscawen, and Mrs. Crewe; but I was an individual then, and had no cares of times to come: now, thank Heaven! this is not the case; — and when I look at my little boy's dear, innocent, yet intelligent face, I defy any pursuit to be painful that may lead to his good.

Adieu, my ever dear friend!

F. D'A.

Madame d'Arblay to the Comte de Narbonne (written during his embarrassments from the French Revolution, and in answer to a letter expressing bitter disappointment from repeated losses).

BOOKHAM, 26th December, 1795.

What a letter, to terminate so long and painful a silence! It has penetrated us with sorrowing and indignant feelings. Unknown to M. d'Arblay, whose grief and horror are upon the point of making him quite ill, I venture this address to his most beloved friend; and before I seal it, I will give him the option to burn or underwrite it.

I shall be brief in what I have to propose: sincerity need not be loquacious, and M. Narbonne is too kind to demand phrases for ceremony.

Should your present laudable but melancholy plan fail, and should nothing better offer, or till something can be arranged, will you, dear sir, condescend to share the poverty of our Hermitage? Will you take a little cell under our rustic roof, and fare as we fare? What to us two hermits is cheerful and happy will to you, indeed, be miserable; but it will be some solace to the goodness of your heart to witness our contentment — to dig with M.

d'A. in the garden will be of service to your health ; to nurse sometimes with me in the parlor will be a relaxation to your mind. You will not blush to own your little godson. Come, then, and give him your blessing ; relieve the wounded feelings of his father — oblige his mother — and turn hermit at Bookham, till brighter suns invite you elsewhere.

F. D'ARBLAY.

You will have terrible dinners, alas ! — but your godson comes in for the dessert.

[During the years 1794 and 1795, Madame d'Arblay finished and prepared for the press her third novel, "Camilia," which was published partly by subscription in 1796 ; the Dowager Duchess of Leinster, the Hon. Mrs. Boscawen, Mrs. Crewe, and Mrs. Locke, kindly keeping lists, and receiving the names of subscribers.

This work having been dedicated by permission to the Queen, the authoress was desirous of presenting the first copy to her Majesty, and made a journey to Windsor for that honor.]

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney.

BOOKHAM, July 10, 1796.

If I had as much of time as of matter, my dear father, what an immense letter should I write you ! But I have still so many book oddments of accounts, examinations, directions, and little household affairs to arrange, that with baby-kissing included, I expect I can give you to-day only part the first of an excursion which I mean to comprise in four parts : so here begins.

The books were ready at eleven or twelve, but not so the tailor ! The three Miss Thrales came to a short but cor-

dial hand-shaking at the last minute, by appointment; and at about half-past three we set forward. I had written the day before to my worthy old friend Mrs. Agnew, the housekeeper, erst, of my revered Mrs. Delany, to secure us rooms for one day and night, and to Miss Planta to make known I could not set out till late.

When we came into Windsor at seven o'clock, the way to Mrs. Agnew's was so intricate that we could not find it, till one of the King's footmen, recollecting me, I imagine, came forward, a volunteer, and walked by the side of the chaise to show the postilion the house. N.B. — No bad omen to worldly augurers.

Arrived, Mrs. Agnew came forth with faithful attachment, to conduct us to our destined lodgings. I wrote hastily to Miss Planta, to announce to the Queen that I was waiting the honor of her Majesty's commands; and then began preparing for my appearance the next morning, when I expected a summons; but Miss Planta came instantly herself from the Queen, with orders of immediate attendance, as her Majesty would see me directly! The King was just gone upon the Terrace, but her Majesty did not walk that evening.

Mrs. Agnew was my maid, Miss Planta my arranger; my landlord, who was a hairdresser, came to my head, and M. d'Arblay was general superintendent. The haste and the joy went hand in hand, and I was soon equipped, though shocked at my own precipitance in sending before I was already visible. Who, however, could have expected such prompt admission? and in an evening?

M. d'Arblay helped to carry the books as far as to the gates. My lodgings were as near to them as possible. At the first entry towards the Queen's lodge, we encountered Dr. Fisher and his lady: the sight of me there, in a dress announcing indisputably whither I was hieing, was such

an astonishment that they looked at me rather as a recollected spectre than a renewed acquaintance. When we came to the iron rails, poor Miss Planta, in much fidget, begged to take the books from M. d'Arblay, terrified, I imagine, lest French feet should contaminate the gravel within!—while he, innocent of her fears, was insisting upon carrying them as far as to the house, till he saw I took part with Miss Planta, and he was then compelled to let us lug in ten volumes as we could.

The King was already returned from the Terrace, the page in waiting told us. "O, then," said Miss Planta, "you are too late!" However, I went into my old dining-parlor; while she said she would see if any one could obtain the Queen's commands for another time. I did not stay five minutes ruminating upon the dinners, "gone where the chickens," &c., when Miss Planta returned, and told me the Queen would see me instantly.

The Queen was in her dressing-room, and with only the Princess Elizabeth. Her reception was the most gracious imaginable; yet, when she saw my emotion in thus meeting her again, she was herself by no means quite unmoved. I presented my little — yet not small — offering, upon one knee, placing them, as she directed, upon a table by her side, and expressing as well as I could my devoted gratitude for her invariable goodness to me. She then began a conversation, in her old style, upon various things and people, with all her former graciousness of manner, which soon, as she perceived my strong sense of her indulgence, grew into even all its former kindness. Particulars I have now no room for; but, when, in about half an hour, she said, "How long do you intend to stay here, Madame d'Arblay?" and I answered, "We have no intentions, ma'am," she repeated, laughing, "You have no intentions! — Well, then, if you can come again to-morrow morning, you shall see the Princesses."

She then said she would not detain me at present ; and, encouraged by all that had passed, I asked if I might presume to put at the door of the King's apartment a copy of my little work. She hesitated, but with smiles the most propitious; then told me to fetch the books; and whispered something to the Princess Elizabeth, who left the room by another door at the same moment that I retired for the other set. Almost immediately upon my return to the Queen and the Princess Elizabeth, the King entered the apartment, and entered it to receive himself my little offering.

“Madame d'Arblay,” said her Majesty, “tells me that Mrs. Boscawen is to have the third set; but the first — your Majesty will excuse me — is mine.” This was not, you will believe, thrown away upon me. The King, smiling, said, “Mrs. Boscawen, I hear, has been very zealous.” I confirmed this, and the Princess Elizabeth eagerly called out, “Yes, sir! and while Mrs. Boscawen kept a book for Madame d'Arblay, the Duchess of Beaufort kept one for Mrs. Boscawen.”

This led to a little discourse upon the business, in which the King's countenance seemed to speak a benign interest: and the Queen then said, “This book was begun here, sir.” Which already I had mentioned.

“And what did you write of it here?” cried he. “How far did you go? — Did you finish any part? or only form the skeleton?”

“Just that, sir,” I answered; “the skeleton was formed here, but nothing was completed. I worked it up in my little cottage.”

“And about what time did you give to it?” “All my time, sir; from the period I planned publishing it, I devoted myself to it wholly. I had no episode but a little baby. My subject grew upon me, and increased my mate-

rials to a bulk that I am afraid will be more laborious to wade through for the reader than for the writer."

"Are you much frightened?" cried he, smiling; "as much frightened as you were before?"

"I have hardly had time to know yet, sir. I received the fair sheets of the last volume only last night. I have, therefore, had no leisure for fear. And sure I am, happen what may to the book from the critics, it can never cause me pain in any proportion with the pleasure and happiness I owe to it." I am sure I spoke most sincerely; and he looked kindly to believe me. He asked if Mr. Locke had seen it; and, when I said no, seemed comically pleased, as if desirous to have it in its first state. He asked next if Dr. Burney had overlooked it; and, upon the same answer, looked with the same satisfaction. He did not imagine how it would have passed current with my dearest father: he appeared only to be glad it would be a genuine work: but, laughingly, said, "So you kept it quite snug?"

"Not intentionally, sir, but from my situation and my haste; I should else have been very happy to have consulted my father and Mr. Locke; but I had so much, to the last moment, to write, that I literally had not a moment to hear what could be said. The work is longer by the whole fifth volume than I had first planned; and I am almost ashamed to look at its size, and afraid my readers would have been more obliged to me if I had left so much out than for putting so much in." He laughed; and inquired who corrected my proofs? "Only myself," I answered.

"Why, some authors have told me," cried he, "that they are the last to do that work for themselves. They know so well by heart what ought to be, that they run on without seeing what is. They have told me, besides, that a mere plodding head is best and surest for that work; and that

the livelier the imagination, the less it should be trusted to."

I must not go on thus minutely, or my four parts will be forty. But a full half-hour of graciousness I could almost call kindness was accorded me, though the King came from the concert to grant it; and it broke up by the Queen saying, "I have told Madame d'Arblay that, if she can come again to-morrow, she shall see the Princesses."

The King bowed gently to my grateful obeisance for this offer, and told me I should not know the Princess Amelia, she was so much grown, adding, "She is taller than you!"

I expressed warmly my delight in the permission of seeing their Royal Highnesses; and their Majesties returned to the concert-room. The Princess Elizabeth stayed, and flew up to me, crying, "How glad I am to see you here again, my dear Miss Burney! — I beg your pardon, Madame d'Arblay I mean — but I always call all my friends by their maiden names when I first see them after they are married."

I warmly now opened upon my happiness in this return to all their sights, and the condescension and sweetness with which it was granted me; and confessed I could hardly behave prettily and properly at my first entrance after so long an absence. "Oh, I assure you I felt for you!" cried she; "I thought you must be agitated; it was so natural to you to come here — to Mamma!"

You will believe, my dearest father, how light-hearted and full of glee I went back to my expecting companion: Miss Planta accompanied me, and stayed the greatest part of the little remaining evening, promising to let me know at what hour I should wait upon their Royal Highnesses. The next morning, at eight or nine o'clock, my old footman, Moss, came with Mdlle. Jacobi's compliments to M.

and Madame d'Arblay, and an invitation to dine at the Queen's Lodge.

Miss Planta arrived at ten, with her Majesty's commands that I should be at the Queen's Lodge at twelve. I stayed, meanwhile, with good Mrs. Agnew, and M. d'Arblay made acquaintance with her worthy husband, who is a skilful and famous botanist, and lately made gardener to the Queen for Frogmore; so M. d'Arblay consulted him about our *cabbages!* and so, if they have not now a high flavor, we are hopeless.

At eleven M. d'Arblay again ventured to esquire me to the rails round the lodge, whence I showed him my *ci-devant* apartment, which he languished to view nearer. I made a visit to Mdlle. Jacobi, who is a very good creature, and with whom I remained very comfortably till her Majesty and the Princesses returned from Frogmore, where they had passed two or three hours. Almost immediately I was summoned to the Queen by one of the pages. She was just seated to her hair-dresser. She conversed upon various public and general topics till the *friseur* was dismissed, and then I was honored with an audience, quite alone, for a full hour and a half. In this, nothing could be more gracious than her whole manner and discourse. The particulars, as there was no pause, would fill a duodecimo volume at least. Among them was Mr. Wyndham, whom she named with great favor; and gave me the opportunity of expressing my delight upon his belonging to the Government. We had so often conversed about him during the accounts I had related of Mr. Hastings's trial, that there was much to say upon the acquisition to the administration, and my former round assertions of his goodness of heart and honor. She inquired how you did, my dearest father, with an air of great kindness; and, when I said well, looked pleased, as she answered, "I was

afraid he was ill, for I saw him but twice last year at our music."

She then gave me an account of the removal of the concert to the Haymarket since the time I was admitted to it. She talked of some books and authors, but found me wholly in the clouds as to all that is new. She then said, "What a very pretty book Dr. Burney has brought out upon Metastasio! I am very much pleased with it. Pray (smiling) what will he bring out next?" "As yet, Madam, I don't know of any new plan." "But he *will* bring out something else?"

"Most probably; but he will rest a little first, I fancy."

"Has he nothing in hand?"

"Not that I know of, Madam."

"Oh, but he soon will!" cried she, again smiling. "He has so active a mind, Ma'am, that I believe it quite impossible to him to be utterly idle; but, indeed, I know of no present design being positively formed." We had then some discourse upon the new connection at Norbury Park—the Fitzgeralds, &c.; and I had the opportunity to speak as highly as I believe her to deserve of Mrs. Charles. The Queen had thought Miss Angerstein was dead. From this she led to various topics of our former conferences, both in persons and things, and gave me a full description of her new house at Frogmore, its fitting up, and the share of each Princess in its decoration.

She spoke with delight of its quiet and ease, and her enjoyment of its complete retirement. "I spend," she cried, "there almost constantly all my mornings. I rarely come home but just before dinner, merely to dress; but to-day I came sooner." This was said in a manner so flattering, I could scarce forbear the air of thanking her; however, I checked the expression, though I could not the inference which urged it.

At two o'clock the Princess Elizabeth appeared. "Is the Princess Royal ready?" said the Queen. She answered "Yes," and her Majesty then told me I might go to her, adding, "You know the way, Madame d'Arblay." And, thus licensed, I went to the apartment of her Royal Highness upstairs. She was just quitting it. She received me most graciously, and told me she was going to sit for her picture, if I would come and stay with her while she sat. Miss Bab Planta was in attendance, to read during this period. The Princess Royal ordered me a chair facing her; and another for Miss Bab and her book, which, however, was never opened. The painter was Mr. Dupont. She was very gay and very charming; full of lively discourse and amiable condescension.

In about an hour the Princess Augusta came in: she addressed me with her usual sweetness, and, when she had looked at her sister's portrait, said, "Madame d'Arblay, when the Princess Royal can spare you, I hope you will come to me," as she left the room. I did not flout her; and when I had been an hour with the Princess Royal, she told me she would keep me no longer from Augusta, and Miss Planta came to conduct me to the latter.

This lovely Princess received me quite alone; Miss Planta only shut me in; and she then made me sit by her, and kept me in most bewitching discourse more than an hour. She has a gaiety, a charm about her, that is quite resistless; and much of true, genuine, and very original humor. She related to me the history of all the feats, and exploits, and dangers, and escapes of her brothers during last year; rejoicing in their safety, yet softly adding, "Though these trials and difficulties did them a great deal of good." We talked a little of France, and she inquired of me what I knew of the late unhappy Queen, through M. d'Arblay; and spoke of her with the most virtuous dis-

crimination between her foibles and her really great qualities, with her most barbarous end.

She then dwelt upon Madame Royale, saying, in her unaffected manner, "It's very odd one never hears what sort of girl she is." I told her all I had gathered from M. d'Arblay. She next spoke of my Bambino, indulging me in recounting his *faits et gestes*; and never moved till the Princess Royal came to summon her. They were all to return to Frogmore to dinner. "We have detained Madame d'Arblay between us the whole morning," said the Princess Royal, with a gracious smile. "Yes," cried Princess Augusta, "and I am afraid I have bored her to death; but when once I begin upon my poor brothers, I can never stop without telling all my little bits of glory." She then outstayed the Princess Royal, to tell me that, when she was at Plymouth, at church, she saw so many officers' wives, and sisters, and mothers, helping their maimed husbands, or brothers, or sons, that she could not forbear whispering to the Queen, "Mamma, how lucky it is Ernest is just come so seasonably with that wound in his face! I should have been quite shocked, else, not to have had one little bit of glory among ourselves!"

When forced away from this sweet creature, I went to Mlle. Jacobi, who said, "But where is M. d'Arblay?" Finding it too late for me to go to my lodging to dress before dinner, I wrote him a word, which immediately brought him to the Queen's Lodge: and there I shall leave my dear father the pleasure of seeing us, mentally, at dinner, at my ancient table—both invited by the Queen's commands. Miss Gomme was asked to meet me, and the repast was extremely pleasant. Just before we assembled to dinner, Mlle. Jacobi desired to speak with me alone; and, taking me to another room, presented me with a folded packet, saying, "The Queen ordered me to

put this into your hands, and said, 'Tell Madame d'Arblay it is from us both.' " It was a hundred guineas. I was confounded, and nearly sorry, so little was such a mark of their goodness in my thoughts. She added that the King, as soon as he came from the chapel in the morning, went to the Queen's dressing-room just before he set out for the levee, and put into her hands fifty guineas, saying, "This is for my set!" The Queen answered, "I shall do exactly the same for mine," and made up the packet herself. "'T is only," she said, "for the paper, tell Madame d'Arblay — nothing for the trouble!" meaning she accepted that.

The manner of this was so more than gracious, so kind, in the words *us both*, that indeed the money at the time was quite nothing in the scale of my gratification; it was even less, for it almost pained me. However, a delightful thought that in a few minutes occurred made all light and blithesome. "We will come, then," I cried, "once a year to Windsor, to walk the Terrace, and see the King, Queen, and sweet Princesses. This will enable us, and I shall never again look forward to so long a deprivation of their sight." This, with my gratitude for their great goodness, was what I could not refrain commissioning her to report.

Our dinner was extremely cheerful; all my old friends were highly curious to see M. d'Arblay, who was in spirits, and, as he could address them in French, and at his ease, did not seem much disapproved of by them. I went to my lodging afterwards to dress, where I told my Monsieur this last and unexpected stroke, which gave him exactly my sensations, and we returned to tea. We had hopes of the Terrace, as my Monsieur was quite eager to see all this beloved Royal House. The weather, however, was very unpromising. The King came from the Lodge during our absence; but soon after we were in the levee three Royal coaches arrived from Frogmore: in the first was the

Queen, the Princesses Royal and Augusta, and some lady in waiting. M. d'Arblay stood by me at a window to see them ; Her Majesty looked up and bowed to me, and, upon her alighting, she looked up again. This, I am sure, was to see M. d'Arblay, who could not be doubted, as he wore his *croix* the whole time he was at Windsor. The Princesses bowed also, and the four younger, who followed, all severally kissed their hands to me, and fixed their eyes on my companion with an equal expression of kindness and curiosity ; he therefore saw them perfectly.

In a few minutes a page came to say "The Princesses desire to see Madame d'Arblay," and he conducted me to the apartment of the Princess Elizabeth, which is the most elegantly and fancifully ornamented of any in the Lodge, as she has most delight and most taste in producing good effects.

Here the fair owner of the chamber received me, encircled with the Princesses Mary and Amelia, and no attendant. They were exactly as I had left them — kind, condescending, open, and delightful, and the goodness of the Queen, in sparing them all to me thus, without any alloy of ceremony, or *gêne* of listening nutes, I felt most deeply. They were all very gay, and I not very sad, so we enjoyed a perfectly easy and even merry half-hour in divers discourses, in which they recounted to me who had been most anxious about "the book," and doubted not its great success, as everybody was so eager about it. "And I must tell you one thing," cried the Princess Elizabeth ; "the King is very much pleased with the dedication." This was, you will be sure, a very touching hearing to me ; and Princess Mary exclaimed, "And he is very difficult !"

"O, yes, he's hardly ever pleased with a dedication," cried one of the Princesses. "He almost always thinks them so fulsome."

“I was resolved I would tell it you,” cried the Princess Elizabeth. Can you imagine anything more amiable than this pleasure in giving pleasure?

I now explained that politics were always left out; that once I had had an idea of bringing in such as suited me, but that, upon second thoughts, I returned to my more native opinion that they were not a feminine subject for discussion, and that I even believed, should the little work sufficiently succeed to be at all generally read, it would be a better office to general readers to carry them wide of all politics to their domestic firesides, than to open new matter of endless debate.

Soon after the Princess Augusta came in, smiling and lovely. Princess Royal next appeared; Princess Augusta sat down and charged me to take a chair next her. Princess Royal did not stay long, and soon returned to summon her sister Augusta downstairs, as the concert was begun; but she replied she could not come yet; and the Princess Royal went alone. We had really a most delicious chat then.

They made a thousand inquiries about my book, and when and where it was written, &c., and how I stood as to fright and fidget. I answered all with openness, and frankly related my motives for the publication. Everything of housekeeping, I told them, was nearly doubled in price at the end of the first year and a half of our marriage, and we found it impossible to continue so near our friends and the Capital with our limited income, though M. d’A. had accommodated himself completely, and even happily, to every species of economy, and though my dearest father had assisted us; I then, therefore, determined upon adopting a plan I had formerly rejected, of publishing by subscription. I told them the former history of that plan, as Mr. Burke’s, and many particulars that

seemed extremely to interest them. My garden, our way of life, our house, our Bambino — all were inquired after and related. I repeatedly told them the strong desire M. d'Arblay had to be regaled with a sight of all their House — a House to which I stood so every way indebted — and they looked kindly concerned that the weather admitted no prospect of the Terrace.

I mentioned to the Princess Augusta my recent new obligation to their Majesties, and my amaze and even shame at their goodness. “O, I am sure,” cried she, “they were very happy to have it in their power.”

“Yes, and we were so glad!”

“So glad!” echoed each of the others.

“How enchanted should I have been,” cried I, “to have presented my little book to each of your Royal Highnesses if I had dared! or if, after her Majesty has looked it over, I might hope for such a permission, how proud and how happy it would make me!”

“O, I daresay you may,” cried the Princess Augusta, eagerly.

I then intimated how deeply I should feel such an honor, if it might be asked, after her Majesty had read it; and the Princess Elizabeth gracefully undertook the office. She related to me, in a most pleasant manner, the whole of her own transaction, its rise and cause and progress, in “The Birth of Love:”¹ but I must here abridge, or never have done. I told them all my scheme for coming again next July, which they sweetly seconded. Princess Amelia assured me she had not forgotten me; and when another summons came for the concert, Princess Augusta, comically sitting still and holding me by her side, called out, “Do you little ones go!” But they loitered also; and we went

¹ “The Birth of Love;” a Poem: with engravings, from designs by Her Royal Highness the Princess Elizabeth.

on, on, on, with our chat — they as unwilling as myself to break it up — till staying longer was impossible; and then, in parting, they all expressed the kindest pleasure in our newly-adopted plan of a yearly visit.

“And pray,” cried Princess Elizabeth, “write again immediately!”

“O, no,” cried Princess Augusta, “wait half a year — to rest; and then — increase your family — *all ways!*”

“The Queen,” said Princess Elizabeth, “consulted me which way she should read ‘Camilla;’ whether quick, at once, or comfortably at Weymouth: so I answered, ‘Why, mamma, I think, as you will be so much interested in the book, Madame d’Arblay would be most pleased you should read it now at once, quick, that nobody may be mentioning the events before you come to them; and then again at Weymouth, slow and comfortably.’”

In going, the sweet Princess Augusta loitered last but her youngest sister, Amelia, who came to take my hand when the rest were departed, and assure me she should never forget me.

We spent the remnant of Wednesday evening with my old friends, determining to quit Windsor the next day, if the weather did not promise a view of the Royal Family upon the Terrace for M. d’Arblay.

Thursday morning was lowering, and we determined upon departing, after only visiting some of my former acquaintances. We met Miss Planta in our way to the Lodge, and took leave; but when we arrived at Mlle. Jacobi’s we found that the Queen expected we should stay for the chance of the Terrace, and had told Mlle. Jacobi to again invite us to dinner.

We left the friendly Miss Goldsworthy for other visits: — first to good old Mrs. Planta; next to the very respecta-

ble Dr. Fisher and his wife. The former insisted upon doing the honors himself of St. George's Cathedral to M. d'Arblay, which occasioned his seeing that beautiful antique building to the utmost advantage. Dr. Fisher then accompanied us to a spot to show M. d'Arblay Eton in the best view.

Dinner passed as before, but the evening lowered, and all hopes of the Terrace were weak, when the Duke and Duchess of York arrived. This seemed to determine against us, as they told us the Duchess never went upon the Terrace but in the finest weather, and the Royal Family did not choose to leave her. We were hesitating therefore whether to set off for Rose Dale, when Mlle. Jacobi gave an intimation to me that the King, herself, and the Princess Amelia, would walk on the Terrace.

Thither instantly we hastened, and were joined by Dr. and Mrs. Fisher. The evening was so raw and cold that there was very little company, and scarce any expectation of the Royal Family; and when we had been there about half an hour the musicians retreated, and everybody was preparing to follow, when a messenger suddenly came forward, helter skelter, running after the horns and clarionets, and hallooing to them to return. This brought back the straggling parties, and the King, Duke of York, and six Princesses soon appeared.

I have never yet seen M. d'Arblay agitated as at this moment; he could scarce keep his steadiness, or even his ground. The recollections, he has since told me, that rushed upon his mind of his own King and Royal House were so violent and so painful as almost to disorder him. His Majesty was accompanied by the Duke, and Lord Beaulieu, Lord Walsingham, and General Manners; the Princesses were attended by Lady Charlotte Bruce, some other lady, and Miss Goldsworthy. The King stopped to speak to the

Bishop of Norwich and some others at the entrance, and then walked on towards us, who were at the further end. As he approached, the Princess Royal said, loud enough to be heard by Mrs. Fisher, "Madame d'Arblay, sir;" and instantly he came on a step, and then stopped and addressed me, and, after a word or two of the weather, he said, "Is that M. d'Arblay?" and most graciously bowed to him, and entered into a little conversation; demanding how long he had been in England, how long in the country, &c., &c., and with a sweetness, an air of wishing us well, that will never, never be erased from our hearts.

M. d'Arblay recovered himself immediately upon this address, and answered with as much firmness as respect.

Upon the King's bowing and leaving us, the Commander-in-Chief most courteously bowed also to M. d'Arblay, and the Princesses all came up to speak to me, and to curtsy to him: and the Princess Elizabeth cried, "I've got leave! and mamma says she won't wait to read it first!" After this the King and Duke never passed without taking off their hats, and the Princesses gave me a smile and a curtsy at every turn: Lord Walsingham came to speak to me, and Mr. Fairly, and General Manners, who regretted that more of our old tea-party were not there to meet me once more. As soon as they all re-entered the Lodge, we followed to take leave of Mlle. Jacobi; but, upon moving towards the passage, the Princess Royal appeared, saying, "Madame d'Arblay, I come to waylay you!" and made me follow her to the dressing-room, whence the voice of the Queen, as the door opened, called out, in mild accents, "Come in, Madame d'Arblay!"

Her Majesty was seated at the upper end of the room, with the Duchess of York on her right, and the Princesses Sophia and Amelia on her left. She made me advance, and said, "I have just been telling the Duchess of York

that I find her Royal Highness's name the first upon this list," producing "Camilla."

"Indeed," said the Duchess, bowing to me, "I was so very impatient to read it, I could not but try to get it as early as possible. I am very eager for it, indeed!"

"I have read," said the Queen, "but fifty pages yet; but I am in great uneasiness for that poor little girl, that I am afraid will get the small pox! and I am sadly afraid that sweet little other girl will not keep her fortune! but I won't peep! I read quite fair. But I must tell Madame d'Arblay I know a country gentleman, in Mecklenburg, exactly the very character of that good old man the uncle!" She seemed to speak as if delighted to meet him upon paper.

The King now came in, and I could not forbear making up to him, to pour forth some part of my full heart for his goodness! He tried to turn away, but it was smilingly; and I had courage to pursue him, for I could not help it. He then slightly bowed it off, and asked the Queen to repeat what she had said upon the book.

"O, your Majesty," she cried, "I must not anticipate!" yet told him of her pleasure in finding an old acquaintance.

"Well!" cried the King archly, "and what other characters have you seized?" None, I protested, from life.

"O!" cried he, shaking his head, "you must have some!"

"Indeed your Majesty will find none!" I cried.

"But they may be a little better, or a little worse," he answered; "but still, if they are not like somebody, how can they play their parts?" "O, yes, sir," I cried, "as far as general nature goes, or as characters belong to classes, I have certainly tried to take them. But no individuals!"

My account must be endless if I do not now curtail.

The Duke of York, the other Princesses, General Manners, and all the rest of the group, made way to the room

soon after, upon hearing the cheerfulness of the voice of the King, whose graciousness raised me into spirits that set me quite at my ease. He talked much upon the book, and then of Mrs. Delany, and then of various others that my sight brought to his recollection, and all with a freedom and goodness that enabled me to answer without difficulty or embarrassment, and that produced two or three hearty laughs from the Duke of York.

While this was passing, the Princess Royal had repaired to the apartment of Mlle. Jacobi, where she had held a little conversation with M. d'Arblay.

We finished the evening very cheerfully with Mlle. Jacobi and Mlle. Montmoulin, whom she invited to meet us, and the next morning left Windsor. At a little before eleven we arrived at our dear cottage, and to our sleeping Bambino.

F. D'A.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney.

BOOKHAM, Friday, October, 1796.

How well I know and feel the pang of this cruel day to my beloved father.¹ My heart seems visiting him almost every minute in grief and participation; yet I was happy to see it open with a smiling aspect, and encourage a superstition of hoping it portentous of a good conclusion.

I am almost afraid to ask how my poor mother bore the last farewell. Indeed, I hope she was virtuously cheated of a leave-taking. I advised Susan to avoid it if possible, as the parting impression would be lighter by such management; and, much as she is recovered from her very terrible state, she cannot be too cautious of emotions of

¹ In reference to the departure of Mrs. Phillips and her children for Ireland.

almost any sort, much less of such a separation. Our sorrow, however, here, has been very considerably diminished by the Major's voluntary promises to Mrs. Locke of certain and speedy return. I shall expect him at the peace — not before. I cannot think it possible he should appear here during the war, except, as now, merely to fetch his family.

But I meant to have begun with our thanks for my dear kind father's indulgence of our extreme curiosity and interest in the sight of the reviews. I am quite happy in what I have escaped of greater severity, though my mate cannot bear that the palm should be contested by "Evelina" and "Cecilia;" his partiality rates the last as so much the highest; so does the newspaper I have mentioned, of which I long to send you a copy. But those immense men, whose single praise was fame and security — who established, by a word, the two elder sisters — are now silent. Dr. Johnson and Sir Joshua are no more, and Mr. Burke is ill, or otherwise engrossed; yet even without their powerful influence, to which I owe such unspeakable obligation, the essential success of "Camilla" exceeds that of the elders. The sale is truly astonishing. Charles has just sent to me that five hundred only remain of four thousand, and it has appeared scarcely three months.

The first edition of "Evelina" was of eight hundred, the second of five hundred, and the third of a thousand. What the following have been I have never heard. The sale from that period became more flourishing than the publisher cared to announce. Of "Cecilia" the first edition was reckoned enormous at two thousand; and as a part of the payment was reserved for it, I remember our dear Daddy Crisp thought it very unfair. It was printed, like this, in July, and sold in October, to every one's wonder. Here, however, the sale is increased in rapidity more than a third. Charles says —

“ Now heed no more what critics thought 'em,
Since this you know, all people bought 'em.”

We have resumed our original plan, and are going immediately to build a little cottage for ourselves. We shall make it as small and as cheap as will accord with its being warm and comfortable. We have relinquished, however, the very kind offer of Mr. Locke, which he has renewed, for his park. We mean to make this a property salable or lettable for our Alex., and in Mr. Locke's park we could not encroach any tenant, if the youth's circumstances, profession, or inclination should make him not choose the spot for his own residence. M. d'Arblay, therefore, has fixed upon a field of Mr. Locke's, which he will rent, and of which Mr. Locke will grant him a lease of ninety years. By this means, we shall leave the little Alex. a little property, besides what will be in the funds, and a property likely to rise in value, as the situation of the field is remarkably beautiful. It is in the valley, between Mr. Locke's park and Dorking, and where land is so scarce, that there is not another possessor within many miles who would part, upon any terms, with half an acre. My kindest father will come and give it, I trust, his benediction. I am now almost jealous of Bookham for having received it.

Imagine but the ecstasy of M. d'Arblay in training, all his own way, an entire new garden. He dreams now of cabbage-walks, potato-beds, bean-perfumes, and peas-blossoms. My mother should send him a little sketch to help his flower-garden, which will be his second favorite object.

Alex. has made no progress in phrases, but pronounces single words a few more. Adieu, most dear sir.

F. D'A.

Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. Locke.

1796.

You are too good, my dearest friend, almost literally too good ; which, you know, like all extremes, is naught.

My mate wants to send you a daisy, but says he will carry it. What can I send you ? Only what you have got already, which is very Irish, for I have but my old heart, with not one new thing in it for you these many years.

I have had this morning a letter that has quite melted me with grateful sensations, written by command. I will show it you when these eternal rains will take a little rest.

A private letter from Windsor tells me the Prince of Wurtemberg has much pleased in the Royal House, by his manners and address upon his interview ; but that the poor Princess Royal was almost dead with terror, and agitation, and affright, at the first meeting. She could not utter a word. The Queen was obliged to speak her answers. The Prince said he hoped this first would be the last disturbance his presence would ever occasion her. She then tried to recover, and so far conquered her tumult as to attempt joining in a general discourse from time to time. He paid his court successfully, I am told, to the sisters, who all determine to like him ; and the Princess Royal is quite revived in her spirits again, now this tremendous opening sight is over.

You will be pleased, and my dearest Mr. Locke, at the style of my summons : 't is so openly from the Queen herself. Indeed, she has behaved like an angel to me, from the trying time to her of my marriage with a Frenchman. "So odd, you know," as Lady Inchiquin said.

F. D'A.

Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. Phillips.

BOOKHAM, November 7, 1796.

Yes, my beloved Susan safe landed at Dublin was indeed all-sufficient for some time ; nor, indeed, could I even read any more for many minutes. That, and the single sentence at the end, "My Norbury is with me," — completely overset me, though only with joy. After your actual safety, nothing could so much touch me as the picture I instantly viewed of Norbury in your arms. Yet I shall hope for more detail hereafter.

The last letter I had from you addressed to myself shows me your own sentiment of the fatal event¹ which so speedily followed your departure, and which my dear father has himself announced to you, though probably the newspapers will anticipate his letter. I am very sorry, now, I did not write sooner ; but while you were still in England, and travelling so slowly, I had always lurking ideas that disqualified me from writing to Ireland.

The minute I received, from Sally, by our dearest father's desire, the last tidings, I set out for Chelsea. I was much shocked by the news, long as it has been but natural to look forward to it. My better part spoke even before myself upon the propriety of my instant journey, and promised me a faithful nursing attendance during my absence. I went in a chaise, to lose no time ; but the uncertainty how I might find my poor father made me arrive with a nervous seizure upon my voice that rendered it as husky as Mr. Rishton's.

While I settled with the postilion, Sally, James, Charlotte, and Marianne, came to me. Esther and Charles had been there the preceding day ; they were sent to as soon as the event had happened. My dearest father received

¹ The death of Dr. Burney's second wife.

me with extreme kindness, but though far, far more calm and quiet than I could expect, he was much shaken, and often very faint. However, in the course of the evening, he suffered me to read to him various passages from various books, such as conversation introduced; and, as his nature is as pure from affectation as from falsehood, encouraged in himself, as well as permitted in us, whatever could lead to cheerfulness.

Let me not forget to record one thing that was truly generous in my poor mother's last voluntary exertions. She charged Sally and her maid both not to call my father when she appeared to be dying; and not disturb him if her death should happen in the night, nor to let him hear it till he arose at his usual time. I feel sensibly the kindness of this sparing consideration and true feeling.

Yet, not so would I be served! O never should I forgive the misjudged prudence that should rob me of one little instant of remaining life in one who was truly dear to me! Nevertheless, I shall not be surprised to have his first shock succeeded by a sorrow it did not excite, and I fear he will require much watching and vigilance to be kept as well as I have quitted him. F. D'A.

Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. Burney.

April 3, '97.

Launcelot Gobbo—or Gobbo Launcelot—was never more cruelly tormented by the struggles between his conscience and the fiend than I between mine and the pen. Says my conscience, "Tell dear Etty you have conquered one of your worst fears for your little pet." Says my pen, "She will have heard it at Chelsea." Says my conscience, "She knows what you must have suffered, call, therefore, for her

congratulations." Says my pen, "I am certain of her sympathy; and the call will be only a trouble to her." Says my conscience, "Are you sure this is not a delicate device to spare yourself?" Says my pen, "Mr. Conscience, you are a terrible bore. I have thought so all my life, for one odd quirk or another that you are always giving people when once you get possession of them, never letting them have their own way, unless it happens to be just to your liking, but pinching and grating and snarling, and causing bad dreams, for every little private indulgence they presume to take without consulting you. There is not a more troublesome inmate to be found. Always meddling and making, and poking your nose into everybody's concerns. Here's me, for example; I can't be four or five months without answering a letter, but what you give me as many twitches as if I had committed murder; and often and often you have consumed me more time in apologies, and cost me more plague in repentance, than would have sufficed for the most exact punctuality. So that either one must lead the life of a slave in studying all your humors, or be used worse than a dog for following one's own. I tell you, Mr. Conscience, you are an inconceivable bore."

Thus they go on, wrangling and jangling, at so indecent a rate I can get no rest for them — one urging you would like to hear from myself something of an event so deeply interesting to my happiness; the other assuring me of the pardon of perfect coincidence in my aversion to epistolary exertion. And hitherto, I have listened, whether I would or not, to one, and yielded, whether I would or not, to the other. And how long the contest might yet have endured I know not, if Mrs. Locke had not told me, yesterday, she should have an opportunity of forwarding some letters to town to-morrow. So now —

"I wish you were further!" I hear you cry; so now

you get out of your difficulties just to make me get into them.

“But consider, my dear Esther, the small-pox —”

“I have considered it at least six times, in all its stages, Heaven help me!”

“But then so sweet a bantling! —”

“I have half a dozen, every one of which would make three of him.”

I was interrupted in this my pathetic appeal, and now I must finish off-hand, or lose my conveyance.

I entreat, whenever you see Mrs. Chapone, you will present my affectionate respects to her, and ask if she received a long letter I directed to her in Francis Street.

F. D'A.

Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. Francis.

WEST HAMBLE, November 16th, 1797:

Your letter was most welcome to me, my dearest Charlotte, and I am delighted Mr. Broome and my dear father will so speedily meet. If they steer clear of politics, there can be no doubt of their immediate exchange of regard and esteem. At all events, I depend upon Mr. B.'s forbearance of such subjects, if their opinions clash. Pray let me hear how the interview went off.

I need not say how I shall rejoice to see you again, nor how charmed we shall both be to make a nearer acquaintance with Mr. Broome; but, for Heaven's sake, my dear girl, how are we to give him a dinner? — unless he will bring with him his poultry, for ours are not yet arrived from Bookham; and his fish, for ours are still at the bottom of some pond we know not where; and his spit, for our jack is yet without one; and his kitchen grate, for ours waits for Count Rumford's next pamphlet; not to

mention his table-linen ;— and not to speak of his knives and forks, some ten of our poor original twelve having been massacred in M. d'Arblay's first essays in the art of carpentering ;— and to say nothing of his large spoons, the silver of our plated ones having feloniously made off under cover of the whitening-brush ;— and not to talk of his cook, ours being not yet hired ;— and not to start the subject of wine, ours, by some odd accident, still remaining at the wine-merchant's !

• With all these impediments, however, so convivial hilarity, if he will eat a quarter of a joint of meat (his share, I mean), tied up by a packthread, and roasted by a log of wood on the bricks, — and declare no potatoes so good as those dug by M. d'Arblay out of our garden — and protest our small beer gives the spirits of champagne — and make no inquiries where we have deposited the hops he will conclude we have emptied out of our table-cloth — and pronounce that bare walls are superior to tapestry — and promise us the first sight of his epistle upon visiting a new-built cottage — we shall be sincerely happy to receive him in our Hermitage ; where I hope to learn, for my dearest Charlotte's sake, to love him as much as, for his own, I have very long admired him.

Manage all this, my dear girl, but let us know the day, as we have resumed our Norbury Park excursions, where we were yesterday. God bless you, my love, and grant that your happiness may meet my wishes ! Ever and ever yours most affectionately,

F. D'A.

Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. Phillips.

WEST HAMBLE, December, '97.

This moment I received, through our dearest friend, my own Susanna's letter. I grieve to find she ever waits anx-

iously for news; but always imagine all things essential perpetually travelling to her, from so many of our house, all in nearly constant correspondence with her. This leads me to rest quiet as to her, when I do not write more frequently; but as to myself, when I do not hear I am saddened even here, even in my own new paradise,—for such I confess it is to me; and were my beloved Susan on this side the Channel, and could I see her dear face, and fold her to my breast, I think I should set about wishing nothing but to continue just so. For circumstances — pecuniary ones I mean — never have power to distress me, unless I fear exceeding their security; and that fear these times will sometimes inflict. The new threefold assessment of taxes has terrified us rather seriously: though the necessity, and therefore justice of them, we mutually feel. My father thinks his own share will amount to £80 a year! We have, this very morning, decided upon parting with four of our new windows, — a great abatement of *agrémens* to ourselves, and of ornament to our appearance; and a still greater sacrifice to *l'amour propre* of my architect, who, indeed, — his fondness for his edifice considered, — does not ill deserve praise that the scheme had not his mere consent, but his own free proposition.

Your idea that my builder was not able to conduct us hither, I thank God, is unfounded. His indiscretion was abominable, but so characteristic that I will tell it you. Some little time before, he brought me home a dog, a young thing, he said, which had hit his fancy at Ewell, where he had been visiting M. Bourdois, and that we should educate it for our new house-guard. It is a *barbette*, and, as it was not perfectly precise in cleanliness, it was destined to a kitchen residence till it should be trained for the parlor; this, however, far from being resented by the young stranger as an indignity, appeared to be still rather too superb; for

“Muff” betook to the coal-hole, and there seemed to repose with native ease. The purchaser, shocked at the rueful appearance of the curled coat, and perhaps piqued by a few flippancies upon the delicacy of my present, resolved one night to prepare me a divine surprise the following morning; and, when I retired to my downy pillow at eleven o’clock, upon a time severely cold, he walked forth with the unfortunate delinquent to a certain lake, you may remember, nearly in front of our Bookham habitation, not very remarkable for its lucid purity, and there immersed poor Muff, and stood rubbing him, curl by curl, till each particular one was completely bathed. This business was not over till near midnight, and the impure water which he agitated, joined to the late hour and unwholesome air, sent him in shivering with a dreadful pain in the head, and a violent feverish and rheumatic cold.

This happened just as we were beginning to prepare for our removal. You will imagine, untold, all its alarm and all its inconveniences; I thank God it is long past, but it had its full share, at the moment, of disquieting and tormenting powers.

We languished for the moment of removal with almost infantine fretfulness at every delay that distanced it; and when at last the grand day came, our final packings, with all their toil and difficulties and labor and expense, were mere acts of pleasantry: so bewitched were we with the impending change, that, though from six o’clock to three we were hard at work, without a kettle to boil the breakfast, or a knife to cut bread for a luncheon, we missed nothing, wanted nothing, and were as insensible to fatigue as to hunger.

M. d’Arblay set out on foot, loaded with remaining relics of things, to us precious, and Betty afterwards with a remnant glass or two; the other maid had been sent two

days before. I was forced to have a chaise for my Alex. and me, and a few looking-glasses, a few folios, and not a few other oddments; and then, with dearest Mr. Locke, our founder's portrait, and my little boy, off I set; and I would my dearest Susan could relate to me as delicious a journey.

My mate, striding over hedge and ditch, arrived first, though he set out after, to welcome me to our new dwelling; and we entered our new best room, in which I found a glorious fire of wood, and a little bench, borrowed of one of the departing carpenters: nothing else. We contrived to make room for each other, and Alex. disdained all rest. His spirits were so high upon finding two or three rooms totally free for his horse (alias any stick he can pick up) and himself, unincumbered by chairs and tables and such-like lumber, that he was as merry as little Andrew and as wild as twenty colts. Here we unpacked a small basket, containing three or four loaves, and, with a garden-knife, fell to work; some eggs had been procured from a neighboring farm, and one saucepan had been brought. We dined, therefore, exquisitely, and drank to our new possession from a glass of clear water out of our new well.

At about eight o'clock our goods arrived. We had our bed put up in the middle of our room, to avoid risk of damp walls, and our Alex. had his dear Willy's crib at our feet.

We none of us caught cold. We had fire night and day in the maids' room, as well as our own — or rather in my Susan's room; for we lent them that, their own having a little inconvenience against a fire, because it is built without a chimney.

We continued making fires all around us the first fortnight, and then found wood would be as bad as an apothecary's bill, so desisted; but we did not stop short so soon

as to want the latter to succeed the former, or put our calculation to the proof.

Our first week was devoted to unpacking, and exulting in our completed plan. To have no one thing at hand, nothing to eat, nowhere to sit — all were trifles, rather, I think, amusing than incommodious. The house looked so clean, the distribution of the rooms and closets is so convenient, the prospect everywhere around is so gay and so lovely, and the park of dear Norbury is so close at hand, that we hardly knew how to require anything else for existence than the enjoyment of our own situation.

At this period I received my summons. I believe I have already explained that I had applied to Miss Planta for advice whether my best chance of admission would be at Windsor, Kew, or London. I had a most kind letter of answer, importing my letter had been seen, and that her Majesty would herself fix the time when she could admit me. This was a great happiness to me, and the fixture was for the Queen's house in town.

I set off for town early the next day, Saturday. My time was not yet fixed for my Royal interview, but I had various preparations impossible to make in this dear, quiet, obscure cottage. *Mon ami* could not accompany me, as we had still two men constantly at work, the house without being quite unfinished; but I could not bear to leave his little representative, who, with Betty, was my companion to Chelsea. There I was expected, and our dearest father came forth with open arms to welcome us. He was in delightful spirits, the sweetest humor, and perfectly good looks and good health. My little rogue soon engaged him in a romp, which conquered his rustic shyness, and they became the best friends in the world.

Thursday morning I had a letter from Miss Planta,

written with extreme warmth of kindness, and fixing the next day at eleven o'clock for my Royal admission.

I went upstairs to Miss Planta's room, where, while I waited for her to be called, the charming Princess Mary passed by, attended by Mrs. Cheveley. She recollected me, and turned back, and came up to me with a fair hand graciously held out to me. "How do you do, Madame d'Arblay?" she cried: "I am vastly glad to see you again; and how does your little boy do?"

I gave her a little account of the rogue, and she proceeded to inquire about my new cottage, and its actual state. I entered into a long detail of its bare walls and unfurnished sides, and the gambols of the little man unencumbered by cares of fractures from useless ornaments, that amused her good-humored interest in my affairs very much; and she did not leave me till Miss Planta came to usher me to Princess Augusta.

That kind Princess received me with a smile so gay, and a look so pleased at my pleasure in again seeing her, that I quite regretted the etiquette which prevented a chaste embrace. She was sitting at her toilette, having her hair dressed. The Royal Family were all going at night to the play. She turned instantly from the glass to face me, and insisted upon my being seated immediately. She then wholly forgot her attire and ornaments and appearance, and consigned herself wholly to conversation, with that intelligent animation which marks her character. She inquired immediately how my little boy did, and then with great sweetness after his father, and after my father.

My first subject was the Princess Royal, and I accounted for not having left my Hermitage in the hope of once more seeing her Royal Highness before her departure. It would have been, I told her, so melancholy a pleasure to have come merely for a last view, that I could not bear to take

my annual indulgence at a period which would make it leave a mournful impression upon my mind for a twelve-month to come. The Princess said she could enter into that, but said it as if she had been surprised I had not appeared. She then gave me some account of the ceremony; and when I told her I had heard that her Royal Highness the bride had never looked so lovely, she confirmed the praise warmly, but laughingly added, "T was the Queen dressed her! You know what a figure she used to make of herself, with her odd manner of dressing herself; but mamma said, 'Now really, Princess Royal, this one time is the last, and I cannot suffer you to make such a quiz of yourself; so I will really have you dressed properly.' And indeed the Queen was quite in the right, for everybody said she had never looked so well in her life."

The word *quiz*, you may depend, was never the Queen's. I had great comfort, however, in gathering, from all that passed on that subject, that the Royal Family is persuaded this estimable Princess is happy. From what I know of her disposition I am led to believe the situation may make her so. She is born to preside, and that with equal softness and dignity; but she was here in utter subjection, for which she had neither spirits nor inclination. She adored the King, honored the Queen, and loved her sisters, and had much kindness for her brothers; but her style of life was not adapted to the royalty of her nature, any more than of her birth; and though she only wished for power to do good and to confer favors, she thought herself out of her place in not possessing it.

I was particularly happy to learn from the Princess Augusta that she has already a favorite friend in her new court, in one of the Princesses of Wurtemberg, wife of a younger brother of the Hereditary Prince, and who is

almost as a widow, from the Prince, her husband, being constantly with the army. This is a delightful circumstance, as her turn of mind, and taste, and employments, accord singularly with those of our Princess.

I have no recollection of the order of our conversation, but will give you what morsels occur to me as they arise in my memory.

The terrible mutiny occupied us some time. She told me many anecdotes that she had learnt in favor of various sailors, declaring, with great animation, her security in their good hearts, however drawn aside by harder and more cunning heads. The sweetness with which she delights to get out of all that is forbidding in her rank is truly adorable. In speaking of a sailor on board the *St. Fiorenzo*, when the Royal Family made their excursion by sea from Weymouth, she said, "You must know this man was a great favorite of mine, for he had the most honest countenance you can conceive, and I have often talked with him, every time we have been at Weymouth, so that we were good friends; but I wanted now in particular to ask him concerning the mutiny, but I knew I should not get him to speak out while the King and Queen and my sisters were by; so I told Lady Charlotte Bellasyse to watch an opportunity, when he was upon deck, and the rest were in the cabin, and then we went up to him and questioned him; and he quite answered my expectations, for, instead of taking any merit to himself from belonging to the *St. Fiorenzo*, which was never in the mutiny, the good creature said he was sure there was not a sailor in the navy that was not sorry to have belonged to it, and would not have got out of it as readily as himself, if he had known but how."

We had then a good deal of talk about Weymouth, but it was all local; and as my Susan has not been there, it would be too long to scribble.

“One thing,” cried she, her eyes brightening as she spoke, “I must tell you, though I am sure you know it a great deal better than me, that is about Mr. Locke’s family, and so I think it will give you pleasure. General and Mrs. Harcourt went lately to see Norbury Park, and they were in the neighborhood somewhere near Guildford some time, the General’s regiment being quartered thereabouts; and the family they were with knew the Lockes very well, and told them they were the best people in the world. They said Mr. Locke was always employed in some benevolent action, and all the family were good; and that there was one daughter quite beautiful, and the most amiable creature in the world, and very like Mrs. Locke.”

“The very representative,” cried I, “of both parents;” and thus encouraged I indulged myself, without restraint or conciseness, in speaking of the sweet girl and her most beloved and incomparable parents, and Mr. William, and all the house in general.

The Princess Elizabeth now entered, but she did not stay. She came to ask something of her sister relative to a little fête she was preparing, by way of a collation, in honor of the Princess Sophia, who was twenty this day. She made kind inquiries after my health, &c., and, being mistress of the birthday-fête, hurried off, and I had not the pleasure to see her any more.

I must be less minute, or I shall never have done. My charming Princess Augusta renewed the conversation. Admiral Duncan’s noble victory became the theme, but it was interrupted by the appearance of the lovely Princess Amelia, now become a model of grace, beauty, and sweetness, in their bud. She gave me her hand with the softest expression of kindness, and almost immediately began questioning me concerning my little boy and with an air of interest the most captivating. But again Princess Augusta

declined any interruptors : " You shall have Madame d'Arblay all to yourself, my dear, soon," she cried laughingly ; and, with a smile a little serious, the sweet Princess Amelia retreated.

It would have been truly edifying to young ladies living in the great and public world to have assisted in my place at the toilette of this exquisite Princess Augusta. Her ease, amounting even to indifference, as to her ornaments and decoration, showed a mind so disengaged from vanity, so superior to mere personal appearance, that I could with difficulty forbear manifesting my admiration. She let the hair-dresser proceed upon her head without comment and without examination, just as if it was solely his affair ; and when the man, Robinson, humbly begged to know what ornaments he was to prepare the hair for, she said, " Oh, there are my feathers, and my gown is blue, so take what you think right." And when he begged she would say whether she would have any ribbons or other things mixed with the feathers and jewels, she said, " You understand all that best, Mr. Robinson, I'm sure ; there are the things, so take just what you please." And after this she left him wholly to himself, never a moment interrupting her discourse or her attention with a single direction.

She had just begun a very interesting account of an officer that had conducted himself singularly well in the mutiny, when Miss Planta came to summon me to the Queen. I begged permission to return afterwards for my unfinished narrative, and then proceeded to the White Closet.

The Queen was alone, seated at a table, and working. Miss Planta opened the door and retired without entering. I felt a good deal affected by the sight of her Majesty again, so graciously accorded to my request ; but my first and instinctive feeling was nothing to what I experienced

when, after my profoundly respectful reverence, I raised my eyes, and saw in hers a look of sensibility so expressive of regard, and so examining, so penetrating into mine, as to seem to convey, involuntarily, a regret I had quitted her. This, at least, was the idea that struck me, from the species of look which met me, and it touched me to the heart, and brought instantly, in defiance of all struggle, a flood of tears into my eyes. I was some minutes recovering; and when I then entreated her forgiveness, and cleared up, the voice with which she spoke, in hoping I was well, told me she had caught a little of my sensation, for it was by no means steady. Indeed, at that moment, I longed to kneel and beseech her pardon for the displeasure I had felt in her long resistance of my resignation; for I think, now, it was from a real and truly honorable wish to attach me to her for ever. But I then suffered too much from a situation so ill adapted to my choice and disposition, to do justice to her opposition, or to enjoy its honor to myself. Now that I am so singularly, alas! nearly singularly happy, though wholly from my perseverance in that resignation, I feel all I owe her, and I feel more and more grateful for every mark of her condescension, either recollected or renewed.

She looked ill, pale, and harassed. The King was but just returned from his abortive visit to the Nore, and the inquietude she had sustained during that short separation, circumstanced many ways alarmingly, had evidently shaken her: I saw with much, with deep concern, her sunk eyes and spirits; I believe the sight of me raised not the latter. Mrs. Schwellenberg had not long been dead, and I have some reason to think she would not have been sorry to have had me supply the vacancy; for I had immediate notice sent me of her death by Miss Planta, so written as to persuade me it was a letter by command. But not all

my duty, all my gratitude, could urge me, even one short fleeting moment, to weigh any interest against the soothing serenity, the unfading felicity, of a Hermitage such as mine.

We spoke of poor Mrs. Schwelly, — and of her successor, Mlle. Backmeister, — and of mine, Mrs. Bremyère; and I could not but express my concern that Her Majesty had again been so unfortunate, for Mlle. Jacobi had just retired to Germany, ill and dissatisfied with everything in England. The Princess Augusta had recounted to me the whole narrative of her retirement, and its circumstances. The Queen told me that the King had very handsomely taken care of her. But such frequent retirements are heavy weights upon the royal bounty. I felt almost guilty when the subject was started; but not from any reproach, any allusion, — not a word was dropped that had not kindness and goodness for its basis and its superstructure at once.

“How is your little boy?” was one of the earliest questions. “Is he here?” she added. “O yes,” I answered, misunderstanding her, “he is my shadow; I go nowhere without him.”

“But *here*, I mean?”

“O no! ma'am, I did not dare presume —” I stopped, for her look said it would be no presumption. And Miss Planta had already desired me to bring him to her next time; which I suspect was by higher order than her own suggestion. She then inquired after my dear father, and so graciously, that I told her not only of his good health, but his occupations, his new work, a “Poetical History of Astronomy,” and his consultations with Herschel.

She permitted me to speak a good deal of the Princess of Wurtemberg, whom they still all call Princess Royal. She told me she had worked her wedding garment, and entirely,

and the real labor it had proved, from her steadiness to have no help, well knowing that three stitches done by any other would make it immediately said it was none of it by herself. "As the bride of a widower," she continued, "I know she ought to be in white and gold; but as the King's eldest daughter she had a right to white and silver, which she preferred."

She then deigned to inquire very particularly about our new cottage,—its size, its number of rooms, and its grounds. I told her, honestly, it was excessively comfortable though unfinished and unfitted up, for that it had innumerable little contrivances and conveniences, just adapted to our particular use and taste, as M. d'Arblay had been its sole architect and surveyor. "Then, I dare say," she answered, "it is very commodious, for there are no people understand enjoyable accommodations more than French gentlemen, when they have the arranging them themselves."

This was very kind, and encouraged me to talk a good deal of my partner, in his various works and employments; and her manner of attention was even touchingly condescending, all circumstances considered. And she then related to me the works of two French priests, to whom she has herself been so good as to commit the fitting up of one of her apartments at Frogmore. And afterwards she gave me a description of what another French gentleman—elegantly and feelingly avoiding to say emigrant—had done in a room belonging to Mrs. Harcourt, at Sophia Farm, where he had the sole superintendence of it, and has made it beautiful.

When she asked about our field, I told her we hoped in time to buy it, as Mr. Locke had the extreme kindness to consent to part with it to us, when it should suit our convenience to purchase instead of renting it. I thought I

saw a look of peculiar satisfaction at this, that seemed to convey pleasure in the implication thence to be drawn, that England was our decided, not forced or eventual residence. And she led me on to many minute particulars of our situation and way of living, with a sweetness of interest I can never forget.

Nor even here stopped the sensations of gratitude and pleasure she thus awoke. She spoke then of my beloved Susan; asked if she were still in Ireland, and how the "pretty Norbury" did. She then a little embarrassed me by an inquiry "Why Major Phillips went to Ireland?" for my answer, that he was persuaded he should improve his estate by superintending the agriculture of it himself, seemed unsatisfactory; however, she pressed it no further. But I cannot judge by what passed whether she concludes he is employed in a military way there, or whether she has heard that he has retired. She seemed kindly pleased at all I had to relate of my dear Norbury, and I delighted to call him back to her remembrance.

She talked a good deal of the Duchess of York, who continues the first favorite of the whole Royal Family. She told me of her beautiful works, lamented her indifferent health, and expatiated upon her admirable distribution of her time and plan of life, and charming qualities and character.

She asked me about Mr. Locke and his family, and honored me with an ear of uninterrupted attention while I made an harangue of no small length upon the chief in particular, and the rest in general. She seems always to take pleasure in the quick gratification this subject affords me.

Of her own Royal daughters she permitted me also to talk, especially of my two peculiar idols. And she gave me a copious description of the new improvements still

going on at Frogmore, with a detail of some surprises the King had given her, by orders and buildings erected in the gardens during her absence.

But what chiefly dwells upon me with pleasure is, that she spoke to me upon some subjects and persons that I know she would not for the world should be repeated, with just the same confidence, the same reliance upon my grateful discretion for her openness, that she honored me with while she thought me established in her service for life. I need not tell my Susan how this binds me more than ever to her.

Very short to me seemed the time, though the whole conversation was serious, and her air thoughtful almost to sadness, when a page touched the door, and said something in German. The Queen, who was then standing by the window, turned round to answer him, and then, with a sort of congratulatory smile to me, said, "Now you will see what you don't expect — the King!" I could indeed not expect it, for he was at Blackheath at a review, and he was returned only to dress for the levee.

The King related very pleasantly a little anecdote of Lady——. "She brought the little Princess Charlotte," he said, "to me just before the review. 'She hoped,' she said, 'I should not take it ill, for, having mentioned it to the child, she built so upon it that she had thought of nothing else!' Now this," cried he, laughing heartily, "was pretty strong! How can she know what a child is thinking of before it can speak?"

I was very happy at the fondness they both expressed for the little Princess. "A sweet little creature," the King called her; "A most lovely child," the Queen turned to me to add; and the King said he had taken her upon his horse, and given her a little ride, before the regiment rode

up to him. "T is very odd," he added, "but she always knows me on horseback, and never else." "Yes," said the Queen, "when his Majesty comes to her on horseback she claps her little hands, and endeavors to say 'Gan-pa!' immediately." I was much pleased that she is brought up to such simple and affectionate acknowledgment of relationship.

The King then inquired about my father, and with a look of interest and kindness that regularly accompanies his mention of that most dear person. He asked after his health, his spirits, and his occupations, waiting for long answers to each inquiry. The Queen anticipated my relation of his astronomical work, and he seemed much pleased with the design, as well as at hearing that his *protégé*, Dr. Herschel, had been consulted.

I was then a little surprised by finding he had heard of "Clarentine." He asked me, smilingly, some questions about it, and if it were true, what he suspected, that my youngest sister had a mind to do as I had done, and bring out a work in secret? I was very much pleased then when the Queen said, "I have seen it, sir, and it is very pretty." There was time but for little more, as he was to change his dress for the levee; and I left their presence more attached to them, I really think, than ever.

I then, by her kind appointment, returned to my lovely and loved Princess Augusta. Her hair-dresser was just gone, and she was proceeding in equipping herself. "If you can bear to see all this work," cried she, "pray, come and sit with me, my dear Madame d'Arblay."

Nothing could be more expeditious than her attiring herself, — nothing more careless than her examination how it succeeded. But judge my confusion and embarrassment, when, upon my saying I came to petition for the rest of the story she had just begun, and her answering by inquir-

ing what it was about, I could not tell! It had entirely escaped my memory; and though I sought every way I could suggest to recall it, I so entirely failed, that, after her repeated demands, I was compelled honestly to own that the commotion I had been put in by my interview with their Majesties had really driven it from my mind. She bore this with the true good humor of good sense; but I was most excessively ashamed.

She then resumed the reigning subject of the day, Admiral Duncan's victory; and this led [her] to speak again of the Orange family; but she checked what seemed occurring to her about them, till her wardrobe-woman had done and was dismissed; then, hurrying her away, while she sat down by me, putting on her long and superb diamond earrings herself, and without even turning towards a glass, she said, "I don't like much to talk of that family before the servants, for I am told they already think the King too good to them."

The Princess of Orange is, I find, a great favorite with them all; the Prince Frederick also, I believe, they like very much; but the Prince himself, she said, "has never, in fact, had his education finished. He was married quite a boy; but, being married, concluded himself a man, and not only turned off all his instructors, but thought it unnecessary to ask, or hear, counsel or advice of any one. He is like a fallow field, — that is, not of a soil that can't be improved, but one that has been left quite to itself, and therefore has no materials put in it for improvement."

She then told me that she had hindered him, with great difficulty, from going to a great dinner, given at the Mansion House, upon the victory of Admiral Duncan. It was not, she said, that he did not feel for his country in that defeat, but that he never weighed the impropriety of his public appearance upon an occasion of rejoicing at it, nor

the ill effect of the history of his so doing would produce in Holland. She had the kindness of heart to take upon herself preventing him ; “ for no one,” says she, “ that is about him dares ever speak to him, to give him any hint of advice ; which is a great misfortune to him, poor man, for it makes him never know what is said or thought of him.” She related with a great deal of humor her arguments to dissuade him, and his *naïve* manner of combating them. But though she conquered at last, she did not convince.

The Princess of Orange, she told me, had a most superior understanding, and might guide him sensibly and honorably ; but he was so jealous of being thought led by her counsel, that he never listened to it at all. She gave me to understand that this unhappy Princess had had a life of uninterrupted indulgence and prosperity till the late revolution ; and that the suddenness of such adversity had rather soured her mind, which, had it met sorrow and evil by any gradations, would have been equal to bearing them even nobly ; but so quick a transition from affluence, and power, and wealth, and grandeur, to a fugitive and dependent state, had almost overpowered her.

A door was now opened from an inner apartment, where, I believe, was the grand collation for the Princess Sophia's birthday, and a tall thin young man appeared at it, peeping and staring, but not entering.

“ How do you do, Ernest ? ” cried the Princess ; “ I hope you are well ; only pray do shut the door.” He did not obey, nor move, either forwards or backwards, but kept peering and peeping. She called to him again, beseeching him to shut the door ; but he was determined to first gratify his curiosity, and when he had looked as long as he thought pleasant, he entered the apartment ; but Princess Augusta, instead of receiving and welcoming him, only said, “ Good-bye, my dear Ernest ; I shall see you again at the play.”

He then marched on, finding himself so little desired, and only saying, "No, you won't; I hate the play."

I had risen when I found it one of the Princes, and with a motion of readiness to depart; but my dear Princess would not let me. When we were alone again, "Ernest," she said, "has a very good heart; only he speaks without taking time to think."

She then gave me an instance. The Orange family by some chance were all assembled with our Royal Family when the news of the great victory at sea arrived; or at least upon the same day. "We were all," said she, "distressed for them upon so trying an occasion; and at supper we talked, of course, of every other subject; but Ernest, quite uneasy at the forbearance, said to me, 'You don't think I won't drink Admiral Duncan's health tonight?' 'Hush!' cried I. 'That's very hard indeed!' said he, quite aloud. I saw the Princess of Orange looking at him, and was sure she had heard him; I trod upon his foot, and made him turn to her. She looked so disturbed, that he saw she had understood him, and he colored very high. The Princess of Orange then said, 'I hope my being here will be no restraint upon anybody: I know what must be the subject of everybody's thoughts, and I beg I may not prevent its being so of their discourse.' Poor Ernest now was so sorry, he was ready to die, and the tears started into his eyes; and he would not have given his toast after this for all the world."

The play they were going to was "The Merchant of Venice," to see a new actress, just now much talked of—Miss Betterton; and the indulgent King, hearing she was extremely frightened at the thoughts of appearing before him, desired she might choose her own part for the first exhibition in his presence. She fixed upon Portia.

In speaking of Miss Farren's marriage with the Earl of

Derby, she displayed that sweet mind which her state and station has so wholly escaped sullying; for, far from expressing either horror, or resentment, or derision at an actress being elevated to the rank of second countess of England, she told me, with an air of satisfaction, that she was informed she had behaved extremely well since her marriage, and done many generous and charitable actions. She spoke with pleasure, too, of the high marriage made by another actress, Miss Wallis, who has preserved a spotless character, and is now the wife of a man of fortune and family, Mr. Campbell.

In mentioning Mrs. Siddons, and her great and affecting powers, she much surprised me by intelligence that she had bought the proprietorship of Sadler's Wells. I could not hear it without some amusement; it seemed, I said, so extraordinary a combination — so degrading a one, indeed, — that of the first tragic actress, the living Melpomene, and something so burlesque as Sadler's Wells. She laughed, and said it offered her a very ludicrous image, for "Mrs. Siddons and Sadler's Wells," said she, "seems to me as ill fitted as the dish they call a toad in a hole; which I never saw, but always think of with anger — putting a noble sirloin of beef into a poor, paltry batter-pudding!"

The door now again opened, and another Royal personage put in his head; and upon the Princess saying, "How d' ye do, William?" I recollected the Duke of Clarence.

I rose, of course, and he made a civil bow to my curtsy. The Princess asked him about the House of Lords the preceding evening, where I found he had spoken very handsomely and generously in eulogium of Admiral Duncan. Finding he was inclined to stay, the Princess said to me, "Madame d'Arblay, I beg you will sit down."

"Pray, madam," said the Duke, with a formal motion of his hand, "let me beg you to be seated."

“You know — you recollect Madame d’Arblay, don’t you, William?” said the Princess. He bowed civilly an affirmative, and then began talking to me of Chesington. How I grieved poor dear Kitty was gone! How great would have been her gratification to have heard that he mentioned her, and with an air of kindness, as if he had really entered into the solid goodness of her character. I was much surprised and much pleased, yet not without some perplexity and some embarrassment, as his knowledge of the excellent Kitty was from her being the dupe of the mistress of his aide-de-camp.

The Princess, however, saved me any confusion beyond apprehension, for she asked not one question. He moved on towards the next apartment, and we were again alone.

She then talked to me a great deal of him, and gave me, admirably, his character. She is very partial to him, but by no means blindly. He had very good parts, she said, but seldom did them justice. “If he has something of high importance to do,” she continued, “he will exert himself to the utmost, and do it really well; but otherwise, he is so fond of his ease, he lets everything take its course. He must do a great deal, or nothing. However, I really think, if he takes pains, he may make something of a speaker by-and-by in the House.”

She related a visit he had made at Lady Mary Duncan’s, at Hampton Court, upon hearing Admiral Duncan was there; and told me the whole and most minute particulars of the battle, as they were repeated by his Royal Highness from the Admiral’s own account. But you will dispense with the martial detail from me. “Lady Mary,” cried she, “is quite enchanted with her gallant nephew. ‘I used to look,’ says she, ‘for honor and glory from my other side, the T——’s; but I receive it only from the Duncans! As to the T——’s, what good do they do their country?—

why, they play all day at tennis, and learn with vast skill to notch and scotch and go one! And that's what their country gets from them!"

I thought now I should certainly be dismissed, for a page came to the door to announce that the Duke of York was arrived: but she only said, "Very well; pray shut the door;" which seemed her gentle manner of having it understood she would not be disturbed, as she used the same words when messages were brought her from the Princesses Elizabeth and Mary.

She spoke again of the Duchess of York with the same fondness as at Windsor. "I told you before," she said, "I loved her like one of my own sisters, and I can tell you no more: and she knows it; for one day she was taken ill, and fainted, and we put her upon one of our beds, and got her everything we could think of ourselves, and let nobody else wait upon her; and when she revived she said to my brother, 'These are my sisters — I am sure they are! they must be my own!'"

Our next and last interruption, I think, was from a very gentle tap at the door, and a "May I come in?" from a soft voice, while the lock was turned, and a youthful and very lovely female put in her head. The Princess immediately rose, and said, "O yes," and held out her two hands to her; turning at the same time to me, and saying, "Princess Sophia."

I found it was the Duke of Gloucester's daughter. She is very fat, with very fine eyes, a bright, even dazzling bloom, fine teeth, a beautiful skin, and a look of extreme modesty and sweetness. She curtsied to me so distinguishingly, that I was almost confused by her condescension, fearing she might imagine, from finding me seated with the Princess Augusta, and in such close conference, I was somebody.

“ You look so fine and so grand,” cried she, examining the Princess’s attire, which was very superb in silver and diamonds; “ that I am almost afraid to come near you !” Her own dress was perfectly simple, though remarkably elegant.

“ O !— I hate myself when so fine !” cried Princess Augusta; “ I cannot bear it; but there is no help — the people at the play always expect it.” They then conversed a little while, both standing; and then Princess Augusta said, “ Give my love to the Duke” (meaning of Gloucester), “ and I hope I shall see him by-and-by; and to William” (meaning the Duke’s son).

And this, which was not a positive request that she would not prolong her visit, was understood; and the lovely cousin made her curtsy, and retired. To me, again, she made another, so gravely low and civil, that I really blushed to receive it, from added fear of being mistaken. I accompanied her to the door, and shut it for her; and the moment she was out of the room, and out of sight of the Princess Augusta, she turned round to me, and with a smile of extreme civility, and a voice very soft, said, “ I am so happy to see you !— I have longed for it a great, great while — for I have read you with such delight and instruction, so often !” I was very much surprised indeed: I expressed my sense of her goodness as well as I could; and she curtsied again, and glided away.

My charming Princess again made me take my seat next her own, and again renewed her discourse.

I stayed on with this delightful Princess till near four o’clock, when she descended to dinner. I then accompanied her to the head of the stairs, saying, “ I feel quite low that this is over ! How I wish it might be repeated in half a year instead of a year !”

“ I’m sure and so do I !” were the last kind words she condescendingly uttered.

I then made a little visit to Miss Planta, who was extremely friendly, and asked me why I should wait another year before I came. I told her I had leave for an annual visit, and could not presume to encroach beyond such a permission. However, as she proposed my calling upon her, at least when I happened to be in town or at Chelsea, I begged her to take some opportunity to hint my wish of admission, if possible, more frequently.

In the evening I went to the play with James and Marianne. It was a new comedy called "Cheap Living," by Reynolds or Morton, and full of absurdities, but at times irresistibly comic.

Very soon afterwards I had a letter from Miss Planta, saying she had mentioned to her Majesty my regret of the long intervals of annual admissions; and that her Majesty had most graciously answered, "She should be very glad to see me whenever I came to town."

JANUARY 18, 1798.—And now I have to prepare another Court relation for my dearest Susanna.

I received on Wednesday morn a letter from our dearest father, telling me he feared he should be forced to quit his Chelsea apartments, from a new arrangement among the officers, and wishing me to represent his difficulties, his books, health, time of life, and other circumstances, through Miss Planta, to the Queen. M. d'Arblay and I both thought that, if I had any chance of being of the smallest use, it would be by endeavoring to obtain an audience—not by letter; and as the most remote hope of success was sufficient to urge every exertion, we settled that I should set out instantly for Chelsea; and a chaise, therefore, we sent for from Dorking, and I set off at noon. M. d'A. would not go, as we knew not what accommodation I might find; and I could not, uninvited and unexpected, take my

little darling boy; so I went not merrily, though never more willingly.

My dear father was at home, and, I could see, by no means surprised by my appearance, though he had not hinted at desiring it. Of course he was not very angry nor sorry, and we communed together upon his apprehensions, and settled our plan. I was to endeavor to represent his case to the Queen, in hopes it might reach his Majesty, and procure some order in his favor.

I wrote to Miss Planta, merely to say I was come to pass three days at Chelsea, and, presuming upon the gracious permission of her Majesty, I ventured to make known my arrival, in the hope it might possibly procure me the honor of admittance.

The next morning, Thursday, I had a note from Miss Planta, to say that she had the pleasure to acquaint me her Majesty desired I would be at the Queen's house next day at ten o'clock.

Miss Planta conducted me immediately, by order, to the Princess Elizabeth, who received me alone, and kept me *tête-à-tête* till I was summoned to the Queen, which was near an hour. She was all condescension and openness, and inquired into my way of life and plans, with a sort of kindness that I am sure belonged to a real wish to find them happy and prosperous. When I mentioned how much of our time was mutually given to books and writing, M. d'Arblay being as great a scribbler as myself, she good-naturedly exclaimed, "How fortunate he should have so much the same taste!"

"It was that, in fact," I answered, "which united us; for our acquaintance began, in intimacy, by reading French together, and writing themes, both French and English, for each other's correction."

"Pray," cried she, "if it is not impertinent, may I ask

to what religion you shall bring up your son?" "The Protestant," I replied; telling her it was M. d'Arblay's own wish, since he was an Englishman born, he should be an Englishman bred, — with much more upon the subject that my Susan knows untold. She then inquired why M. d'Arblay was not naturalized. This was truly kind, for it looked like wishing our permanently fixing in this his adopted country. I answered that he found he could not be naturalized as a Catholic, which had made him relinquish the plan; for though he was firmly persuaded the real difference between the two religions was trifling, and such as even appeared to him, in the little he had had opportunity to examine, to be in favor of Protestantism, he could not bring himself to study the matter with a view of changing that seemed actuated by interest; nor could I wish it, earnest as I was for his naturalization. But he hoped, ere long, to be able to be naturalized as an Irishman, that clause of religion not being there insisted upon; or else to become a denizen, which was next best, and which did not meddle with religion at all. She made me talk to her a great deal of my little boy, and my father, and M. d'Arblay; and when Miss Planta came to fetch me to her Majesty, she desired to see me again before my departure.

The Queen was in her White Closet, working at a round table, with the four remaining Princesses, Augusta, Mary, Sophia, and Amelia. She received me most sweetly, and with a look of far better spirits than upon my last admission. She permitted me, in the most gracious manner, to inquire about the Princess Royal, now Duchess of Wurtemberg, and gave me an account of her that I hope is not flattered; for it seemed happy, and such as reconciled them all to the separation. When she deigned to inquire, herself, after my dear father, you may be sure of the eager-

ness with which I seized the moment for relating his embarrassment and difficulties. She heard me with a benevolence that assured me, though she made no speech, my history would not be forgotten, nor remembered vainly. I was highly satisfied with her look and manner.

The Princesses Mary and Amelia had a little opening between them; and when the Queen was conversing with some lady who was teaching the Princess Sophia some work, they began a whispering conversation with me about my little boy. How tall is he? — how old is he? — is he fat or thin? — is he like you or M. d'Arblay? &c., &c. — with sweet vivacity of interest, — the lovely Princess Amelia finishing her listening to my every answer with a “dear little thing!” that made me long to embrace her as I have done in her childhood. She is now full as tall as Princess Royal, and as much formed; she looks seventeen, though only fourteen, but has an innocence, an Hebe blush, an air of modest candor, and a gentleness so caressingly inviting, of voice and eye, that I have seldom seen a more captivating young creature.

Then they talked of my new house, and inquired about every room it contained; and then of our grounds, and they were mightily diverted with the mixtures of roses and cabbages, sweet briars and potatoes, &c. The Queen, catching the domestic theme, presently made inquiries herself, both as to the building and the child, asking, with respect to the latter, “Is he here?” as if she meant in the palace. I told her I had come so unexpectedly myself upon my father's difficulties, that I had not this time brought my little shadow. I believed, however, I should fetch him, as, if I lengthened my stay, M. d'Arblay would come also “To be sure!” she said, as if feeling the trio's full objections to separating.

By degrees all the Princesses retired, except the Princess

Augusta. She then spoke more openly upon less public matters, — in particular upon the affair, then just recent, of the Duke of Norfolk, who, you may have heard, had drunk, at the Whig Club, “To the majesty of the people :” in consequence of which the King had erased his name from the Privy Council. His Grace had been caricatured drinking from a silver tankard, with the burnt bread still in flames touching his mouth, and exclaiming “Pshaw ! my *toast* has burnt my mouth.”

This led me to speak of his great brick house, which is our immediate *vis-à-vis*. And much then ensued upon Lady ——, concerning whom she opened to me very completely, allowing all I said of her uncommon excellence as a mother, but adding, “Though she is certainly very clever, she thinks herself so a little too much, and instructs others at every word. I was so tired with her beginning everything with ‘I think,’ that, at last, just as she said so, I stopped her, and cried, ‘O, I know what you think, Lady ——!’ Really, one is obliged to be quite sharp with her to keep her in her place.”

Lady C——, she had been informed, had a considerable sum in the French funds, which she endeavored from time to time to recover : but upon her last effort, she had the following query put to her agent by order of the Directory : how much she would have deducted from the principal, as a contribution towards the loan raising for the army of England ? If Lady C—— were not mother-in-law to a minister who sees the King almost daily, I should think this a made story.

When, after about an hour and a half’s audience, she dismissed me, she most graciously asked my stay at Chelsea, and desired I would inform Miss Planta before I returned home. This gave me the most gratifying feeling, and much hope for my dearest father.

Returning then, according to my permission, to Princess Elizabeth, she again took up her netting, and made me sit by her. We talked a good deal of the new-married daughter of Lady Templetown, and she was happy, she said, to hear from me that the ceremony was performed by her own favorite Bishop of Durham, for she was sure a blessing would attend his joining their hands. She asked me much of my little man, and told me several things of the Princess Charlotte, her niece, and our future Queen; she seems very fond of her, and says 't is a lovely child, and extremely like the Prince of Wales. "She is just two years old," said she, "and speaks very prettily, though not plainly. I flatter myself Aunt Liby, as she calls me, is a great favorite with her."

My dearest Princess Augusta soon after came in, and, after staying a few minutes, and giving some message to her sister, said, "And when you leave Elizabeth, my dear Madame d'Arblay, I hope you 'll come to me." This happened almost immediately, and I found her hurrying over the duty of her toilette, which she presently despatched, though she was going to a public concert of Ancient Music, and without scarcely once looking in the glass, from haste to have done, and from a freedom from vanity I never saw quite equalled in any young woman of any class. She then dismissed her hair-dresser and wardrobe-woman, and made me sit by her.

Almost immediately we began upon the voluntary contributions to the support of the war; and when I mentioned the Queen's munificent donation of five thousand pounds a-year for its support, and my admiration of it, from my peculiar knowledge, through my long residence under the Royal roof, of the many claims which her Majesty's benevolence, as well as state, had raised upon her powers, she seemed much gratified by the justice I did her Royal

mother, and exclaimed eagerly, "I do assure you, my dear Madame d'Arblay, people ought to know more how good the Queen is, for they don't know it half." And then she told me that she only by accident had learnt almost all that she knew of the Queen's bounties. "And the most I gathered," she continued, laughing, "was, to tell you the real truth, by my own impertinence; for when we were at Cheltenham, Lady Courtown (the Queen's lady-in-waiting for the country) put her pocket-book down on the table, when I was alone with her, by some chance open at a page where mamma's name was written: so, not guessing at any secret commission, I took it up, and read — Given by Her Majesty's commands — so much, and so much, and so much. And I was quite surprised. However, Lady Courtown made me promise never to mention it to the Queen: so I never have. But I long it should be known, for all that; though I would not take such a liberty as to spread it of my own judgment."

I then mentioned my own difficulties formerly, when her Majesty, upon my ill state of health's urging my resigning the honor of belonging to the Royal household, so graciously settled upon me my pension, that I had been forbidden to name it. I had been quite distressed in not avowing what I so gratefully felt, and hearing questions and surmises and remarks I had no power to answer. She seemed instantly to comprehend that my silence might do wrong, on such an occasion, to the Queen, for she smiled, and with great quickness cried, "O, I dare say you felt quite guilty in holding your tongue." And she was quite pleased with the permission afterwards granted me to be explicit.

When I spoke of her own and her Royal sisters' contributions, £100 per annum, she blushed, but seemed ready to enter upon the subject, even confidentially, and related

its whole history. No one ever advised or named it to them, as they have none of them any separate establishment, but all hang upon the Queen, from whose pin-money they are provided for till they marry, or have an household of their own granted by Parliament. "Yet we all longed to subscribe," cried she, "and thought it quite right, if other young ladies did, not to be left out. But the difficulty was, how to do what would not be improper for us, and yet not to be generous at mamma's expense, for that would only have been unjust. So we consulted some of our friends; and then fixed upon £100 a-piece; and when we asked the Queen's leave, she was so good as to approve it. So then we spoke to the King; and he said it was but little, but he wished particularly nobody should subscribe what would really distress them; and that, if that was all we could conveniently do, and regularly continue, he approved it more than to have us make a greater exertion, and either bring ourselves into difficulties or not go on. But he was not at all angry."

She then gave me the history of the contribution of her brothers. The Prince of Wales could not give in his name without the leave of his creditors. "But Ernest," cried she, "gives £300 a-year, and that's a tenth of his income, for the King allows him £3,000."

All this leading to discourse upon loyalty, and then its contrast, democracy, she narrated to me at full length, a lecture of Thelwall's which had been repeated to her by M. de Guiffardière. It was very curious from her mouth. But she is candor in its whitest purity, wherever it is possible to display it, in discriminating between good and bad, and abstracting rays of light even from the darkest shades. So she did even from Thelwall.

She made me, as usual, talk of my little boy, and was much amused by hearing that, imitating what he heard

from me, he called his father "*mon ami*," and *tutoyé'd* him, drinking his health at dinner, as his father does to me — "*à ta santé*." When at length the Princess Augusta gave me the bow of *congé*, she spoke of seeing me again soon : I said I should therefore lengthen my stay in town, and induce M. d'Arblay to come and bring my boy.

"We shall see you then certainly," said she, smiling, "and do pray, my dear Madame d'Arblay, bring your little boy with you." "And don't say anything to him," cried she, as I was departing ; "let us see him quite natural."

I understood her gracious, and let me say rational, desire, that the child should not be impressed with any awe of the Royal presence. I assured her I must obey, for he was so young, so wild, and so unused to present himself, except as a plaything, that it would not be even in my power to make him orderly.

My dear father was extremely pleased with what I had to tell him, and hurried me back to West Hamble, to provide myself with baggage for sojourning with him. My two Alexanders, you will believe, were now warmly invited to Chelsea, and we all returned thither together, accompanied by Betty Nurse.

I shall complete my next Court visit before I enter upon aught else. I received, very soon, a note from Madame Bremyere, who is my successor. [I have told you poor Mlle. Jacobi is returned to Germany, I think ; and that her niece, La Bettina, is to marry a rich English merchant and settle in London.] — This note says : "Mrs. Bremyere has received the Queen's commands to invite Madame d'Arblay to the play to morrow night" — with her own desire I would drink coffee in her apartment before we went to the theatre.

My dear father lent me his carriage, and I was now introduced to the successor of Mrs. Schwellenberg, Mlle.

Bachmeister, a German, brought over by M. de Luc, who travelled into Germany to accompany her hither. I found she was the lady I had seen with the Queen and Princesses, teaching some work. Not having been to the so-long-known apartments since the death of Mrs. Schwellenberg, I knew not how they were arranged, and had concluded Madame Bremyere possessed those of Mrs. Schwellenberg. Thither, therefore, I went, and was received, to my great surprise, by this lady, who was equally surprised by my entrance, though without any doubt who I might be, from having seen me with the Queen, and from knowing I was to join the play-party to my *ci-devant* box. I inquired if I had made a mistake; but though she could not say no, she would not suffer me to rectify it, but sent to ask Madame Bremyere to meet me in her room.

Mlle. Bachmeister is extremely genteel in her figure, though extremely plain in her face; her voice is gentle and penetrating; her manners are soft, yet dignified, and she appears to be both a feeling and a cultivated character. I could not but lament such had not been the former possessor of an apartment I had so often entered with the most cruel antipathy. I liked her exceedingly; she is a marked gentlewoman in her whole deportment, though whether so from birth, education, or only mind, I am ignorant.

Since she gave me so pleasant a prejudice in her favor, you will be sure our acquaintance began with some spirit. We talked much of the situation she filled; and I thought it my duty to cast the whole of my resignation of one so similar upon ill-health. Mrs. Bremyere soon joined us, and we took up Miss Barbara Planta in our way to the theatre.

When the King entered, followed by the Queen and his

lovely daughters, and the orchestra struck up "God save the King," and the people all called for the singers, who filled the stage to sing it, the emotion I was suddenly filled with so powerfully possessed me, that I wished I could, for a minute or two, have flown from the box, to have sobbed, I was so gratefully delighted at the sight before me, and so enraptured at the continued enthusiasm of the no longer volatile people for their worthy, revered sovereign, that I really suffered from the restraint I felt of being forced to behave decorously.

The play was the "Heir at Law," by Colman the younger. I liked it extremely. It has a good deal of character, a happy plot, much interest in the under parts, and is combined, I think, by real genius, though open to innumerable partial criticisms.

I heard a gentleman's voice from the next box call softly to Miss Barbara Planta, "Who is that lady?" and heard her answer my name, and him rejoin "I thought so." I found it was Lord Aylesbury, who also has resigned, and was at the play only for the pleasure of sitting opposite his late Royal mistress.

About a week after this theatrical regale, I went to the Queen's house, to make known I had only a few more days to remain at Chelsea. I arrived just as the Royal Family had set out for Windsor; but Miss Bachmeister, fortunately, had only ascended her coach to follow. I alighted, and went to tell my errand. Mrs. Bremyere, Mrs. Cheveley, and Miss Planta were her party. The latter promised to speak for me to the Queen; but, gathering I had my little boy in my father's carriage, she made me send for him. They took him in, and loaded him with *bombons* and admiration, and would have loaded him with caresses to boot, but the little wretch resisted that part of the entertainment.

Upon their return from Windsor, you will not suppose me made very unhappy to receive the following billet:—

March 8th, 1798.

MY DEAR FRIEND,— The Queen has commanded me to acquaint you that she desires you will be at the Queen's house on Thursday morning at ten o'clock, with your lovely boy. You are desired to come upstairs in Princess Elizabeth's apartments, and Her Majesty will send for you as soon as she can see you. Adieu! Yours most affectionately,

M. PLANTA.

A little before ten, you will easily believe, we were at the Queen's house, and were immediately ushered into the apartment of the Princess Elizabeth, who, to show she expected my little man, had some playthings upon one of her many tables; for her Royal Highness has at least twenty in her principal room. The child, in a new muslin frock, sash, &c., did not look to much disadvantage, and she examined him with the most good-humored pleasure, and, finding him too shy to be seized, had the graciousness, as well as sense, to play round, and court him by sportive wiles, instead of being offended at his insensibility to her Royal notice. She ran about the room, peeped at him through chairs, clapped her hands, half caught without touching him, and showed a skill and a sweetness that made one almost sigh she should have no call for her maternal propensities.

There came in presently Miss D——, a young lady about thirteen, who seems in some measure under the protection of her Royal Highness, who had rescued her poor injured and amiable mother, Lady D——, from extreme distress, into which she had been involved by her unworthy husband's connection with the infamous Lady

W——, who, more hard-hearted than even bailiffs, had forced certain of those gentry, in an execution she had ordered in Sir H. D——'s house, to seize even all the children's playthings! as well as their clothes, and that when Lady D—— had but just lain in, and was nearly dying! This charming Princess, who had been particularly acquainted with Lady D——, during her own illness at Kew Palace, where the Queen permitted the intercourse, came forward upon this distress, and gave her a small independent house, in the neighborhood of Kew, with every advantage she could annex to it. But she is now lately no more, and, by the sort of reception given to her daughter, I fancy the Princess transfers to her that kind benevolence the mother no longer wants.

Just then, Miss Planta came to summon us to the Princess Augusta. She received me with her customary sweetness, and called the little boy to her. He went fearfully and cautiously, yet with a look of curiosity at the state of her head, and the operations of her *friscur*, that seemed to draw him on more powerfully than her commands. He would not, however, be touched, always flying to my side at the least attempt to take his hand. This would much have vexed me, if I had not seen the ready allowance she made for his retired life, and total want of use to the sight of anybody out of our family, except the Lockes, amongst whom I told her his peculiar preference for Amelia. "Come then," cried she, "come hither, my dear, and tell me about her, — is she very good to you? — do you like her very much?" He was now examining her fine carpet, and no answer was to be procured. I would have apologized, but she would not let me. "'Tis so natural," she cried, "that he should be more amused with those shapes and colors than with my stupid questions."

Princess Mary now came in, and earnestly looking at

him, exclaimed, "He's beautiful! — what eyes! — do look at his eyes!"

"Come hither, my dear," again cried Princess Augusta, "come hither;" and, catching him to her for a moment, and holding up his hair, to lift up his face, and make him look at her, she smiled very archly, and cried, "O horrid eyes! — shocking eyes! — take them away!"

Princess Elizabeth then entered, attended by a page, who was loaded with playthings, which she had been sending for. You may suppose him caught now! He seized upon dogs, horses, chaise, a cobbler, a watchman, and all he could grasp; but would not give his little person or cheeks, to my great confusion, for any of them. I was fain to call him a little savage, a wild deer, a creature just caught from the woods, and whatever could indicate his rustic life and apprehension of new faces, — to prevent their being hurt; and their excessive good nature helped all my excuses, nay, made them needless, except to myself.

Princess Elizabeth now began playing upon an organ she had brought him, which he flew to seize. "Ay, do! that's right, my dear!" cried Princess Augusta, stopping her ears at some discordant sounds: "take it to *mon ami*, to frighten the cats out of his garden."

And now, last of all, came in Princess Amelia, and, strange to relate! the child was instantly delighted with her! She came first up to me, and, to my inexpressible surprise and enchantment she gave me her sweet, beautiful face to kiss! — an honor I had thought now for ever over, though she had so frequently gratified me with it formerly. Still more touched, however, than astonished, I would have kissed her hand, but, withdrawing it, saying, "No, no, — you know I hate that!" she again presented me her ruby lips, and with an expression of such ingenious sweetness and innocence as was truly captivating.

She is and will be another Princess Augusta. She then turned to the child, and his eyes met hers with a look of the same pleasure that they were sought. She stooped down to take his unresisting hands, and, exclaiming, "Dear little thing!" took him in her arms, to his own as obvious content as hers.

"He likes her!" cried Princess Augusta; "a little rogue! see, how he likes her!"

"Dear little thing!" with double the emphasis, repeated the young Princess, now sitting down and taking him upon her knee; "and how does M. d'Arblay do?" The child now left all his new playthings, his admired carpet, and his privilege of jumping from room to room, for the gentle pleasure of sitting in her lap and receiving her caresses. I could not be very angry, you will believe, yet I would have given the world if I could have made him equally grateful to the Princess Augusta. This last charming personage, I now found, was going to sit for her picture — I fancy to send to the Duchess of Würtemberg. She gave me leave to attend her, with my bantling. The other Princesses retired to dress for court.

It was with great difficulty I could part my little love from his grand collection of new playthings, all of which he had dragged into the painting-room, and wanted now to pull them downstairs to the Queen's apartment. I persuaded him, however, to relinquish the design without a quarrel, by promising we would return for them. I was not a little anxious, you will believe, in this presentation of my unconsciously honored rogue, who entered the White Closet totally unimpressed with any awe, and only with a sensation of disappointment in not meeting again the gay young party, and variety of playthings, he had left above. The Queen, nevertheless, was all condescending indulgence, and had a Noah's ark ready displayed upon the table for

him. But her look was serious and full of care, and, though perfectly gracious, none of her winning smiles brightened her countenance, and her voice was never cheerful. I have since known that the Irish conspiracy with France was just then discovered, and O'Connor that very morning taken. No wonder she should have felt a shock that pervaded her whole mind and manners! If we all are struck with horror at such developments of treason, danger, and guilt, what must they prove to the Royal Family, at whom they are regularly aimed? How my heart has ached for them in that horrible business!

"And how does your papa do?" said the Queen.

"He 's at Telsea," answered the child.

"And how does grandpapa do?"

"He 's in the toach," he replied.

"And what a pretty frock you 've got on! who made it you, mamma, or little aunty?"

The little boy now grew restless, and pulled me about, with a desire to change his situation. I was a good deal embarrassed, as I saw the Queen meant to enter into conversation as usual; which I knew to be impossible, unless he had some entertainment to occupy him. She perceived this soon, and had the goodness immediately to open Noah's ark herself, which she had meant he should take away with him to examine and possess at once. But he was now soon in raptures; and, as the various animals were produced, looked with a delight that danced in all his features; and when any appeared of which he knew the name, he capered with joy; such as, "O, a tow [cow]!" But, at the dog, he clapped his little hands, and running close to her Majesty, leant upon her lap, exclaiming, "O; it 's bow wow!"

"And do you know this, little man?" said the Queen, showing him a cat.

“Yes,” cried he, again jumping as he leant upon her, “its name is talled pussey!” And, at the appearance of Noah, in a green mantle, and leaning on a stick, he said, “At’s [that’s] the shepherd’s boy!”

The Queen now inquired about my dear father, and heard all I had to say relative to his apartments, with an air of interest, yet not as if it was new to her. I have great reason to believe the accommodation then arranging, and since settled, as to his continuance in the College, has been deeply influenced by some Royal hint. I know they are extremely kind to my dear father, and, though they will not openly command anything not immediately under their control, I have no doubt they have made known they wished such an accommodation might be brought about.

I imagine she had just heard of the marriage of Charlotte, for she inquired after my sister Frances, whom she never had mentioned before since I quitted my post. I was obliged briefly to relate the transaction, seeking to adorn it, by stating Mr. Broome’s being the author of “Simkin’s Letters.” She agreed in their uncommon wit and humor.

My little rebel, meanwhile, finding his animals were not given into his own hands, but removed from their mischief, was struggling all this time to get at the Tunbridge-ware of the Queen’s work-box, and, in defiance of all my efforts to prevent him, he seized one piece, which he called a hammer, and began violently knocking the table with it. I would fain have taken it away silently: but he resisted such grave authority, and so continually took it back, that the Queen, to my great confusion, now gave it him. Soon, however, tired also of this, he ran away from me into the next room, which was their Majesties’ bed-room and in which were all the jewels ready to take to St. James’s, for the court attire. I was excessively ashamed, and obliged to fetch him

back in my arms, and there to keep him. "Get down, little man," said the Queen; "you are too heavy for your mamma."

He took not the smallest notice of this admonition.

The Queen, accustomed to more implicit obedience, repeated it; but he only nestled his little head in my neck, and worked about his whole person, so that I with difficulty held him. The Queen now imagined he did not know whom she meant, and said, "What does he call you? Has he any particular name for you?" He now lifted up his head, and before I could answer, called out, in a fondling manner, "Mamma, manma!"

"O!" said she, smiling, "he knows who I mean!"

His restlessness still interrupting all attention, in defiance of my earnest whispers for quietness, she now said, "Perhaps he is hungry?" and rang her bell, and ordered a page to bring some cakes. He took one with great pleasure, and was content to stand down to eat it. I asked him if he had nothing to say for it; he nodded his little head, and composedly answered, "Sanky, Queen!" This could not help amusing her, nor me, neither, for I had no expectation of quite so succinct an answer.

The carriages were now come for St. James's, and the Princesses Augusta and Elizabeth came into the apartment. The little monkey, in a fit of renewed lassitude after his cake, had flung himself on the floor, to repose at his ease. He rose, however, upon their appearance, and the sweet Princess Augusta said to the Queen, "He has been so good upstairs, mamma, that nothing could be better behaved." I could have kissed her for this instinctive kindness, excited by a momentary view of my embarrassment at his little airs and liberties.

The Queen heard her with an air of approving, as well as understanding her motive, and spoke to me with the utmost condescension of him, though I cannot recollect

how, for I was a good deal fidgeted lest he should come to some disgrace by any actual mischief or positive rebellion. I escaped pretty well, however, and they all left us with smiles and graciousness.

When we returned to the Queen's house, my father's carriage was not arrived, and I was obliged to detain Mlle. Bachmeister in conversation for full half an hour, while I waited; but it served to increase my good disposition to her. She is really an interesting woman. Had she been in that place while I belonged to the Queen, Heaven knows if I had so struggled for deliverance; for poor Mrs. Schwel- lenberg so wore, wasted, and tortured all my little leisure, that my time for repose was, in fact, my time of greatest labor. So all is for the best! I have escaped offending lastingly the Royal mistress I love and honor, and — I live at West Hamble with my two precious Alexanders.

Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. Phillips.

WEST HAMBLE, August 28, '98.

If I could find words, — but the language does not afford any, — my dearest, dearest Susan, to tell what this final blow has been to me, I am sure I should be a brute to make use of them; but after so much of hope, of fear, of doubt, of terror, to be lifted up at length to real expectation, and only to be hurled down to disappointment! And you — sweetest soul! — that can think of anybody else in such a situation! — for though your neighbors are so good, Ireland is so unsettled, in our estimation, that I believe there is hardly one amongst us would not at least have parted with a little finger by the hatchet, to have possessed you for a few months in England.

I write because I must write, but I am not yet fit for it;

I can offer no fortitude to my Susan, and it is wrong to offer anything else : but I must write, because I must let her see my hand, to tempt a quicker sight again of her own to eyes which yearn after it incessantly. Why did the Major desire me to look after our old cottage at Bookham ? and so obligingly, so pleasantly, so truly say he was certain of the pleasure he gave me by the commission ? — Can you tell ?

I have many things to say and talk of, but they all get behind the present overbearing, engrossing disappointment, which will take no consolation or occupation, except my dear boy, who fortunately was out of the way when I first received it ; for else he would have used the letter very ill ; when I got that which announced that you were coming, the one before the last, in which the Major himself wrote to James, and which James most kindly forwarded to me instantly, saying, “ We may now expect to see dear Susan in a few days ; ” those words from him, less easily elated than most of us, so transported me that I appeared to my poor Alex. in deep grief from a powerful emotion of surprise and joy, which forced its way down my cheeks.

The little creature, who was playing on the sofa, set up a loud cry, and instantly, with a desperate impulse, ran to me, darted up his little hands, before I could imagine his design, and seized the letter with such violence that I must have torn it to have prevented him : and then he flew with it to the sofa, and rumpling it up in his little hands, poked it under the cushions, and then resolutely sat down upon it. I was too happy at that moment to oppose his little enterprise, and he sat still till my caresses and evident re-establishment brought him to my lap. However, when I put him down and made up to the sofa for my letter, he began crying again, and flying to his booty, put himself into such an agony that I was fain to quiet him by waiting

till I could take it unobserved; yet he could not express himself better in words than by merely saying, "I don't like you to read a letter, mamma!" — He had never happened to see me in tears before: happy boy! — and oh, happy mother!

The little soul has a thousand traits of character that remind me of Norbury, both in what is desirable and what is fearful; for he is not only as sweet, but as impetuous, and already he has the same desire to hear me recount to him his own good and bad conduct at the end of the day that dear Norbury had when I visited Mickleham. Just now, when we took leave for the night, he said, "And what was I to-day, mamma?" "Good, my dear." "But what was I to dinner?" "A little rude." He then looks down very conscious, but raises his brightened eyes, to say, "And what are I now, mamma?" "Quite good, my love."

And now, my beloved Susan, I will sketch my last Court history of this year.

The Princess Amelia, who had been extremely ill since my last Royal admittance, of some complaint in her knee which caused spasms the most dreadfully painful, was now returning from her sea-bathing at Worthing, and I heard from all around the neighborhood that her Royal Highness was to rest and stop one night at Juniper Hall, whither she was to be attended by Mr. Keate, the surgeon, and by Sir Lucas Pepys, who was her physician at Worthing.

I could not hear of her approaching so near our habitation, and sleeping within sight of us, and be contented without an effort to see her; yet I would not distress Lady Rothes by an application she would not know how either to refuse or grant, from the established etiquette of bringing no one into the presence of their Royal Highnesses but by the Queen's permission. So infinitely sweet, how-

ever, that young love of a Princess always is to me, that I gathered courage to address a petition to her Majesty herself, through the medium of Miss Planta, for leave to pay my homage. — I will copy my answer, sent by return of post.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — I have infinite pleasure in acquainting you that the Queen has ordered me to say that you have her leave to see dear Princess Amelia, provided Sir Lucas Pepys and Mr. Keate permit it. &c., &c., &c.

With so complete and honorable a credential, I now scrupled not to address a few lines to Lady Rothes, telling her my authority, to prevent any embarrassment, for entreating her leave to pay my devoirs to the young Princess on Saturday morning, — the Friday I imagined she would arrive too fatigued to be seen. I intimated also my wish to bring my boy, not to be presented unless demanded, but to be put into some closet where he might be at hand in case of that honor. The sweet Princess's excessive graciousness to him gave me courage for this request. Lady Rothes sent me a kind note which made me perfectly comfortable.

It was the 1st of December, but a beautifully clear and fine day. I borrowed Mr. Locke's carriage.

Sir Lucas came to us immediately, and ushered us to the breakfast-parlor, giving me the most cheering accounts of the recovery of the Princess. Here I was received by Lady Rothes, who presented me to Lady Albinia Cumberland, widow of Cumberland the author's only son, and one of the ladies of the Princesses. I found her a peculiarly pleasing woman, in voice, manner, look, and behavior.

This introduction over, I had the pleasure to shake hands with Miss Goldsworthy, whom I was very glad to see and who was very cordial and kind; but who is be-

come, alas ! so dreadfully deaf, there is no conversing with her, but by talking for a whole house to hear every word ! With this infirmity, however, she is still in her first youth and brightness compared with her brother ; who, though I knew him of the party, is so dreadfully altered, that I with difficulty could venture to speak to him by the name of General Goldsworthy. He has had three or four more strokes of apoplexy since I saw him.

I fancy he had a strong consciousness of his alteration, for he seemed embarrassed and shy, and only bowed to me, at first, without speaking. But I wore that off afterwards, by chatting over old stories with him.

The Princess breakfasted alone, attended by Mrs. Cheveley. When this general breakfast was over, Lady Albinia retired. But in a very few minutes she returned, and said, "Her Royal Highness desires to see Madame d'Arblay and her little boy."

The Princess was seated on a sofa, in a French grey riding-dress, with pink lapels, her beautiful and richly flowing and shining fair locks unornamented. Her breakfast was still before her, and Mrs. Cheveley in waiting. Lady Albinia announced me, and she received me with the brightest smile, calling me up to her, and stopping my profound reverence, by pouting out her sweet ruby lips for me to kiss.

She desired me to come and sit by her ; but, ashamed of so much indulgence, I seemed not to hear her, and drew a chair at a little distance. "No, no," she cried, nodding, "come here ; come and sit by me here, my dear Madame d'Arblay." I had then only to say 't was my duty to obey her, and I seated myself on her sofa. Lady Albinia, whom she motioned to sit, took an opposite chair, and Mrs. Cheveley, after we had spoken a few words together, retired.

Her attention now was bestowed upon my Alex., who required not quite so much solicitation to take his part of the sofa. He came jumping and skipping up to her Royal Highness, with such gay and merry antics, that it was impossible not to be diverted with so sudden a change from his composed and quiet behavior in the other room. He seemed enchanted to see her again, and I was only alarmed lest he should skip upon her poor knee in his caressing agility.

I bid him, in vain, however, repeat Ariel's "Come unto these Yellow Sands," which he can say very prettily; he began, and the Princess, who knew it, prompted him to go on; but a fit of shame came suddenly across him — or of capriciousness — and he would not continue.

Lady Albinia soon after left the room; and the Princess, then, turning hastily and eagerly to me, said, "Now we are alone, do let me ask you one question, Madame d'Arbly — Are you — are you — [looking with strong expression to discover her answer] writing anything?"

I could not help laughing, but replied in the negative.

"Upon your honor?" she cried earnestly, and looking disappointed. This was too hard an interrogatory for evasion; and I was forced to say — the truth — that I was about nothing I had yet fixed if or not I should ever finish, but that I was rarely without some project. This seemed to satisfy and please her.

I told her of my having seen the Duke of Clarence at Leatherhead fair. "What, William?" she cried, surprised. This unaffected, natural way of naming her brothers and sisters is infinitely pleasing. She took a miniature from her pocket, and said, "I must show you Meney's picture," meaning Princess Mary, whom she still calls Meney, because it was the name she gave her when unable to pronounce Mary — a time she knew I well remembered. It

was a very sweet miniature, and extremely like. "Ah! what happiness," I cried, "your Royal Highness will feel, and give, upon returning to their Majesties and their Royal Highnesses, after such an absence, and such sufferings!" "Oh! yes!— I shall be so glad!" she cried, and then Lady Albinia came in and whispered her it was time to admit Lady Rothes, who then entered with Lady Harriet and the Miss Leslies.

When she was removing, painfully lifted from her seat between Sir Lucas and Mr. Keate, she stopped to pay her compliments and thanks to Lady Rothes with a dignity and self-command extremely striking.¹ F. D'A.

Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. Phillips.

August 14th, '99.

I know that my beloved Susan did not mean I should see her true account of her precious health; but it arrived

¹ This sweet young Princess died in 1811, after long suffering, patiently endured. She was the favorite child of her father, whose hopeless derangement dated from the day on which her death was announced to him. The simple and touching verses which follow are attributed to her pen:—

"Unthinking, idle, vain, and young,
I laughed and danced and played and sung,
And, proud of health, of freedom vain,
Dreamt not of sickness, care, nor pain;
Concluding, in those hours of glee,
That the whole world was made for me.

"But when the hour of trial came,
When sickness racked this trembling frame,
When folly's gay pursuit was o'er,
And I could laugh and sing no more, —
It then occurred, how sad 't would be
If the whole world were made for me!"

at West Hamble while Esther was there, and it has been engraven on my heart in saddest characters ever since. The degree in which it makes me — I had almost said — wretched, would be cruel to dwell upon ; but had the letter finished as it began, I must have surely applied for a passport, without which there is now no visiting Ireland. In case, my sweet soul, you are relapsed, or do not continue improving, tell me if there is any way I can manage to make a surprise give no shock of horror where I have no expectation of giving pleasure ? I would not offend, nor add to my beloved's hard tasks, God knows ! Should I write *there*, in that case, for leave ? or what do ? At all events, and if the recovery continues, give me a hint or two, I entreat. I consult no one here ; I must do such a deed by storm ; I am sure of consent to everything that my happiness and peace demand, from the only one who can lawfully control me,—and that is enough. F. D'A.

Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. Phillips.

WEST HAMBLE, December 10th, '99.

O my Susan, my heart's dear sister ! with what bitter sorrow have I read this last account ! With us, with yourself, your children, — all, — you have trifled in respect to health, though in all things else you are honor and veracity personified ; but nothing had prepared me to think you in such a state as I now find you. Would to God I could get to you ! If Mr. Keirnan thinks you had best pass the winter in Dublin, stay, and let me come to you. Venture nothing against his opinion, for mercy's sake ! Fears for your health take place of all impatience to expedite your return ; only go not back to Belcotton, where you cannot be under his direction, and are away from the physician he thinks of so highly.

I shall write immediately to Charles about the carriage. I am sure of his answer beforehand, — so must you be. Act, therefore, with regard to the carriage, as if already it were arranged. But I am well aware it must not set out till you are well enough to nearly fix your day of sailing. I say nearly, for we must always allow for accidents. I shall write to our dear father, and Etty, and James, and send to Norbury Park; but I shall wait till to-morrow, not to infect them with what I am infected.

How I love that charming Augusta! — tell her so; I am almost tempted to write to her, and to Mrs. Disney, and to Mr. Keirnan. I expect everybody to love and be kind to my Susan: yet I love and cherish them for it as if it were any wonder.

O my Susan! that I could come to you! But all must depend on Mr. Keirnan's decision. If you can come to us with perfect safety, however slowly, I shall not dare add to your embarrassment of persons and package. Else, Charles's carriage — O, what a temptation to air it for you all the way! Take no more large paper, that you may write with less fatigue, and, if possible, oftener: — to any one will suffice for all. Yours affectionately, F. D'A.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney.

9th January, 1800.

MY MOST DEAR PADRE, — My mate will say all say, — so I can only offer up my earnest prayers I may soon be allowed the blessing — the only one I sigh for — of embracing my dearest Susan in your arms and under your roof. Amen. F. D'A.

These were the last written lines of the last period — unsuspected as such — of my perfect happiness on earth;

for they were stopped on the road by news that my heart's beloved sister, Susanna Elizabeth Phillips, had ceased to breathe. The tenderest of husbands — the most feeling of human beings — had only reached Norbury Park, on his way to a believed meeting with that angel, when the fatal blow was struck ; and he came back to West Hamble — to the dreadful task of revealing the irreparable loss which his own goodness, sweetness, patience, and sympathy could alone have made supported.

Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. Locke.

9th January, 1800.

“*As a guardian angel!*” — Yes, my dearest Fredy, as such in every interval of despondence I have looked up to the sky to see her ; but my eyes cannot pierce through the thick atmosphere, and I can only represent her to me seated on a chair of sickness, her soft hand held partly out to me as I approach her ; her softer eyes so greeting me as never welcome was expressed before ; and a smile of heavenly expression speaking the tender gladness of her grateful soul that God at length should grant our re-union. From our earliest moments, my Fredy, when no misfortune happened to our dear family, *we wanted nothing but each other.* Joyfully as others were received by us — loved by us — all that was necessary to our happiness was fulfilled by our simple junction. This I remember with my first remembrance ; nor do I recollect a single instance of being affected beyond a minute by any outward disappointment, if its result was leaving us together.

She was the soul of my soul! — and 't is wonderful to me, my dearest Fredy, that the first shock did not join them immediately by the flight of mine — but that over —

that dreadful, harrowing, never-to-be-forgotten moment of horror that made me wish to be mad — the ties that after that first endearing period have shared with her my heart, come to my aid. Yet I was long incredulous; and still sometimes I think it is not — and that she will come — and I paint her by my side — by my father's — in every room of these apartments, destined to have checkered the woes of her life with rays of comfort, joy, and affection.

O, my Fredy! not selfish is the affliction that repines; her earthly course of sorrow was allowed no shade! — that at the instant soft peace and consolation awaited her she should breathe her last! You would understand all the hardship of resignation for me were you to read the joyful opening of her letter, on her landing, to my poor father, and her prayer at the end to be restored to him.

O, my Fredy! could you indeed think of me — be alarmed for me on that dreadful day! — I can hardly make that enter my comprehension; but I thank you from my soul; for that is beyond any love I had thought possible, even from your tender heart.

Tell me you all keep well, and forgive me my distraction. I write so fast I fear you can hardly read; but you will see I am conversing with you, and that will show you how I turn to you for the comfort of your tenderness. Yes, you have all a loss, indeed!

F. D'A.

Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. Locke.

GREENWICH, Friday, February —, 1800.

Here we are, my beloved friend. We came yesterday. All places to me are now less awful than my own so dear habitation.

My royal interview took place on Wednesday. I was

five hours with the Royal family, three of them alone with the Queen, whose graciousness and *kind* goodness I cannot express. And each of the Princesses saw me with a sort of concern and interest I can never forget. I did tolerably well, though not quite as steadily as I expected; but with my own Princess Augusta I lost all command of myself. She is still wrapt up, and just recovering from a fever herself; and she spoke to me in a tone — a voice so commiserating — I could not stand it — I was forced to stop short in my approach, and hide my face with my muff. She came up to me immediately, put her arm upon my shoulder, and kissed me. — I shall never forget it. — How much more than thousands of words did a condescension so tender tell me her kind feelings! — *She* is one of the few beings in this world that can be, in the words of M. de Narbonne, “all that is *douce* and all that is *spirituelle*,” — his words upon my lost darling!

It is impossible more of comfort or gratification could be given, than I received from them all. F. D'A.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney.

WEST HAMBLE, March 22, 1800.

Day after day I have meant to write to my dearest father; but I have been unwell ever since our return, and that has not added to my being sprightly. I have not once crossed the threshold since I re-entered the house till to-day, when Mr. and Mrs. Locke almost insisted upon taking me an airing. I am glad of it, for it has done me good, and broken a kind of spell that made me unwilling to stir.

M. d'Arblay has worked most laboriously in his garden; but his misfortunes there, during our absence, might

melt a heart of stone. The horses of our next neighboring farmer broke through our hedges, and have made a kind of bog of our meadow, by scampering in it during the wet; the sheep followed, who have eaten up all our greens, every sprout and cabbage and lettuce destined for the winter; while the horses dug up our turnips and carrots; and the swine, pursuing such examples, have trod down all the young plants, besides devouring whatever the others left of vegetables. Our potatoes, left, from our abrupt departure, in the ground, are all rotten or frost-bitten, and utterly spoilt; and not a single thing has our whole ground produced us since we came home. A few dried carrots, which remain from the indoors collection, are all we have to temper our viands.

What think you of this for people who make it a rule to owe a third of their sustenance to the garden? Poor M. d'A.'s renewal of toil, to supply future times, is exemplary to behold, after such discouragement. But he works as if nothing had failed; such is his patience as well as industry.

My Alex., I am sure you will be kindly glad to hear, is entirely well; and looks so blooming — no rose can be fresher. I am encouraging back his *spouting* propensity, to fit him for his royal interview with the sweet and gay young Princess who has demanded him, who will, I know, be diverted with his speeches and gestures. We must present ourselves before Easter, as the Court then adjourns to Windsor for ten days. My gardener will not again leave his grounds to the four-footed marauders; and our stay, therefore, will be the *very* shortest we can possibly make it; for though we love retirement, we do not like solitude.

I long for some further account of you, dearest Sir, and how you bear the mixture of business and company, of *fag and frolic*, as Charlotte used to phrase it. F. d'A.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney.

WEST HAMBLE, November 7, 1800.

I think it very long not to hear at least of you, my dearest padre. My tranquil and happy security, alas! has been broken in upon by severe conflicts since I wrote to my dearest father last, which I would not communicate while yet pending, but must now briefly narrate.

My partner, the truest of partners, has been erased from the list of emigrants nearly a year; and in that period has been much pressed and much blamed by his remaining friends in France, by every opportunity through which they could send to him, for not immediately returning, and seeing if anything could be yet saved from the wreck of his own and family's fortune; but he held steady to his original purpose never to revisit his own country till it was at peace with this; till a letter came from his beloved uncle himself, conveyed to him through Hambro', which shook all the firmness of his resolution, and has kept him, since its receipt, in a state of fermentation, from doubts and difficulties, and crossing wishes and interests, that has much affected his health as well as tranquillity.

All, however, now, is at least decided; for a few days since he received a letter from M. Lajard, who is returned to Paris, with information from his uncle's eldest son, that some of his small property is yet unsold, to about the amount of £1,000, and can still be saved from sequestration if he will immediately go and claim it: or, if that is impossible, if he will send his *procuracion* to his uncle, from some country *not at war with France*.

This ended all his internal contest; and he is gone this very morning to town to procure a passport and a passage in some vessel bound to Holland.

So unused are we to part, never yet for a week having

been separated during the eight years of our union, that our first idea was going together, and taking our Alex.; and certain I am nothing would do me such material and mental good as so complete a change of scene; but the great expense of the voyage and journey, and the inclement season for our little boy, at length finally settled us to pray only for a speedy meeting. But I did not give it up till late last night, and am far from quite reconciled to relinquishing it even now.

He has no intention to go to France, or he would make an effort to pass by Calais, which would delightfully shorten the passage; but he merely means to remain at the Hague, while he sends over his *procuration*, and learns how soon he may hope to reap its fruits.

I can write upon nothing else just now, my dearest father; the misfortune of this call at such a boisterous, dangerous season, will oppress and alarm me, in defiance of all I can oppose of hope; yet the measure is so reasonable, so natural, I could no longer try to combat it. Adieu, dearest Sir. If any news of him reaches me before his return, I will not enjoy it five minutes previous to communicating it to my dear father. He hopes at all events to be able to embrace you, and beg your benediction before he departs, which nothing but the very unlikely chance of meeting a vessel just sailing for Holland immediately can prevent. He is well — and oh, what a support to me!

F. D'A.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney.

WEST HAMBLE, 16th December, 1800.

He is returned, my dearest father, already! My joy and surprise are so great I seem in a dream. I have just this moment a letter from him, written at Gravesend.

What he has been able to arrange as to his affairs, I know not; and just now cannot care, so great is my thankfulness for his safety and return. He waits in the river for his passport, and will, when he obtains it, hasten, I need not say, to West Hamble.

This blessed news my dearest father will, I am sure, be glad to receive; I am sure, too, of the joy of my dear, affectionate Fanny. He will be here, I hope, to keep his son's sixth birthday, on Thursday. He is well, he says, but horribly fatigued. Heaven bless and preserve you, dearest sir, your ever dutiful and affectionate,

F. D'A.

CHAPTER VIII.

. 1802 — 1813.

[IN October, 1801, M. d'Arblay received from the French government the appointment of commercial consul at London, and went to Paris to receive orders. The appointment was annulled in consequence of his stipulation that at no time should he be called on to bear arms against the British government. Having been required by the Alien Office, on leaving England, to engage that he would not return for the space of one year, Madame d'Arblay and her son joined him at Paris in April, 1802, where circumstances detained her for ten years.]

Madame d'Arblay to Miss Planta.

PARIS, April 27, 1802.

A week have I been here, my dear Miss Planta, so astonishingly engaged, so indispensably occupied, or so suffering from fatigue, that I have not been able till now to take up my pen, except to satisfy my dear father of our safe arrival. To give you some idea of these *engagements, occupations, and fatigues*, I must begin with the last.

We were a whole long, languid day, a whole restless, painful night, upon the sea; my little Alex. sick as death, suffering, if possible, yet more than myself, though I had not a moment of ease and comfort. My little Adrienne de Chavagnac was perfectly well all the time, singing and

skipping about the cabin, and amusing every one by her innocent enjoyment of the novelty of the scene.

At Calais we spent a day, and half a night to refit ; and pray try to imagine my pleased emotion and surprise, when, as soon as we were seated to dinner at the hotel, a band of musicians came to the window, with French horns and other instruments, and struck up "*God save the King.*" So unexpected a sound in a foreign country, and a country so lately hostile, affected me with uncommon pleasure.

As to my *occupations* ; — my little apartment to arrange, my trunks and baggage to unpack and place, my poor Adrienne to consign to her friends, my Alex. to nurse from a threatening malady ; letters to deliver, necessaries to buy ; a femme de chambre to engage ; and, most important of all ! my own sumptuous wardrobe to refit, and my own poor exterior to reorganize ! I see you smile, methinks, at this hint ; but what smiles would brighten the countenance of a certain young lady called Miss Rose, who amused herself by anticipation, when I had last the honor of seeing her, with the changes I might have to undergo, could she have heard the exclamations which followed the examination of my attire ! "*This won't do ! That you can never wear ! This you can never be seen in ! That would make you stared at as a curiosity ! — Three petticoats ! no one wears more than one ! — Stays ? everybody has left off even corsets ! — Shift-sleeves ? not a soul now wears even a chemise !*" &c. &c. In short, I found all that I possessed seemed so hideously old-fashioned, or so comically rustic, that as soon as it was decreed I must make my appearance in the *grand monde*, hopeless of success in exhibiting myself in the *costume Français*, I gave over the attempt, and ventured to come forth as a Gothic *Anglaise*, who had

never heard of, or never heeded, the reigning metamorphoses.

As to my *engagements*; — when should I finish, should I tell of all that had been made or proposed, even in the short space of a single week? The civilities I have met with, contrary to all my expectations, have not more amazed me for myself, than gratified me for M. d'Arblay, who is keenly alive to the kind, I might say distinguished, reception I have been favored with by those to whom my arrival is known.

Your favorite hero is excessively popular at this moment from three successive grand events, all occurring within the short time of my arrival, — the Ratification of the Treaty of Peace — the Restoration of Sunday, and Catholic Worship — and the amnesty of the Emigrants. At the Opera Buffa, the *loge* in which I sat was exactly opposite to that of the First Consul; but he and his family are all at Malmaison. Adieu, my dear Miss P., and believe me ever, your affectionate friend and servant, F. D'ARBLAY.

Nothing since my arrival has so sensibly gratified me, as a visit from Madame Lafayette.

Madame Lafayette is the daughter of the *ci-devant* Duc d'Ayen, and consequently niece of Madame de Tessé, the Duc's sister. She was married to M. de Lafayette when she was only seventeen years of age. By some cold, or mismanagement, and total want of exercise in the prison of Olmutz, some humor has fallen into one of her ankles, that, though it does not make her absolutely lame, causes walking to be so painful and difficult to her that she moves as little as possible, and is always obliged to have a stool for her foot. She now resides with M. Lafayette and their three children entirely in the country, at a chateau which

has descended to her since the revolutionary horrors, and therefore has not been confiscated, called *La Grange*. They never come to Paris but upon business of positive necessity. She had arrived only this morning on a visit to her aunt, Madame de Tessé, to make some preparations for the approaching marriage of her only son.

Her youngest daughter, Mademoiselle de Lafayette, accompanied her. She is a blooming young creature of *English* fairness — as we English choose to say — with a bright native color, and beautiful light hair; otherwise with but indifferent features, and not handsome; yet her air, though modest even to the extreme that borders upon bashfulness, is distinguished, and speaks her to be both sensible and well brought up.

Madame de Lafayette, also, is by no means handsome; but has eyes so expressive, so large, and so speaking, that it is not easy to criticise her other features, for it is almost impossible to look at them. Her manner is calm and mild, yet noble. She is respected even by surrounding infidels for her genuine piety, which, in the true character of true religion, is severe only for herself, lenient and cheerful for all others. I do not say this from what I could see in the hour she was so good as to pass with me, but from all I have heard.

She warmly invited me to La Grange, and requested me to name an early day for passing some time there. I proposed that it might be after the marriage had taken place, as till then all foreign people or *subjects* might be obtrusive. She paused a moment, and then said, “Après? — c’est vrai! — we could then more completely enjoy Madame d’Arblay’s society; for we must now have continual interruptions, surrounded as we are by workmen, goods, chattels, and preparations; so that there would be a nail to hammer between almost every word; and yet, as we are going to

Auvergne after the ceremony, it will be so long before a meeting may be arranged, that I believe the less time lost the better."

I knew M. d'Arblay desired this acquaintance for me too earnestly to offer any opposition; and I was too much charmed with its opening to make any myself: it was therefore determined we should go the following week to La Grange.

(May 5.) Again a full day. M. d'Arblay had procured us three tickets for entering the apartments at the Tuileries, to see the parade of General Hulin, now high in actual rank and service, but who had been a *sous-officier* under M. d'Arblay's command; our third ticket was for Madame d'Hénin, who had never been to this sight — nor, indeed, more than twice to any spectacle since her return to France — till my arrival; but she is so obliging and good as to accept, nay, to seek, everything that can amuse, of which I can profit. We breakfasted with her early, and were appointed to join the party of M. le Prince de Beauveau, who had a General in his carriage, through whose aid and instructions we hoped to escape all difficulties.

The crowd was great, but civil and well dressed; and we met with no impediment till we came to the great entrance. Alas, I had sad recollections of sad readings in mounting the steps! We had great difficulty, notwithstanding our tickets, in making our way — I mean Madame d'Hénin and ourselves, for Madame de Beauveau and Mademoiselle de Mortemar having an officer in the existing military to aid them, were admitted and helped by all the attendants; and so forwarded that we wholly lost sight of them, till we arrived, long after, in the apartment destined for the exhibition. This, however, was so crowded that every place at the windows for seeing the parade was taken, and the row formed opposite to see the First Consul as he passed through

the room to take horse, was so thick and threefold filled, that not a possibility existed of even a passing peep. Madame d'Hénin would have retired, but as the whole scene was new and curious to me, I prevailed with her to stay, that I might view a little of the *costume* of the company; though I was sorry I detained her, when I saw her perturbed spirits from the recollections which, I am sure, pressed upon her on re-entering this palace: and that her sorrows were only subdued by her personal indignation, which was unconscious, but yet very prominent, to find herself included in the mass of the crowd in being refused all place and distinction, where, heretofore, she was amongst the first for every sort of courtesy. Nothing of this, however, was said; and you may believe my pity for her was equally unuttered.

We seated ourselves now, hopeless of any other amusement than seeing the uniforms of the passing officers, and the light drapery of the stationary ladies, which, by the way, is not by any means so notorious nor so common as has been represented; on the contrary, there are far more who are decent enough to attract no attention, than who are fashionable enough to call for it.

During this interval M. d'Arblay found means, by a ticket lent him by M. de Narbonne, to enter the next apartment, and there to state our distress, not in vain, to General Hulin; and presently he returned, accompanied by this officer, who is, I fancy, at least seven feet high, and was dressed in one of the most showy uniforms I ever saw. M. d'Arblay introduced me to him. He expressed his pleasure in seeing the wife of his old comrade, and taking my hand, caused all the crowd to make way, and conducted me into the apartment adjoining to that where the First Consul receives the ambassadors, with a flourish of manners so fully displaying power as well as courtesy, that I felt as if in the hands of one of the seven champions who

meant to mow down all before him, should any impious elf dare 'dispute his right to give me liberty, or to show me honor.

He put me into the first place in the apartment which was sacred to general officers, and as many ladies as could be accommodated in two rows only at the windows. M. d'Arblay, under the sanction of his big friend, followed with Madame d'Hénin; and we had the pleasure of re-joining Madame de Beauveau and Mademoiselle de Mortemar, who were at the same windows, through the exertions of General Songis.

The scene now, with regard to all that was present, was splendidly gay and highly animating. The room was full, but not crowded, with officers of rank in sumptuous rather than rich uniforms, and exhibiting a martial air that became their attire, which, however, generally speaking, was too gorgeous to be noble.

Our window was that next to the consular apartment, in which Bonaparte was holding a levee, and it was close to the steps ascending to it; by which means we saw all the forms of the various exits and entrances, and had opportunity to examine every dress and every countenance that passed and repassed. This was highly amusing, I might say historic, where the past history and the present office were known.

Sundry footmen of the First Consul, in very fine liveries, were attending to bring or arrange chairs for whoever required them; various peace-officers, superbly begilt, paraded occasionally up and down the chamber, to keep the ladies to their windows and the gentlemen to their ranks, so as to preserve the passage or lane through which the First Consul was to walk upon his entrance clear and open; and several gentlemanlike-looking persons, whom in former times I should have supposed pages of the back

stairs, dressed in black, with gold chains hanging round their necks, and medallions pending from them, seemed to have the charge of the door itself, leading immediately to the audience chamber of the First Consul.

But what was most prominent in commanding notice, was the array of the aides-de-camp of Bonaparte, which was so almost furiously striking, that all other vestments, even the most gaudy, appeared suddenly under a gloomy cloud when contrasted with its brightness. We were long viewing them before we could discover what they were to represent, my three lady companions being as new to this scene as myself; but afterwards M. d'Arblay starting forward to speak to one of them, brought him across the lane to me, and said, "General Lauriston."

His kind and faithful friendship to M. d'Arblay, so amiably manifested upon his late splendid embassy to England, made me see him with great pleasure. It was of course but for a moment, as he was amongst those who had most business upon their hands. General d'Hennezel also came to me for a few minutes, and three or four others whom M. d'Arblay named, but whom I have forgotten. Indeed I was amazed at the number of old friends by whom he was recognized, and touched far more than I can express, to see him in his old coat and complete undress, accosted by his fine (former) brethren, in all their new and beautiful costume, with an eagerness of regard that, resulting from first impulse, proved their judgment, or rather knowledge of his merits, more forcibly than any professions, however warm, could have done. He was indeed, after the aides-de-camp, the most striking figure in the apartment, from contrasting as much with the general herd by being the plainest and worst dressed, as they did by being the gayest and most showy.

General Lauriston is a very handsome man, and of a

very pleasing and amiable countenance; and his manly air carried off the frippery of his trappings, so as to make them appear almost to advantage.

In the first row of females at the window where we stood, were three ladies who, by my speaking English with Mademoiselle de Mortemar and Madame de Beauveau, discovered my country, and, as I have since heard, gathered my name; and here I blush to own how unlike was the result to what one of this nation might have experienced from a similar discovery in England; for the moment it was buzzed "*c'est une étrangère, c'est une Anglaise,*" every one tried to place, to oblige, and to assist me, and yet no one looked curious, or stared at me. Ah, my dear Padre, do you not a little fear, in a contrasted situation, *no* one would have tried to place, oblige, or assist, yet every one would have looked curious and stared? Well, there are virtues as well as defects of all classes; and John Bull can fight so good a battle for his share of the former, that he need not be utterly cast down in acknowledging now and then a few of the latter.

The best view from the window to see the marching forwards of the troops was now bestowed upon me, and I vainly offered it to the ladies of my own party, to whom the whole of the sight was as new as to myself. The three unknown ladies began conversing with me, and, after a little general talk, one of them with sudden importance of manner, in a tone slow but energetic, said, "*Avez-vous vu, Madame, le Premier Consul?*"

"Pas encore, Madame."

"C'est sans doute ce que vous souhaitez le plus, Madame?"

"Oui, Madame."

"Voulez-vous le voir parfaitement bien, et tout à fait à votre aise?"

"Je le désire beaucoup, Madame." She then told me to

keep my eyes constantly upon her, and not an instant lose sight of her movements; and to suffer no head, in the press that would ensue when the First Consul appeared, to intervene between us. "Faites comme cela, Madame," continued she; "et vous le verrez bien, bien; car," added she, solemnly, and putting her hand on her breast, — "moi — je vais lui parler!" I was very much surprised, indeed, and could only conclude I was speaking to a wife, sister, or cousin at least, of one of the other consuls, or of some favorite minister. "Et lui, Madame, il me répondra; vous l'entendrez parler, Madame, oui, vous l'entendrez! car il est bon, bon! — bon homme tout à fait et affable — O affable! — oui, vous l'entendrez parler."

I thanked her very much, but it was difficult to express as much satisfaction as she displayed herself. You may suppose, however, how curious I felt for such a conversation, and how scrupulously I followed her injunctions of watching her motions. A little squat good-humored lady, with yellow flowers over a mob cap upon her hair; who had little sunken eyes, concise nose, and a mouth so extended by perpetual smiling, that, hardly leaving an inch for the cheek, it ran nearly into the ear, on my other side now demanded my attention also, and told me she came regularly every month to the great review, that she might always bring some friend who wanted to see it. I found by this she was a person of some power, some influence, at least, and not entirely averse to having it known. She was extremely civil to me; but as my other friend had promised me so singular a regale, I had not much voluntary time to spare for her; this, however, appeared to be no impediment to that she was so obliging as to determine to bestow upon me, and she talked on, satisfied with my acquiescence to her civility, till a sort of bustle just before us making me look a little sharp, she cried — "Vous le voyez, Madame?"

“ Qui ? ” exclaimed I, “ Le Premier Consul ? ”

“ Mais non ! — pas encore ; — mais — ce — ce monsieur là ! ” I looked at her to see whom I was to remark, and her eyes led me to a tall, large figure, with a broad gold-laced hat, who was clearing the lane, which some of the company had infringed, with a stentorian voice, and an air and manner of such authority as a chief constable might exert in an English riot.

“ Oui, Madame, ” I answered, not conceiving why I was to look at him ; “ je le vois ce Monsieur ; il est bien grand ! ”

“ Oui, Madame, ” replied she, with a yet widened smile, and a look of lively satisfaction ; “ il est bien grand ! Vous le voyez bien ? ”

“ Mais oui : et il est très bien mis ! ”

“ Oui sûrement ! vous êtes sûre que vous le voyez ? ”

“ Bien sûre, Madame, — mais, il a un air d'autorité, il me semble. ”

“ Oui, Madame ; et bientôt, il ira dans l'autre appartement ! il verra le Premier Consul ! ”

“ O, fort bien ! ” cried I, quite at a loss what she meant me to understand, till at last, fixing first him, and then me, she expressively said — “ Madame, c'est mon mari ! ” The grin now was distended to the very utmost limits of the stretched lips, and the complacency of her countenance forcibly said, “ What do you think of me now ? ” My countenance, however, was far more clever than my head, if it made her any answer. But, in the plenitude of her own admiration of a gentleman who seemed privileged to speak roughly, and push violently whoever, by a single inch, passed a given barrier, she imagined, I believe, that to belong to him entitled her to be considered as sharing his prowess ; she seemed even to be participating in the merits of his height and breadth, though he could easily have put her into his pocket.

Not perceiving, as I imagine, all the delight of felicitation in my countenance that she had expected, her own fell, in a disappointed pause, into as much of length as its circular form would admit of; it recovered, however, in another minute, its full merry rotundity, by conjecturing, as I have reason to think, that the niggardliness of my admiration was occasioned by my doubt of her assertions; for, looking at me with an expression that demanded my attention, she poked her head under the arm of a tall grenadier, stationed to guard our window, and trying to catch the eye of the object of her devotion, called out, in an accent of tenderness, "M'Ami! M'Ami!"

The surprise she required was now gratified in full, though what she concluded to be excited by her happiness, was simply the effect of so caressing a public address from so diminutive a little creature to so gigantic a big one. Three or four times the soft sound was repeated ere it reached the destined ear, through the hubbub created by his own loud and rough manner of calling to order; but, when at last he caught the gentle appellation, and looked down upon her, it was with an eyebrow so scowling, a mouth so pouting, and an air that so rudely said, "*What the D— do you want?*" that I was almost afraid he would have taken her between his thumb and finger and given her a shake. However, he only grumbled out, "Qu'est-ce que c'est donc?" A little at a loss what to say, she gently stammered, "M'Ami,—le—le Premier Consul, ne vient-il pas?" "Oui! oui!" was blustered in reply, with a look that completed the phrase by "*you fool, you!*" though the voice left it unfinished.

Not disconcerted even yet, though rather abashed, she turned to me with a pleased grin that showed her proud of his noble ferociousness, and said, "C'est mon mari, Madame!" as if still fearful I was not fully convinced of the

grandeur of her connection. "M'ami" having now cleared the passage by ranging all the company in two direct lines, the officers of highest rank were assembled, and went in a sort of procession into the inner apartment to the audience of the First Consul. During the time this lasted, some relaxation of discipline ensued, and the gentlemen from the opposite row ventured to approach and peep at the windows with the ladies; but as soon as the generals descended from the steps they had mounted, their short conference being over, "m'ami" again appeared, to the inexpressible gratification of his loving little mate, again furiously hustled every one to his post; and the flags, next, as I think, were carried in procession to the inner apartment, but soon after brought back.

The Prince of Orange then passed us to enter the audience chamber, with a look so serious, an air so depressed, that I have not been at all surprised to hear he was that very night taken very ill.

The last object for whom the way was cleared was the Second Consul, Cambacérés, who advanced with a stately and solemn pace, slow, regular, and consequential; dressed richly in scarlet and gold, and never looking to the right or left, but wearing a mien of fixed gravity and importance. He had several persons in his suite, who, I think, but am not sure, were ministers of state.

At length the two human hedges were finally formed, the door of the audience chamber was thrown wide open with a commanding crash, and a vivacious officer — sentinel — or I know not what, nimbly descended the three steps into our apartment, and placing himself at the side of the door, with one hand spread as high as possible above his head, and the other extended horizontally, called out in a loud and authoritative voice, "Le Premier Consul!"

You will easily believe nothing more was necessary to

obtain attention ; not a soul either spoke or stirred as he and his suite passed along, which was so quickly that, had I not been placed so near the door, and had not all about me facilitated my standing foremost, and being least crowd-obstructed, I could hardly have seen him. As it was, I had a view so near, though so brief, of his face, as to be very much struck by it. It is of a deeply impressive cast, pale even to sallowness, while not only in the eye but in every feature — care, thought, melancholy, and meditation are strongly marked, with so much of character, nay, genius, and so penetrating a seriousness, or rather sadness, as powerfully to sink into an observer's mind.

Yet, though the busts and medallions I have seen are, in general, such good resemblances that I think I should have known him untold, he has by no means the look to be expected from Bonaparte, but rather that of a profoundly studious and contemplative man, who "o'er books consumes" not only the "midnight oil," but his own daily strength, "and wastes the puny body to decay" by abstruse speculation and theoretic plans, or rather visions, ingenious but not practicable. But the look of the commander who heads his own army, who fights his own battles, who conquers every difficulty by personal exertion, who executes all he plans, who performs even all he suggests ; whose ambition is of the most enterprising, and whose bravery is of the most daring cast : — this, which is the look to be expected from his situation, and the exploits which have led to it, the spectator watches for in vain. The plainness, also, of his dress, so conspicuously contrasted by the finery of all around him, conspires forcibly with his countenance, so "sicklied o'er with the pale hue of thought," to give him far more the air of a student than a warrior.

The intense attention with which I fixed him in this

short but complete view made me entirely forget the lady who had promised me to hold him in conference. When he had passed, however, she told me it was upon his return she should address him, as he was too much hurried to be talked with at the moment of going to the parade. I was glad to find my chance not over, and infinitely curious to know what was to follow.

The review I shall attempt no description of. I have no knowledge of the subject, and no fondness for its object. It was far more superb than anything I had ever beheld; but while all the pomp and circumstance of war animated others, it only saddened me; and all of past reflection, all of future dread, made the whole grandeur of the martial scene, and all the delusive seduction of martial music, fill my eyes frequently with tears, but not regale my poor muscles with one single smile.

Bonaparte, mounting a beautiful and spirited white horse, closely encircled by his glittering aides-de-camp, and accompanied by his generals, rode round the ranks, holding his bridle indifferently in either hand, and seeming utterly careless of the prancing, rearing, or other freaks of his horse, insomuch as to strike some who were near me with the notion of his being a bad horseman. I am the last to be a *judge* upon this subject; but as a *remarker*, he only appeared to me a man who knew so well he could manage the animal when he pleased, that he did not deem it worth his while to keep constantly in order what he knew, if urged or provoked, he could subdue in a moment.

Precisely opposite to the window at which I was placed, the Chief Consul stationed himself after making his round; and thence he presented some swords of honor, spreading out one arm with an air and mien which changed his look from that of scholastic severity to one that was highly military and commanding.

Just as the consular band, with their brazen drums as well as trumpets, marched facing the First Consul, the sun broke suddenly out from the clouds which had obscured it all the morning; and the effect was so abrupt, and so dazzling, that I could not help observing it to my friend, the wife of *m'ami*, who, eying me with great surprise, not unmixed with the compassion of contempt, said, —

“ Est-ce que vous ne savez pas cela, Madame ? Dès que le Premier Consul vient à la parade, le soleil vient aussi ! Il a beau pleuvoir tout le matin ; c'est égal, il n'a qu'à paraître, et tout de suite il fait beau.”

I apologized for my ignorance ; but doubt whether it was forgiven.

The review over, the Chief Consul returned to the palace. The lines were again formed, and he re-entered our apartment with his suite. As soon as he approached our window, I observed my first acquaintance start a little forward. I was now all attention to her performance of her promise ; and just as he reached us she stretched out her hand to present him — a petition !

The enigma of the conference was now solved, and I laughed at my own wasted expectation. *Lui parler*, however, the lady certainly did ; so far she kept her word ; for when he had taken the scroll, and was passing on, she rushed out of the line, and planting herself immediately before him, so as to prevent his walking on, screamed, rather than spoke, for her voice was shrill with impetuosity to be heard and terror of failure, “ C'est pour mon fils ! vous me l'avez promis !”

The First Consul stopped and spoke ; but not loud enough for me to hear his voice ; while his aides-de-camp and the attending generals surrounding him more closely, all in a breath rapidly said to the lady, “ Votre nom, Madame, votre nom !” trying to disengage the Consul

from her importunity, in which they succeeded, but not with much ease, as she seemed purposing to cling to him till she got his personal answer. He faintly smiled as he passed on, but looking harassed and worn; while she, turning to me, with an exulting face and voice, exclaimed, "Je l'aurai ! je l'aurai !" meaning what she had petitioned for — "car tous ces Généraux m'ont demandé mon nom !" Could any inference be clearer ?

The moment the Chief Consul had ascended the steps leading to the inner apartment, the gentlemen in black with gold chains gave a general hint that all the company must depart, as the ambassadors and the ministers were now summoned to their monthly public audience with the Chief Consul. The crowd, however, was so great, and Madame d'Hénin was so much incommoded, and half ill, I fear, by internal suffering, that M. d'Arblay procured a pass for us by a private door down to a terrace leading to a quiet exit from the palace into the Tuileries' garden. F. D'A.

Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. Burney.

PARIS, 1802.

With the nearest relatives now existing of M. d'Arblay I am myself more pleased than I can tell you. We have spent a fortnight at *Joigny*, and found them all awaiting us with the most enthusiastic determination to receive with open arms and open heart the choice and the offspring of their returned exile. Their kindness has truly penetrated me; and the heads of the family, the uncle and the aunt, are so charming as well as so worthy, that I could have remained with them for months had not the way of life which their residence in a country town has forced them to adopt been utterly at war with all that, to me, makes

peace, and happiness, and cheerfulness, namely, the real domestic life of living with my own small but all-sufficient family. I have never loved a dissipated life, which it is no virtue in me, therefore, to relinquish; but I now far less than ever can relish it, and know not how to enjoy anything away from home, except by distant intervals; and *then* with that real moderation, I am so far from being a misanthrope or sick of the world, that I have real pleasure in mixed society. It is difficult, however, in the extreme, to be able to keep to such terms. M. d'Arblay has so many friends, and an acquaintance so extensive, that the mere common decencies of established etiquette demand, as yet, nearly all my time; and this has been a true fatigue both to my body and my spirits.

I am now endeavoring to make an arrangement, after a fashion of my own, to put an end to these claims, at least, to their being *fulfilled*. I am sure I shall have a far better chance to do well by those I mix with, as well as by myself, if I succeed; for my voice is as wearied of pronouncing as my brain is wearied in searching words to pronounce. All I experienced, however, from company, interruption, and visiting at Paris was so short of what I found at Joigny, that, in the comparison, I seemed completely mistress of my time; for at Joigny I can truly affirm I never had one hour, or even half a one, to myself. By myself I mean to *our three selves*.

M. d'Arblay is related, though very distantly, to a quarter of the town, and the other three-quarters are his friends or acquaintance; and all of them came, first, to see me; next, to know how I did after the journey; next, were all to be waited upon in return; next, came to thank me for my visit; next, to know how the air of Joigny agreed with me; next, to make a little further acquaintance; and, finally, to make a visit of *cong e*. And yet all were so civil,

so pleasant, and so pleased with my Monsieur's return, that could I have lived three lives, so as to have had some respite, I could not have found fault; for it was scarcely ever with the individual intruder, but with the continuance or repetition of interruption.

F. D'A.

Dr. Burney to Madame d'Arblay.

June 12, 1803.

MY DEAR FANNY,—The complaint made in one of two short notes I have received, of letters never answered, old Charles returns, as his account of family affairs, he finds, has never reached you. Indeed, for the last two or three years, I have had nothing *good* to say of *own self*, and I peremptorily charged all the rest of the family to say nothing *bad* on the subject of health, for I never understood the kindness of alarming distant friends with accounts of severe illness, as we may be recovered or dead before the information reaches them.

Last autumn I had an alarming seizure in my left hand; and, mine being pronounced a *Bath case*, on Christmas Eve I set out for that city, extremely weak and dispirited — put myself under the care of Dr. Parry, and after remaining there three months I found my hand much more alive, and my general health considerably amended.

During my invalidity at Bath I had an unexpected visit from your Streatham friend, of whom I had lost sight for more than ten years. I saw very few people, but none of an evening nor of a morning, on the days my hand was pumped on. When her name was sent in I was much surprised, but desired she might be admitted; and I received her as an old friend with whom I had spent much time very happily, and never wished to quarrel. She still looks well, but is grave, and candor itself; though still she

says good things, and writes admirable notes and letters, I am told, to my granddaughters C. and M., of whom she is very fond. We shook hands very cordially, and avoided any allusion to our long separation and its cause; the *Curo Sposo* still lives, but is such an object from the gout that the account of his sufferings made me pity him sincerely; he wished, she told me, "to see his old and worthy friend," and, *un beau matin*, I could not refuse compliance with his wish. She nurses him with great affection and tenderness, never goes out or has company when he is in pain. God bless you and yours, prays — your very affectionate Padre.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney, Chelsea.

ce 16 Septembre, 1807.

MY MOST DEAR FATHER, — I have just received a kind offer to send a few lines to the spot whence my most ardent wishes are to receive many, but whence the handwriting that most of all I sigh to behold has not blessed my sight since the return of Madame de Cadignan. Nor have I ever heard whether the last six letters I have written have as yet been received. Two of them were antiques that had waited three or four years some opportunity; a third was concerning the Institute, and M. le Breton's wish to see you installed one of the foreign members and correspondents; the two last were to reach you through a voyage by America, and therefore may not yet be arrived. I do not count the few lines sent by Maria, though to obtain even a smaller mite myself would fill me with joy and thankfulness.

21 *Août*, 1808. — The expected opportunity for which I had strung this lamentable list of unacknowledged claims, nearly a twelvemonth since, failed; another at this mo-

ment offers — may it prove more propitious ! Could it but rebound to me with news of your health, such as it conveys from hence of ours, how should I bless it ! But an intercourse such as that must wait for other blessings than mine — the blessings of peace — and those, the whole wounded universe would surely join to hail. My paper is so stunted, and my time so limited, that I can begin no regular account of our proceedings, which, indeed, have but little varied since we lost Maria. O that any one could give me here the history of yours ! I am in such terrible arrears of all such knowledge that I know not who will ever undertake to pay me. My last intelligence was that you were well, my dearest father, and that the family at large, in that at least, imitated you. But details — none, none reach me ! I have a bitter anxiety of suspense upon some subjects very near my heart. Not even the loved names of any of my family now reach me ; Esther, James, Charles, Charlotte, Sally, with all their younger selves, and Richard and his boys, all are sounds strange to my ears, and my beloved friends of Norbury are banished thence with the same rigor ! I am sad, sad indeed, at this deprivation ; though in all else I am still and constantly happy, for in my two faithful companions I find sympathy in all my feelings, and food, sweet food for all my hopes.

F. D'A.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney.

September, 1808.

After being so long robbed of all means of writing to my beloved father, I seize, with nearly as much surprise as gratitude, a second opportunity of addressing him almost before the first can have brought my hand to his sight. When will some occasion offer to bring me back — not my

revenge, but my first and most coveted satisfaction? With how much more spirit, also, should I write, if I knew what were received of what already I have scrawled! Volumes, however, must have been told you, of what in other times I should have written, by Maria. For myself, when once a reunion takes place, I can scarcely conceive which will be hardest worked, my talking faculties or my listening ones. O what millions of things I want to inquire and to know! The *rising generation*, methinks, at least, might keep me some letters and packets ready for occasional conveyances. I should be grateful beyond measure. M. d'Arblay writes — "How desired is, how happy shall be, the day in which we shall receive your dearest blessing and embrace! Pray be so kind not to forget the mate, always remembering your kindness for him and his. A thousand thousand loves to *all*."

[During this year Madame d'Arblay's correspondence with her English connections was interrupted not only by the difficulty of conveying letters, but also by a dangerous illness and the menace of a cancer, from which she could only be relieved by submitting to a painful and hazardous operation. The fortitude with which she bore this suffering, and her generous solicitude for Monsieur d'Arblay and those around her, excited the warmest sympathy in all who heard of her trial, and her French friends universally gave her the name of *L'Ange*; so touched were they by her tenderness and magnanimity.]

Journal from Paris to London.

DUNKIRK, 1812.

There are few events of my life that I more regret not having committed to paper while they were fresher in my

memory, than my police adventure at Dunkirk, the most fearful that I have ever experienced, though not, alas, the most afflicting, for terror, and even horror, are short of deep affliction ; while they last they are, nevertheless, absorbers ; but once past, whether ill or well, they are over, and from them, as from bodily pain, the animal spirits can rise uninjured : not so from that grief which has its source in irremediable calamity ; from that there is no rising, no relief, save in hopes of eternity : for here on earth all buoyancy of mind that might produce the return of peace is sunk for ever. I will now, however, put down all that recurs to me of my first return home.

In the year 1810, when I had been separated from my dear father, and country, and native friends, for eight years, my desire to again see them became so anxiously impatient that my tender companion proposed my passing over to England alone, to spend a month or two at Chelsea. Many females at that period, and amongst them the young Duchesse de Duras, had contrived to procure passports for a short similar excursion ; though no male was permitted, under any pretence, to quit France, save with the army.

Reluctantly — with all my wishes in favor of the scheme — yet most reluctantly, I accepted the generous offer ; for never did I know happiness away from that companion, no, not even out of his sight ! but still, I was consuming with solicitude to see my revered father — to be again in his kind arms, and receive his kind benédiction.

For this all was settled, and I had obtained my passport, which was brought to me without my even going to the police office, by the especial favor of M. le Breton, the Secrétaire Perpétuel à l'*Institut*. The ever active services of M. de Narbonne aided this peculiar grant ; though, had not Bonaparte been abroad with his army at the time,

neither the one nor the other would have ventured at so hardy a measure of assistance. But whenever Bonaparte left Paris, there was always an immediate abatement of severity in the police ; and Fouché, though he had borne a character dreadful beyond description in the earlier and most horrible times of the Revolution, was, at this period, when *Ministre de la Police*, a man of the mildest manners, the most conciliatory conduct, and of the easiest access in Paris. He had least the glare of the new imperial court of any one of its administration ; he affected indeed all the simplicity of a plain Republican. I have often seen him strolling in the most shady and unfrequented parts of the *Elysian Fields*, muffled up in a plain brown rocolo, and giving his arm to his wife, without suite or servant, merely taking the air, with the evident design of enjoying also an unmolested tête-à-tête. On these occasions, though he was universally known, nobody approached him ; and he seemed, himself, not to observe that any other person was in the walks. He was said to be remarkably agreeable in conversation, and his person was the best fashioned and most gentlemanly of any man I have happened to see, belonging to the government. Yet, such was the impression made upon me by the dreadful reports that were spread of his cruelty and ferocity at Lyons, that I never saw him but I thrilled with horror. How great, therefore, was my obligation to M. de Narbonne and to M. le Breton, for procuring me a passport, without my personal application to a man from whom I shrunk as from a monster.

I forget now for what spot the passport was nominated — perhaps for Canada, but certainly not for England ; and M. le Breton, who brought it to me himself, assured me that no difficulty would be made for me either to go or to return, as I was known to have lived a life the most inoffensive to government, and perfectly free from all species

of political intrigue, and as I should leave behind me such sacred hostages as my husband and my son.

Thus armed, and thus authorized, I prepared, quietly and secretly, for my expedition, while my generous mate employed all his little leisure in discovering where and how I might embark; when, one morning, when I was bending over my trunk to press in its contents, I was abruptly broken in upon by M. de Boinville, who was in my secret, and who called upon me to stop! He had received certain, he said, though as yet unpublished information, that a universal embargo was laid upon every vessel, and that not a fishing-boat was permitted to quit the coast.

Confounded, affrighted, disappointed, and yet relieved, I submitted to the blow, and obeyed the injunction. M. de Boinville then revealed to me the new political changes that occasioned this measure, which he had learned from some confiding friends in office; but which I do not touch upon, as they are now in every history of those times.

I pass on to my second attempt, in the year 1812. Disastrous was that interval! All correspondence with England was prohibited under pain of death! One letter only reached me, most unhappily, written with unreflecting abruptness, announcing, without preface, the death of the Princess Amelia, the new and total derangement of the King, and the death of Mr. Locke. Three such calamities overwhelmed me, overwhelmed us both, for Mr. Locke, my revered Mr. Locke, was as dear to my beloved partner as to myself. Poor Mrs. * * * * concluded these tidings must have already arrived, but her fatal letter gave the first intelligence, and no other letter, at that period, found its way to me. She sent hers, I think, by some trusty returned prisoner.

She little knew my then terrible situation; hovering over my head was the stiletto of a surgeon for a menace of

cancer; yet, till that moment, hope of escape had always been held out to me by the Baron de Larrey — hope which, from the reading of that fatal letter, became extinct.

When I was sufficiently recovered for travelling, after a dreadful operation, my plan was resumed; but with an alteration which added infinitely to its interest, as well as to its importance. Bonaparte was now engaging in a new war, of which the aim and intention was no less than — the conquest of the world. This menaced a severity of conscription to which Alexander, who had now spent ten years in France, and was seventeen years of age, would soon become liable. His noble father had relinquished all his own hopes and emoluments in the military career, from the epoch that his king was separated from his country; though that career had been his peculiar choice, and was suited peculiarly to the energy of his character, the vigor of his constitution, his activity, his address, his bravery, his spirit of resource, never overset by difficulty nor wearied by fatigue — all which combination of military requisites —

“ The eye could in a moment reach,
And read depicted in his martial air.”

But his high honor, superior to his interest, superior to his inclination, and ruling his whole conduct with unremitting, unalienable constancy, impelled him to prefer the hard labor and obscure drudgery of working at a *Bureau* of the Minister of the Interior, to any and every advantage or promotion that could be offered him in his own immediate and favorite line of life, when no longer compatible with his allegiance and loyalty. To see, therefore, his son bear arms in the very cause that had been his ruin — bear arms against the country which had given himself as well as his mother birth, would indeed have been heart-breaking.

We agreed, therefore, that Alexander should accompany

me to England, where, I flattered myself, I might safely deposit him, while I returned to await, by the side of my husband, the issue of the war, in the fervent hope that it would prove our restoration to liberty and re-union.

My second passport was procured with much less facility than the first. Fouché was no longer Minister of Police, and, strange to tell, Fouché, who, till he became that minister, had been held in horror by all France,—all Europe,—conducted himself with such conciliatory mildness to all ranks of people while in that office, evinced such an appearance of humanity, and exerted such an undaunted spirit of justice in its execution, that at his dismissal all Paris was in affliction and dismay! Was this from the real merit he had shown in his police capacity? Or was it from a yet greater fear of malignant cruelty awakened by the very name of his successor, Savary, Duke of Rovigo? ¹

Now, as before, the critical moment was seized by my friends to act for me when Bonaparte had left Paris to proceed towards the scene of his next destined enterprise; and he was, I believe, already at Dresden when my application was made. My kind friend, Madame de T——, here took the agency which M. de Narbonne could no longer sustain, as he was now attending the Emperor, to whom he had been made aide-de-camp, and through her means, after many difficulties and delays, I obtained a license of departure for myself and for Alexander. For what place, nominally, my passport was assigned, I do not recollect; I think for Newfoundland, but certainly for some part of the coast of America. Yet everybody at the police office saw and knew that England was my object. They connived, nevertheless, at the accomplishment of my wishes, with significant though taciturn consciousness.

¹ The reputed assassin of the Duke d'Enghien.

From all the friends whom I dared trust with my secret expedition, I had commissions for London; though merely verbal, as I was cautioned to take no letters. No one, at that time, could send any to England by the post. I was charged by sundry persons to write for them, and in their names, upon my arrival. Madame de Tracy begged me to discover the address of her sister-in-law, Madame de Civrae, who had emigrated into the wilds of Scotland, and of whom she anxiously wished for some intelligence. This occasioned my having a little correspondence with her, which I now remark because she is named as one of the principal *Dames de la Société* by Madame de Genlis. Madame d'Astorre desired me to find out her father, M. Le Comte de Cely, and to give him news of her and her children. This I did, and received from the old gentleman some visits and many letters. Madame la Princesse de Chimay entrusted me with a petition—a verbal one, to the Prince of Wales, in favor of the Duc de Fitzjames, who, in losing his wife, had lost an English pension. This I was to transmit to his Royal Highness by means of the Duchess Dowager of Buccleugh; who was also entreated to make known the Duke's situation to M. d'Escars, who was in the immediate service of Louis XVIII.; for M. d'Escars I had a sort of cipher from Madame de Chimay, to authenticate my account.

Our journey—Alexander's and mine—from Paris to Dunkirk was sad, from the cruel separation which it exacted, and the fearful uncertainty of impending events; though I was animated at times into the liveliest sensations, in the prospect of again beholding my father, my friends, and my country.

General d'Arblay, through his assiduous researches, aided by those of M. de Boinville and some others, found that a vessel was preparing to sail from Dunkirk to Dover,

under American colors, and with American passports and license ; and, after privately landing such of its passengers as meant but to cross the Channel, to proceed to the western continents. M. d'Arblay found, at the same time, six or seven persons of his acquaintance who were to embark in this vessel, namely, Madame and Mademoiselle de Cocherelle, Madame de Carbonière, Madame de Ronche-rolle, Madame de Caillebot and her son and daughter, the two Miss Potts, and Mrs. Gregory.

We all met, and severally visited at Dunkirk, where I was compelled, through the mismanagement and misconduct of the captain of the vessel, to spend the most painfully wearisome six weeks of my life, for they kept me alike from all that was dearest to me, either in France or in England, save my Alexander. I was twenty times on the point of returning to Paris ; but whenever I made known that design, the captain promised to sail the next morning. The truth is, he postponed the voyage from day to day and from week to week, in the hope of obtaining more passengers ; and, as the clandestine visit he meant to make to Dover, *in his way to America*, was whispered about, reinforcements very frequently encouraged his cupidity.

The *ennui* of having no positive occupation was now, for the first time, known to me ; for though the first object of my active cares was with me, it was not as if that object had been a daughter, and always at my side ; it was a youth of seventeen, who, with my free consent, sought whatever entertainment the place could afford, to while away fatigue. He ran, therefore, wildly about at his pleasure, to the quay, the dockyard, the sea, the suburbs, the surrounding country ; but chiefly, his time was spent in skipping to the "Mary Ann," our destined vessel, and seeing its preparations for departure.

To stroll about the town, to call upon my fellow-sufferers, to visit the principal shops, and to talk with the good Dutch people while I made slight purchases, was all I could devise to do that required action.

When I found our stay indefinitely protracted, it occurred to me that if I had the papers of a work which I had then in hand, they might afford me an occupation to while away my truly vapid and uninteresting leisure. I wrote this idea to my *partner in all* — as M. de Talleyrand had called M. d'Arblay; and, with a spirit that was always in its first youth where any service was to be performed, he waited on M. de Saulnier at the police office, and made a request that my manuscripts might be sent after me, with a permission that I might also be allowed to carry them with me on board the ship. He durst not say to England, whither no vessel was supposed to sail; but he would not, to M. de Saulnier, who palpably connived at my plan and purpose, say America. M. de Saulnier made many inquiries relative to these papers; but on being assured, upon honor, that the work had nothing in it political, nor even national, nor possibly offensive to the government, he took the single word of M. d'Arblay, whose noble countenance and dauntless openness of manner were guarantees of sincerity that wanted neither seals nor bonds, and invested him with the power to send me what papers he pleased, without demanding to examine, or even to see them — a trust so confiding and so generous, that I have regretted a thousand times the want of means to acknowledge it according to its merit.

This work was "The Wanderer, or Female Difficulties," of which nearly three volumes were finished. They arrived, nevertheless, vainly for any purpose at Dunkirk; the disturbance of my suspensive state incapacitating me for any composition, save of letters to my best friend, to

whom I wrote, or dictated by Alexander, every day ; and every day was only supported by the same kind diurnal return. But when, at length, we were summoned to the vessel, and our goods and chattels were conveyed to the custom-house, and when the little portmanteau was produced, and found to be filled with manuscripts, the police officer who opened it began a rant of indignation and amazement at a sight so unexpected and prohibited, that made him incapable to inquire or to hear the meaning of such a freight. He sputtered at the mouth, and stamped with his feet, so forcibly and vociferously, that no endeavors of mine could induce him to stop his accusations of traitorous designs, till, tired of the attempt, I ceased both explanation and entreaty, and stood before him with calm taciturnity. Wanting, then, the fresh fuel of interruption or opposition, his fire and fury evaporated into curiosity to know what I could offer. Yet even then, though my account staggered his violence into some degree of civility, he evidently deemed it, from its very nature, incredible ; and this fourth child of my brain had undoubtedly been destroyed ere it was born, had I not had recourse to an English merchant, Mr. Gregory, long settled at Dunkirk, to whom, happily, I had been recommended, as to a person capable in any emergence to afford me assistance ; he undertook the responsibility ; and the letter of M. d'Arblay, containing the license of M. de Saulnier, was then all-sufficient for my manuscripts and their embarkation.

The second event I have to relate I never even yet recollect without an inward shuddering. In our walks out of the town, on the borders of the Ocean, after passing beyond the dockyard or wharf, we frequently met a large party of Spanish prisoners, well escorted by *gens d'armes*, and either going to their hard destined labor, or returning from it for repast or repose. I felt deeply interested by

them, knowing they were men with and for whom our own English and the immortal Wellington were then fighting: and this interest induced me to walk on the bank by which they were paraded to and fro, as often as I could engage Alexander, from his other pursuits, to accompany me. Their appearance was highly in their favor, as well as their situation; they had a look calmly intrepid, of concentrated resentment, yet unalterable patience. They were mostly strong-built and vigorous; of solemn, almost stately deportment, and with fine dark eyes, full of meaning, rolling around them as if in watchful expectation of insult; and in a short time they certainly caught from my countenance an air of sympathy, for they gave me in return, as we passed one another, a glance that spoke grateful consciousness. I followed them to the place of their labor; though my short-sightedness would not let me distinguish what they were about, whether mending fortifications, dykes, banks, parapets, or what not: and I durst not use my glass, lest I should be suspected as a spy. We only strolled about in their vicinity, as if merely visiting and viewing the sea.

The weather — it was now August — was so intensely hot, the place was so completely without shade, and their work was so violent, that they changed hands every two hours, and those who were sent off to recruit were allowed to cast themselves upon the burnt and straw-like grass, to await their alternate summons. This they did in small groups, but without venturing to solace their rest by any species of social intercourse. They were as taciturn with one another as with their keepers and taskmasters.

One among them there was who wore an air of superiority, grave and composed, yet decided, to which they all appeared to bow down with willing subserviency, though the distinction was only demonstrated by an air of pro-

found respect whenever they approached or passed him, for discourse held them none. One morning, when I observed him seated at a greater distance than usual from his overseers, during his hour of release, I turned suddenly from my walk, as if with a view to bend my way homewards, but contrived, while talking with Alexander and looking another way, to slant my steps close to where he sat surrounded by his mute adherents, and to drop a handful of small coin nearly under the elbow upon which, wearily, he was reclining. We proceeded with alertness, and talking together aloud; but Alexander perceived this apparent chief evidently moved by what I had done, though forbearing to touch the little offering, which, however, his companions immediately secured.

After this I never met him that he did not make me a slight but expressive bow. This encouraged me to repeat the poor little tribute of compassion, which I soon found he distributed, as far as it would go, to the whole set, by the kindly looks with which every one thenceforward greeted me upon every meeting. Yet he whom we supposed to be some chief, and who palpably discovered it was himself I meant to distinguish, never touched the money, nor examined what was taken up by the others; who, on their part, nevertheless seemed but to take charge of it in trust.

We were now such good friends, that this became more than ever my favorite walk; and these poor unhappy captives never saw me without brightening up into a vivacity of pleasure that was to me a real exhilaration.

We had been at Dunkirk above five weeks, when one evening, having a letter of consequence to send to Paris, I begged Alexander to carry it to the Post himself, and to deposit me upon the quay, and there to join me. As the weather was very fine I stood near the sea, wistfully re-

garding the element on which depended all my present hopes and views. But presently my meditations were interrupted, and my thoughts diverted from mere self, by the sudden entrance, in a large body, of my friends the Spanish prisoners, who all bore down to the very place where I was stationed, evidently recognizing me, and eagerly showing that it was not without extreme satisfaction. I saw their approach, in return, with lively pleasure, for, the quay being, I suppose, a place of certain security, they were unencumbered by their usual guards, the gens d'armes, and this freedom, joined to their surprise at my sight, put them also off their guard, and they flocked round though not near me, and hailed me with smiles, bows, and hands put upon their breasts. I now took courage to speak to them, partly in French, partly in English, for I found they understood a little of both those languages. I inquired whence they came, and whether they knew General Wellington. They smiled and nodded at his name, and expressed infinite delight in finding I was English; but though they all, by their head movements, entered into discourse, my friend the chief was the only one who attempted to answer me.

When I first went to France, being continually embarrassed for terms, I used constantly to apply to M. d'Arblay for aid, till Madame de Tessé charged him to be quiet, saying that my looks filled up what my words left short, "*de sorte que,*" she added, "*nous la devinons;*" this was the case between my Spaniards and myself, and we *deviné-d* one another so much to our mutual satisfaction, that while this was the converse the most to my taste of any I had had at Dunkirk, it was also, probably, most to theirs of any that had fallen to their lot since they had been torn from their native country.

While this was going on I was privately drawing from my purse all that it contained of small money to distribute

to my new friends ; but at this same moment a sudden change in the countenance of the chief from looks of grateful feeling to an expression of austerity, checked my purpose, and, sorry and alarmed lest he had taken offence, I hastily drew my empty hand from my reticule. I then saw that the change of expression was not simply to austerity from pleasure, but to consternation from serenity ; and I perceived that it was not to me the altered visage was directed ; the eye pointed beyond me, and over my head ; startled, I turned round, and what, then, was my own consternation when I beheld an officer of the police, in full gold trappings, furiously darting forward from a small house at the entrance upon the quay, which I afterwards learned was his official dwelling. When he came within two yards of us he stood still, mute and erect ; but with an air of menace, his eyes scowling first upon the chief, then upon me then upon the whole group, and then upon me again, with looks that seemed diving into some conspiracy. My alarm was extreme ; my imprudence in conversing with these unhappy captives struck me at once with foreboding terror of ill consequences. I had, however, sufficient presence of mind to meet the eyes of my antagonist with a look that showed surprise rather than apprehension at his wrath.

This was not without some effect. Accustomed, probably, to scrutinize and to penetrate into secret plots, he might be an adept in distinguishing the fear of ill-treatment from the fear of detection. The latter I certainly could not manifest, as my compassion had shown no outward mark beyond a little charity ; but the former I tried, vainly, perhaps, to subdue ; for I well knew that pity towards a Spaniard would be deemed suspicious, at least, if not culpable.

We were all silent, and all motionless ; but when the

man, having fixed upon me his eyes with intention to petrify me, saw that I fixed him in return with an open though probably not very composed face, he spoke, and with a voice of thunder, vociferating reproach, accusation, and condemnation all in one. His words I could not distinguish; they were so confused and rapid from rage. This violence, though it secretly affrighted me, I tried to meet with simple astonishment, making no sort of answer or interruption to his invectives. When he observed my steadiness, and that he excited none of the humiliation of discovered guilt, he stopped short, and, after a pause, gruffly said, — “ Qui êtes-vous ? ”

“ Je me nomme d’Arblay.”

“ Etes-vous mariée ? ”

“ Oui.”

“ Où est votre mari ? ”

“ A Paris.”

“ Qui est-il ? ”

“ Il travaille aux Bureaux de l’Intérieur.”

“ Pourquoi le quittez-vous ? ” I was here sensibly embarrassed. I durst not avow I was going to England; I could not assert I was really going to America. I hesitated; and the sight of his eyes brightening up with the hope of mischief abated my firmness; and, while he seemed to be staring me through, I gave an account, very imperfect indeed, and far from clear, though true, that I came to Dunkirk to embark on board the “ Mary Ann ” vessel. “ Ah ha ! ” exclaimed he, “ Vous êtes Anglaise ? ” Then, tossing back his head with an air of triumphant victory, “ Suivez-moi ! ” he added, and walked away, fast and fierce, but looking back every minute to see that I followed.

Never can I forget the terror with which I was seized at this command; it could only be equalled by the evident

consternation and sorrow that struck me, as I turned my head around to see where I was, in my poor chief and his group. Follow I did, though not less per force than if I had been dragged by chains. When I saw him arrive at the gate of the little dwelling I have mentioned, which I now perceived to belong to him officially, I impulsively, involuntarily stopped. To enter a police-office, to be probably charged with planning some conspiracy with the enemies of the state, my poor Alexander away, and not knowing what must have become of me; my breath was gone; my power of movement ceased; my head, or understanding, seemed a chaos, bereft of every distinct or discriminating idea; and my feet, as if those of a statue, felt riveted to the ground, from a vague but overwhelming belief I was destined to incarceration in some dungeon, where I might sink ere I could make known my situation to my friends, while Alex., thus unaccountably abandoned, might be driven to despair, or become the prey to nameless mischiefs.

Again the tiger vociferated a "Suivez-moi!" but finding it no longer obeyed, he turned full round as he stood upon his threshold, and perceiving my motionless and speechless dismay, looked at me for two or three seconds in scornful, but investigating taciturnity. Then, putting his arms a-kimbo, he said, in lower but more taunting accents, "*Vous ne le jugez donc pas à propos de me suivre?*" This was followed by a sneering, sardonic grin that seemed anticipating the enjoyment of using compulsion. On, therefore, I again forced myself, and with tolerable composure I said, "Je n'ai rien, Monsieur, je crois, à faire ici?"

"Nous verrons!" he answered bluffly, and led the way into a small hovel rather than parlor; and then haughtily seated himself at a table, on which were pen, ink, and paper; and, while I stood before him, began an interrogation,

with the decided asperity of examining a detected criminal, of whom he was to draw up the *procès verbal*.

When I perceived this, my every fear, feeling, nay thought, concentrated in Alexander, to whom I had determined not to allude, while I had any hope of self-escape, to avoid for us both the greatest of all perils, that of an accusation of intending to evade the ensuing conscription, for which, though Alex. was yet too young, he was fast advancing to be amenable.

But now that I was enclosed from his sight, and there was danger every moment of his suddenly missing me, I felt that our only chance of safety must lie in my naming him before he should return. With all the composure, therefore, that I could assume, I said that I was come to Dunkirk with my son to embark in the "Mary Ann," an American vessel, with a passport from M. de Saulnier, secretary to the Duke de Rovigo, Minister of the Police. And what had I done with this son? I had sent him to the post-office with a letter for his father. At that instant, I perceived Alexander wildly running past the window. This moment was critical. I instantly cried, "Sir, there is my son!" The man rose, and went to the door, calling out, "Jeune homme!" Alex. approached, and was questioned, and though much amazed, gave answers perfectly agreeing with mine. I now recovered my poor affrighted faculties, and calmly said that if he had any doubt of our veracity, I begged he would send for Mr. Gregory, who knew us well. This, a second time, was a most happy reference. Mr. Gregory was of the highest respectability, and he was near at hand. There could be no doubt of the authenticity of such an appeal. The brow of my ferocious assailant was presently unbent. I seized the favorable omen to assure him, with apparent indifference, that I had no objection to being accompanied or preceded to l'Hotel Sauvage,

where I resided, nor to giving him the key of my portman-teau and portfolio, if it were possible I had excited any suspicion by merely speaking, from curiosity, to the Spanish prisoners. No, he answered, he would not disturb me; and then, having entered the name of Alexander by the side of mine, he let us depart. Speechless was my joy, and speechless was the surprise of Alexander, and we walked home in utter silence.

Happily, this incident occurred but just before we set sail, for with it terminated my greatest solace at Dunkirk, the seeing and consoling those unhappy prisoners, and the regale of wandering by the sea-coast.

Six weeks completely we consumed in wasteful weariness at Dunkirk; and our passage, when at last we set sail, was equally, in its proportion, toilsome and tedious. Involved in a sickening calm, we could make no way, but lingered two days and two nights in this long-short passage. The second night, indeed, might have been spared me, as it was spared to all my fellow voyagers. But when we cast anchor, I was so exhausted by the unremitting sufferings I had endured, that I was literally unable to rise from my hammock.

Yet was there a circumstance capable to have aroused me from any torpidity, save the demolishing ravage of seasickness; for scarcely were we at anchor, when Alex., capering up to the deck, descended with yet more velocity than he had mounted, to exclaim, "Oh, maman, there are two British officers now upon deck!"

But, finding that even this could not make me recover speech or motion, he ran back again to this new and delightful sight, and again returning, cried out in a tone of rapture, "Maman, we are taken by the British! We are all captured by British officers!"

Even in my immovable, and nearly insensible state, this

juvenile ardor, excited by so new and strange an adventure, afforded me some amusement. It did not, however, afford me strength, for I could not rise, though I heard that every other passenger was removed. With difficulty, even next morning, I crawled upon the deck, and there I had been but a short time, when Lieutenant Harford came on board to take possession of the vessel, not as French, but American booty, war having been declared against America the preceding week.

Mr. Harford, hearing my name, most courteously addressed me, with congratulations upon my safe arrival in England. These were words to awaken all the happiest purposes of my expedition, and they recovered me from the nerveless, sinking state into which my exhaustion had cast me, as if by a miracle. My father, my brothers, my sisters, and all my heart-dear friends, seemed rising to my view and springing to my embraces, with all the joy of renovating reunion. I thankfully accepted his obliging offer to carry me on shore in his own boat; but when I turned round, and called upon Alexander to follow us, Mr. Harford, assuming a commanding air, said, "No, madam, I cannot take that young man. No French person can come into my boat without a passport and permission from Government."

My air now a little corresponded with his own, as I answered, "He was born, sir, in England!"

"Oh!" cried he, "that's quite another matter; come along sir! we'll all go together." I now found we were rowing to Deal, not Dover, to which town we had been destined by our engagement: but we had been captured, it seems, *chemin faisant*, though so gently, and with such utter helplessness of opposition, that I had become a prisoner without any suspicion of my captivity.

We had anchored about half a mile, I imagine, from the

shore ; which I no sooner touched than, drawing away my arm from Mr. Harford, I took up on one knee, with irrepressible transport, the nearest bright pebble, to press to my lips in grateful joy at touching again the land of my nativity, after an absence, nearly hopeless, of more than twelve years.

Of the happiness that ensued — my being again in the arms of my dearly loved father — in those of my dear surviving sisters — my brothers — my friends, some faint details yet remain in a few letters to my heart's confidant that he preserved : but they are truly faint, for my satisfaction was always damped in recording it to him who so fondly wished to partake of it, and whose absence from that participation always rendered it incomplete.

And on one great source of renovated felicity I did not dare touch, even by inference, even by allusion — that of finding my gracious Royal mistress and her august daughters as cordial in their welcome, as trustingly confidential, and as amiably condescending, I had almost said affectionate, as if I had never departed from the royal roof under which, for five years, I had enjoyed their favor. To have spoken of the Royal Family in letters sent to France under the reign of Bonaparte, might have brought destruction on him for whom I would a thousand times sooner have suffered it myself.

Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. Broome.

Aug. 15, 1812.

In a flutter of joy such as my tender Charlotte will feel in reading this, I write to her from England ! I can hardly believe it ; I look around me in constant inquiry and doubt ; I speak French to every soul, and I whisper still if I utter a word that breathes private opinion.

We set off for Canterbury, where we slept, and on the 20th proceeded towards Chelsea. While, upon some common, we stopped to water the horses, a gentleman on horseback passed us twice, and then, looking in, pronounced my name; and I saw it was Charles, dear Charles! who had been watching for us several hours and *three nights* following, through a mistake. Thence we proceeded to Chelsea, where we arrived at nine o'clock at night. I was in a state almost breathless. I could only demand to see my dear father alone: fortunately, he had had the same feeling, and had charged all the family to stay away, and all the world to be denied. I found him, therefore, in his library, by himself — but oh! my dearest, very much altered indeed — weak, weak and changed — his head almost always hanging down, and his hearing most cruelly impaired.

I was terribly affected, but most grateful to God for my arrival. Our meeting, you may be sure, was very tender, though I roused myself as quickly as possible to be gay and cheering. He was extremely kind to Alex., and said, in a tone the most impressive, “I should have been very glad to have seen M. d'Arblay!” In discourse, however, he re-animated, and was, at times, all himself. But he now admits scarcely a creature but of his family, and will only see for a short time even his children. He likes quietly reading, and lies almost constantly upon the sofa, and will never eat but alone! What a change!

CHAPTER IX.

1813 — 1815.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney.

CHENIES STREET, LONDON, February 8, 1813.

YOUR kind invitation, my dearest Padre, I should instantly have answered, and not with my pen, had all been as favorable as my inclination and the weather; but this last week has been wholly dedicated to the Queen and the Princesses; a letter came to me from Windsor to prepare me for their arrival, and, consequently, to keep me always in readiness for the honor of a summons; and, out of their five days' residence in town, they have had the gracious indulgence to admit me three, and, upon those occasions, I never quitted the palace till they went to one of the Princes' to dinner, between seven and eight o'clock. Nor then, neither, in fact, for I still stayed to dine myself with my successor.

But why, my dearest father may say, not hasten to Chelsea now? The fact is, I have been obliged to omit various precautionary measures during the whole of this week, and I now feel an absolute necessity to nurse again and refit. To-day I have entirely kept quiet and silent upstairs in my room, and as, these other days, I have kept wholly the reverse, my lungs, strength, and spirits, all demand the recruit. I fear that for some days I must go on *doctoring* myself after these late excesses; but bad weather alone, after Wednesday, shall withhold me from embracing my dearest father.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney.

March 16, 1813.

How will my kindest father rejoice for me! for my dear partner — for my boy! The election is gained, and Alexander has obtained the Tancred scholarship. He had all the votes: the opponent retired. Sir D—— behaved handsomely, came forward, and speechified for us. Sir Francis Milman, who was chairman, led the way in the harangue.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney.

May 11, 1813.

My own inclination and intention kept in mind your charge, my dearest Sir, that as soon as I was able I would wait upon Lady Crewe; fortunately, I found her at home, and in her best style, cordial as well as good-humored, and abounding in acute and odd remarks. I had also the good fortune to see my lord, who seems always pleasing, unaffected, and sensible, and to possess a share of innate modesty that no intercourse with the world, nor addition of years, can rob him of. I was much satisfied with my visit; but what I shall do for time, now once I have been launched from my council, or sick chamber, I wot not.

What a terrible alarm is this which the poor tormented Queen has again received!¹ I wrote my concern as soon as I heard of it, though I have not yet seen the printed account, my packet of papers reaching only to the very day before that event. My answer has been a most gracious summons to the Queen's house for to-morrow. Her Majesty and two of the Princesses come to town for four days. This robs me of my Chelsea visit for this week, as I keep

¹ An attempt to enter her apartment by a crazy woman.

always within call during the town residences, when I have royal notice of them; and, indeed, there is nothing I desire more than to see her Majesty at this moment, and to be allowed to express what I have felt for her. My letter from Madame Beckersdorff says that such an alarm would have been frightful for *anybody*, but how much more peculiarly so for the Queen, who has experienced such poignant horror from the effects of disordered intellects! who is *always* suffering from them, and so nearly a victim to the unremitting exercise of her duties upon that subject and these calls.

I have had a visit this morning from Mrs. Piozzi, who is in town only for a few days upon business. She came while I was out; but I must undoubtedly make a second tour, after my royal four days are passed, in order to wait upon and thank her.

I have been received more graciously than ever, if that be possible, by my dear and honored Queen and sweet Princesses Eliza and Mary. The Queen has borne this alarm astonishingly, considering how great was the shock at the moment; but she has so high a character, that she will not suffer anything personal to sink her spirits, which she saves wholly for the calls upon them of others, and great and terrible have been those calls. The beloved King is in the *best state possible* for his present melancholy situation; that is, wholly free from real bodily suffering, or imaginary mental misery, for he is persuaded that he is always conversing with angels.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney.

RICHMOND HILL, Oct. 12, 1813.

My most dear Padre will, I am sure, congratulate me that I have just had the heartfelt delight of a few lines

from M. d'Arblay, dated September 5th. I had not had any news since the 17th of August, and I had the melancholy apprehension upon my spirits that no more letters would be allowed to pass till the campaign was over. It has been therefore one of the most welcome surprises I ever experienced.

I have had, also, this morning, the great comfort to hear that my Alexander is "stout and well" at Cambridge, where his kind uncle Charles still remains.

I am indescribably occupied, and have been so ever since my return from Ramsgate, in giving more and more last touches to my work,¹ about which I begin to grow very anxious. I am to receive merely £500 upon delivery of the MS.; the two following £500 by instalments from nine months to nine months, that is, in a year and a half from the day of *publication*.

If all goes well, the whole will be £3000, but only at the end of the sale of eight thousand copies. Oh, my Padre, if *you* approve the work, I shall have good hope.

F. B. D'A.

1814.

[In the beginning of this year Madame d'Arblay published her fourth novel, *The Wanderer*, and nearly at the same time Peace was declared between France and England. Her satisfaction at an event so long wished for, was deeply saddened by the death of her father, Dr. Burney; whom she nursed and attended to the last moment with dutiful tenderness.

Soon after the restoration of the French Royal Family, Monsieur d'Arblay was placed by the Duke de Luxembourg in the French "Garde du Corps." He obtained leave of absence towards the close of the year, and came to Eng-

¹ "The Wanderer" — published the following year.

land for a few weeks ; after which Madame d'Arblay returned with him to Paris, leaving their son to pursue his studies at Cambridge.]

Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. —.

March 19, 1814.

Be not uneasy for me, my tender friend : my affliction is heavy, but not acute ; my beloved father had been spared to us something beyond the verge of the prayer for his preservation, which you must have read, for already his sufferings had far surpassed his enjoyments. I could not have wished him so to linger, though I indulged almost to the last hour a hope he might yet recover, and be restored to comfort. I last of all gave him up, but never wished his duration such as I saw him on the last few days. Dear blessed parent ! how blest am I that I came over to him while he was yet susceptible of pleasure — of happiness ! My best comfort in my grief, in his loss, is that I watched by his side the last night, and hovered over him two hours after he breathed no more ; for though much suffering had preceded the last hours, they were so quiet, and the final exit was so soft, that I had not perceived it though I was sitting by his bedside, and would not believe when all around announced it. I forced them to let me stay by him, and his revered form became stiff before I could persuade myself that he was gone hence for ever.

Yet neither then nor now has there been any violence, anything to fear from my grief ; his loss was too indubitably to be expected ; he had been granted too long to our indulgence to allow any species of repining to mingle with my sorrow ; and it is repining that makes sorrow too hard to bear with resignation. Oh, I *have* known it !

F. D'A.

Presentation to Louis XVIII.

1814.

While I was still under the almost first impression of grief for the loss of my dear and honored father, I received a letter from Windsor Castle, written by Madame Beckersdorff, at the command of Her Majesty, to desire I would take the necessary measures for being presented to Son Altesse Royale Madame Duchesse d'Angoulême, who was to have a drawing-room in London, both for French and English, on the day preceding her departure for France. The letter added, that I must waive all objections relative to my recent loss, as it would be improper, in the present state of things, that the wife of a General Officer should not be presented; and, moreover, that I should be personally expected and well received, as I had been named to Son Altesse Royale by the Queen herself. In conclusion, I was charged not to mention this circumstance, from the applications or jealousies it might excite.

To hesitate was out of the question; and to do honor to my noble absent partner, and in his name to receive honor, were precisely the two distinctions my kind father would most have enjoyed for me.

I had but two or three days for preparation. Lady Crewe most amiably came to me herself, and missing me in person, wrote me word she would lend me her carriage to convey me from Chelsea to her house in Lower Grosvenor Street, and thence accompany me herself to the audience. When the morning arrived I set off with tolerable courage.

Arrived, however, at Lady Crewe's, when I entered the room in which this dear and attached friend of my father received me, the heaviness of his loss proved quite overpowering to my spirits; and in meeting the two hands of

my hostess, I burst into tears, and could not, for some time, listen to the remonstrances against unavailing grief with which she rather chid than soothed me. But I could not contest the justice of what she uttered, though my grief was too fresh for its observance. Sorrow, as my dearest father was wont to say, requires time, as well as wisdom and religion, to digest itself; and till that time is both accorded and well employed, the sense of its uselessness serves but to augment, not mitigate, its severity.

Lady Crewe purposed taking this opportunity of paying her own respects, with her congratulations, to Madame la Duchesse d'Angoulême. She had sent me a note from Madame de Gouvello, relative to the time, &c. for presentation, which was to take place at Grillon's hotel, in Albemarle Street.

We went very early, to avoid a crowd. But Albemarle Street was already quite full, though quiet. We entered the hotel without difficulty, Lady Crewe having previously demanded a private room of Grillon, who had once been cook to her lord. This private room was at the back of the house, with a mere yard or common garden for its prospect. Lady Crewe declared this was quite too stupid, and rang the bell for waiter after waiter, till she made M. Grillon come himself. She then, in her singularly open and easy manner, told him to be so good as to order us a front room, where we might watch for the arrival of the Royals, and be amused ourselves at the same time by seeing the entrances of the Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Councilmen, and other odd characters, who would be coming to pay their court to these French princes and princesses.

M. Grillon gave a nod of acquiescence, and we were instantly shown to a front apartment just over the street door, which was fortunately supplied with a balcony.

I should have been much entertained by all this, and particularly with the originality, good humor, and intrepid yet intelligent odd fearlessness of all remark, or even consequence, which led Lady Crewe to both say and do exactly what she pleased, had my heart been lighter; but it was too heavy for pleasure; and the depth of my mourning, and the little, but sad time that was yet passed since it had become my gloomy garb, made me hold it a matter even of decency, as well as of feeling, to keep out of sight. I left Lady Crewe, therefore, to the full enjoyment of her odd figures, while I seated myself, solitarily, at the further end of the room.

In an instant, however, she saw from the window some acquaintance, and beckoned them up. A gentleman, middle-aged, of a most pleasing appearance and address, immediately obeyed her summons, accompanied by a young man with a sensible look; and a young lady, pretty, gentle, and engaging, with languishing soft eyes; though with a smile and an expression of countenance that showed an innate disposition to archness and sport.

This uncommon trio I soon found to consist of the celebrated Irish orator, Mr. Grattan, and his son and daughter.

Lady Crewe welcomed them with all the alertness belonging to her thirst for amusement, and her delight in sharing it with those she thought capable of its participation. This she had sought, but wholly missed in me; and could neither be angry nor disappointed, though she was a little vexed. She suffered me not, however, to remain long in my seclusion, but called me to the balcony, to witness the jolting out of their carriages of the aldermen and common councilmen, exhibiting, as she said, their "fair round bodies with fat capon lined;" and wearing an air of proudly hospitable satisfaction, in visiting a King of France

who had found an asylum in a street of the city of Westminster.

The crowd, however, for they deserve a better name than mob, interested my observation still more. John Bull has seldom appeared to me to greater advantage. I never saw him *en masse* behave with such impulsive propriety. Euchartered to behold a King of France in his capital; conscious that *le grand Monarque* was fully in his power; yet honestly enraptured to see that "The king would enjoy his own again," and enjoy it through the generous efforts of his rival, brave, noble old England; he yet seemed aware that it was fitting to subdue all exuberance of pleasure, which, else, might annoy, if not alarm, his regal guest. He took care, therefore, that his delight should not amount to exultation; it was quiet and placid, though pleased and curious: I had almost said it was gentlemanlike.

And nearly of the same color, though from so inferior an excitement, were the looks and attention of the Grattans, particularly of the father, to the black mourner whom Lady Crewe called amongst them. My garb, or the news papers, or both, explained the dejection I attempted not to repress, though I carefully forbade it any vent; and the finely speaking face of Mr. Grattan seemed investigating the physiognomy, while it commiserated the situation of the person brought thus before him. His air had something foreign in it, from the vivacity that accompanied his politeness; I should have taken him for a well-bred man of fashion of France. Good breeding, in England, amongst the men, is ordinarily stiff, reserved, or cold. Among the exceptions to this stricture, how high stood Mr. Wyndham! and how high in gaiety with vivacity stood my own honored father! Mr. Locke, who was elegance personified in his manners, was lively only in his own domestic or chosen circle.

A new scene now both astonished and discomposed me.

A lady, accompanied humbly by a gentleman, burst into the room with a noise, a self-sufficiency, and an assuming confidence of superiority, that would have proved highly offensive, had it not been egregiously ridiculous. Her attire was as flaunting as her air and her manner; she was rouged and beribboned. But English she was not; she was Irish, in its most flaunting and untamed nature, and possessed of so boisterous a spirit, that she appeared to be just caught from the woods—the bogs, I might rather say.

When she had poured forth a volley of words, with a fluency and loudness that stunned me, Lady Crewe, with a smile that seemed to denote she intended to give her pleasure, presented me by name to Madame la Baronne de M——.

She made me a very haughty curtsy, and then, turning rudely away, looked reproachfully at Lady Crewe, and screamed out, “Oh, fie! fie! fie! fie!” Lady Crewe, astonished and shocked, seemed struck speechless, and I stood still with my eyes wide open, and my mouth probably so also, from a sort of stupor, for I could annex no meaning nor even any idea to such behavior. She made not, however, any scruple to develop her motives, for she vehemently inveighed against being introduced to such an acquaintance, squalling out, “She has writ against the *émigrés*!—she has writ against the Great Cause! O fie! fie! fie!”

When she had made these exclamations, and uttered these accusations, till the indulged vent to her rage began to cool it, she stopped of her own accord, and, finding no one spoke, looked as if she felt rather silly; while M. le Baron de M——, her very humble *sposo*, shrugged his shoulders. The pause was succeeded by an opening ha-

rangue from Lady Crewe, begun in a low and gentle voice, that seemed desirous to spare me what might appear an undue condescension, in taking any pains to clear me from so gross an attack. She gave, therefore, nearly in a whisper, a short character of me and of my conduct, of which I heard just enough to know that such was her theme; and then, more audibly, she proceeded to state, that far from writing against the emigrants, I had addressed an exhortation to all the ladies of Great Britain in their favor.

“Oh, then,” cried Madame de M——, “it was somebody else — it was somebody else!” And then she screamed out delightedly, “I’m so glad I spoke out, because of this explanation! — I’m so glad! — I never was so glad!”

She now jumped about the room, quite crazily, protesting she never rejoiced so much at anything she had ever done in her life.

But when she found her joy, like her assault, was all her own, she stopped short, astonished, I suppose, at my insensibility, and said to me, “How lucky I spoke out! the luckiest thing in the world! I’m so glad! A’n’t you? Because of this *éclaircissement*.”

“If I had required any *éclaircissement*,” I dryly began.

“Oh, if it was not you, then,” cried she, “’t was Charlotte Smith.”

Lady Crewe seemed quite ashamed that such a scene should pass where she presided, and Mr. Grattan quietly stole away.

Not quietly, nor yet by stealth, but with evident disappointment that her energies were not more admired, Madame la Baronne now called upon her attendant *sposo*, and strode off herself. I found she was a great heiress of Irish extraction and education, and that she had bestowed all her wealth upon this emigrant Baron, who might easily

merit it, when, besides his title, he gave her his patience and obsequiousness.

Some other friends of Lady Crewe now found her out, and she made eager inquiries amongst them relative to Madame la Duchesse d'Angoulême, but could gather no tidings. She heard, however, that there were great expectations of some arrivals downstairs, where two or three rooms were filled with company.

She desired Mr. Grattan, junior, to descend into this crowd, and to find out where the Duchess was to be seen, and when, and how. He obeyed. But, when he returned, what was the provocation of Lady Crewe, what my own disappointment, to hear that the Duchess was not arrived, and was not expected! She was at the house of Monsieur le Comte d'Artois, her father-in-law.

"Then what are we come hither for?" exclaimed her ladyship: "expressly to be tired to death for no purpose! Do pray, at least, Mr. Grattan, be so good as to see for my carriage, that we may go to the right house." Mr. Grattan was all compliance, and with a readiness so obliging and so well-bred that I am sure he is his father's true son in manners, though there was no opportunity to discover whether the resemblance extended also to genius.

He was not, however, cheered when he brought word that neither carriage nor footman was to be found.

Lady Crewe then said he must positively go down, and make the Duc de Duras tell us what to do. In a few minutes he was with us again, shrugging his shoulders at his ill-success. The King, Louis XVIII., he said, was expected, and M. le Duc was preparing to receive him, and not able to speak or listen to any one.

Lady Crewe declared herself delighted by this information, because there would be an opportunity for having me presented to his Majesty. "Go to M. de Duras," she cried,

“and tell him Madame d'Arblay wishes it.” “For heaven's sake!” exclaimed I, “do no such thing! I have not the most distant thought of the kind! It is Madame la Duchesse d'Angoulême alone that I —”

“O, pho, pho! — it is still more essential to be done to the king — it is really important: so *go*, and tell the Duke, Mr. Grattan, that Madame d'Arblay is here, and desires to be presented. Tell him 't is a thing quite indispensable.”

I stopped him again, and quite entreated that no such step might be taken, as I had no authority for presentation but to the Duchess. However, Lady Crewe was only provoked at my backwardness, and charged Mr. Grattan not to heed me. “Tell the Duke,” she cried, “that Madame d'Arblay is our Madame de Staël! — tell him we are as proud of our Madame d'Arblay as he can be of his Madame de Staël.” Off she sent him, and off I flew again to follow him; and whether he was most amused or most teased by our opposing petitions, I know not; but he took the discreet side of not venturing again to return among us.

Poor Lady Crewe seemed to think I lost a place at Court, or perhaps a peerage, by my untameable shyness, and was quite vexed. Others came to her now, who said several rooms below were filled with expectant courtiers. Miss Grattan then earnestly requested me to descend with her, as a chaperon, that she might see something of what was going forwards.

I could not refuse so natural a request, and down we went, seeking one of the commonly crowded rooms, that we might not intrude where there was preparation or expectation relative to the King.

And here, sauntering or grouping, meditating in silence or congratulating each other in coteries, or waiting with curiosity, or self-preparing for presentation with timidity, we found a multitude of folks in an almost unfurnished and

quite unadorned apartment. The personages seemed fairly divided between the nation at home and the nation from abroad, the English and the French : each equally, though variously, occupied in expecting the extraordinary sight of a monarch thus wonderfully restored to his rank and his throne, after misfortunes that had seemed irremediable, and an exile that had appeared hopeless.

Miss Grattan was saluted, *en passant*, by several acquaintances, and amongst them by the son-in-law of her dear country's Viceroy, Lord Whitworth, the young Duke of Dorset ; and Lady Crewe herself, too tired to abide any longer in her appropriated apartment, now descended.

We *patrolled* about, zig-zag, as we could ; the crowd, though of very good company, having no chief or regulator, and therefore making no sort of avenue or arrangement for avoiding inconvenience. There was neither going up nor coming down ; we were all hustled together, without direction and without object, for nothing whatsoever was present to look at or to create any interest, and our expectations were merely kept awake by a belief that we should know in time when and where something or somebody was to be seen.

For myself, however, I was much tormented during this interval from being named incessantly by Lady Crewe. My deep mourning, my recent heavy loss, and the absence and distance of my dear husband, made me peculiarly wish to be unobserved. Peculiarly, I say ; for never yet had the moment arrived in which to be marked had not been embarrassing and disconcerting to me, even when most flattering.

A little hubbub soon after announced something new, and presently a whisper was buzzed around the room of "The Prince de Condé."

His Serene Highness looked very much pleased — as no

wonder — at the arrival of such a day ; but he was so surrounded by all his countrymen who were of rank to claim his attention, that I could merely see that he was little and old, but very unassuming and polite. Amongst his courtiers were sundry of the French noblesse that were known to Lady Crewe ; and I heard her uniformly say to them, one after another, “ Here is Madame d’Arblay, who must be presented to the king.”

Quite frightened by an assertion so wide from my intentions, so unauthorized by any preparatory ceremonies, unknown to my husband, and not, like a presentation to the Duchess d’Angoulême, encouraged by my Queen, I felt as if guilty of taking a liberty the most presumptuous, and with a forwardness and assurance the most foreign to my character. Yet to control the zeal of Lady Crewe was painful from her earnestness, and appeared to be ungrateful to her kindness ; I therefore shrunk back, and presently suffered the crowd to press between us so as to find myself wholly separated from my party. This would have been ridiculous had I been more happy ; but in my then state of affliction, it was necessary to my peace.

Quite to myself, how I smiled inwardly at my adroit cowardice, and was contemplating the surrounding masses of people, when a new and more mighty hubbub startled me, and presently I heard a buzzing whisper spread throughout the apartment of “ The King ! — Le Roi ! ”

Alarmed at my strange situation, I now sought to decamp, meaning to wait for Lady Crewe upstairs : but to even approach the door was impossible. I turned back, therefore, to take a place by the window, that I might see his Majesty alight from his carriage, but how great was my surprise when, just as I reached the top of the room, the King himself entered it at the bottom !

I had not the smallest idea that this was the chamber of

audience; it was so utterly unornamented. But I now saw that a large *fauteuil* was being conveyed to the upper part, exactly where I stood, ready for his reception and repose.

Placed thus singularly, by mere accident, and freed from my fears of being brought forward by Lady Crewe, I felt rejoiced in so fair an opportunity of beholding the King of my honored husband, and planted myself immediately behind, though not near to his prepared seat; and, as I was utterly unknown and must be utterly unsuspected, I indulged myself with a full examination. An avenue had instantly been cleared from the door to the chair, and the King moved along it slowly, slowly, slowly, rather dragging his large and weak limbs than walking; but his face was truly engaging; benignity was in every feature, and a smile beamed over them that showed thankfulness to Providence in the happiness to which he was so suddenly arrived; with a courtesy, at the same time, to the spectators, who came to see and congratulate it, the most pleasing and cheering.

The scene was replete with motives to grand reflections; and to me, the devoted subject of another monarch, whose melancholy alienation of mind was a constant source to me of sorrow, it was a scene for conflicting feelings and profound meditation.

His Majesty took his seat, with an air of mingled sweetness and dignity. I then, being immediately behind him, lost sight of his countenance, but saw that of every individual who approached to be presented. The Duc de Duras stood at his left hand, and was le Grand Maître des Cérémonies; Madame de Gouvello stood at his right side; though whether in any capacity, or simply as a French lady known to him, I cannot tell. In a whisper, from that lady, I learned more fully the mistake of the hotel, the

Duchess d'Angoulême never having meant to quit that of her *beau-père*, Monsieur le Comte d'Artois, in South Audley Square.

The presentations were short, and without much mark or likelihood. The men bowed low, and passed on; the ladies curtsayed, and did the same. Those who were not known gave a card, I think, to the Duc de Duras, who named them; those of former acquaintance with his Majesty simply made their obeisance.

M. de Duras, who knew how much fatigue the King had to go through, hurried every one on, not only with speed but almost with ill-breeding, to my extreme astonishment. Yet the English, by express command of his Majesty, had always the preference and always took place of the French; which was an attention of the King in return for the asylum he had here found, that he seemed delighted to display.

Early in this ceremony came forward Lady Crewe, who being known to the King from sundry previous meetings, was not named; and only, after curtsaying, reciprocated smiles with his Majesty, and passed on. But instead of then moving off, though the Duke, who did not know her, waved his hand to hasten her away, she whispered, but loud enough for me to hear, "*Voilà Madame d'Arblay; il faut qu'elle soit présentée.*" She then went gaily off, without heeding me.

The Duke only bowed, but by a quick glance recognized me, and by another showed a pleased acquiescence in the demand.

Retreat, now, was out of the question; but I so feared my position was wrong, that I was terribly disturbed, and felt hot and cold, and cold and hot, alternately, with excess of embarrassment.

I was roused, however, after hearing for so long a time

nothing but French, by the sudden sound of English. An address in that language was read to his Majesty, which was presented by the Noblemen and Gentlemen of the county of Buckingham, congratulatory upon his happy restoration, and filled with cordial thanks for the graciousness of his manners, and the benignity of his conduct, during his long residence amongst them; warmly proclaiming their participation in his joy, and their admiration of his virtues. The reader was Colonel Nugent, a near relation of the present Duke of Buckingham.

But, if the unexpected sound of these felicitations delivered in English roused and struck me, how much greater arose my astonishment and delight when the French Monarch, in an accent of the most condescending familiarity and pleasure, uttered his acknowledgments in English also — expressing his gratitude for all their attentions, his sense of their kind interest in his favor, and his eternal remembrance of the obligations he owed to the whole county of Buckingham, for the asylum and consolations he had found in it during his trials and calamities!

I wonder not that Colonel Nugent was so touched by this reply, as to be led to bend the knee, as to his own Sovereign, when the King held out his hand; for I myself, though a mere outside auditors, was so moved, and so transported with surprise by the dear English language from his mouth, that I forgot at once all my fears, and dubitations, and, indeed, all *myself*, my poor little *self*, in my pride and exultation at such a moment for my noble country.

Fortunately for me, the Duc de Duras made this the moment for my presentation, and, seizing my hand and drawing me suddenly from behind the chair to the Royal presence, he said, “Sire, Madame d’Arblay.”

How singular a change, that what, but the instant before,

would have overwhelmed me with diffidence and embarrassment, now found me all courage and animation! and when his Majesty took my hand — or, rather, took hold of my fist — and said, in very pretty English, “I am very happy to see you,” I felt such a glow of satisfaction, that, involuntarily, I burst forth with its expression, incoherently, but delightedly and irresistibly, though I cannot remember how. He certainly was not displeased, for his smile was brightened and his manner was most flattering, as he repeated that he was very glad to see me, and added that he had known me, “though without sight, very long: for I have *read* you — and been charmed with your books — charmed and entertained. I have read them often, I know them very well indeed; and I have long wanted to know *you!*”

I was extremely surprised, — and not only at these unexpected compliments, but equally that my presentation, far from seeming, as I had apprehended, strange, was met by a reception of the utmost encouragement. When he stopped, and let go my hand, I curtsied respectfully, and was moving on; but he again caught my *fist*, and, fixing me, with looks of strong though smiling investigation, he appeared archly desirous to read the lines of my face, as if to deduce from them the qualities of my mind. His manner, however, was so polite and so gentle that he did not at all discountenance me; and though he resumed the praise of my little works, he uttered the panegyric with a benignity so gay as well as flattering, that I felt enlivened, nay, elevated, with a joy that overcame *mauvaise honte*.

The Duc de Duras, who had hurried on all others, seeing he had no chance to dismiss me with the same *sans cérémonie* speed, now joined his voice to exalt my satisfaction, by saying, at the next pause, “Et M. d’Arblay, Sire, bon

et brave, est un des plus dévoués et fidèles serviteurs de votre Majesté."

The King, with a gracious little motion of his head, and with eyes of the most pleased benevolence expressively said, "*Je le crois.*" And a third time he stopped my retiring curtsy, to take my hand. This last stroke gave me such delight, for my absent best *ami*, that I could not again attempt to speak. The King pressed my hand — wrist, I should say, for it was that he grasped, — and then saying, "Bon jour, Madame la Comtesse," let me go.

My eyes were suffused with tears, from mingled emotions; I glided nimbly through the crowd to a corner at the other end of the room, where Lady Crewe joined me almost instantly, and with felicitations the most amiably cordial and lively.

We then repaired to a sideboard, on which we contrived to seat ourselves, and Lady Crewe named to me the numerous personages of rank who passed on before us for presentation. But every time any one espied her and approached, she named me also; an honor to which I was very averse. This I intimated, but to no purpose; she went on her own way. The curious stares this produced, in my embarrassed state of spirits, from recent grief, were really painful to sustain; but when the seriousness of my representation forced her to see that I was truly in earnest in my desire to remain unnoticed, she was so much vexed, and even provoked, that she very gravely begged that, if such were the case, I would move a little further from her; saying, "If one must be so ill-natured to people as not to name you, I had rather not seem to know who you are myself."

When, at length, her ladyship's chariot was announced, we drove to Great Cumberland Place, Lady Crewe being so kind as to convey me to Mrs. Angerstein.

As Lady Crewe was too much in haste to alight, the sweet Amelia Angerstein came to the carriage to speak to her, and to make known that a letter had arrived from M. de la Châtre relative to my presentation, which, by a mistake of address, had not come in time for my reception.

CHAPTER X.

1815 — 1840.

[THE news of Bonaparte's return from Elba recalled General d'Arblay to France. His wife accompanied him, to share in the apprehensions and anxieties which preceded Waterloo, and afterward served as nurse to her husband, who was severely injured by a kick from a horse, — an injury from which he never entirely recovered.]

Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. Locke and Mrs. Angerstein.

DOVER, Oct. 18, 1815.

Last night, my ever dear friends, we arrived once more in Old England.

I write this to send the moment I land in London. I cannot boast of our health, our looks, our strength; but I hope we may recover a part of all when our direful fatigues, mental and corporeal, cease to utterly weigh upon and wear us.

We shall winter in Bath. The waters of Plombières have been recommended to my poor *boiteux*, but he has obtained a *congé* that allows this change. Besides his present utter incapacity for military service, he is now unavoidably on the *retraité* list, and the King of France permits his coming over, not alone without difficulty, but

with wishing him a good journey, through the Duc de Luxembourg, his captain in the *Gardes du Corps*.

Adieu, dearest both! — Almost I embrace you in dating from Dover. Had you my letter from Trèves? I suspect not, for my melancholy new history would have brought your kind condolence: or, otherwise, *that* missed *me*. Our letters were almost all intercepted by the Prussians while we were there. Not one answer arrived to us from Paris save by private hands.

My kindest love to my dear Lady Martin. I waited a happy moment to write her my congratulations. Alas! I have been persecuted by disaster almost from the time I left England. Flights, illness, terrors, and grievous accidents have followed or met me at every step.

Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. Locke.

BATH, February 15, 1816.

Incredible is the time I have lost without giving in that claim which has never been given in vain for news of my own dear friend; but I have been — though not ill, so continually unwell, and though not, as so recently, in disordered and disorganizing difficulties, yet so incessantly occupied with small, but indispensable occupations, that the post hour has always gone by to-day to be waited for to-morrow. Yet my heart has never been satisfied — I don't mean with itself, for with that it can never quarrel on this subject, — but with my pen — my slack, worn, irregular, fugitive, fatigued, yet ever faithful, though never punctual pen. My dearest friend forgives, I know, even that; but her known and unvarying lenity is the very cause I cannot forgive it myself.

We have had our Alexander for six weeks ; he left us three days ago, and I won't tell my dear friend whether or not we miss him. He is precisely such as he was — as inartificial in his character, as irregular in his studies. He cannot bring himself to conquer his disgust of the routine of labor at Cambridge ; and while he energetically argues upon the innocence of a preference to his own early practice,¹ which he vindicates, I believe unanswerably, with regard to its real superiority, he is insensible, at least forgetful, of all that can be urged of the mischiefs to his prospects in life that must result from his not conquering his inclinations. I have nearly lost all hope of his taking the high degree adjudged to him by general expectation at the University, from the promise of his opening.

Of all friends here, I have found stationary, Mrs. Holroyd, and Mrs. Frances and Harriet Bowdler. Mrs. Holroyd still gives parties, and tempted me to hear a little *medley music*, as she called it. Mrs. F. Bowdler lives on Lansdowne Crescent, and scarcely ever comes down the hill ; Mrs. Harriet I have missed, though we have repeatedly sought a meeting on both sides ; but she left Bath for some excursion soon after my arrival. Another new resident here will excite, I am sure, a more animated interest — Mrs. Piozzi.

The Bishop of Salisbury, my old friend, found me out, and came to make me a long and most amiable visit, which was preceded by Mrs. F——, and we *all* spent an evening with them very sociably and pleasantly.

F. B. D'A.

¹ He had studied mathematics in Paris according to the analytical method, instead of the geometrical, which was at that time exclusively taught at Cambridge.

Madame d'Arblay to her Son.

BATH, April 30.

Your uncle has bought the picture of my dearest father at Streatham. I am truly rejoiced it will come into our family, since the collection for which it was painted is broken up. Your uncle has also bought the Garrick, which was one of the most agreeable and delightful of the set. To what recollections, at once painful and pleasing, does this sale give birth! In the library, in which those pictures were hung, we always breakfasted; and there I have had as many precious conversations with the great and good Dr. Johnson as there are days in the year. *Dr. Johnson* sold the highest of all! 't is an honor to our age, that!—360*l.*! My dear father would have been mounted higher, but that his son Charles was there to bid for himself, and, everybody must have seen, was resolved to have it. There was besides, I doubt not, a feeling for his lineal claim and pious desire.

*Madame d'Arblay to General d'Arblay.*¹

ILFRACOMBE, DEVONSHIRE, July 2, 1817.

This very day of our arrival, before Alex. had had time to search out Mr. Jacob, somebody called out to him in the street, "Ah, d'Arblay!" who proved to be his man. They strolled about the town, and then Jacob desired to be brought to me. Unluckily, I was unpacking, and denied. He has appointed Alex. for a lesson to-morrow. May he put him a little *en train*!

July 3rd.—Alexander began with Mr. Jacob, and was enchanted at his method of instruction, as well as by his kindness.

¹ Then in Paris.

July 5th, Saturday. — I must now give you some account of this place. We are lodged on the harbor. The mistress of our apartments is widow to some master of a vessel that traded at Ilfracombe, with Ireland chiefly. She has three or four children: the eldest, but twelve years old, is the servant of the lodgers, and as adroit as if she was thirty. Our situation is a very amusing one: for the quay is narrow, and there are vessels just on its level, so close that even children walk into them all day long. When the sea is up, the scene is gay, busy, and interesting; but on its ebb the sands here are not clean and inviting, but dark and muddy, and the reverse of odoriferous. But the entrance and departure of vessels, the lading, unlading, and the management of ships and boats, offer constantly something new to an eye accustomed only to land views and occupations. But chiefly I wish for you for the amusement you would find from a Spanish vessel, which is close to the quay, immediately opposite to our apartments, and on a level with the parlor of the house. It has been brought in under suspicion of piracy, or smuggling, or aiding the slave trade. What the circumstances of the accusation are I know not; but the captain is to be tried at Exeter on the ensuing western circuit. Meantime, his goods are all sequestered, and he has himself dismissed all his sailors and crew, to rejoin him when the trial is over. He is upon his *parole*, and has liberty to go whithersoever he will; but he makes no use of the permission, as he chooses not to leave his cargo solely under the inspection of the excisemen and custom officers here, who have everything under lock and key and seal. He is a good-looking man, and, while not condemned, all are willing to take his word for his innocence. Should that be proved, what compensation will be sufficient for repairing his confinement? He has retained with him only his physician, his own servant, his cook, and a

boy, with another lad, who is an American. I see him all day long, walking his quarter-deck, and ruminating upon his situation, with an air of philosophy that shows strong character. His physician, who is called here *the Doctor*, and is very popular, is his interpreter; he speaks English and French, has a spirited, handsome face, and manners the most courteous, though with a look darkly shrewd and Spanish. But the person who would most entertain you is the cook, who appears the man of most weight in the little coterie; for he lets no one interfere with his manœuvres. All is performed for the table in full sight, a poêle being lighted with a burning fierce fire upon the deck, where he officiates. He wears a complete white dress, and has a pail of water by his side, in which he washes everything he dresses, and his own hands to boot, with great attention. He begins his *pot au feu* soon after seven every morning, and I watch the operation from my window: it is entirely French, except that he puts in more meat, and has it cut, apparently, into pounds: for I see it all carved into square morsels, seemingly of that weight, which he inserts bit by bit, with whole bowls, delicately cleaned, washed, and prepared, of cabbages, chicory, turnips, carrots, celery, and small herbs. Then some thick slices of ship ham, and another bowl of onions and garlic; salt by a handful, and pepper by a wooden spoon full. This is left for many hours; and in the interval he prepares a porridge of potatoes well mashed, and barley well boiled, with some other ingredient that, when it is poured into a pan, bubbles up like a syllabub. But before he begins, he employs the two lads to wash all the ship. To see all this is the poor captain's only diversion; but the cook never heeds him while at his professional operations; he even motions to him to get out of the way if he approaches too near, and is so intent upon his grand business that he shakes his head with-

out answering, when the captain speaks to him, with an air that says, "Are you crazy, to try to take off my attention?" And when the doctor, who often advances to make some observation, and to look on, tries to be heard, he waves his hand in disdain, to silence him. Yet, when all is done, and he has taken off his white dress, he becomes all obsequiousness, respectfully standing out of the way, or diligently flying forward to execute any command.

Diary continued.

The term for Alexander's studies with Mr. Jacob was just finishing, and a few days only remained ere the party was to be dispersed, when I determined upon devoting a morning to the search of such curiosities as the coast produced. I marched forth, attended only by M. d'Arblay's favorite little dog, Diane, with a large silk bag, to see what I could find that I might deem *indigenous*, as a local offering to the collection of my General, who was daily increasing his mineralogical stores, under the skilful direction of his friend, the celebrated naturalist, M. de Bournon.

I began my perambulation by visiting the promontory called the Capstan—or rather attempting that visit; for after mounting to nearly its height, by a circuitous path from the town, by which alone the ascent is possible, the side of the promontory being a mere precipice overlooking the ocean, a sudden gust of wind dashed so violently against us, that in the danger of being blown into the sea, I dropped on the turf at full length, and saw Diane do the same, with her four paws spread as widely as possible, to flatten her body more completely to the ground.

This opening to my expedition thus briefly set aside, I repaired to the coast, where there are pebbles, at least, in great beauty as well as abundance. The coast of Ilfra-

combe is broken by rocks, which bear evident marks of being fragments of some one immense rock, which, undermined by the billows in successive storms, has been cast in all directions in its fall. We went down to the edge of the sea, which was clear, smooth, and immovable as a lake, the wind having subsided into a calm so quiet, that I could not tell whether the tide were in or out. Not a creature was in sight; but presently a lady descended, with a book in her hand, and passed on before us to the right, evidently to read alone. Satisfied by this circumstance that the tide was going out, and all was safe, I began my search, and soon accumulated a collection of beautiful pebbles, each of which seemed to merit being set in a ring. The pleasure they afforded me insensibly drew me on to the entrance of the Wildersmouth, which is the name given to a series of recesses formed by the rocks, and semi-circular, open at the bottom to the sea, and only to be entered from the sands at low tide. I coasted two or three of them, augmenting my spoil as I proceeded; and perceiving the lady I have already mentioned composedly engaged with her book, I hurried past to visit the last recess, whither I had never yet ventured. I found it a sort of chamber, though with no roof but a clear blue sky. The top was a portly mountain, rough, steep, and barren; the left side was equally mountainous, but consisting of layers of a sort of slate, intermixed with moss; the right side was the elevated Capstan, which here was perpendicular; and at the bottom were the sands by which I entered it, terminated by the ocean. The whole was altogether strikingly picturesque, wild, and original. There was not one trace of art, or even of any previous entrance into it of man. I could almost imagine myself its first human inmate.

My eye was presently caught by the appearance, near the top, of a cavern, at the foot of which I perceived

something of so brilliant a whiteness that, in hopes of a treasure for my bag, I hastened to the spot. What had attracted me proved to be the jawbone and teeth of some animal. Various rudely curious things at the mouth of the cavern invited investigation ; Diane, however, brushed forward, and was soon out of sight ; but while I was busily culling, hoarding, or rejecting whatever struck my fancy, she returned with an air so piteous, and a whine so unusual, that, concluding she pined to return to a little puppy of a week old that she was then rearing, I determined to hasten ; but still went on with my search, till the excess of her distress leading her to pull me by the gown, moved me to take her home ; but when I descended, for this recess was on a slant, how was I confounded to find the sands at the bottom, opening to the recess, whence I had entered this marine chamber, were covered by the waves ; though so gentle had been their motion, and so calm was the sea, that their approach had not caught my ear. I hastily remounted, hoping to find some outlet at the top by which I might escape, but there was none. This was not pleasant ; but still I was not frightened, not conceiving or believing that I could be completely enclosed : the less, as I recollected, in my passage to the cavern, having had a glimpse of the lady who was reading in the neighboring recess. I hastily scrambled to the spot to look for her, and entreat her assistance ; but how was I then startled to find that she was gone, and that her recess, which was on less elevated ground than mine, was fast filling with water !

I now rushed down to the sea, determined to risk a wet jerkin, by wading through a wave or two, to secure myself from being shut up in this unfrequented place : but the time was past ! The weather suddenly changed, the lake was gone, and billows mounted one after the other, as

if with enraged pursuit of what they could seize and swallow.

I eagerly ran up and down, from side to side, and examined every nook and corner, every projection and hollow, to find any sort of opening through which I could pass — but there was none.

Diane looked scared ; she whined, she prowled about ; her dismay was evident, and filled me with compassion — but I could not interrupt my affrighted search to console her. Soon after, however, she discovered a hole in the rock at the upper part, which seemed to lead to the higher sands. She got through it, and then turned round to bark, as triumphing in her success, and calling upon me to share its fruits. But in vain !—the hollow was too small for any passage save of my head, and I could only have remained in it as if standing in the pillory. I still, therefore, continued my own perambulation, but I made a motion to my poor Diane to go, deeming it cruel to detain her from her little one. Yet I heard her howl as if reduced to despair that I would not join her. Anon, however, she was silent — I looked after her, but she had disappeared.

This was an alarming moment. Alone, without the smallest aid, or any knowledge how high the sea might mount, or what was the extent of my danger, I looked up wistfully at Capstan, and perceived the iron salmon ; but this angle of that promontory was so steep as to be utterly impracticable for climbing by human feet ; and its height was such as nearly to make me giddy in considering it from so close a point of view. I went from it, therefore, to the much less elevated and less perpendicular rock opposite ; but there all that was not slate, which crumbled in my hands, was moss, from which they glided. There was no hold whatever for the feet.

I ran therefore to the top, where a large rock, by



reaching from the upper part of this slated one to Capstan, formed the chamber in which I was thus unexpectedly immured. But this was so rough, pointed, sharp, and steep that I could scarcely touch it. The hole through which Diane had crept was at an accidentally thin part, and too small to afford a passage to anything bigger than her little self. The rising storm, however, brought forward the billows with augmented noise and violence; and my wild asylum lessened every moment. Now, indeed, I comprehended the extent of my danger. If a wave once reached my feet, while coming upon me with the tumultuous vehemence of this storm, I had nothing I could hold by to sustain me from becoming its prey; and must inevitably be carried away into the ocean.

I darted about in search of some place of safety, rapidly, and all eye; till at length I espied a small tuft of grass on the pinnacle of the highest of the small rocks that were scattered about my prison; for such now appeared my fearful dwelling-place. This happily pointed out to me a spot that the waves had never yet attained; for all around bore marks of their visits. To reach that tuft would be safety, and I made the attempt with eagerness; but the obstacles I encountered were terrible. The roughness of the rock tore my clothes; its sharp points cut, now my feet, and now my fingers; and the distances from each other of the holes by which I could gain any footing for my ascent, increased the difficulty. I gained, however, nearly a quarter of the height, but I could climb no further; and then found myself on a ledge where it was possible to sit down; and I have rarely found a little repose more seasonable. But it was not more sweet than short: for in a few minutes a sudden gust of wind raised the waves to a frightful height, whence their foam reached the base of my place of refuge, and threatened to attain soon the spot to which I had ascended. I now saw a

positive necessity to mount yet higher, *coûte qui coûte* ; and, little as I had thought it possible, the pressing danger gave me both means and fortitude to accomplish it : but with so much hardship that I have ever since marvelled at my success. My hands were wounded, my knees were bruised, and my feet were cut ; for I could only scramble up by clinging to the rock on *all fours*.

When I had reached to about two-thirds of the height of my rock, I could climb no further. All above was so sharp and so perpendicular that neither hand nor foot could touch it without being wounded. My head, however, was nearly on a level with the tuft of grass, and my elevation from the sands was very considerable. I hoped, therefore, I was safe from being washed away by the waves ; but I could only hope ; I had no means to ascertain my situation ; and, hope as I might, it was as painful as it was hazardous. The tuft to which I had aimed to rise, and which, had I succeeded, would have been security, was a mere point, as unattainable as it was *unique*, not another blade of grass being anywhere discernible. I was rejoiced, however, to have reached a spot where there was sufficient breadth to place one foot at least without cutting it, though the other was poised on such unfriendly ground that it could bear no part in sustaining me. Before me was an immense slab, chiefly of slate, but it was too slanting to serve for a seat — and seat I had none. My only prop, therefore, was holding by the slab, where it was of a convenient height for my hands. This support, besides affording me a little rest, saved me from becoming giddy, and enabled me from time to time to alternate the toil of my feet.

Glad was I, at least, that my perilous clambering had finished by bringing me to a place where I might remain still ; for with affright, fatigue, and exertion I was almost exhausted. The wind was now abated, and the sea so

calm, that I could not be sure whether the tide was still coming in. To ascertain this was deeply necessary for my tranquillity, that I might form some idea what would be the length of my torment. I fixed my eyes, therefore, upon two rocks that stood near the sea entrance into my recess, almost close to the promontory, from which they had probably been severed by successive storms. As they were always in the sea I could easily make my calculation by observing whether they seemed to lengthen or shorten. With my near-sighted glass I watched them; and great was my consternation when, little by little, I lost sight of them. I now looked wistfully onward to the main ocean, in the hope of espying some vessel, or fishing-boat, with intention of spreading and waving my parasol, in signal of distress, should any one come in sight. But nothing appeared. All was vacant and vast! I was wholly alone — wholly isolated. I feared to turn my head lest I should become giddy, and lose my balance.

In this terrible state, painful, dangerous, and, more than all, solitary, who could paint my joy, when suddenly, re-entering by the aperture in the rock through which she had quitted me, I perceived my dear little Diane! For the instant I felt as if restored to safety — I no longer seemed abandoned. She soon leaped across the flat stones and the sands which separated us, but how great was the difficulty to make her climb as I had climbed! Twenty times she advanced only to retreat from the sharp points of the rock, till ultimately she picked herself out a passage by help of the slate, and got upon the enormous table, of which the upper part was my support; but the slant was such, that as fast as she ascended she slipped down, and we were both, I believe, almost hopeless of the desired junction, when, catching at a favorable moment that had advanced her paws within my reach, I contrived to hook her collar by

the curved end of my parasol and help her forward. This I did with one hand, and as quick as lightning, dragging her over the slab and dropping her at my feet, whence she soon nestled herself in a sort of niche of slate, in a situation much softer than mine, but in a hollow that for me was impracticable. I hastily recovered my hold, which I marvel now that I had the temerity to let go; but to have at my side my dear little faithful Diane was a comfort which no one not planted, and for a term that seemed indefinite, in so unknown a solitude, can conceive. What cries of joy the poor little thing uttered when thus safely lodged! and with what tenderness I sought to make her sensible of my gratitude for her return!

I was now, compared with all that had preceded, in Paradise; so enchanted did I feel at no longer considering myself as if alone in the world. Oh, well I can conceive the interest excited in the French prisoner by a spider, even a spider! Total absence of all animation in a place of confinement, of which the term is unknown, where volition is set aside, and where captivity is the work of the elements, casts the fancy into a state of solemn awe, of fearful expectation, which I have not words to describe; while the higher mind, mastering at times that fancy, seeks resignation from the very sublimity of that terrific vacuity whence all seems exiled, but self: seeks, and finds it in the almost visible security of the omnipresence of God.

To see after my kind little companion was an occupation that for awhile kept me from seeing after myself; but when I had done what I could towards giving her comfort and assistance, I again looked before me, and saw the waters at the base of my rock of refuge, still gradually rising on, while both my rocks of mark were completely swallowed up!

My next alarm was one that explained that of Diane

when she came back so scared from the cavern ; for the waves, probably from some subterraneous passage, now forced their way through that cavern, threatening inundation to even the highest part of my chamber.

This was horrific. I could no longer even speak to Diane — my eyes were riveted upon this unexpected gulf, and in a few minutes an immense breaker attacked my rock, and, impeded by its height from going straight forward, was dashed in two directions, and foamed onward against each side.

I did not breathe — I felt faint — I felt even sea-sick. On, then, with added violence came two wide-spreading waves, and, being parted by my rock, completely encompassed it, meeting each other on the further and upper ground. I now gave up my whole soul to prayer for myself and for my Alexander, and that I might mercifully be spared this watery grave, or be endowed with courage and faith for meeting it with firmness.

The next waves reached to the uppermost end of my chamber, which was now all sea, save the small rock upon which I was mounted ! How I might have been subdued by a situation so awful at once, and so helpless, if left to its unmixed contemplation, I know not ; had I not been still called into active service in sustaining my poor Diane. No sooner were we thus encompassed than she was seized with a dismay that filled me with pity. She trembled violently, and rising and looking down at the dreadful sight of sea, sea, sea all around, and sea still to the utmost extent of the view beyond, she turned up her face to me, as if appealing for protection ; and when I spoke to her with kindness, she crept forward to my feet, and was instantly taken with a shivering fit.

I could neither sit nor kneel to offer her any comfort, but I dropped down as children do when they play at hunt

the slipper, for so only could I lose my hold of the slab without falling, and I then stroked and caressed her in as fondling a way as if she had been a child; and I recovered her from her ague-fit by rubbing her head and back with my shawl. She then looked up at me somewhat composed, though still piteous and forlorn, and licked my hands with gratitude.

While this passed the sea had gained considerably in height, and a few minutes afterwards all the horrors of a tempest seemed impending. The wind roared around me, pushing on the waves with a frothy velocity that, to a bystander, not to an inmate amidst them, would have been beautiful. It whistled with shrill and varying tones from the numberless crevices in the three immense rocky mountains by whose semicircular adhesion I was thus immured; and it burst forth at times in squalls, reverberating from height to height or chasm to chasm, as if "the big-mouthed thunder"

"Were bellowing through the vast and boundless deep."

A wave, at length, more stupendous than any which had preceded it, dashed against my rock as if enraged at an interception of its progress, and rushed on to the extremity of this savage chamber, with foaming impetuosity. This moment I believed to be my last of mortality! but a moment only it was; for scarcely had I time, with all the rapidity of concentrated thought, to recommend myself, my husband, and my poor Alexander, humbly but fervently to the mercy of the Almighty, when the celestial joy broke in upon me of perceiving that this wave, which had bounded forward with such fury, was the last of the rising tide! In its rebound, it forced back with it, for an instant, the whole body of water that was lodged nearest to the upper extremity of my recess, and the transporting sight was granted

me of an opening to the sands; but they were covered again the next instant, and as no other breaker made a similar opening, I was still, for a considerable length of time, in the same situation; but I lost hope no more. The tide was turned; it could rise therefore no higher; the danger was over of so unheard-of an end; of vanishing no one knew how or where — of leaving to my kind, deploring friends an unremitting uncertainty of my fate — of my re-appearance or dissolution. I now wanted nothing but time, and caution, to effect my deliverance.

The threat of the tempest, also, was over; the air grew as serene as my mind, the sea far more calm, the sun beautifully tinged the west, and its setting upon the ocean was resplendent. By remembrance, however, alone, I speak of its glory, not from any pleasure I then experienced in its sight: it told me of the waning day; and the anxiety I had now dismissed for myself redoubled for my poor Alexander.

I now turned to considering how I might be placed less painfully; for what I had supported while in such imminent danger seemed now insupportable, and when my eyes and my whole faculties were no longer monopolized by immediate care of life, in watching the tide, I was able to devise various contrivances for my better accommodation. I found out crevices for holding my feet so as to allow of my standing upright, and I discovered a spot of the slab upon which I could occasionally lean one of my elbows. Not small were these solaces; I felt them to be almost invaluable, so cramped had been my position. But no possible means could I discover for procuring myself a seat, and this I have since regarded as providential; for, had I been a little more at my ease, the fatigue I had undergone, the profound silence all around me, the heaviness of solitude, and the vast monotony of the view, joined to the

necessity of remaining motionless, must inevitably have invited sleep. I should then have lost my balance, and my waking start must have plunged me into the sea. I have reason, therefore, to bless the various torments which saved me from any possibility of drowsiness.

With my bag of curiosities I made a cushion for Diane, which, however little luxurious, was softness itself compared with her then resting-place. She, also, could take no repose, but from this period I made her tolerably happy, by caresses and continual attentions.

But no sooner had the beams of the sun vanished from the broad horizon, than a small gentle rain began to fall, and the light as well as brightness of the day became obscured by darkling clouds.

This greatly alarmed me, in defiance of my joy and my philosophy ; for I dreaded being surprised by the night in this isolated situation. I was supported, however, by perceiving that the sea was clearly retrograding, and beholding, little by little, the dry ground across the higher extremity of my apartment. How did I bless the sight ! the sands and clods of sea-mire were more beautiful to my eyes than the rarest mosaic pavement of antiquity. Nevertheless, the return was so gradual, that I foresaw I had still many hours to remain a prisoner.

The night came on — there was no moon ; but the sea, by its extreme whiteness, afforded some degree of pale light, when suddenly I thought I perceived something in the air. Affrighted, I looked around me, but nothing was visible ; yet in another moment something like a shadow flitted before my eyes. I tried to fix it, but could not develop any form ; something black was all I could make out ; it seemed in quick motion, for I caught and lost it alternately, as if it was a shadow reflected by the waters.

I looked up at Capstan : nothing was there, but the now hardly discernible iron salmon. I then looked at the opposite side . . . ah, gracious Heaven, what were my sensations to perceive two human figures! Small they looked, as in a picture, from their distance, the height of the rock, and the obscurity of the night; but not less certainly from their outline, human figures. I trembled — I could not breathe — in another minute I was espied, for a voice loud, but unknown to my ears, called out “Holloa!” I unhesitatingly answered, “I am safe!” “Thank God!” was the eager reply, in a voice hardly articulate, “Oh, thank God!” but not in a voice unknown though convulsed with agitation — it was the voice of my dear son! Oh what a quick transition from every direful apprehension to joy and delight! yet knowing his precipitancy, and fearing a rash descent to join me, in ignorance of the steepness and dangers of the precipice which parted us, I called out with all the energy in my power to conjure him to await patiently, as I would myself, the entire going down of the tide. He readily gave me this promise, though still in sounds almost inarticulate. I was then indeed in heaven while upon earth.

Another form then appeared, while Alex. and the first companion retired. This form, from a gleam of light on her dress, I soon saw to be female. She called out to me that Mr. Alexander and his friend were gone to call for a boat to come round for me by sea. The very thought made me shudder, acquainted as I now was with the nature of my recess, where, though the remaining sea looked as smooth as the waters of a lake, I well knew it was but a surface covering pointed fragments of rock, against which a boat must have been overset or stranded. Loudly, therefore, as I could raise my voice, I called upon my informant to fly after them, and say I was decided to wait till the

tide was down. She replied that she would not leave me alone for the world.

The youths, however, soon returned to the top of the mountain, accompanied by a mariner, who had dissuaded them from their dangerous enterprise. I cheerfully repeated that I was safe, and begged reciprocated patience.

They now wandered about on the heights, one of them always keeping in view. Meanwhile, I had now the pleasure to descend to the sort of half-way-house which I had first hoped would serve for my refuge. The difficulty was by no means so arduous to come down as to mount, especially as, the waters being no longer so high as my rock, there was no apprehension of destruction should my footing fail me.

Encouraged by this exploit, Diane contrived to get down entirely to the bottom; but though she found not there the sea, the sands were so wet that she hastily climbed to rejoin me.

Some time after I descried a fourth figure on the summit, bearing a lantern. This greatly rejoiced me, for the twilight was now grown so obscure that I had felt much troubled how I might at last grope my way in the dark out of this terrible Wildersmouth.

They all now, from the distance and the dimness, looked like spectres: we spoke no more, the effort being extremely fatiguing. I observed, however, with great satisfaction, an increase of figures, so that the border of the precipice seemed covered with people. This assurance that, if any accident happened, there would be succor at hand, relieved many a fresh starting anxiety.

Not long after, the sea wholly disappeared, and the man with the lantern, who was an old sailor, descended the precipice on the further part, by a way known to him; and, placing the lantern where it might give him light, yet

allow him the help of both his hands, he was coming to me almost on all fours; when Diane leaped to the bottom of the rock, and began a barking so loud and violent that the seaman stopped short, and I had the utmost difficulty to appease my little dog, and prevail with her, between threats and cajolements, to suffer his approach.

He then brought me a coat from my son. It rained incessantly.

“Is it his own?” I cried.

“Yes.”

“Take it then back, and entreat him to put it on. The wind is abated, and I can hold my parasol.” I would take to this no denial; and my son’s companion, Mr. Le Fevre, as I afterwards heard, sent then to the house for another.

For this, however, we waited not; my son no sooner perceived that the seaman had found footing, though all was still too watery and unstable for me to quit my rock, than he darted forward by the way thus pointed out, and clambering, or rather leaping up to me, he was presently in my arms. Neither of us could think or care about the surrounding spectators—we seemed restored to each other, almost miraculously, from destruction and death. Neither of us could utter a word; but both, I doubt not, were equally occupied in returning the most ardent thanks to Heaven.

Alexander had run wildly about in every direction; visited hill, dale, cliff, bye-paths, and public roads to make and instigate inquiry—but of the Wildersmouth he thought not, and never, I believe, had heard; and as it was then a mere part of the sea, from the height of the tide, the notion or remembrance of it occurred to no one. Mr. Jacob, his cool-headed and excellent-hearted friend, was most unfortunately at Barnstaple; but he at length thought of Mr. John Le Fevre, a young man who was emi-

nently at the head of the Ilfracombe students, and had resisted going to the ball at Barnstaple, not to lose an hour of his time. Recollecting this, Alex. went to his dwelling, and bursting into his apartment, called out, " My mother is missing ! "

The generous youth, seeing the tumult of soul in which he was addressed, shut up his bureau without a word, and hurried off with his distressed comrade, giving up for that benevolent purpose the precious time he had refused himself to spare for a moment's recreation.

Fortunately, providentially, Mr. Le Fevre recollected Wildersmouth, and that one of his friends had narrowly escaped destruction by a surprise there of the sea. He no sooner named this, than he and Alexander contrived to climb up the rock opposite to Capstan, whence they looked down upon my recess. At first they could discern nothing, save one small rock uncovered by the sea: but at length, as my head moved, Le Fevre saw something like a shadow — he then called out, " Holloa ! " &c.

To Mr. Le Fevre, therefore, I probably owe my life.

Two days after, I visited the spot of my captivity, but it had entirely changed its appearance. A storm of equinoctial violence had broken off its pyramidal height, and the drift of sand and gravel, and fragments of rocks, had given a new face to the whole recess. I sent for the seaman to ascertain the very spot: this he did; but told me that a similar change took place commonly twice a year; and added, very calmly, that two days later I could not have been saved from the waves.

Madame d'Arblay to Alex. d'Arblay, Esq.

BATH, November 9, 1817.

We have here spent nearly a week in a manner the most extraordinary, beginning with hope and pleasure, proceed-

ing to fear and pain, and ending in disappointment and grief.

The joy exhibited on Monday, when her Majesty and her Royal Highness arrived, was really ecstatic; the illumination was universal. The public offices were splendid; so were the tradespeople's who had promises or hopes of employment; the nobles and gentles were modestly gay, and the poor eagerly put forth their mite. But all was flattering, because voluntary. Nothing was induced by power, or forced by mobs. All was left to individual choice. Your padre and I patrolled the principal streets, and were quite touched by the universality of the homage paid to the virtues and merit of our venerable Queen, upon this her first progress through any part of her domains by herself. Hitherto she has only accompanied the poor King, as at Weymouth and Cheltenham, Worcester and Exeter, Plymouth and Portsmouth, &c.; or the Prince Regent, as at Brixton. But here, called by her health, she came as principal, and in her own character of rank and consequence. And, as Mr. Hay told me, the inhabitants of Bath were all even vehement to let her see the light in which they held her individual self, after so many years witnessing her exemplary conduct and distinguished merit.

She was very sensible to this tribute; but much affected, nay, dejected, in receiving it, at the beginning; from coming without the King where the poor King had always meant himself to bring her; but just as he had arranged for the excursion, and even had three houses taken for him in the Royal Crescent, he was afflicted by blindness. He would not then come; for what, he said, was a beautiful city to him who could not look at it? This was continually in the remembrance of the Queen during the honors of her reception; but she had recovered from the melancholy recol-

lection, and was cheering herself by the cheers of all the inhabitants, when the first news arrived of the illness of the Princess Charlotte. At that moment she was having her diamonds placed on her head for the reception of the mayor and corporation of Bath, with an address upon the honor done to their city, and upon their hopes from the salutary spring she came to quaff. Her first thought was to issue orders for deferring this ceremony; but when she considered that all the members of the municipality must be assembled, and that the great dinner they had prepared to give to the Duke of Clarence could only be postponed at an enormous and useless expense, she composed her spirits, finished her regal decorations, and admitted the citizens of Bath, who were highly gratified by her condescension, and struck by her splendor, which was the same as she appeared in on the greatest occasions in the capital. The Princess Elizabeth was also a blaze of jewels. And our good little mayor (not four feet high) and aldermen and common councilmen were all transported. The Duke of Clarence accepted their invitation, and was joined by the Marquis of Bath and all the Queen's suite. But the dinner was broken up. The Duke received an express with the terrible tidings: he rose from table, and struck his forehead as he read them, and then hurried out of the assembly with inexpressible trepidation and dismay. The Queen also was at table when the same express arrived, though only with the Princess and her own party: all were dispersed in a moment, and she shut herself up, admitting no one but her Royal Highness. She would have left Bath the next morning; but her physician, Sir Henry Hallford, said it would be extremely dangerous that she should travel so far, in her state of health, just in the first perturbation of affliction. She would see no one but her immediate suite all day, and set out the next for Windsor

Castle, to spend the time previous to the last melancholy rites in the bosom of her family. All Bath wore a face of mourning. The transition from gaiety and exultation was really awful. What an extinction of youth and happiness ! The poor Princess Charlotte had never known a moment's suffering since her marriage. Her lot seemed perfect. Prince Leopold is, indeed, to be pitied. I have left no room for your padre ; but the turn was fairly mine ; and both are so delighted with your new spirit of correspondence, that whichever holds the pen, the heart of both writes in truest affection to the dearest of sons.

Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. Broome.

BATH, November 25, 1817.

We are all here impressed with the misfortunes of the Royal house, and chiefly with the deadly blow inflicted on the perfect conjugal happiness of the first young couple in the kingdom. The first couple *not* young had already received a blow yet, perhaps, more frightful : for to have, yet lose — to keep, yet never enjoy, the being we most prize, is surely yet more torturing than to yield at once to the stroke which we know awaits us, and by which, at last, we must necessarily and indispensably fall. The Queen supports herself with the calm and serenity belonging to one inured to misfortune, and submissive to Providence. The Princess Elizabeth has native spirits that resist all woe after the first shock, though she is full of kindness, goodness, and zeal for right action. The Duke of Clarence was strongly and feelingly affected by the sudden and unexpected disaster, and he looks much changed by all he has gone through in the solemn ceremonies of the interment. All is so altered from the gay, bril-

liant scene with which this Bath excursion had opened, that the meanest person and most uneducated character reads a moral in the vicissitude that requires no commentary.

Daily I go with my respectful and most warm inquiries to Sydney Place, to know how the Bath beverage agrees with her Majesty, whose weakened and disordered stomach terribly wants ameliorating. We are flattered with the hope that the progress is all on the right side, though slow. But she looks better, and is much more like her native self, than upon her second arrival. The Princess, the dear, sweet, and accomplished Princess Elizabeth, is visibly better for bathing in the Bath waters; and I sometimes permit myself to hope they may sufficiently profit from these springs to be tempted to return to them another year. I have just read a letter from Miss Knight, dated Rome, in which she mentions, with great regard and intimacy, Mr. Mathias, and speaks of him as belonging to her select society, without any reference to the alarming stroke and attack which preceded his journey, and simply as one who enlivens the Italian coterie. How delightful is such a recovery!

From Mrs. Piozzi to Madame d'Arblay.

BATH, Thursday, February 26, 1818.

MY DEAR MADAM, — I had company in the room when Lady K——'s note arrived, desiring I would send you some papers of hers by the person who should bring it. I had offered a conveyance to London by some friends of my own, but she preferred their passing through your hands. Accept my truest wishes for the restoration of complete peace to a mind which has been so long and so

justly admired, loved, and praised by, dear Madam, your
ever faithful, H. L. P.

Who attends the General? and why do you think him
so very bad?

Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. Piozzi.

BATH, February 26, 1818.

There is no situation in which a kind remembrance from you, my dear Madam, would not awaken me to some pleasure; but my poor sufferer was so very ill when your note came, that it was not possible for me to answer it. That I think him so *very bad*, is that I see him perpetually in pain nearly insupportable; yet I am assured it is local, and unattended with danger while followed up with constant care and caution. This supports my spirits, which bear me and enable me to help him through a malady of anguish and difficulty. It is a year this very month since he has been in the hands of Mr. Hay as a regular patient. Mr. Hay was recommended to us by Mrs. Locke and Mrs. Angerstein, whom he attends as *physician*, from their high opinion of his skill and discernment. But, alas! all has failed here; and we have called in Mr. Tudor, as the case terminates in being one that demands a surgeon. Mr. Tudor gives me every comfort in prospect, but prepares me for long suffering, and slow, slow recovery.

Shall I apologize for this wordy explanation? No; you will see by it with what readiness I am happy to believe that our interest in each other must ever be reciprocal.

Lady K— by no means intended to give me the charge of the papers; she only thought they might procure some passing amusement to my invalid. I must, on the contrary, hope you will permit me to return them you,

in a few days, for such conveyance as you may deem safe :
I am now out of the way of seeking any.

Believe me, dear Madam, with unalterable affection,
your ever obliged and obedient, F. D'ARBLAY.

I hope you were a little glad that my son has been
among the high wranglers.

Narrative of the Illness and Death of General d'Arblay.

BOLTON STREET, BERKELEY SQUARE, November 17, 1819.

It is now the 17th of November, 1819. A year and a half have passed since I was blessed with the sight of my beloved husband. I can devise no means to soothe my lonely woe so likely of success as devoting my evening solitude to recollections of his excellences, and of every occurrence of his latter days, till I bring myself up to the radiant serenity of their end. I think it will be like passing with him, with him himself, a few poor fleeting but dearly-cherished moments. I will call back the history of my beloved husband's last illness. Ever present as it is to me, it will be a relief to set it down.

In Paris, in the autumn of 1817, he was first attacked with the deadly evil by which he was finally consumed. I suspected not his danger. He had left me in June, in the happy but most delusive persuasion that the journey and his native air would complete his recovery from the jaundice, which had attacked him in February, 1817. Far from ameliorating, his health went on daily declining. His letters, which at first were the delight and support of my existence, became disappointing, dejecting, afflicting. I sighed for his return ! I believed he was trying experiments that hindered his recovery ; and, indeed, I am persuaded he precipitated the evil by continual changes of system. At length his letters became so comfortless, that

I almost expired with desire to join him ; but he positively forbade my quitting our Alexander, who was preparing for his grand examination at Cambridge.

On the opening of October, 1817, Alex. and I returned from Ilfracombe to Bath to meet our best friend. He arrived soon after, attended by his favorite medical man, Mr. Hay, whom he had met in Paris. We found him extremely altered — not in mind, temper, faculties — oh, no ! but in looks and strength : thin and weakened so as to be fatigued by the smallest exertion. He tried, however, to revive ; we sought to renew our walks, but his strength was insufficient. He purchased a garden in the Crescent Fields, and worked in it, but came home always the worse for the effort. His spirits were no longer in their state of native, genial cheerfulness : he could still be awakened to gaiety, but gaiety was no longer innate, instinctive with him.

In this month, October, 1817, I had a letter from the Princess Elizabeth, to inform me that Her Majesty and herself were coming to pass four weeks in Bath.

The Queen's stay was short, abruptly and sadly broken up by the death of the PRINCESS CHARLOTTE. In twenty-four hours after the evil tidings, they hastened to Windsor to meet the Prince Regent ; and almost immediately after the funeral, the Queen and Princess returned, accompanied by the Duke of Clarence. I saw them continually, and never passed a day without calling at the Royal abode by the Queen's express permission ; and during the whole period of their stay, my invalid appeared to be stationary in his health. I never quitted him save for this Royal visit, and that only of a morning.

He had always purposed being presented to Her Majesty in the pump-room, and the Queen herself deigned to say "she should be very glad to see the General." Ill he was ! suffering, emaciated, enfeebled ! But he had always spirit

awake to every call; and just before Christmas, 1817, we went together, between seven and eight o'clock in the morning, in chairs, to the pump-room.

I thought I had never seen him look to such advantage. His fine brow so open, his noble countenance so expressive, his features so formed for a painter's pencil! This, too, was the last time he ever wore his military honors — his three orders of "St. Louis," "The Legion of Honor," and "Du Lys," or "De la Fidélité;" decorations which singularly became him, from his strikingly martial port and character.

The Queen was brought to the circle in her sedan-chair, and led to the seat prepared for her by her vice-chamberlain, making a gracious general bow to the assembly as she passed. Dr. Gibbs and Mr. Tudor waited upon her with the Bath water, and she conversed with them, and the mayor and aldermen, and her own people, for some time. After this she rose to make her round with a grace indescribable, and, to those who never witnessed it, inconceivable; for it was such as to carry off age, infirmity, sickness, diminutive stature — and to give her, in defiance of such disadvantages, a power of charming that rarely has been equalled. Her face had a variety of expression that made her features soon seem agreeable; the intonations of her voice so accorded with her words; her language was so impressive, and her manner so engaging and encouraging, that it was not possible to be the object of her attention without being both struck with her uncommon abilities and fascinated by their exertion. Such was the effect which she produced upon General d'Arbly, to whom she soon turned. Highly sensible to the honor of her distinction, he forgot his pains in his desire to manifest his gratitude; — and his own smiles — how winning they became! Her Majesty spoke of Bath, of Windsor, of the Continent; and while addressing him, her eyes turned to meet mine

with a look that said, "Now I know I am making you happy!" She asked me, archly, whether I was not fatigued by coming to the pump-room so early? and said "Madame d'Arblay thinks I have never seen you before! but she is mistaken, for I peeped at you through the window as you passed to the terrace at Windsor." Alas! the Queen no sooner ceased to address him than the pains he had suppressed became intolerable, and he retreated from the circle and sunk upon a bench near the wall; he could stand no longer, and we returned home to spend the rest of the day in bodily misery.

Very soon after the opening of this fatal year 1818, expressions dropped from my beloved of his belief of his approaching end: they would have broken my heart, had not an incredulity, — now my eternal wonder! — kept me in a constant persuasion that he was hypochondriac, and tormented with false apprehensions. Fortunate, merciful, as wonderful was that incredulity, which, blinding me to my coming woe, enabled me to support my courage by my hopes, and helped me to sustain his own. In his occasional mournful prophecies, which I always rallied off and refused to listen to, he uttered frequently the kind words, "Et jamais je n'ai tant aimé la vie! Jamais, jamais, la vie ne m'a été plus chère!" How sweet to me were those words, which I thought — alas, how delusively! — would soothe and invigorate recovery!

The vivacity with which I exerted all the means in my power to fly from every evil prognostic, he was often struck with, and never angrily; on the contrary, he would exclaim, "Comme j'admire ton courage!" while his own, on the observation, always revived. "My courage?" I always answered, "what courage? Am I not doing what I most desire upon earth — remaining by your side? When you are not well, the whole universe is to me there!"

Soon after, nevertheless, recurring to the mournful idea ever uppermost, he said, with a serenity the most beautiful, "Je voudrais que nous causassions sur tout cela avec calme, — doucement, — *cheerfully* même, as of a future voyage — as of a subject of discussion — simply to exchange our ideas and talk them over."

Alas, alas! how do I now regret that I seconded not this project, so fitted for all pious Christian minds, whether their pilgrimage be of shorter or longer duration! But I saw him ill, oh, how ill! I felt myself well; it was, therefore, apparent who must be the survivor in case of sunderment; and, therefore, all power of generalizing the subject was over. And much and ardently as I should have rejoiced in treating such a theme when *he* was well, or on his recovery, I had no power to sustain it thus situated. I could only attend his sick couch; I could only *live* by fostering hopes of his revival, and seeking to make them reciprocal.

During this interval a letter from my affectionate sister Charlotte suggested our taking further advice to aid Mr. Hay, since the malady was so unyielding.

On January the 24th Mr. Tudor came, but after an interview and examination, his looks were even forbidding. Mr. Hay had lost his air of satisfaction and complacency; Mr. Tudor merely inquired whether he should come again? "Oh, yes, yes, yes!" I cried, and they retired together. And rapidly I flew, not alone from hearing, but from forming any opinion, and took refuge by the side of my beloved, whom I sought to console and revive. And this very day, as I have since found, he began his Diary for the year. It contains these words:—

"Jamais je n'ai tant aimé la VIE que je suis en si grand danger de perdre; malgré que je n'aie point de fièvre, ni le moindre mal à la tête; et que j'aie non seulement l'esprit

libre, mais le cœur d'un contentement parfait. LA VOLONTÉ DE DIEU SOIT FAITE ! J'attends pour ce soir ou demain le résultat d'une consultation."

On this same day Madame de Soyres brought me a packet from her Majesty, and another from the Princess Elizabeth. The kind and gracious Princess sent me a pair of silver camp candlesticks, with peculiar contrivances which she wrote me word might amuse the General as a military man, while they might be employed by myself to light my evening researches among the MSS. of my dear father, which she wished me to collect and to preface by a Memoir.

Her mother's offering was in the same spirit of benevolence ; it was a collection of all the volumes of "L'Hermitte de la Chaussée d'Antin," with Chalmers' Astronomical Sermons, and Drake's two quartos on Shakespeare ; joined to a small work of deeper personal interest to me than them all, which was a book of prayers suited to various circumstances, and printed at Her Majesty's own press at Frogmore. In this she had condescended to write my name, accompanied by words of peculiar kindness. My poor Ami looked over every title-page with delight, feeling as I did myself that the gift was still more meant for him than for me — or rather, doubly, trebly for me in being calculated to be pleasing to him ! — he was to me the soul of all pleasure on earth.

What words of kindness do I find, and now for the first time read, in his Diary dated 2nd February ! After speaking — hélas, hélas ! — "*de ses douleurs inouïes,*" he adds, "Quelle étrange maladie ! et quelle position que la mienne ! il en est une, peut-être plus fâcheuse encore, c'est celle de ma malheureuse compagne — avec quelle tendresse elle me soigne ! et avec quelle courage elle supporte ce qu'elle a à souffrir ! Je ne puis que répéter, La Volonté de Dieu soit faite !"

Alas ! the last words he wrote in February were most melancholy :— “ 20 Février, Je sens que je m'affaiblis horriblement — je ne crois pas que ceci puisse être encore bien long. Chère Fanny . . . cher Alex. God bless you ! and unite us for ever, Amen ! ”

Oh my beloved ! Delight, Pride, and Happiness of my heart ! May Heaven in its mercy hear this prayer !

In March he revived a little, and Mr. Tudor no longer denied me hope ; on the 18th Alex. came to our arms and congratulations on his fellowship : which gave to his dearest father a delight the most touching.

I have no Diary in his honored hand to guide my narrative in April ; a few words only he ever wrote more, and these, after speaking of his sufferings, end with “ Paziienza ! Paziienza ! ”—such was his last written expression ! 'T is on the 5th of April. . . .

On the 3rd of May he reaped, I humbly trust, the fair fruit of that faith and patience he so pathetically implored and so beautifully practised !

At this critical period in April I was called down one day to Madame la Marquise de S——, who urged me to summon a priest of the Roman Catholic persuasion to my precious sufferer. I was greatly disturbed every way ; I felt in shuddering the danger she apprehended, and resisted its belief ; yet I trembled lest I should be doing wrong. . . . I was a Protestant, and had no faith in *confession to man*. I had long had reason to believe that my beloved partner was a Protestant, also, in his heart ; but he had a horror of *apostasy*, and *therefore*, as he told me, would not investigate the differences of the two religions ; he had besides a tie which to his honor and character was potent and persuasive ; he had taken an oath to keep the Catholic faith when he received his *Croix de St. Louis*, which was at a period

when the preference of the simplicity of Protestantism was not apparent to him. All this made me personally easy for him, yet, as this was not known, and as nothing definitive had ever passed between us upon this delicate subject, I felt that he apparently belonged still to the Roman Catholic Church; and after many painful struggles I thought it my absolute duty to let him judge for himself, even at the risk of inspiring the alarm I so much sought to save him! . . . I compelled myself therefore to tell him the wish of Madame de S ——, that he should see a priest. "Eh bien," he cried, gently yet readily, "je ne m'y oppose pas. . . . Qu'en penses tu?" I begged to leave such a decision wholly to himself.

Never shall I forget the heavenly composure with which my beloved partner heard me announce that the priest, Dr. Elloi, was come. Cheerfully as I urged myself to name him, still he could but regard the visit as an invitation to make his last preparations for quitting mortal life. With a calm the most gentle and genuine, he said he had better be left alone with him, and they remained together, I believe, three hours. I was deeply disturbed that my poor patient should be so long without sustenance or medicine; but I durst not intrude, though anxiously I kept at hand in case of any sudden summons. When, at length, the priest reappeared, I found my dearest invalid as placid as before this ceremony, though fully convinced it was meant as the annunciation of his expected and approaching departure.

Dr. Elloi now came not only every day, but almost every hour of the day, to obtain another interview; but my beloved, though pleased that the meeting had taken place, expressed no desire for its repetition. I was cruelly distressed; the fear of doing wrong has been always the leading principle of my internal guidance, and here I felt

incompetent to judge what was right. Overpowered, therefore, by my own inability to settle that point, and my terror lest I should mistake it, I ceased to resist; and Dr. Elloi, while my patient was sleeping from opium, glided into his chamber, and knelt down by the bed-side with his Prayer Book in his hand. Two hours this lasted; but when the doctor informed me he had obtained the General's promise that he should administer to him the last Sacrament, the preparations were made accordingly, and I only entreated leave to be present.

This solemn communion, at which I have never in our own church attended with unmoistened eyes, was administered the same evening. The dear invalid was in bed; his head raised with difficulty, he went through this ceremony with spirits calm, and a countenance and voice of holy composure.

Thenceforth he talked openly, and almost solely, of his approaching dissolution, and prepared for it by much silent mental prayer. He also poured forth his soul in counsel for Alexander and myself. I now dared no longer oppose to him my hopes of his recovery; the season was too awful. I heard him only with deluges of long-restrained tears, and his generous spirit seemed better satisfied in thinking me now awakened to a sense of his danger, as preparatory for supporting its consequence.

"*Parle de moi!*" He said, afterwards, "*Parle — et souvent. Surtout à Alexandre; qu'il ne m'oublie pas!*"

"*Je ne parlerai pas d'autre chose!*" I answered . . . and I felt his tender purpose. He knew how I forbore ever to speak of my lost darling sister, and he thought the constraint injurious both to my health and spirits: he wished to change my mode with regard to himself by an injunction of his own. "*Nous ne parlerons pas d'autre chose!*" I added, "*Mon Ami! — mon Ami! — Je ne survivrai que*

pour cela!" He looked pleased, and with a calm that taught me to repress my too great emotion.

He then asked for Alexander, embraced him warmly, and half raising himself with a strength that had seemed extinct but the day before, he took a hand of Alexander and one of mine, and putting them together between both his own, he tenderly pressed them, exclaiming, "How happy I am! . . . I fear I am too happy!" . . .

Kindest of human hearts! His *happiness* was in seeing us together ere he left us; his fear was lest he should too keenly regret the quitting us!

From the time that my dearly beloved had received the last Sacrament, and made his confession, his mind was perfectly at ease with respect to all public offices of religion; the religion of his heart and of his faith was often, nay, continually, at work in prayer and pious meditation. Dr. Elloi, however, and Madame de S——, were incessant in their demands for admission and further ceremonies; and with such urgency of remonstrance, that at length I could not answer to myself further resistance without laying the case once more before my poor invalid. This was a barbarous task; I saw him devoutly at rest with God and man, and I was miserable lest I should risk shaking his settled spiritual calm; but he readily and instantly answered, "J'ai reçu les saints sacramens; je me suis confessé, — je n'ai rien en arrière! Ainsi il me semble — si moi j'étais Madame d'Arblay, je dirais tout bonnement, que j'avais fait tout ce que l'on m'avait demandé dès le commencement, et que l'on doit se contenter."

Thus strengthened, I sent them word that I had complied with all their original requests; but that, a Protestant myself, zealously and upon principle, they must not expect me to make a persecution for the performance of a

Catholic rite that might impede all chance of restoration by its appalling solemnities.

At this time he saw for a few minutes my dear sister Esther and her Maria, who had always been a great favorite with him. When they retired, he called upon me to bow my knees as he dropped upon his own, that he might receive, he said, my benediction, and that we might fervently and solemnly join in prayer to Almighty God for each other. He then consigned himself to uninterrupted meditation; he told me not to utter one word to him, even of reply, beyond the most laconic necessity. He desired that when I brought him his medicine or nutriment, I would give it without speech and instantly retire; and take care that no human being addressed or approached him. This awful command lasted unbroken during the rest of the evening, the whole of the night, and nearly the following day. So concentrated in himself he desired to be!—yet always as free from irritation as from despondence—always gentle and kind, even when taciturn, and even when in torture.

When the term of his meditative seclusion seemed to be over, I found him speaking with Alexander, and pouring into the bosom of his weeping son the balm of parental counsel and comfort. I received at this time a letter from my affectionate sister Charlotte, pressing for leave to come and aid me to nurse my dearest invalid. He took the letter and pressed it to his lips, saying, “*Je l’aime bien; dis le lui. Et elle m’aime.*” But I felt she could do me no good. We had a nurse whose skill made her services a real blessing; and for myself, woe, such as he believed approaching, surpassed all aid but from prayer and from heaven—lonely meditation.

When the morning dawned, he ordered Payne to open the shutters and to undraw the curtains. The prospect

from the windows facing his bed was picturesque, lively, lovely: he looked at it with a bright smile of admiration, and cast his arm over his noble brow, as if hailing one more return of day, and light, and life with those he loved. But when, in the course of the day, something broke from me of my reverence at his heavenly resignation, “*Résigné?*” he repeated, with a melancholy half smile; “*mais comme ça!*” and then in a voice of tenderness the most touching, he added, “*Te quitter!*” I dare not, even yet, hang upon my emotion at those words!

That night passed in tolerable tranquillity, and without alarm, his pulse still always equal and good, though smaller. On Sunday, the fatal 3rd of May, my patient was still cheerful, and slept often, but not long. This circumstance was delightful to my observation, and kept off the least suspicion that my misery could be so near.

My pen lingers now!—reluctant to finish the little that remains.

About noon, gently awaking from a slumber, he called to me for some beverage, but was weaker than usual, and could not hold the cup. I moistened his lips with a spoon several times. He looked at me with sweetness inexpressible, and pathetically said, “*Qui . . . ?*” He stopped, but I saw he meant “*Who shall return this for you?*” I instantly answered to his obvious and most touching meaning, by a cheerful exclamation of “*You! my dearest Ami! You yourself! You shall recover, and take your revenge.*” He smiled, but shut his eyes in silence.

Thus ever awake was his tender solicitude for me!—and in the midst of all his sufferings, his intellects had a clearness, nay, a brightness, that seemed as if already they were refined from the dross of worldly imperfection.

After this, he bent forward, as he was supported nearly upright by pillows in his bed . . . and taking my hand,

and holding it between both his own, he impressively said, "Je ne sais si ce sera le dernier mot . . . mais ce sera la dernière pensée — *Notre reunion!*" . . . Oh, words the most precious that ever the tenderest of husbands left for balm to the lacerated heart of a surviving wife! I fastened my lips on his loved hands, but spoke not. It was not then that those words were my blessing! They awed — they thrilled — more than they solaced me. How little knew I then that he should speak to me no more!

Towards evening I sat watching in my arm-chair, and Alex. remained constantly with me. His sleep was so calm, that an hour passed in which I indulged the hope that a favorable crisis was arriving; that a turn would take place by which his vital powers would be restored but when the hour was succeeded by another hour, when I saw a universal stillness in the whole frame, such as seemed to stagnate all around, I began to be strangely moved. "Alex.!" I whispered, "this sleep is critical! a crisis arrives! Pray God — Almighty God! — that it be fav——." I could not proceed. Alex. looked aghast, but firm. I sent him to call Payne. I intimated to her my opinion that this sleep was important, but kept a composure astonishing, for when no one would give me encouragement, I compelled myself to appear not to want it, to deter them from giving me despair. Another hour passed of concentrated feelings, of breathless dread. His face had still its unruffled serenity, but methought the hands were turning cold; I covered them; I watched over the head of my beloved; I took new flannel to roll over his feet; the stillness grew more awful; the skin became colder.

Alex., my dear Alex., proposed calling in Mr. Tudor, and ran off for him. I leant over him now with sal volatile to his temple, his forehead, the palms of his hands, but I had

no courage to feel his pulse, to touch his lips. Mr. Tudor came; he put his hand upon the heart, the noblest of hearts, and pronounced that all was over!

How I bore this is still marvellous to me! I had always believed such a sentence would at once have killed me. But his sight — the sight of his stillness, kept me from distraction! Sacred he appeared, and his stillness I thought should be mine, and be inviolable.

I suffered certainly a partial derangement, for I cannot to this moment recollect anything that now succeeded, with truth or consistency; my memory paints things that were necessarily real, joined to others that could not possibly have happened, yet so amalgamates the whole together as to render it impossible for me to separate truth from indefinable, unaccountable fiction.

Even to this instant I always see the room itself charged with a medley of silent and strange figures grouped against the wall just opposite to me. Mr. Tudor, methought, was come to drag me by force away; and in this persuasion, which was false, I remember supplicating him to grant me but one hour, telling him I had solemnly engaged myself to pass it in watching.

But why go back to my grief? Even yet, at times, it seems as fresh as ever, and at *all* times weighs on me with a feeling that seems stagnating the springs of life. But for Alexander — *our* Alexander! — I think I could hardly have survived. His tender sympathy, with his claims to my love, and the solemn injunctions given me to preserve for him, and devote to him, my remnant of life — these, through the Divine mercy, sustained me.

May that mercy, with its best blessings, daily increase his resemblance to his noble father.

March 20, 1820.

Extracts from Pocket-Book Diary.

August 30th. — The seventeenth week's sun rises on my deplorable change! A very kind, cordial, brotherly letter arrives from my dear James. An idea of comfort begins to steal its way to my mind, in renewing my intercourse with this worthy brother, who feels for me, I see, with sincerity and affection.

September 5th. — A letter from Dowager Lady Harcourt, on the visibly approaching dissolution of my dear honored Royal mistress! written by desire of my beloved Princess Mary, Duchess of Gloucester, to save me the shock of surprise, added to that of grief.

Sunday, September 6th. — A fresh renewal to me of woe is every returning week! The eighteenth this of the dread solitude of my heart; and miserably has it passed, augmenting sorrow weighing it in the approaching loss of my dear Queen!

Again I took the Sacrament at the Octagon, probably for the last time. Oh, how earnest were my prayers for re-union in a purer world!

Prayers were offered for a person lying dangerously ill. I thought of the Queen, and prayed for her fervently.

Sunday, September 27th. — This day, the twenty-first Sunday of my bereavement, Alexander, I trust, is ordained a deacon of the Church of England. Heaven propitiate his entrance! I wrote to the good Bishop of Salisbury to beseech his pious wishes on this opening of clerical life.

September 28th — Still my preparations to depart from Bath take up all of time that grief does not seize irresistibly; for, oh! what anguish overwhelms my soul in quitting the place where last he saw and blessed me! — the room, the spot on which so softly, so holily, yet so tenderly, he embraced me, and breathed his last!

Wednesday, September 30th. — This morning I left Bath with feelings of profound affliction; yet, reflecting that hope was ever open — that future union may repay this laceration — oh, that my torn soul could more look forward with sacred aspiration! Then better would it support its weight of woe!

My dear James received me with tender pity; so did his good wife, son, and daughter.

Thursday, October 8th. — I came this evening to my new and probably last dwelling, No. 11, Bolton-street, Piccadilly. My kind James conducted me. Oh, how heavy is my forlorn heart! I have made myself very busy all day; so only could I have supported this first opening to my baleful desolation! No adored husband! No beloved son! But the latter is only at Cambridge. Ah! let me struggle to think more of the other, the first, the chief, as also only removed from my sight by a transitory journey!

Wednesday, October 14th. — Wrote to my — erst — dearest friend, Mrs. Piozzi. I can never forget my long love for her, and many obligations to her friendship, strangely as she had been estranged since her marriage.

Friday, October 30th. — A letter from my loved Madame de Maisonneuve, full of feeling, sense, sweetness, information to beguile me back to life, and of sympathy to open my sad heart to friendship.

Saturday, Nov. 7th. — A visit from the excellent Harriet Bowdler, who gave me an hour of precious society, mingling her commiserating sympathy with hints sage and right of the duty of revival from every stroke of heaven.

Oh, my God, Saviour! To thee may I turn more and more!

Tuesday, Nov. 17th. — This day, at one o'clock, breathed her last the inestimable QUEEN OF ENGLAND. Heaven rest and bless her soul!

Sketch of Queen Charlotte's Character, from a Memorandum Book of Madame d'Arblay.

Her understanding was of the best sort; for while it endued her with powers to form a judgment of all around her, it pointed out to her the fallibility of appearances, and thence kept her always open to conviction where she had been led by circumstances into mistake.

From the time of my first entrance into her household, her manner to me was most kind and encouraging, for she had formed her previous opinion from the partial accounts of my beloved Mrs. Delany. She saw that, impressed with real respect for her character, and never-failing remembrance of her rank, she might honor me with confidence without an apprehension of imprudence, invite openness without incurring freedom, and manifest kindness without danger of encroachment.

If Mrs. Delany's goodness made her trust me, my own interior view of her made the trust reciprocal, for I had the firmest reliance, not alone on her prudence, but on her honor, which was so inviolate, it might justly be called religious.

When I was alone with her she discarded all royal constraint, all stiffness, all formality, all pedantry of grandeur, to lead me to speak to her with openness and ease; but any inquiries which she made in our tête-à-têtes never awakened an idea of prying into affairs, diving into secrets, discovering views, intentions, or latent wishes, or causes. No, she was above all such minor resources for attaining intelligence; what she desired to know she asked openly, though cautiously if of grave matters, and playfully if of mere news or chit-chat, but always beginning with, "If there is any reason I should not be told, or any that you should not tell, don't answer me." Nor were these words of course;

they were spoken with such visible sincerity, that I have availed myself of them fearlessly, though never without regret, as it was a delight to me to be explicit and confidential in return for her condescension. But whenever she saw a question painful, or that it occasioned even hesitation, she promptly and generously started some other subject.

Wednesday, Dec. 2nd.—THE QUEEN, the excellent exemplary QUEEN, was this day interred in the vault of her royal husband's ancestors, to moulder like his subjects, *bodily* into dust; but *mentally*, not so! She will live in the memory of those who knew her best, and be set up as an example even by those who only after her death know, or at least *acknowledge*, her virtues.

I heard an admirable sermon on her departure and her character from Mr. Repton in St. James's Church. I wept the whole time, as much from gratitude and tenderness to hear her thus appreciated as from grief at her loss—to me a most heavy one! for she was faithfully, truly, and solidly attached to me, as I to her.

Saturday, Dec. 12th.—A letter from the Duchess of Gloucester, to my equal gratification and surprise. She has deigned to answer my poor condolence the very moment, as she says, that she received it. Touched to the heart, but no longer with pleasure in any emotion, I wept abundantly.

Saturday, 19th.—Yesterday was the twenty-fourth birthday of my dear fatherless Alex. ! Oh, how far from a day of gratulation, as for twenty-three years have been its other anniversaries !

Dec. 25th, CHRISTMAS DAY.—Oh, most melancholy ! My Alex. — who alone gives me a sense of life — for all others that I love are dispersed, Alex. left me for Richmond. I favored his going, yet what am I without him ?

I took the Sacrament from the Reverend and excellent Dr. Andrews. Oh, how was I affected at his sight and the sound of his voice! He knew, and highly esteemed, my beloved. I wept at the altar irresistibly.

1819.

Sunday, April 11.—This morning my dearest Alexander was ordained a priest by the Bishop of Chester in St. James's Church. I went thither with my good Eliz. Ramsay, and from the gallery witnessed the ceremony. Fifty-two were ordained at the same time. I fervently pray to God that my son may meet this his decided calling with a disposition and conduct to sanction its choice! and with virtues to merit his noble father's name and exemplary character! Amen! Amen!

Thursday, July 15.—A message from H. R. H. Princess Augusta, with whom I passed a morning as nearly delightful as any, now, can be! She played and sang to me airs of her own composing—unconscious, medley reminiscences, but very pretty, and prettily executed. I met the Duke of York, who greeted me most graciously; saying, as if with regret, how long it was since he had seen me.

In coming away, I met, in the corridor, my sweet Duchess of Gloucester,¹ who engaged me for next Sunday to herself.

¹ Princess Mary, married, in July, 1816, to her cousin, H. R. H. the Duke of Gloucester. The cousins had been lovers from childhood, but their attachment was long in receiving the royal sanction, for the reason that the Duke was, so to speak, reserved as a possible candidate for the hand of the Princess Charlotte, heiress to the throne. It was not till after the marriage of the Princess with Prince Leopold that the long-deferred union was at length permitted. It is said that when the Princess Charlotte came to Windsor, after the formal announcement of her betrothal to Parliament, Princess Mary met her at the foot of the grand staircase, and,

Monday, 26th. — Her Royal Highness presented me to the Duke, whom I found well-bred, polite, easy, unassuming, and amiable; *kind*, not condescending.

[An interval of four months elapsed between the preceding entries and the letters following, during which the mind of Madame d'Arblay became more resigned to her great affliction. At this time the public attention was much occupied by the return of Queen Caroline, to which event Madame d'Arblay alludes in the following letter.]

Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. Locke.

Wednesday, June 7, 1820.

. . . All London now is wild about the newly arrived royal traveller. As she is in this neighborhood, our part of the town is surprised and startled every other hour by the arrival of some new group of the curious rushing on to see her and her 'squire the Alderman, at their balcony. Her 'squire, also, now never comes forth unattended by a vociferous shouting multitude. I suppose Augusta, who resides still nearer to the dame and the 'squire of dames, is recreated in this lively way yet more forcibly.

The 15th of this month is to be kept as *King's birthday* at Court. *Orders* have been issued to the Princesses to that effect, and to tell them they must appear entirely out of mourning. They had already made up dresses for *half mourning*, of white and black. I should not marvel if the royal traveller should choose to enter the apartments, and offer her congratulations upon the festival.

bathed in tears of joy, embraced her with grateful affection. Her own marriage with the Duke of Gloucester took place four months later, Princess Mary being then forty years of age. The union is said to have been one of singular happiness.

From Mrs. Piozzi to Madame d'Arblay.

BATH, October 20.

It was very gratifying, dear Madam, to find myself so kindly remembered, and with all my heart I thank you for your letter. My family are gone to Sandgate for the purpose of bathing in the sea, this wonderfully beautiful October; and were you not detained in London by such a son as I hear you are happy in, I should wish you there too. Apropos to October, I have not your father's admirable verses upon that month; those upon June I saw when last in Wales; could you get me the others?—it would be such a favor, and you used to like them best.

How changed is the taste of verse, prose, and painting! since *le bon vieux temps*, dear Madam! Nothing attracts us but what terrifies, and is within — *if* within — a hair's breadth of positive disgust. The picture of Death on his Pale Horse, however, is very grand certainly — and some of the strange things they *write* remind me of Squoire Richard's visit to the Tower Menagerie, when he says, "Odd, they are *pure* grim devils," — particularly a wild and hideous tale called Frankenstein. Do you ever see any of the friends we used to live among? Mrs. Lambart is yet alive, and in prosperous circumstances; and Fell, the bookseller in Bond Street, told me a fortnight or three weeks ago, that Miss Streatfield lives where she did in his neighborhood, — Clifford Street, S. S. still.

Old Jacob and his red night-cap are the only live creatures, as an Irishman would say, that come about *me* of those you remember, and death alone will part us, — he and I both lived longer with Mr. Piozzi than we had done with Mr. Thrale.

Archdeacon Thomas is, I think, the only friend you and I have now quite in common: he gets well; and if there

was hope of his getting clear from entanglement, he would be young again, — he is a valuable mortal.

Adieu! *Leisure for men of business*, you know, and *business for men of leisure*, would cure many complaints.

Once more, farewell! and accept my thanks for your good-natured recollection of poor
H. L. P.

Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. Piozzi.

BOLTON STREET, December 15, 1820.

Now at last, dear Madam, with a real pen I venture to answer your kind acceptance of my Bath leave-taking address, of a date I would wish you to forget — but the letter is before me, and has no other word I should like to relinquish. But more of grief at the consequence of my silence, namely, your own, hangs upon the circumstance than shame, for I have been so every way unwell, — unhinged, shattered, and unfitted for any correspondence that could have a chance of reciprocating pleasure, that perhaps I ought rather to demand your thanks than your pardon for this delay. I will demand, however, which you please, so you will but tell me which you will grant, for then I shall hear from you again.

I must, nevertheless, mention that my first intention, upon reading the letter with which you favored me, was to forward to you the verses on October, of my dear father, which you honored with so much approbation; but I have never been able to find them, unless you mean the ode, written in that month, on the anniversary of his marriage with my step-mother, beginning: —

“ Hail, eldest offspring of the circling year,
October! bountiful, benign, and clear,
Whose gentle reign, from all excesses free,
Gave birth to Stella — happiness to me.”

If it be this, I will copy it out with the greatest alacrity, for the first opportunity of conveyance.

So here, again, like the dun of a dinner card, I entitle myself to subjoin "An answer is required."

And now I must, and will add, that I was very far from insensible to the known approach of your last birthday, fully purposing to take that occasion for making my peace-offering, with my most sincere felicitations, and warmest wishes for your happiness; and, mentally, I prepared at least twenty letters for that day:—but they were commonly composed in the night, when no substantial pen was in the way, and though the broad light faded nothing of my intentions, it withered their expression, and a general dimness of general dejection made me feel quite unequal to coming forward at an epoch of joy, when faint phrases might have seemed cold, and rather have damped than exhilarated the spirits required for the fête,—and which, my nieces write word, had the effect of exciting them all around.

You inquire if I ever see any of the friends we used to live amongst:—almost none; but I may resume some of those old ties this winter, from the ardent desire of my son. I have, till very lately, been so utterly incapable to enjoy society, that I have held it as much kindness to others as to myself, to keep wholly out of its way. I am now, in health, much better, and, consequently, more able to control the murmuring propensities that were alienating me from the purposes of life while yet living,—this letter, indeed, will show that I am restored to the wish at least of solace, and that the native cheerfulness of my temperament is opening from the weight of sadness by which I had long believed it utterly demolished. But Time, "uncalled, unheeded, unawares,"—works as secretly upon our spirits as upon our years, and gives us as little foresight

into what we can endure, as into how long we shall exist. — I am sure you will have been very sorry, and very sorry was I, for him whom you call “the only friend we now have in common” — Archdeacon Thomas. And I am told his valuable life was lost through a neglect of attention to the regimen prescribed by Dr. Gibbs, — to whose prescriptions I, for one, should always be ready to bow down. I think he has much of that sort of sagacity that so charmed us in our favorite Sir Richard Jebb. Yet I only saw him once; but that was in a tête-à-tête, alternized with a trio by my son, that lasted a whole afternoon. I am told by Mrs. H. Bowdler, that S. S. now resides in Queen Street, May Fair; but I have not seen her, nor Sir W. W. Pepys, though the latter made sundry kind efforts to break the spell of my obscurity on my first arrival in Bolton Street. Your obliged and affectionate

F. D'ARBLAY.

My son is at Cambridge, far, alas, from robust; but free from complaint.

From Mrs. Piozzi to Madame d'Arblay.

PENZANCE, Thursday, January 18, 1821.

Dear Madame d'Arblay was very considerate in giving me something to *answer*, for something original to *say* would be difficult to find at Penzance; but your letter has no date, and I am not sure that Bolton Street is sufficient. Poor Mrs. Byron, who used to inhabit it, would have enjoyed her grandson's reputation, would not she? had it pleased God to lengthen *her* life like that of Mrs. Lambart, who died only last week, but a few days short of her expected centenary — as did Fontenelle. You are truly fortunate, dear Madam, so was your father, in leaving those behind who knew and could appreciate your merits —

every scrap will properly be valued — but those verses belong not to the October I meant.

Have no fears for the health of your son ; a slight frame escapes many ills that beset a robust one ; water-gruel and spinach were all *you* ever wanted ; and if Sir George Gibbs would live as our beloved Sir Richard did, he would last for ever. The dear Archdeacon's disorders were less amenable to diet, and he was still more careless.

The once charming S. S. had inquired for me of Nornaville and Fell, the Old Bond Street booksellers, so I thought she meditated writing, but was deceived. Mrs. H. Bowdler lives, however ; and the ever affectionate and kind Pepyses. Your constant admirer, Doctor Whalley, too, keeps *his* tall figure and high head above water, spite of many efforts to hold him down — but the list of dead acquaintance has been frightful of late, and lowered my spirits cruelly. This air to which wise mortals recommended me is beyond all belief contrary to consolation. Foggy and phlegmatic — neither hot nor cold — my mountain-born lungs feel its effects but too plainly ; and the first primroses shall find me picking them upon Clifton Hill.

Mrs. Bourdois and her sisters — all true Burneys — will be angry I don't live wholly at Bath, and their society would prove a strong temptation ; but Bath is too much for me, who am now unwilling to encounter either crowds or solitude : I feared neither for threescore years of my life, and earnestly now join my *too* disinterested solicitations to those of your son, that you will no longer bury your charming talents in seclusion. Sorrow, as Dr. Johnson said, is the mere rust of the soul. Activity will cleanse and brighten it.

You recollect the ——'s ; Fanny married Sir Something ——, and is a widowed mother. The young man, of whom high expectations were formed, took to the gaming-table,

forged for £5,000, and was saved out of prison by the dexterity of his servant:— a complete *coup de théâtre*. That I call sorrow scarce possible to be borne. You saw the story in the newspapers, but possibly were not aware who was the sufferer.

Will it amuse you to hear that *fine Mr. Daniel*, as you used to call my showy butler, died an object of disgust and horror, whilst old Jacob, with whose red nightcap you comically threatened the gay dandy— lived till the other day, and dying, left £800 behind him? Such stuff is this world made of!

The literary world is to me terra incognita, far more deserving of the name (now Parry and Ross are returned) than any part of the polar region; but the first voyage amused me most; and when I had seen red snow, and heard of men who wanted our sailors to fly, because they perceived they could swim, I really thought it time to lie down and die; but one cannot die when one will, so I have hung half on, half off society this last half year; and begin 1821 by thanking dear Madame d'Arblay for her good-natured recollection of poor H. L. PIOZZI.

Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. Piozzi.

BOLTON STREET, BERKELEY SQUARE, Feb. 6, 1821.

You would be repaid, dear Madam, if I still, as I believe know you, for the great kindness of your prompt answer, had you witnessed the satisfaction with which it was received, even at a time of new and dreadful solicitude; for my son returned from Cambridge unwell, and in a few days after his arrival at home was seized with a feverish cold which threatened to fasten upon the whole system of his existence, not with immediate danger, but with a per-

spective to leave but small openings to any future view of health, strength, or longevity. I will not dwell upon this period, but briefly say, it seems passed over. He is now, I thank heaven, daily reviving, and from looking like — not a walking, but a creeping spectre, he is gaining force, spirit, and flesh visibly, and almost hour by hour; still, however, he requires the utmost attention, and the more from the extreme *insouciance*, from being always absorbed in some mental combinations, with which he utterly neglects himself. I am therefore wholly devoted to watching him. I am quite vexed not to find the right October. However, I do not yet despair, for in the multitude of MSS. that have fallen to my mournfully surviving lot to select, or destroy, &c., chaos seems come again; and though I have worked at them during the last year, so as to obtain a little light, it is scarcely more than darkness visible. To all the vast mass left to my direction by my dear father, who burnt nothing, not even an invitation to dinner, are added not merely those that devolved to me by fatal necessity in 1818, but also all the papers possessed from her childhood to her decease of that sister you so well, dear Madam, know to have been my heart's earliest darling. When on this pile are heaped the countless hoards which my own now long life has gathered together, of my personal property, such as it is, and the correspondence of my family and my friends, and innumerable incidental windfalls, the whole forms a body that might make a bonfire to illuminate me nearly from hence to Penzance. And such a bonfire might, perhaps, be not only the shortest, but the wisest way to dispose of such materials. This enormous accumulation has been chiefly owing to a long unsettled home, joined to a mind too deeply occupied by immediate affairs and feelings to have the intellect at liberty for retrospective investigations.

What a long detail! I know not what has urged me to write it — yet I feel as if you would take in it some interest; and an instinct of that flattering sort is always pleasant, though far from always infallible. And in truth, in this case, Bolton Street offers not much more choice of subject than Penzance; for if you have nobody to see, I see nobody, which amounts to the same thing. It is not that my intentions are changed from those I mentioned in my last, of seeking revival, in some measure, to social life for the remaining acts of my worldly drama; my quick acceptance of the assistance to that purpose for which I called from Penzance, and which has been accorded me with such generous vivacity, may show my steadiness, as well as my gratitude: but I had not taken into my self-bargain this illness of my son. However, as he gets better, I shall do better. I am much obliged by Dr. Whalley's kind remembrance; he often called upon me, but never till my doors were shut to all occasional visitors, alas! — I shall soon be very glad to see Sir Wm. Pepys, who has a constancy in his attachments as rare as it is honorable. The "once charming S. S." I have never met with since I last saw her under the roof where first we made acquaintance. I hope the P——'s have been more fortunate than the ——'s. Oh! yes! — well do you say for my serious consolation, a sorrow such as that son has given makes *any* other lighter! Edifying, however, as well as satisfactory, is the contrasted termination of the two servants whose lives merited such equally exemplary justice. Adieu, dear Madam, and believe me with faithful attachment, your obliged, affectionate, and obedient servant, F. D'A.

From Mrs. Piozzi to Madame d'Arblay.

SION ROW, CLIFTON, near BRISTOL, March 15, 1821.

I feel quite happy in being able to reply to dear Madame d'Arblay's good-natured inquiries, from this, the living world. Such we cannot term Penzance — not with propriety — much like Omai, who said to you, "No mutton there, missee, no fine coach, no clock upon the stairs," &c. ; but *en revanche* here is no Land's End, no submarine mine of Botallock! What a wonderful thing is that extensive cavern! stretching out half a mile forward under the roaring ocean, from whence 't is protected only by a slight covering, a crust of rock, which, if by any accident, exploded,

" Would let in light on Pluto's dire abodes,
Abhor'd by men, and dreadful even to Gods."

Plutus, however, not Pluto, is professed proprietor; 't is an immense vacuity filled with the vapors of tin and copper, belonging to Lord Falmouth and a company of miners, where sixty human beings work night and day, and hear the waves over their heads; sometimes regularly beating the Cornish cliffs, sometimes tossing the terrified mariner upon the inhospitable shore; where shipwreck is, even in these civilized days, considered as a godsend.

I am glad I saw it, and that I shall see it no more. You would not know poor Streatham Park. I have been forced to dismantle and forsake it; the expenses of the present time treble those of the moments you remember; and since giving up my Welsh estate, my income is greatly diminished. I fancy *this* will be my last residence in this world, meaning Clifton, not Sion Row, where I only live till my house in the Crescent is ready for me. A high situation is become necessary to my breath, and this air will agree with me better than Bath did.

You ask how the Pitches family went on. Jane married a rough man, quarter-master to a marching regiment, and brought him three sons: the first a prodigy of science, wit, and manners: he died early: the second I know nothing of: the third, a model of grace and beauty, married the Duke of Marlborough's sister. Peggy is Countess Coventry, you know, and has a numerous progeny. Emily is wife to Mr. Jolliffe, M.P. for some place, I forget what. Penelope married Sir John Sheffield, but died before he came to the title. I dined with them all last time I was in London, at Coventry House. Poor old Davies's departure grieved me, so did that of good Mr. Embry; *au reste*, the village of Streatham is full of rich inhabitants, the common much the worse for being so spotted about with houses and the possibility of avoiding constant intercourse with their inhabitants (as in Mr. Thrale's time) wholly lost.

. . . The Denbighshire people will be half a year talking of a Mr. G——, that was detained two months in the mountains of Calabria for ransom, with a sword at his breast and the Welsh relations had £200 to raise for the purpose of gaining his release. Adieu, dear madam, and accept my best wishes for your health and your son's; and if you ever see Marianne Francis, beg of her not quite to give up as reprobate yours, and her affectionate servant,

H. L. P.

May, 1821.

I have lost now, just lost, my once most dear, intimate, and admired friend, Mrs. Thrale Piozzi, who preserved her fine faculties, her imagination, her intelligence, her powers of allusion and citation, her extraordinary memory, and her almost unexampled vivacity, to the last of her existence. She was in her eighty-second year, and yet owed not her death to age nor to natural decay, but to the effects of a fall

in a journey from Penzance to Clifton. On her eightieth birthday she gave a great ball, concert, and supper, in the public rooms at Bath, to upwards of two hundred persons; and the ball she opened herself. She was, in truth, a most wonderful character for talents and eccentricity, for wit, genius, generosity, spirit, and powers of entertainment. She had a great deal both of good and not good, in common with Madame de Staël Holstein. They had the same sort of highly superior intellect, the same depth of learning, the same general acquaintance with science, the same ardent love of literature, the same thirst for universal knowledge, and the same buoyant animal spirits, such as neither sickness, sorrow, nor even terror, could subdue. Their conversation was equally luminous, from the sources of their own fertile minds, and from their splendid acquisitions from the works and acquirements of others. Both were zealous to serve, liberal to bestow, and graceful to oblige; and both were truly high-minded in prizing and praising whatever was admirable that came in their way. Neither of them was delicate nor polished, though each was flattering and caressing; but both had a fund inexhaustible of good humor, and of sportive gaiety, that made their intercourse with those they wished to please attractive, instructive, and delightful; and though not either of them had the smallest real malevolence in their compositions, neither of them could ever withstand the pleasure of uttering a repartee, let it wound whom it might, even though each would serve the very person they goaded with all the means in power. Both were kind, charitable, and munificent, and therefore beloved; both were sarcastic, careless, and daring, and therefore feared. The morality of Madame de Staël was by far the most faulty, but so was the society to which she belonged; so were the general manners of whose by whom she was encircled.

Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. Burney.

February 29, 1823.

Thanks for that kind jump of joy for the success of Alex. at Lee, and for my hopes from St. Paul's. You ask who named him *Preacher for the 5th Sunday in Lent*? How could I omit telling you 't was the Bishop of London himself?—This has been brought about by a detail too long for paper, but it is chiefly to my faithful old friends Bishop Fisher of Salisbury and the Archdeacon of Middlesex that we owe this mark of attention; for Alex. has never been presented to the Bishop of London.

You still ask about my health, &c. I thought the good result would have sufficed; but thus stands the detail: I was packing up a hoard of papers to carry with me to Richmond, many months now ago, and employed above an hour, bending my head over the trunk and on my knees;—when, upon meaning to rise, I was seized with a giddiness, a glare of sparks before my eyes, and a torturing pain on one side of my head, that nearly disabled me from quitting my posture, and that was followed, when at last I rose, by an inability to stand or walk. My second threat of seizure was at Eliot Vale, while Alex. was at Tunbridge. I have been suddenly taken a third time, in the middle of the night, with a seizure as if a hundred windmills were turning round in my head: in short,—I had now recourse to serious medical help, . . . and, to come to the sum total, I am now so much better that I believe myself to be merely in the common road of such gentle, gradual decay as, I humbly trust, I have been prepared to meet with highest hope, though with deepest awe—for now many years back.

The chief changes, or reforms, from which I reap benefit are, 1st. Totally renouncing for the evenings all revision or

indulgence in poring over those letters and papers whose contents come nearest to my heart, and work upon its bleeding regrets. Next, transferring to the evening, as far as is in my power, all of sociality, with Alex., or my few remaining friends, or the few he will present to me of new ones. *3rd.* Constantly going out every day — either in brisk walks in the morning, or in brisk jumbles in the carriage of one of my three friends who send for me, to a “tête-à-tête” tea-converse. *4th.* Strict attention to diet.

I ought to have told you the medical sentence upon which I act. These were the words — “You have a head overworked, and a heart over-loaded.” This produces a disposition to fulness in both that causes stagnation, &c., with a consequent want of circulation at the extremities, that keeps them cold and aching.

Knowing this, I now act upon it as warily as I am able.

The worst of all is, that I have lost, totally lost, my pleasure in reading! except when Alex. is my lecturer, for whose sake my faculties are still alive to what — erst! gave them their greatest delight. But alone, I have no longer that resource! I have scarcely looked over a single sentence, but some word of it brings to my mind some mournful recollection, or acute regret, and takes from me all attention — my eyes thence glance vainly over pages that awaken no ideas. — This is melancholy in the extreme; yet I have tried every species of writing and writer — but all pass by me mechanically, instead of instructing or entertaining me intellectually. But for this sad deprivation of my original taste, my evenings might always be pleasing and reviving — but alas!

1835 — 1838.

Madame d'Arblay's letters were now very few. A complaint in one of her eyes, which was expected to terminate in a cataract, made both reading and writing difficult to her. The number of her correspondents had also been painfully lessened by the death of her eldest sister, Mrs. Burney, and that of her beloved friend, Mrs. Locke; and she had sympathized with other branches of her family in many similar afflictions, for she retained in a peculiar degree not only her intellectual powers, but the warm and generous affections of her youth.

"Though now her eightieth year was *past*," she took her wonted and vivid interest in the concerns, the joys, and sorrows of those she loved.

At this time her son formed an attachment which promised to secure his happiness, and to gild his mother's remaining days with affection and peace; and at the close of the year 1836 he was nominated minister of Ely Chapel, which afforded her considerable satisfaction. But her joy was mournfully short-lived. That building, having been shut for some years, was damp and ill-aired. The Rev. Mr. d'Arblay began officiating there in winter, and during the first days of his ministry he caught the influenza, which became so serious an illness as to require the attendance of two physicians. Dr. Holland and Dr. Kingston exerted their united skill with the kindest interest; but their patient, never robust, was unable to cope with the malady, and on the 19th of January, 1837, in three weeks from his first seizure, the death of this beloved son threw Madame d'Arblay again into the depths of affliction. Yet she bore this desolating stroke with religious submission, receiving kindly every effort made to console her, and con-

fining chiefly to her own private memoranda the most poignant expressions of her anguish and regret, as also of the deeply religious trust by which she was supported.

The following paragraph is taken from her private notebook : —

“1837. — On the opening of this most mournful — most *earthly* hopeless, of any and of all the years yet commenced of my long career ! Yet, humbly I bless my God and Saviour, not hopeless ; but full of gently-beaming hopes, countless and fraught with aspirations of the time that may succeed to the dread infliction of this last irreparable privation, and bereavement of my darling loved, and most touchingly loving, dear, soul-dear Alex.”

At this period some letters on religious subjects passed between Madame d'Arblay and her excellent friend ARCHDEACON CAMBRIDGE, who proposed, as her increased deafness and infirmity prevented her attending the public worship of the church, to administer the Holy Sacrament to her at her own dwelling ; and “ her devout, earnest, and composed manner of going through this sacred duty, gave much comfort ” to her pious and venerable friend.

Much as Madame d'Arblay had been tried by the severest penalty of lengthened days, the loss of those who were dearest to her, one more such sorrow remained in her cup of life. Her gentle and tender sister Charlotte, many years younger than herself, was to precede her in that eternal world for which they were both preparing ; and in the autumn of the year 1838, a short illness terminated in the removal of that beloved sister.

In November, 1839, Madame d'Arblay was attacked by an illness which showed itself at first in sleepless nights and nervous imaginations. Spectral illusions, such as Dr. Abercrombie has described, formed part of her disorder ;

and though after a time Dr. Holland's skill removed these nervous impressions, yet her debility and cough increased, accompanied by constant fever. For several weeks hopes of her recovery were entertained; her patience assisted the remedies of her kind physician; and the amiable young friend, "who was to her as a daughter," watched over her with unremitting care and attention; but she became more and more feeble, and her mind wandered; though at times every day she was composed and collected, and then given up to silent prayer, with her hands clasped and eyes uplifted.

During the earlier part of her illness she had listened with comfort to some portions of St. John's Gospel, but she now said to her niece, "I would ask you to read to me, but I could not understand one word — not a syllable! but I thank God my mind has not waited till *this* time."

At another moment she charged the same person with affectionate farewells and blessings to several friends, and with thanks for all their kindness to her. Soon after she said, "I have had some sleep." "That is well," was the reply; "you wanted rest." "*I shall have it soon, my dear,*" she answered emphatically: and thus, aware that death was approaching, in peace with all the world, and in holy trust and reliance on her Redeemer, she breathed her last on the 6th of January, 1840; the anniversary of that day she had long consecrated to prayer, and to the memory of her beloved sister Susanna.

Hitherto Madame d'Arblay has been known chiefly as an Author. These Journals and Letters may show the merits and peculiarities of her individual character, and the bright example she gave in the most important relations of life. If any one was entitled to confide in talents or yield to the guidance of imagination, she might have claimed that privilege: but her own words were, "A fear of doing

wrong has always been the leading principle of my internal guidance ;” and hers was not the fear which shrinks from efforts or responsibility. She pursued the strait path of duty in defiance of difficulty or distaste, and employed the best means with which she was acquainted, for bringing her feelings into accordance with her judgment.

Thus, when enduring at the Queen’s house daily discomforts, which not even the penetration and benevolence of her Royal mistress could prevent, she “resolved to be happy,” and from that time she never allowed herself to ponder on days gone by, or on any subject that could lead to repining ; and by such discipline she established herself in a state of calm content, though her fatigues and the tyranny of Madame Schwellenberg continued in full force. Her strict economy during many years was another proof of this inflexible purpose. For a considerable time the income on which she, her husband, and her child subsisted, did not exceed £125 a year. They were too independent in spirit to accept assistance from friends ; too upright to rely on contingencies ; and Madame d’Arblay pursued, especially for herself, in all the minutiae of domestic life, a course of self-denial such as, she wrote to her Susanna, “would make you laugh to see, though perhaps cry to hear.” With all this, her mind and thoughts were never shut up in her economy. The friends who visited Camilla Cottage (and they were among the distinguished and excellent of two countries) were made welcome to its frugal fare : and the hand and purse of the “hermits” were always open to distress. Madame d’Arblay used to say, there was no merit in any charity unaccompanied by some privation. It was at this period that she originated the invitation sent by her and M. d’Arblay to his friend the Comte de Narbonne, to make their cottage his home ; and it was also during these straitened circumstances that she with-

drew her comedy of "Love and Fashion" from rehearsal, in dutiful compliance with the wishes of her father; although the manager of Covent Garden had promised her £400 for the manuscript.

Queen Charlotte's expression, that she was "true as gold," was abundantly verified in her friendships. Faithful in the duty of private admonition, generous in never betraying to others the faults her penetration had discovered, she was wise in counsel and cordial in sympathy, devoting her best powers to the service of those she loved.

It has been elegantly said of Madame d'Arbly that "she lived to be a classic;" but she attained this distinction only by surviving all that could give it value. Yet at this period, when she spoke of herself as one "from whom happiness, in this nether sphere, was cut off for ever," she still interested herself warmly for many whose distress was their only claim to the never-tiring patience with which she heard their long histories, and the judicious advice and benefactions with which she sought to relieve them.

Some readers of this journal may perhaps have wished to find Madame d'Arbly's sentiments on religious subjects more fully detailed. The friends most intimate with her knew that she was actuated by a strong and abiding religious principle, founded on a serious study of the Holy Scriptures. What else, indeed, could have formed and sustained such a character? But while this was the main-spring of her thoughts and actions, a feeling of reverential awe made her fearful of introducing religious subjects into conversation, and also led her to preserve in a separate journal those devotional impressions which she deemed too sacred for admixture with the trifles and amusements of every-day life. Respect for what it is presumed would have been her desire, now forbids the publication of these private meditations.

In conclusion, may we not find throughout these memoirs a confirmation of General d'Arblay's parting testimony, that those who knew her only from public reputation were unacquainted with the best and most valuable parts of her character ?

And this is no slight praise when given to the Author of EVELINA, CECILIA, and CAMILLA.

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